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THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

LIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL

BY JOHN MORLEY

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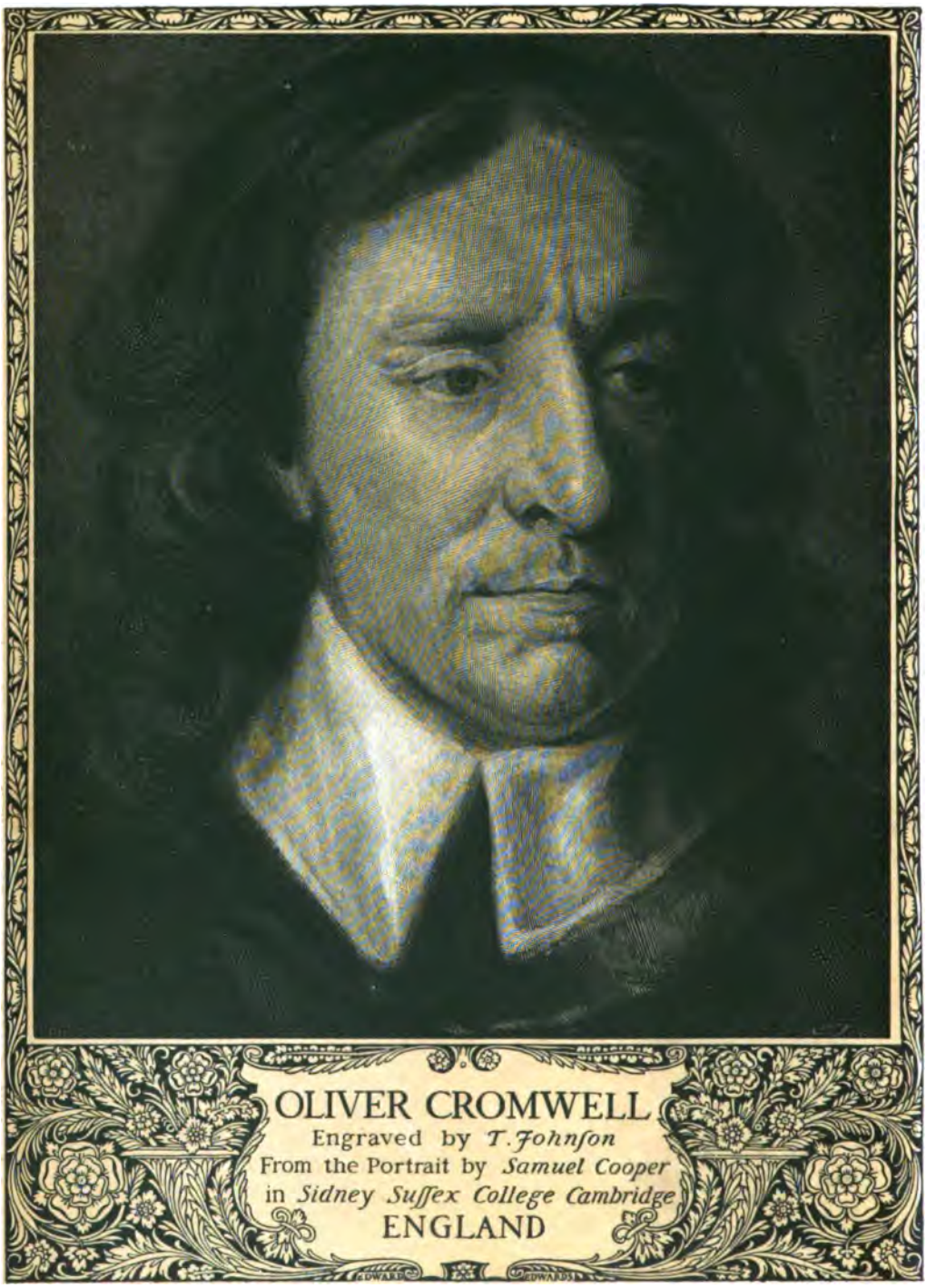

OLIVER CROMWELL
Engraved by *T. Johnson*
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OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

PROLOGUE.

THE figure of Cromwell has emerged from the floating mists of time in many varied semblances, from the blood-stained and hypocritical usurper up to the transcendental hero and the liberator of mankind. The contradictions of his career all come over again in the fluctuations of his fame.

He put a king to death, but then he broke up Parliament after Parliament. He led the way in the violent suppression of bishops, he trampled on Scottish Presbytery, and set up a state system of his own; yet he is the idol of voluntary congregations and the free churches. He had little comprehension of that government by discussion which is now counted the secret of liberty; no man that ever lived was less of a pattern for working those constitutional charters which are the favorite guaranties of public rights in our century; his rule was the rule of the sword; yet his name stands first, half warrior, half saint, in the calendar of English-speaking democracy.

It has been truly said that the effect that a written history can produce is nowhere seen more strongly than in Clarendon's story of the Rebellion. The view of the event and of the most conspicuous actor was for many generations fixed by that famous work. Not accurate always in every detail, and hardly pretending to be impartial, yet it presented the great drama with a living vigor, a breadth, a grave ethical air, that made a profound and lasting impression. To Clarendon Cromwell was a rebel and a tyrant, the creature of personal ambition, using religion for the mask of selfish and perfidious designs. For several generations the lineaments of Oliver, thus portrayed, were undisturbed in the mind of Europe. After the conservative of the seventeenth century came the greater conservative of the eighteenth. Burke, who died almost exactly two centuries after Cromwell was born, saw in him one of the great bad men of the old stamp, like Medici at Florence or Petrucci at Siena, who exercised the power of the state by force of character and personal authority. Cromwell's virtues, says Burke, were at least some correctives of his crimes. His government was military and despotic, yet it was regular; it was rigid, yet it was no savage tyranny. Ambition suspended, but did not wholly suppress, the sentiment of religion and the love of an honorable name. Such was Burke's modification of the dark colors of Clarendon. As time went on, opinion slowly widened. By the end of the first quarter of this century, reformers like Godwin, though they could not forgive Cromwell's violence and what they thought his apostasy from old principles and old allies, and though they had no sympathy with the biblical religion that was the mainspring of

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DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S BIRTHPLACE, HUNTINGDON.

his life, yet they were inclined to place him among the few excellent pioneers that have swayed a scepter, and they almost brought themselves to adopt the glowing panegyrics of Milton.

The genius and diligence of Carlyle, aided by the firm and manly stroke of Macaulay, have finally shaken down the Clarendonian tradition. The reaction has now gone far. Cromwell, we are told by one of the most brilliant of living political critics, was about the greatest human force ever directed to a moral purpose, and in that sense about the greatest man that ever trod the scene of history (Goldwin Smith). Another powerful writer, of a different school, holds that Oliver stands out among the very few men in all history who, after overthrowing an ancient system of government, have proved themselves with an even greater success to be constructive statesmen (F. Harrison). Then comes the honored historian who has devoted the labors of a life to this intricate and difficult period, and his verdict is the other way. Oliver's negative work endured, says Gardiner, while his constructive work vanished, and his attempts to substitute for military rule a better and a surer order were no more than "a tragedy—a glorious tragedy." As for those impatient and importunate deifications of Force, Strength, Violence, Will, which only show how easily hero-worship may glide into effrontery, of them I need say nothing. History, after all, is something besides praise and blame. To seek measure, equity, and balance, is not necessarily the sign of a callous heart and a mean understanding. For the passion for broad classifications works havoc with truth; and to insist upon long series of unqualified clenchers in history and biography only ends in confusing questions that are separate, in distorting perspective, in exaggerating proportions, and in falsifying the past for the sake of some spurious edification of the present.

Of the Historic Sense it has been truly said that its rise indicates a revolution as great as any produced by the modern discoveries of physical science. It is not, for instance, easy for us, who are vain of living in an age of reason, to enter into

the mind of a mystic of the seventeenth century. Yet by virtue of that sense even those who have moved furthest away in belief and faith from the books and the symbols that lighted the inmost soul of Oliver should still be able to do justice to his free and spacious genius, his high heart, his singleness of mind.

On the political side it is the same. It may be that "a man's noblest mistake is to be before his time"; but historic sense forbids us to judge results by motive, or real consequences by the ideals and intentions of the act or who produced them. The effective revolution came thirty years later, and when it came it was no Cromwellian revolution; it was aristocratic and not democratic, the substitution for the old monarchy of a territorial oligarchy supreme alike in Lords and Commons. Nor is it true to say that the church became a mere shadow of its ancient form after the Restoration. For two centuries, besides her vast influence as a purely ecclesiastical organization, the church was supreme

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

HINCHINBROOK HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE ELDER BRANCH OF THE CROMWELL FAMILY.

in the universities, those powerful organs in English national life, supreme in the great schools that fed them. The directing classes of the country were almost exclusively her sons; the land was theirs. Dissidents were tolerated; they throve and prospered; but they had little more share in the government of the nation than if Cromwell had never been born. To perceive all this, to perceive that Cromwell did not succeed in turning aside the destinies of his people from the deep courses that history had preappointed for them, into the new channels which he fondly hoped that he was tracing with the point of his victorious sword, implies no blindness either to the mighty gifts of a brave and steadfast man, or to the grandeur of his ideals of a good citizen and a well-governed state.

It is hard to deny that wherever force was useless Cromwell failed; or that his example would often lead in what modern opinion firmly judges to be false directions; or that it is in Milton and Bunyan rather than in Cromwell that we seek what was deepest, loftiest, and most abiding in Puritanism: we look to its apostles rather than its soldier. Yet Oliver's largeness of aim; his freedom of spirit, and that energy that comes of a free spirit; the presence of a burning light in his mind, though the light to our later times may have grown dim; his good faith, his valor, his constancy, have stamped his name, in spite of some exasperated acts that it is pure sophistry to justify, upon the imagination of men over all the vast area of the civilized world where the English tongue prevails.

The greatest names in history are those who, in a full career and amid the turbid extremities of political action, have yet touched closest and at most points the wide, ever-standing problems of the world, and the things in which men's interest never dies. Of this rare company Cromwell was surely one.

I. OLIVER CROMWELL'S EARLY LIFE.

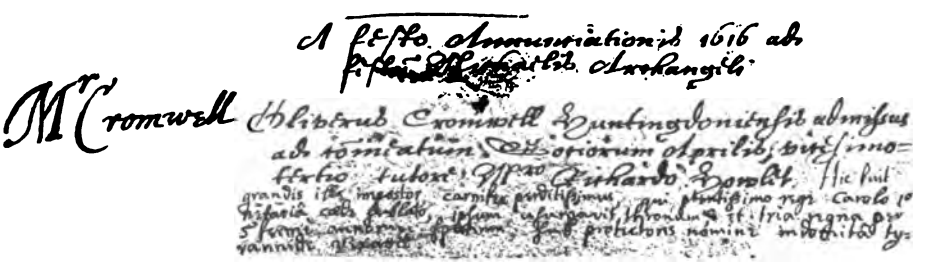
"I WAS by birth a gentleman, living neither in any considerable height nor yet in obscurity." Such was Cromwell's account of himself. He was the descendant in the third degree of Richard Cromwell, whose earlier name was Richard Williams, a Welshman from Glamorganshire. In the deed of jointure on his marriage the future Protector is described as Oliver Cromwell *alias* Williams. Hence those who insist that what is called a Celtic strain is needed to give fire and speed to an English stock find Cromwell a case in point.

The original Richard was one of the agents of Thomas Cromwell, the iron-handed servant of Henry VIII, the famous Sledge-hammer of the monks, and the master builder of the Church of England. Whether Richard was near kinsman or kinsman at all is disputable. What is certain is that he was in favor with Thomas Cromwell, and with the king after his patron's fall, and that Henry VIII gave him, among other spoils of the church, the revenues and manors belonging to the priory of Hinchinbrook and the abbey of Ramsey, in Huntingdonshire and the adjacent counties. Sir Richard left a splendid fortune to an eldest son, whom Elizabeth made Sir Henry. This, the Golden Knight, so called from his profusion, was the father of Sir Oliver, who was of a prodigal turn like himself. Besides Sir Oliver, the Golden Knight had a younger son, Robert, and Robert in turn became the father of the mighty Oliver of history, who was thus the great-grandson of the first Richard.

Robert Cromwell married (1591) a young widow, Elizabeth Lyons. Her maiden name of Steward is interesting only because some of her stock boasted that, if one should climb the genealogical tree high enough, it would be found that Elizabeth Steward and the royal Stewarts of Scotland had a common ancestor. Men are pleased when they stumble on one of Fortune's tricks, as if the regicide should himself turn out to be, even from a far-off distance, of the kingly line. The better opinion seems to be that Steward was not Stewart at all, but only Norfolk Styward.

The story of Oliver's early life is soon told. He was born at Huntingdon, on April 25, 1599. His parents had ten children in all; three of them died young, and Oliver was the only son. Homer has a line which has been taken to mean that it is bad for character to grow up an only brother among many sisters; but Cromwell, at least, showed no default in either the bold and strong or the tender qualities that belong to manly natures. He was sent to the public school of the place. The master was a learned and worthy divine, the preacher of the word of God in the town of Huntingdon; the author of some classic comedies; of a proof, in two treatises, of the well-worn proposition that the Pope is Antichrist; and of a small volume called "The Theater of God's Judgments," in which he collects, from sacred and profane story, examples of the justice of God against notorious sinners both great and small, but more especially against those high persons of the world whose power insolently bursts the barriers of mere human justice. The youth of Huntingdon, therefore, drank of the pure milk of that stern word which bade men bind their kings in chains and their nobles in links of iron.

How long Oliver remained under Dr. Beard, what proficiency he attained in study, and how he spent his spare time, we



ENTRY IN THE SIDNEY SUSSEX COLLEGE REGISTER OF OLIVER CROMWELL'S ADMISSION, APRIL 23, 1616. PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "THE CENTURY MAGAZINE" BY PERMISSION OF THE MASTER OF SIDNEY SUSSEX COLLEGE.

The first part of the entry reads: "Mr. Cromwell.—Oliver Cromwell, Huntingdon, admitted to [two words unintelligible] April 23 under the tutorship of Master Richard Howlet."

The finer writing, evidently an interpolation by another hand, after the Restoration, reads: "He was a great impostor, invidious scoundrel who, after the most sacred King Charles I had been nefariously slain, usurped the throne itself and for a space of 5 [!] years, under the title of Protector, vexed the three kingdoms by his unrestrained tyranny."—EDITOR.

DRAWN BY ERNEST HASKELL, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH. THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IS AT SIDNEY SUSSEX COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY PERMISSION OF THE MASTER OF THE COLLEGE.

S. WARD, D.D., MASTER OF SIDNEY SUSSEX COLLEGE IN OLIVER CROMWELL'S TIME.

do not know, and it is idle to guess. In 1616 (April 23), at the end of his seventeenth year, he went to Cambridge as a fellow-commoner of Sidney Sussex College. Dr. Samuel Ward, the master, was an excellent and conscientious man, and had taken part in the version of the Bible so oddly associated with the name of King James I. He had taken part also in the famous Synod of Dort (1619), where Calvinism triumphed over Arminianism. His college was denounced by Archbishop Laud as one of the nurseries of Puritanism, and there can be no doubt in what sort of atmosphere Cromwell passed those years of life in which the deep outlines of character are unalterably drawn.

After little more than a year's residence in the university, he lost his father (June, 1617). Whether he went back to college we cannot tell, nor whether there is good ground for the tradition that after quitting Cambridge he read law at Lincoln's Inn. It was the fashion for young gentlemen of the time, and Cromwell may have followed it. There is no reason to suppose that Cromwell was ever the stuff of which the studious are made. Some faint evidence may be traced of progress in mathematics; that he knew some of the common tags from Greek and Roman history; that he was able to hold his own in surface discussion on jurisprudence. In later days when he was Protector, the Dutch ambassador says that they carried on their conversation together in Latin. But, according to Burnet, Oliver's Latin was vicious and scanty, and of other foreign tongues he had none. There is a story about his arguing upon regicide from the principles of Mariana and Buchanan, but he may be assumed to have derived these principles from his own mother-wit, and not from text-books. He had none of the tastes or attainments that attract us in many of those who fought by his side or who fought against him. The spirit of the Renaissance was never breathed upon him. Cromwell had none of that fine judgment in the arts which made King Charles one of the most enthusiastic and judicious collectors of paintings in his time. We cannot think of Cromwell as of Sir John Eliot, beguiling his heavy hours in the Tower with Plato and Seneca; or Hampden, pondering Dávila's new "History of the Civil Wars in France"; or Milton, forsaking the "still air of delightful studies" to play a man's part in the confusions of the time; or Falkland, in whom the Oxford men in Clarendon's immortal picture "found such an immenseness of wit and such

FROM AN OLD PRINT. BY PERMISSION OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

DR. BEARD, OLIVER CROMWELL'S SCHOOLMASTER.

SIR OLIVER CROMWELL, UNCLE OF OLIVER THE PROTECTOR.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING AT HINCHINBROOK (ARTIST UNKNOWN), BY PERMISSION OF THE EARL OF SANDWICH.

ROBERT CROMWELL, FATHER OF OLIVER.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING AT HINCHINBROOK BY ROBERT WALKER, BY PERMISSION OF THE EARL OF SANDWICH.

ELIZABETH CROMWELL, MOTHER OF OLIVER.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING AT HINCHINBROOK BY ROBERT WALKER, BY PERMISSION OF THE EARL OF SANDWICH.

OLIVER CROMWELL, AGED TWO YEARS.

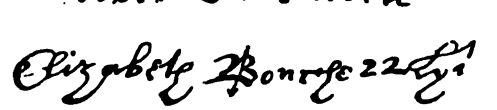
FROM THE ORIGINAL PANEL AT CHEQUERS COURT, BY PERMISSION OF MRS. FRANKLAND-RUSSELL-ASTLEY.

a solidity of judgment, so infinite a fancy bound in by a most logical ratiocination, such a vast knowledge that he was not ignorant in anything, yet such an excessive humility as if he had known nothing, that they frequently resorted and dwelt with him, as in a college situated in a purer air." Cromwell was of another type. Bacon said about Sir Edward Coke that he conversed with books, and not with men, who are the best books. Of Cromwell the reverse is true; for him a single volume comprehended all literature, and that volume was the Bible.

More satisfactory than guesses at the extent of Oliver's own education is a sure glimpse of his views upon education, to be found in his advice, when the time came, about an eldest son of his own. "I would have him mind and understand business," he says. "Read a little history; study the mathematics and cosmography. These are good with subordination to the things of God. . . . These fit for public services, for which man is born. Take heed of an unactive, vain spirit. Recreate yourself with Sir Walter Raleigh's History; it 's a body of History, and will add much more to your understanding than fragments of story." "The tree of knowledge," Oliver exhorts Richard to bear in mind, "is not literal or speculative, but inward, transforming the mind to it."

These brief hints of his riper days make no bad text for an educational treatise. Man is born for public service, and not to play the amateur; he should mind and understand business, and beware of an unactive spirit; the history of mankind to be studied as a whole, not in isolated fragments; true knowledge is not literal nor speculative, but such as builds up coherent character, and grows a part of it, in conscious harmony with the Supreme Unseen Powers. All this is not full nor systematic like Ascham, or Bacon, or Milton, or Locke; but Oliver's hints have the root of the matter in them, and in this deep sense of education he was himself undoubtedly bred.

His course is very obscure until we touch solid ground in what is usually one of the most decisive acts of life. In August, 1620, being his twenty-second year, he was married to Elizabeth Bourchier at the Church of St. Giles in Cripplegate, London, where, fifty-four years later, John Milton was buried. Her father was a merchant on Tower Hill, the owner of land at Felsted in Essex, a knight, and a connection of the family of Hampden. Elizabeth Cromwell seems to have been a simple and affectionate character, full of homely solicitudes, intelligent, modest, thrifty, and gentle, but taking no active share in the fierce stress of her husband's life. Marriage and time hide strange surprises; the little bark floats on a summer bay, until a tornado suddenly sweeps it out to sea, and washes it over angry waters to the world's end. When all was over, and Charles II had come back to Whitehall, a paper reached the Council Office, and was docketed by the Secretary of State, "Old Mrs. Cromwell, Noll's wife's petition." The sorrowful woman was willing to swear that she had never intermeddled with any of those public transactions which



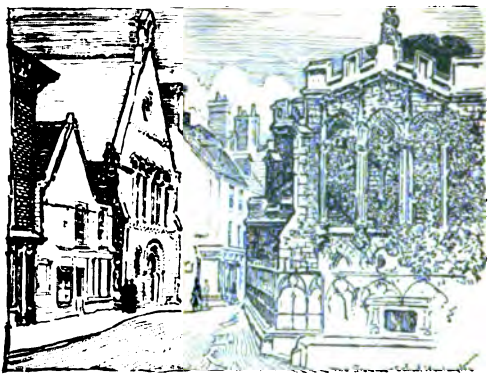
FACSIMILE OF THE CLERK'S ENTRY OF THE NAMES OF OLIVER CROMWELL AND ELIZABETH BOURCHIER IN THE MARRIAGE REGISTER OF ST. GILES, CRIPPLEGATE.

had been prejudicial to his late or present Majesty, and she was especially sensitive of the unjust imputation of detaining jewels belonging to the king, for she knew of none such. But this was forty years off.

The stories about Oliver's wicked youth deserve not an instant's notice. In any case the ferocity of party passion was certain to invent them. There is no corroborative evidence for them. Wherever detail can be tested, the thing crumbles away, like the more harmless nonsense about his putting a crown on his head at private theatricals, and having a dream that he should one day be King of England; or about a congenial figure of the devil being represented on the tapestry over the door of the room in which Oliver was born. There is, indeed, one of his letters in which anybody who wishes to believe that in his college days Oliver drank, swore, gambled, and practised "uncontrolled debaucheries," may, if he chooses, find what he seeks. "You know what my manner of life hath been," he writes to his cousin, the wife of Oliver St. John, in 1638. "Oh, I lived in darkness and hated light; I was the chief of sinners. This is true; I hated Godliness, yet God had mercy on me."

Seriously to argue from such language as this that Cromwell's early life was vicious is as monstrous as it would be to argue that Bunyan was a reprobate from the remorseful charges of "Grace Abounding." From

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, HUNTINGDON, WHERE OLIVER CROMWELL WAS BAPTIZED.



THE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL, HUNTINGDON, ATTENDED BY CROMWELL.

CROMWELL'S ROOMS, SIDNEY SUSSEX COLLEGE, IN THE CORNER BEHIND THE STREET-LAMP AND INCLUDING THE BOW WINDOW.

INTERIOR OF THE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL, HUNTINGDON.

ST. GILES, CRIPPLEGATE, WHERE CROMWELL WAS MARRIED.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S FARM NEAR ST. IVES.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S HOUSE ON PALACE GREEN AT ELY.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S BARN AT ST. IVES.

SCENES RELATING TO CROMWELL'S LIFE. DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

other evidence we know that Cromwell did not escape, nor was it possible that he should, from those painful struggles with religious gloom that at one time or another confront nearly every type of mind endowed with spiritual faculty. They have found intense expression in many keys from Augustine down to Cowper's "Castaway." Some they leave plunged in gulfs of perpetual despair, while stronger natures emerge from the conflict with all the force that is in them purified, exalted, fortified, illumined. Oliver was of the melancholic temperament, and the misery was heavy while it lasted. But the instinct of action was born in him, and when the summons came, he met it with all the vigor of a strenuous faith and an unclouded soul.

After his marriage Cromwell returned to his home at Huntingdon, and there for eleven years took care of the modest estate that his father had left. For the common tradition of Oliver as the son of a brewer there is nothing like a sure foundation. Robert Cromwell undoubtedly got his living out of the land, though it is not impossible that he may have done occasional brewing for neighbors less conveniently placed for running water. We may accept or reject with tolerable indifference. The elder branch of his family meanwhile slowly sank down in the world, and in 1627 Hinchinbrook was sold to one of the house of Montagu, father of the admiral, who in days to come helped to bring back Charles II, and an uncle of that Earl of Manchester by whose side Oliver was drawn into such weighty dispute when the storms of civil war rose. Decline of family interests did not impair Oliver's personal position in his town, for in the beginning of 1628 he was chosen to represent Huntingdon in Parliament.

This was the third Parliament of the reign, the great Parliament that fought and carried the Petition of Right, the famous enactment which recites and confirms the old instruments against forced loan or tax; which forbids arrest or imprisonment save by due process of law, forbids the quartering of soldiers or sailors in men's houses against their will, and shuts out the tyrannous decrees called by the name of martial law.

Here the new member, now at the age of twenty-nine, saw at their noble and hardy task the first generation of the champions of the civil rights and parliamentary liberties of England. He saw the zealous and high-minded Sir John Eliot, the sage and intrepid Pym, masters of eloquence and tactical resource. He saw the first lawyers of the day —Coke, now nearing eighty, but as keen for the letter of the law now that it was for the people, as he had been when he took it to be on the side of authority; Glanvil, Selden, "the chief of men reputed in this land,"—all conducting the long train of arguments, legal and constitutional, for old laws and franchises, with an erudition, an acuteness, and a weight as cogent as any performances ever witnessed within the walls of the Commons House. By his side sat his cousin John Hampden, whose name speedily became, and has ever since remained, a standing symbol for civil courage and lofty love of country. On the same benches still sat Wentworth, in many respects the boldest and most powerful political genius then in England, now for the last time using his gifts of ardent eloquence on behalf of the popular cause.

All the stout-hearted struggle of that memorable twelvemonth against tyrannical innovation in civil things and rigorous reaction in things spiritual Cromwell witnessed, down to the ever-memorable scene in English history where Holles and Valentine held the Speaker fast down in his chair, to assert the right of the House to control its own adjournment, and to launch Eliot's resolutions in defiance of the king. Cromwell's first and only speech in this Parliament was the production of a case in which a reactionary bishop had backed up a certain divine in preaching flat popery at St. Paul's Cross, and had forbidden a Puritan reply. The Parliament was abruptly dissolved (March, 1629), and for eleven years no other was called together.

There is no substance in the fable, though so circumstantially related, that, in 1636, in company with his cousin Hampden, despairing of his country, he took his passage to America, and that the vessel was stopped by an order in Council. All the probabilities are against it, and there is no evidence for it. What is credible enough is Clarendon's story that five years later, on the day when the Great Remonstrance was passed, Cromwell whispered to Falkland that if it had been rejected he would have sold all he had the next morning, and never have seen England more, and he knew there many other honest men of the same resolution. So near, the Royalist historian reflects, was this poor kingdom at that time to its deliverance.

His property meanwhile had been increased by a further bequest of land in Huntingdon from his uncle Richard Crom-

PAINTED BY VAN DYCK. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANZ HANFSTAENGL OF THE ORIGINAL IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

KING CHARLES I.

well. Two years after his return from Westminster (1631) he sold his whole Huntingdon property for eighteen hundred pounds. With this capital in hand he rented and stocked grazing-lands at the east end of St. Ives, some five miles down the river, and here he remained, steadily doing his business, and watching the black clouds slowly rise on the horizon of national affairs. Children came in due order, nine of them in all. He went to the parish church, "generally with a piece of red flannel round his neck, as he was subject to an inflammation in his throat." He had his children baptized like other people, and for one of them he asked the vicar, a fellow of St. John's at Cambridge, to stand godfather. He took his part in the affairs of the place. At Huntingdon his keen public spirit and blunt speech had brought him into trouble. A new charter in which, among other provisions, Oliver was made a borough justice, transformed an open and popular corporation into a close one. Cromwell dealt faithfully with those who had procured the change. The mayor and aldermen complained to the Privy Council of the disgraceful and unseemly speeches used to them by him and another person, and one day a messenger from the Council carried the two offenders under arrest to London (November, 1630). There was a long hearing with many contradictory asseverations. We may assume that Cromwell made a stout defense on the merits, and he appears to have been discharged of blame, though he admitted that he had spoken in heat and passion, and begged that his angry words might not be remembered against him. In 1636 he went from St. Ives to Ely, his old mother and unmarried sisters keeping house with him. This year his maternal uncle died and left to him the residuary interest under his will. The uncle had farmed the cathedral tithes of Ely, as his father had farmed them before him, and in this position Oliver had succeeded him. Ely was the home of Cromwell and his family until 1647.

He did not escape the pang of bereavement: his eldest son, a youth of good promise, died in 1639. Long afterward Oliver, lying ill at Hampton Court, called for his Bible, and desired an honorable and godly person present to read aloud to him a passage from Philippians (iv. 11–13): "Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." After the verses had been read, "This Scripture," said Cromwell, now nearing his own end, "did once save my life, when my eldest son died, which went as a dagger to my heart, indeed it did." It was this spirit, praised in Milton's words of music as his "faith and matchless fortitude," that bore him through the years of battle and contention lying predestined in the still sealed scroll before him. Here is the essence of a better than stoical resignation, whatever be the formal dispensation under which we may conceive ourselves to be living.

PAINTED BY VAN DYCK. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANZ HANFSTAENGL OF THE ORIGINAL IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA.

Cromwell's first surviving letter is evidence

PAINTED BY FORD MADOX BROWN. PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE ORIGINAL BY FREDERICK HOLLYER. OWNED BY FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

OLIVER CROMWELL ON HIS FARM AT ST. IVES.

alike in topic and in language of the thoughts on which his heart was set. A lecturer was a man paid by private subscribers to preach a sermon after the official parson had read the service, and he was usually a Puritan. Cromwell presses a friend in London for aid in keeping up a lecturer in St. Ives (1635). The best of all good works, he says, is to provide for the feeding of souls. "Building of hospitals provides for men's bodies; to build material temples is judged a work of piety; but they that procure spiritual food, they that build up spiritual temples, they are the men truly charitable, truly pious." About the same time (1635), Oliver's kinsman John Hampden was consulting his other kinsman, Oliver St. John, as to resisting the writ of ship-money. Laud, made Archbishop of Canterbury in 1633, was busy in the preparation of a new prayer-book for the regeneration of Scotland. Wentworth was fighting his high-handed battle for a better order in Ireland.

II. THE LAWS, THE KING, AND THE QUEEN.

STUDENTS of the struggle between monarchy and Parliament in the seventeenth century have worked hard upon black-letter; on charter, custom, franchise, tradition, precedent, and prescription, on which the Commons defended their privileges, and the king defended his prerogatives. How much the lawyers really founded their case on the precedents for which they had ransacked the wonderful collections of Sir Robert Cotton, or how far, on the other hand, their "pedantry" was a mask for a determination that in their hearts rested on very different grounds, opens a discussion into which we need not enter here. What the elective element in the old original monarchy amounted to, and what the popular element in the ancient deliberative council amounted to; what differences in power and prerogative marked the office of a king when it was filled by Angevin, by Plantagenet, or by Tudor; how the control of Parliament over legislation and taxation stood under the first three Edwards and under the last three Henrys; whether the popular champions in the seventeenth century were abandoning both the accustomed theory and the practice of Parliament from Edward I to the end of Elizabeth; whether the real conservative on the old lines of the constitution was not King Charles himself,—all these, and the kindred questions, profoundly interesting as they are, fill little space in the story of Cromwell. It was not until the day of the lawyers and the constitutionalists had passed that Cromwell's hour arrived, and "the meager, stale, forbidding ways of custom, law, and statute" vanished from men's thoughts.

In the time of Washington the questions of the constitutional right of Parliament to impose taxing laws upon the English colonists in Massachusetts or Virginia rapidly lost all living significance. The unwritten law was on the side of King George, but liberty was on the side of the colonists, and liberty they were resolutely determined to conquer. The constitutional case of the seventeenth century is more complex and goes deeper; still, the situation in this aspect of it was not unlike. "It was for the Commons," says the historian, "to take up the part which had been played by the barons who had resisted John, and by the earls who had resisted Edward. Here and there, it might be, their case was not without a flaw; but the spirit of the old constitution was on their side" (Gardiner). In a constitution mainly unwritten, as was that of England on the accession of Charles I, it is in the spirit of it that men seek the root of the matter. Nearly all those chief articles of government which are now firm as adamant were at that moment vague, fluctuating, mutable, and open to infinite and legitimate contention.

To a man of Cromwell's political mind the questions were plain and broad, and could be solved without much history. If the estates of the crown no longer sufficed for the public service, could the king make the want good by taxing his subjects at his own good pleasure? Or was the charge to be exclusively imposed by the estates of the realm? Were the estates of the realm to have a direct voice in naming agents and officers of executive power, and to exact a full responsibility to themselves for all acts done in the name of executive power? Was the freedom of the subject to be at the mercy of arbitrary tribunals, and were judges to be removable at the king's pleasure? What was to be done —and this came closest home of all—to put down cruel assumptions of authority by the bishops, to reform the idleness of the clergy, to provide godly and diligent preachers, and sternly to set back the rising tide of popery, of vain ceremonial devices and pernicious Arminian doctrine? Such was the simple statement of the case as it presented itself to earnest and stirring men. Taxation and religion have ever been the two prime movers in human revolutions; in the civil troubles in the seventeenth century both those powerful factors were combined.

In more than one important issue the king undoubtedly had the black-letter upon his side, and nothing is easier than to show that in some of the transactions, even before actual resort to arms, the Commons defied both letter and spirit. Charles was not an Englishman by birth, training, or temper, but he showed himself at the outset as much a legalist in method and argument as Coke, Selden, St. John, or any Englishman among them. It was in its worst sense that he thus from first to last played the formalist, and if to be a pedant is to insist on applying a stiff theory to fluid fact, no man ever deserved the name better. Both king and Commons, however, were well aware that the vital questions of the future could be decided by no appeals to a disputable past. The manifest issue was whether prerogative was to be the basis of the government of England. Charles held that it had been always so, and made up his mind that so it should remain. He had seen

DRAWN BY EDMUND J. SULLIVAN.

CROMWELL'S FIRST AND ONLY SPEECH IN THE THIRD PARLIAMENT.

"A reactionary bishop had backed up a certain divine in preaching flat popery at St. Paul's Cross."

the court of Paris, and he had lived for several months in the court of Madrid, and he knew no reason why the absolutism of France and of Spain should not flourish at Whitehall. More certain than obscure influences such as these was the rising tide of royalism in high places in the church. If this was the mind of Charles, Pym and Hampden and their patriot friends were equally resolved that the base of government should be in the Parliament, and in the Commons branch of the Parliament. They claimed for Parliament a general competence in making laws, granting money, levying taxes, supervising the application of their grants, restricting abuses of executive power, and holding the king's servants answerable for what they did or failed to do. Beyond all this vast field of

activity and power, they entered upon the domain of the king as head of the church, and England found herself plunged into the vortex of that religious excitement which for a whole century, and almost without a break, had torn the Christian world, and distracted Europe with bloodshed and clamor that shook thrones, principalities, powers, and stirred the souls of men to their depths.

Truly has it been said that universal history makes a large part of every national history. The lamp that lights the path of a single nation receives its kindling flame from a central line of beacon-fires that mark the onward journey of the race. The English have never been less insular in thought and interest than they were in the seventeenth century. About the time when Calvin died (1564) it seemed as if the spiritual empire of Rome would be confined to the two peninsulas of Italy and Spain. North of the Alps and north of the Pyrenees the Reformation seemed to be steadily sweeping all before it. Then the floods turned back; the power of the papacy revived, its moral ascendancy was restored; the Counter-Reformation, or the Catholic reaction, by the time when Cromwell and Charles came into the world, had achieved startling triumphs. The indomitable activity of the Jesuits had converted opinion, and the arm of flesh lent its aid in the great work of reconquering Christendom. What the arm of flesh meant the English could see with the visual eye. They never forgot Mary Tudor and the Protestant martyrs. In 1567 Alva set up his court of blood in the Netherlands. In 1572 the work in France began with the massacre of St. Bartholomew. In 1588 the Armada appeared in the British Channel for the subjugation and conversion of England. In 1605 Guy Fawkes and his powder-barrels were found in the vault under the House of Lords. These were the things that explain that endless angry refrain against popery that rings through our seventeenth century with a dolorous monotony at which modern indifference may smile or tolerance may groan.

Britain and Holland were the two Protestant strongholds, and it was noticed that the Catholics in Holland were daily multiplying into an element of exceeding strength, while in England, though the Catholics had undoubtedly fallen to something very considerably less than the third of the whole population, which was their proportion in the time of Elizabeth, still they began under James and Charles to increase again. People counted with horror in Charles's day some ninety Catholics in places of trust about the court, and over one hundred and ninety of them enjoying property and position in the English counties. What filled England with dismay filled the pertinacious Pope Urban VIII with the hope of recovering here some of the ground that he had lost elsewhere, and he sent over Panzani, then Cuneo, then Rossetti, to work for the reconquest to Catholicism of the nation whom another pope, a thousand years before, had first brought within the Christian fold. The presence of the Roman agents at Whitehall only made English Protestantism more violently restive. A furious struggle was raging on the continent of Europe. The Thirty Years' War (1618–48) was not in all its many phases a contest of Protestant and Catholic, but that tremendous issue was never remote or extinct; and even apart from the important circumstance that the elector palatine had espoused the daughter of James I, its fluctuations kept up a strong and constant undercurrent of feeling and attention in England.

THIS double and deep-reaching quarrel, partly religious, partly political, Charles did not create. He inherited it in all its sharpness along with the royal crown. In nearly every country in Europe the same battle between monarch and assembly had been fought, and in every case the possession of concentrated authority and military force, sometimes at the expense of the nobles, sometimes of the burghers, had left the monarch victorious. Queen Elizabeth of famous memory—"we need not be ashamed to call her so," said Cromwell—carried prerogative at its highest. In the five-and-forty years of her reign only thirteen sessions of Parliament were held, and it was not until near the close of her life that she heard accents of serious complaint. Constitutional history in Elizabeth's time—the momentous institution of the Church of England alone excepted—is a blank chapter. Yet in spite of the subservient language that was natural toward so puissant and successful a ruler as Elizabeth, signs were not even then wanting that, when the stress of national peril should be relaxed, arbitrary power would no longer go unquestioned. The reign of James was one long conflict. The struggle went on for twenty years, and for every one of the most obnoxious pretensions and principles that were afterward sought to be established by King Charles a precedent had been set by his father.

Neither the temperament with which

Charles I was born, nor the political climate in which he was reared, was promising of a good deliverance from so dangerous a situation. In the royal council-chamber, in the church, from the judicial bench,—those three great centers of organized government,—in all he saw prevailing the same favor for arbitrary power, and from all he learned the same oblique lessons of practical statecraft. On the side of religion his subjects noted things of dubious omen. His mother, Anne of Denmark, though her first interests were those of taste and pleasure, was probably at heart a Catholic. His grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots, had been the renowned representative and champion of the Catholic party in the two kingdoms. From her and her mother, Mary of Guise, Charles had in his veins the blood of that potent house of Lorraine, who were in church and state the standard-bearers of the Catholic cause in France. A few weeks after his accession he married (May, 1625) the sister of the King of France, and daughter of Henry of Navarre. His wife, a girl of fifteen at the time of her marriage, was a Bourbon on one side and a Medici on the other, an ardent Catholic, and a devoted servant of the Holy See. That Charles was ever near to a change of faith there is no reason whatever to suppose. But he played with the great controversy when the papal emissaries round the queen drew him into argument, and he was as bitterly averse from the puritanic ideas, feelings, and aspirations of either England or Scotland as Mary Stuart had ever been from the doctrines and discourses of John Knox.

It has been said that antagonism between Charles and his Parliament broke out at once as a historical necessity. The vast question may stand over, how far the working of historical necessity is shaped by character and motive in given individuals. Suppose that Charles had been endowed with the qualities of Oliver,—his strong will, his active courage, his powerful comprehension, above all his perception of immovable facts,—how might things have gone? Or suppose Oliver, the son of King James, and that he had inherited such a situation as confronted Charles? In either case the English constitution, and the imitations of it all over the globe, might have been run in another mold. Such questions are interesting, but idle. As it was, Charles had neither vision nor grasp. It is not enough to say that he was undone by his duplicity. There are, unluckily, far too many awkward cases in history where duplicity has come off triumphant. Charles was double, as a man of inferior understanding would be double who had much studied Bacon's essay on Simulation and Dissimulation, without digesting it or ever deeply marking its first sentence, that dissimulation is but a faint kind of policy or wisdom, for it asketh a strong wit and a strong heart to know when to tell truth and to do it; therefore it is the worst sort of politicians that are the great dissemblers. His fault—and no statesman can have a worse—was that he never saw things as they were. He had taste, imagination, logic, but he was a dreamer, an idealist, and a theorizer, in which there might have been good rather than evil, if only his dreams, theories, and ideals had not been out of relation with the hard duties of a day of storm. He was gifted with a fine taste for pictures, and he had an unaffected passion for good literature. When he was a captive he devoted hours daily not only to Bishop Andrewes and the "Ecclesiastical Polity" of Hooker, but to Tasso, Ariosto, the "Faerie Queene," and, above all, to Shakspere.

He was not without the more mechanical qualities of a good ruler: he was attentive to business, methodical, decorous, as dignified as a man can be without indwelling moral dignity, and a thrifty economist, meaning well by his people. His manners, if not actually ungracious, were ungenial and disobliging. "He was so constituted by nature," said the Venetian ambassador, "that he never obliges anybody either by word or by act." Of gratitude for service, of sympathy, of courageous friendship, he never showed a spark. He had one ardent and constant sentiment, his devotion to the queen. What a strange irony of the stars it was that threw the fortunes of a great kingdom at a deciding hour into the hands of a pedant of five-and-twenty and a foreign schoolgirl! France saw something like it a century later: Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, the Austrian, were neither of them twenty when they were called to regulate the fire-floods of the volcano.

One of the glories of literature is the discourse in which the mightiest of French divines commemorates the strange vicissitudes of fortune—the glittering exaltation, the miseries, the daring, the fortitude, and the unshaken faith of the queen of Charles I.

As a delineation of an individual it is exaggerated and rhetorical, but the rhetoric is splendid and profound. Bossuet, more than a divine, was moralist, statesman, philoso-

pher, exploring with no mere abstract speculative eye the thread of continuous purpose in the history of mankind, and using knowledge, eloquence, and art to mold the wills of men. His defense of established order has been called the great spectacle of the seventeenth century. It certainly was one of them, and all save narrow minds will care to hear how the spectacle in England moved this commanding genius. Taking a text that was ever present to him, "Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth," Bossuet treated that chapter of history in which the life of Henrietta Maria was an episode as a lofty drama with many morals of its own. "I am not a historian," he says, "to unfold the secrets of cabinets, or the ordering of battle-fields, or the interests of parties; it is for me to raise myself above man, to make every creature tremble under the judgments of Almighty God." Not content with the majestic commonplaces, so eternally true, so inexorably apt, yet so incredulously heard, about the nothingness of human pomps and earthly grandeur, he extracts special lessons from the calamities of the particular daughter of St. Louis whose lot inspired his meditations. What had drawn these misfortunes on the royal house in England? Was it inborn libertinism in English character that brought the Rebellion about? Nay, he cries; when we look at the incredible facility with which religion was first overthrown in that country, then restored, then overthrown again, by Henry VIII, by Edward VI, by Mary, by Elizabeth, so far from finding the nation rebellious, or its Parliament proud or factious, we are driven to reproach the English people with being only too submissive. For did they not place their very faith, their consciences, their souls, under the yoke of earthly kings? The fault was with the kings themselves. They it was who taught the nations that their ancient Catholic creed was a thing to be lightly flung away. Who could arrest the catastrophe but the bishops of the church? And then turning to reproach them as sternly as he had reproached their royal masters, it was the bishops, he exclaimed, who had brought to naught the authority of their own thrones by openly condemning all their predecessors up to the very source of their consecration, up to St. Gregory the Pope, and St. Augustine the missionary monk. By skilfully worded contrast with these doings of apostate kings and prelates, he glorified the zeal of Henrietta Maria; boasted how many persons in England had abjured their errors under the influence of her almoners; and how the zealous shepherds of the afflicted Catholic flock, of whom the world was not worthy, saw with joy restored the glorious symbols of their faith in the chapel of the Queen of England, and the persecuted church, which in other days hardly dared so much as to sigh or weep over its past glory, now sang aloud the song of Zion in a strange land.

All this effulgence of words cannot alter the fact that the queen was the evil genius of her husband, and of the nation over whom a perverse fate had appointed him to rule. Men ruefully observed that a French queen never brought happiness to England. To suffer women of foreign birth and alien creed to meddle with things of state, they reflected, had ever produced grievous desolation for the realm. Charles had a fancy to call her Marie rather than Henrietta, and even Puritans had superstition enough to find a bad omen in a woman's name that was associated with no good luck to England.

Of the many women, good and bad, who have tried to take part in affairs of state from Cleopatra or the Queen of Sheba downward, nobody by character or training was ever worse fitted than the wife of Charles I for such a case as that in which she found herself. Henry IV, her father, thought that to change his Huguenot faith and go to mass was an easy price to pay for the powerful support of Paris. Her mother came of the marvelous Florentine house that had given to Europe such masters of craft as Cosmo and Lorenzo, Leo X and Clement VII, and Catherine of the Bartholomew massacre. But the queen had none of the depth of these famous personages. To her, alike as Catholic and as queen seated on a shaking throne, the choice between bishop and presbyter within a Protestant communion was matter for contemptuous indifference. She understood neither her husband's scruples, nor the motives of his rebellious adversaries. The sanctity of law and immemorial custom, rights of taxation, parliamentary privilege, Magna Charta, habeas corpus, and all the other symbols of civil freedom, were empty words without meaning to a petulant and untrained mind. In Paris, by the side of the great ladies whose lives were passed in seditious intrigues against Richelieu or Mazarin, Henrietta Maria would have been in her native element. She would have delighted in all the intricacies of the web of fine-spun conspiracy in which Marie de Medici, her mother, and Anne of Austria, her sister-in-law, and Mme. de Chevreuse,

her close friend and comrade, first one and then the other, spent their restless days. Habits and qualities that were mischievous enough even in the galleries of the Louvre, in the atmosphere of Westminster and Whitehall were laden with irremediable disaster. In intrepidity and fortitude she was a true daughter of Henry of Navarre. Her energy was unsparing, and her courage. Nine times she crossed the seas in storm and tempest. When her waiting-women were trembling and weeping, she assured them, with an air of natural serenity that seemed of itself to bring back calm, that no queen was ever drowned.

In the second year of the war, in one of her expeditions on the king's business, bringing arms from Holland for the king, after facing the fury of winds and waves for several days, she reached the little port of Bridlington Quay. Four of the Parliament ships had followed her, and began so brisk a fire upon the house in which she had sought shelter that, she says, "before I could get out of bed the balls were whistling upon me in such style that you may easily believe I loved not such music. Everybody came to force me to go out, the balls beating so on all the houses that, dressed just as it happened, I went on foot to some distance from the village, to the shelter of a ditch, like those at Newmarket; but before we could reach it, the balls were singing round us in fine style, and a sergeant was killed twenty paces from me. We placed ourselves then under this shelter, during two hours that they were firing on us, and the balls passing always over our heads, and sometimes covering us with dust."

D'Ewes has left a picture of the queen as he saw her at dinner at Whitehall, long after her marriage: "I perceived her to be a most absolute delicate lady, after I had exactly surveyed all the features of her face, much enlivened by her radiant and sparkling black eyes. Besides, her deportment among her women was so sweet and humble, and her speech and looks to her other servants so mild and gracious, as I could not abstain from divers deep-fetched sighs, to consider that she wanted the knowledge of the true religion."

"The queen," says Burnet, "was a woman of great vivacity in conversation, and loved all her life long to be in intrigues of all sorts, but was not so secret in them as such times and affairs required. She was a woman of no manner of judgment; she was bad at contrivance, and much worse in execution; but by the liveliness of her discourse she made always a great impression on the king."

In 1644, after she had parted from the king to see him no more, she lay in at Exeter, Essex and the Parliamentary army besieging the city. In the midst of her anguish she exclaims, with pious resignation common to both sides in those hard days: "God's will be done; he has done so much for us, and aids us so visibly in all our affairs, that certainly, however he may be pleased to dispose of me, it will be for your good and mine."

III. WENTWORTH, LAUD, PYM.

JUST as the historic school has come to an end that despatched Oliver Cromwell as a hypocrite and a usurper, so we are escaping from the other school that dismissed Charles as a tyrant, Laud as a driveler and a bigot, and Wentworth as an apostate. That Wentworth passed over from the popular to the Royalist side, and that by the same act he improved his fortunes and exalted his influence, is true. But there is no good reason to condemn him of shifting the foundation of his views of national policy. He was never a Puritan, and never a partizan of the supremacy of Parliament. By temperament and conviction he was a firm believer in organized authority; though he began in opposition, his instincts all carried him toward the side of government; and if he came round to the opinion that a single person, and not the House of Commons, was the vital organ of national authority, that was an opinion which Cromwell himself, in days to come, was destined to share and to exemplify. Wentworth's ideal was centered in a strong state, exerting power for the common good; and the mainspring of a strong state must be monarch, and not Parliament. It was the idea of the time that governing initiative must come from the throne, with or without a check in the people. Happily for us, men of deeper insight than Wentworth perceived that the assertion of the popular check was at this deciding moment in English history more important than to strengthen executive power in the hands of the king. Wentworth, with all the bias of a man born for government and action, may easily have come to think otherwise. That he associated the elevation of his own personality with the triumph of what he took for the right cause is a weakness, if weakness it be, that he shares with some of the most upright reformers that have ever lived. It is a chaste ambition, if rightly placed, he

said at his trial, to have as much power as may be, that there may be power to do the more good in the place where a man lives. The actual possession of power stimulated his natural passion for high principles of government.

His judgment was clear, as his wit and fancy were quick. He was devoted to friends, never weary of taking pains for them, thinking nothing too dear for them. If he was extremely choleric and impatient, yet it was in a large and imperious way. He had energy, boldness, unsparing industry and attention, long-sighted continuity of thought and plan, lofty flight, and as high a concern for order and the public service as Pym or Oliver or any of them.

All this marks precisely the type of man who was required to deal with ecclesiastics and rapacious nobles alike. Bishops were said to be displaced with no more ceremony than excisemen. The common impression of Wentworth is shown in an anecdote about Williams, afterward Archbishop of York. When the court tried to pacify Williams with the promise of a good bishopric in Ireland, he replied that he had held out for seven years against his enemies in England, but if they sent him to Ireland he would fall into the hands of a man who, within seven months, would find out some old statute or other to cut off his head.

The pretty obvious parallel has often been suggested between Strafford and Richelieu; but it is no more than superficial. There is no proportion between the vast combinations, the immense designs, the remorseless rigors, and the majestic success with which the great cardinal built up royal power in France and subjugated reactionary forces in Europe, and the petty scale of Wentworth's eight years of rule in Ireland. To frighten Dean Andrewes or Lord Mountnorris out of their wits was a very different business from bringing Montmorencys, Chalais, Marillacs, Cinq-Mars, to the scaffold. It is true that the general aim was not very different. Richelieu said to the king: "I promised your Majesty to employ all my industry and all the authority that he might be pleased to give me to ruin the Huguenot party, to beat down the pride of the great, to reduce all subjects to their duty, and to raise up his name among other nations to the height at which it ought to be." Strafford would have said much the same. He, too, aspired to make his country a leading force in the counsels of Europe, as Elizabeth had done, and by Elizabeth's patient and thrifty policy. Unlike his master of flighty and confused brain, he perceived the need of system and a sure foundation. On the eve of the troubles in Scotland, Charles was active for the restoration of his kinsman the elector palatine after his loss of the crown of Bohemia.

"It affects me very much," wrote Wentworth (1637), "to hear the peace and prosperity of your affairs at home disquieted by entering again into action upon any foreign hopes or engagements abroad, until the crown were discharged of debts, the coffers filled, and your Majesty's profits and sovereignties set upon their right foot throughout your three kingdoms." This was sound statesmanship for an English king seeking to be master in his own house. Strafford's success would have meant the transformation of the state within the three kingdoms, not into the monarchy of the Restoration of 1660 or of the Revolution of 1688, but at best into something like the qualified absolutism of modern Prussia.

As time went on, and things grew hotter, his ardent and haughty genius drew him into more energetic antagonism to the popular claim and its champions. In his bold and imposing personality they recognized that all those sinister ideas, methods, and aims which it was the business of their lives to overthrow, were gathered up.

The precise date is not easily fixed at which Wentworth gained a declared ascendancy in the royal counsels, if ascendancy be the right word for a chief position in that unstable chamber. In 1632 he was made lord deputy in Ireland, and for seven years he devoted himself exclusively to Irish administration. He does not seem to have been consulted upon general affairs before 1637, and it was later than this when Charles began to lean upon him. It was not until 1640 that he could prevail upon the king to augment his political authority by making him lord lieutenant and Earl of Strafford.

If Strafford was a bad counselor for the times, and the queen a worse, Laud, who filled the critical station of Archbishop of Canterbury, was perhaps the worst counselor of the three. But let us save ourselves from the extravagances of some modern history. "His memory," writes one, "is still loathed as the meanest, the most cruel, and the most narrow-minded man who ever sat on the episcopal bench" (Buckle). "We entertain more unmitigated contempt for him," says another, "than for any character

in history" (Macaulay). It is pretty safe to be sure that these slashing superlatives are never true. Laud was no more the simpleton and the bigot of Macaulay than he was the saint to whom, in our day, Anglican high-fliers dedicate painted windows, or who describe him as Newman did, as being "cast in a mold of proportions that are much above our own, and of a stature akin to the elder days of the church." Burnet, who was no Laudian, says that he "was a learned, a sincere and zealous man, regular in his own life, and humble in his private deportment; but he was a hot, indiscreet man, eagerly pursuing some matters that were either very inconsiderable or mischievous, such as setting the communion-table by the east wall of churches, bowing to it, and calling it the altar, the breaking of lectures, the encouraging of sports on the Lord's day; . . . and yet all the zeal and heat of that time was laid out on these." The agent of the Vatican described him as timid, ambitious, inconstant, and therefore ill equipped for great enterprises. Whitelocke tells us that his father was anciently and thoroughly acquainted with Laud, and used to say of him that he was "too full of fire, though a just and good man; and that his want of experience in state matters, and his too much zeal for the church, and heat, if he proceeded in the way he was then in, would set this nation on fire."

It was indeed Laud who did most to kindle the blaze. He was harder than anybody else, both in the Star Chamber and the High Commission. He would have sent Felton, who murdered Buckingham, to the rack, had not the king directed that the judges should be asked whether the rack were lawful. He had a restless mind, a sharp tongue, and a hot temper; he took no trouble to persuade, and he leaned wholly on the law of the church and the necessity of enforcing obedience to it. He had all the harshness that is so common in a man of ardent convictions who happens not to have intellectual power enough to defend them. But he was no harder of heart than most of either his victims or his judges. Prynne was more malicious, vindictive, and sanguinary than Laud; and a Scottish presbyter was often as arrogant and unrelenting as the English archbishop. Much of Laud's energy was that of good stewardship. The reader who smiles at his injunction that divines should preach in gowns, and not in cloaks, must at least applaud when in the same document avaricious bishops are warned not to dilapidate the patrimony of their successors by making long leases, or taking heavy fines on renewal, or cutting down the timber. This was one side of that love of external order, uniformity, and decorum, which, when applied to rites and ceremonies, church furniture, church apparel, drove English Puritanism frantic. "It is called superstition nowadays," Laud complained, "for any man to come with more reverence into a church than a tinker and his dog into an ale-house."

That he had any leaning toward the Pope is certainly untrue; and his eagerness to establish a branch of the Church of England in all the courts of Christendom, and even in the cities of the Grand Turk, points rather to an exalted dream that the Church of England might one day spread itself as far abroad as the Church of Rome. Short of this, he probably aspired to found a patriarchate of the three kingdoms, with Canterbury as the metropolitan center. He thought the Puritans narrow, and the Catholics no better. We may observe that churchmen in all ages are divided into those on the one hand who think most of institutions, and those on the other who think most of the truths on which the institutions rest, and of the spirit that gives them life. Laud was markedly of the first of these two types, and even of that doctrinal zeal that passed for spiritual unction in those hot times he had little. Yet it is worth remembering that it was his influence that overcame the reluctance of the pious and devoted George Herbert to take orders. His personal kindness to Chillingworth and to John Hales has been taken as a proof of his tolerance of latitudinarianism, and some passages in his own works are construed as favoring liberal theology. That liberal theology would have quickly progressed within the church under Laud's rule, so long as outer uniformity was preserved, is probably true, and an important truth it is in judging the events of his epoch. At the same time Laud was as hostile as most contemporary Puritans to doubts and curious search, just as he shared with his Presbyterian enemies their hatred of any toleration for creed or church outside of the established fold. He was fond of learning, and gave it munificent support, and he had the merit of doing what he could to found his cause upon reason. But men cannot throw off the spirit of their station, and, after all, his sheet-anchor was authority. His ideal has been described as a national church, governed by an aristocracy of bishops, invested with certain powers by divine right, and closely united with the

monarchy. Whether his object was primarily doctrinal, to cast out the Calvinistic spirit, or the restoration of church ceremonial, it would be hard to decide; but we may be sure that if he actively hated heresies about justification or predestination, it was rather as breaches of order than as either errors of intellect or corruptions of soul. "He had few vulgar or private vices," says a contemporary, "and, in a word, was not so much to be called bad as unfit for the state of England."

He was unfit for the state of England, because, instead of meeting a deep spiritual movement with a missionary inspiration of his own, he sought no saintlier weapons than oppressive statutes and persecuting law-courts. It may be at least partially true that the nation had been a consenting party to the Tudor despotism, from which both the statute and the court had come down. Persecution has often won in human history; often has a violent hand dashed out the lamp of truth. But the Puritan exodus to New England was a signal, which no statesman ought to have misread, that new forces were arising, and would require far sharper persecution to crush them than the temper of the nation would endure.

In the early stages of the struggle between Parliament and king, the only leader on the popular side on a level in position with Strafford and Laud was John Pym, in many ways the foremost of all the Parliamentary worthies. A gentleman of good family, and bred at Oxford, he had entered the House of Commons eleven years before the accession of Charles. He made his mark early, as one who understood the public finances, and, what was even more to the point, as a determined enemy of popery. From the first, in the words of Clarendon, he had drawn attention for being "concerned and passionate in the jealousies of religion, and much troubled with the countenance given to the opinions of Arminius." He was a Puritan in the widest sense of that word of many shades. That is to say, in the expression of one who came later, "he thought it part of a man's religion to see that his country be well governed," and by good government he meant the rule of righteousness both in civil and in sacred things. He wished the monarchy to stand, and the Church of England to stand; nor was any man better grounded in the maxims and precedents which had brought each of those exalted institutions to be what it was.

Besides massive breadth of judgment, Pym had one of those luminous and discerning minds that in times of high contention have the rare secret of singling out the central issues and choosing the best battle-ground. Early he perceived and understood the common impulse that was uniting throne and altar against both ancient rights and the social needs of a new time. He was no revolutionist either by temper or principle. A single passage from one of his speeches is enough to show us the spirit of his statesmanship, and it is well worth quoting. "The best form of government," he said, "is that which doth actuate and dispose every part and member of a state to the common good; for as those parts give strength and ornament to the whole, so they receive from it again strength and protection in their several stations and degrees. If, instead of concord and interchange of support, one part seeks to uphold an old form of government, and the other part introduce a new, they will miserably consume one another. Histories are full of the calamities of entire states and nations in such cases. It is, nevertheless, equally true that time must needs bring about some alterations. . . . Therefore have those commonwealths been ever the most durable and perpetual which have often reformed and recomposed themselves according to their first institution and ordinance. By this means they repair the breaches, and counterwork the ordinary and natural effects of time."

This was the English humor all through, and at its best. Surrounded by men who were often apt to take narrow views, Pym, if ever English statesman did, took broad ones; and to impose broad views upon the narrow is one of the things that a party leader exists for. He had the double gift, so rare even among leaders in popular assemblies, of being at once practical and elevated; a master of tactics and organizing arts, and yet the inspirer of sound and lofty principles. How can we measure the perversity of a king and counselors who forced into opposition a man so imbued with the deep instinct of government, so whole-hearted, so keen of sight, so skilful in resource as Pym?

(To be continued.)

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

MRS. HARRISON GRAY OTIS (SALLY FOSTER).

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

AMONG the American women noted a century ago for beauty, intelligence, vivacity, and wit, none received homage more justly than Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, the wife of one of Massachusetts' favorite sons. She was Sally Foster, the daughter of a prominent Boston merchant, and was married to Mr. Otis, May 31, 1790, when in her twenty-first year. Upon their marriage they visited Philadelphia, then the seat of government, where Mr. Otis's father was secretary to the United States Senate, and where the charms of the young bride and the courtly manners and winning address of her husband made them at once figures of prominence in the exclusive "court set" of that day. Mr. Otis a few years later succeeded Fisher Ames in Congress, where his polished oratory won for him a wide reputation; but the prominent part he took in the notorious Hartford Convention of 1814 diminished his popularity and somewhat ostracized him from his friends. The Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis whose portrait Stuart painted, about 1814, and who died in 1838, must not be confounded with the lady of the same name who died in 1873, after having been for many years the great social leader of Boston. Stuart's portrait of Mrs. Otis, which has been superbly rendered into black and white by Mr. Wolf, with a companion portrait of Mr. Otis, is owned by her grandson Mr. George T. Lyman of Bellport, Long Island. Its dignified and graceful pose and its delicate and pure color make it one of the painter's great achievements.

As we have already stated, Stuart painted three portraits of Washington from life, and these present two totally dissimilar types. At what precise date the first picture was painted, showing the right side of the face, we do not know, but it was doubtless early in the year 1795, soon after the painter's going to Philadelphia, for in April of that year Stuart made out a rough list of the names of some thirty-two gentlemen "who are to have copies of the portrait of the President of the United States." How many of these were made from the first picture, we cannot tell, only some half-dozen of this type having been found, and each one of them showing some variance from the original portrait.

In April, 1796, Stuart painted his second portrait of Washington from life, the whole-length known as the Lansdowne type, the pose and composition of the picture being taken almost bodily from Rigaud's portrait of Bossuet, made familiar by Drévet's engraving of it. This portrait shows the left side of the face, as does the very similar vignette head, left unfinished by the painter, and which, called the Athenæum head, is the household Washington. From this last portrait Stuart made a great many copies, adding the details necessary to make finished pictures. These were regular pot-boilers, which he called his hundred-dollar pieces. A few of them are good, some fair, but many very indifferent, all showing, however, unmistakable evidence of the master's hand. It has served as a study for almost every tyro of the brush on this side of the ocean during the present century, so that the country is flooded with "Stuart's Washington," each one, in the estimation of its owner, being "the original from life." During the past year the writer has had more than a score of these portraits submitted for his opinion; but all save one were copies.

As a likeness of Washington the first picture is undoubtedly more correct and life-like than the subsequent ones, although it is not so generally familiar, owing to the public position that has been occupied by the last one. This was the judgment of Mrs. Washington, and she surely should be a satisfactory arbiter of such a question. It is a noble portrait, full of distinction, and is what the other heads are not—the likeness of *a man*—a man who lived among men. Firmness and gentleness, decision and moderation, thoughtfulness and power, are all depicted there. One feels that Washington could have looked like this Stuart portrait, and it is not so wholly unlike the portraits of him painted by other artists; but no one can ever feel that Washington did look like either the Lansdowne or Athenæum heads, while as paintings the latter are measurably inferior to the former.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF, FROM THE PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF GEORGE T. LYMAN, ESQ.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

MRS. HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

"THEY ALL RUSHED UNDER IT LIKE A LOT OF LITTLE PIGS."

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GRIZZLY.

BY ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON,
Author of "Wild Animals I have Known."

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

PART I. THE CUBHOOD OF WAHB.

I.

HE was born over a score of years ago, away up in the wildest part of the wild West, on the head of the Little Piney, above where the Palette Ranch is now.

His Mother was just an ordinary Silvertip, loving the quiet life that all Bears prefer, minding her own business and doing her duty by her family, asking no favors of any one excepting to let her alone.

It was July before she took her remarkable family down the Little Piney to the Graybull, and showed them what strawberries were, and where to find them.

Notwithstanding their Mother's deep conviction, the cubs were not remarkably big or bright; yet they were a remarkable family, for there were four of them, and it is not often a Grizzly Mother can boast of more than two.

The woolly-coated little creatures were having a fine time, and reveled in the lovely mountain summer and the abundance of good things. Their Mother turned over each log and flat stone they came to, and the moment it was lifted they all rushed under it like a lot of little pigs to lick up the ants and grubs there hidden.

It never once occurred to them that Mammy's strength might fail sometime, and let the great rock drop just as they got under it; nor would any one have thought so that might have chanced to see that huge arm and that shoulder sliding about under the great yellow robe she wore. No, no; that arm could never fail. The little ones were quite right. So they hustled and tumbled one another at each fresh log in their haste to be first, and squealed little squeals, and growled little growls, as if each was a pig, a pup, and a kitten all rolled into one.

They were well acquainted with the common little brown ants that harbor under logs in the uplands, but now they came for the first time on one of the hills of the great, fat, luscious Wood-ant, and they all crowded around to lick up those that ran out. But they soon found that they were licking up more

cactus-prickles and sand than ants, till their Mother said in Grizzly, "Let me show you how."

She knocked off the top of the hill, then laid her great paw flat on it for a few moments, and as the angry ants swarmed on to it she licked them up with one lick, and got a good rich mouthful to crunch, without a grain of sand or a cactus-stinger in it. The cubs soon learned. Each put up both his little brown paws, so that there was a ring of paws all around the ant-hill, and there they sat, like children playing "hands," and each licked first the right and then the left paw, or one cuffed his brother's ears for licking a paw that was not his own, till the ant-hill was cleared out and they were ready for a change.

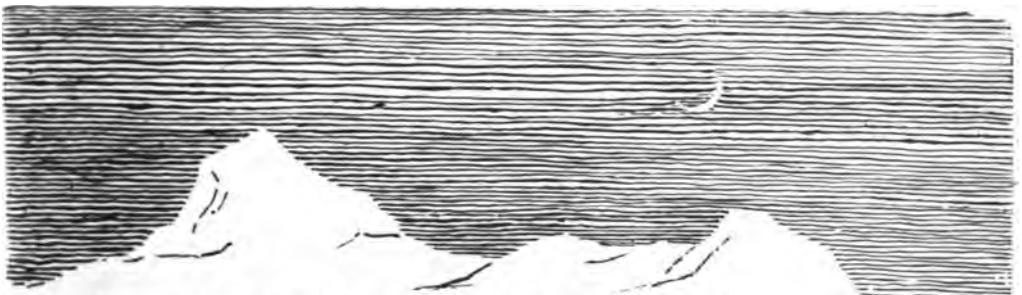
Ants are sour food and made the Bears thirsty, so the old one led down to the river. After they had drunk as much as they wanted, and dabbled their feet, they walked down the bank to a pool, where the old one's keen eye caught sight of a number of Buffalo-fish basking on the bottom. The water was very low, mere pebbly rapids between these deep holes, so Mammy said to the little ones:

"Now you all sit there on the bank and learn something new."

First she went to the lower end of the pool and stirred up a cloud of mud which hung in the still water, and sent a long tail floating like a curtain over the rapids just below. Then she went quietly round by land, and sprang into the upper end of the pool with all the noise she could. The fish had crowded to that end, but this sudden attack sent them off in a panic, and they dashed blindly into the mud-cloud. Out of fifty fish there is always a good chance of some being fools, and half a dozen of these dashed through the darkened water into the current, and before they knew it they were struggling over the shingly shallow. The old Grizzly jerked them out to the bank, and the little ones rushed noisily on these funny, short snakes that could not get away, and gobbled and gorged till their little bellies looked like balloons.

They had eaten so much now, and the sun was so hot, that all were quite sleepy. So the Mother-bear led them to a quiet little nook, and as soon as she lay down, though they were puffing with heat, they all snuggled around her and went to sleep, with their little brown paws curled in, and their little black noses tucked into their wool as though it were a very cold day.

After an hour or two they began to yawn and stretch themselves, except little Fuzz, the smallest; she poked out her sharp nose for a moment, then snuggled back between her Mother's great arms. The largest, the one afterward known as Wahb, sprawled over on his back and began to worry a root that stuck up, grumbling to himself as he chewed it, or slapped it with his paw for not staying where he wanted it. Presently Mooney, the



mischief, began tugging at Frizzle's ears, and got his own well boxed. They clenched for a tussle; then, locked in a tight little grizzly yellow ball, they sprawled over and over on the grass, and, before they knew it, down a bank, and away out of sight toward the river.

Almost immediately there was an outcry of yells for help from the little wrestlers. There could be no mistaking the real terror in their voices. Some dreadful danger was threatening.

Up jumped the gentle Mother, changed into a perfect demon, and over the bank in time to see a huge Range-bull make a deadly charge at what he doubtless took for a yellow dog. In a moment all would have been over with Frizzle, for he had missed his footing on the bank; but there was a thumping of heavy feet, a roar that startled even the great Bull, and, like a huge bounding ball of yellow fur, Mother Grizzly was upon him. Him! the monarch of the herd, the master of all these plains, what had he to fear? He bellowed his deep war-cry, and charged to pin the old one to the bank; but as he bent to tear her with his shining horns, she dealt him a stunning blow, and before he could recover she was on his shoulders, raking the flesh from his ribs with sweep after sweep of her terrific claws.

The Bull roared with rage, and plunged and reared, dragging Mother Grizzly with him; then, as he hurled heavily off the slope, she let go to save herself, and the Bull rolled down into the river.

This was a lucky thing for him, for the Grizzly did not want to follow him there; so he waded out on the other side, and bellowing with fury and pain, slunk off to join the herd to which he belonged.

II.

Old Colonel Pickett, the cattle king, was out riding the range. The night before, he had seen the new moon descending over the white cone of Pickett's Peak.

"I saw the last moon over Frank's Peak," said he, "and the luck was against me for a month; now I reckon it 's my turn."

Next morning his luck began. A letter came from Washington granting his request that a post-office be established at

his ranch, and contained the polite inquiry, "What name do you suggest for the new post-office?"

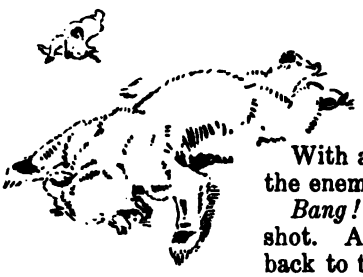
The colonel took down his new rifle, a 45–90 repeater. "May as well," he said; "this is my month"; and he rode up the Graybull to see how the cattle were doing.

As he passed under the Rimrock Mountain he heard a far-away roaring as of Bulls fighting, but thought nothing of it till he rounded the point and saw on the flat below a lot of his cattle pawing the dust and bellowing as they always do when they smell the blood of one of their number. He soon saw that the great Bull, "the boss of the bunch," was covered with blood. His back and sides were torn as by a Mountain-lion, and his head was battered as by another Bull.

"Grizzly," growled the colonel, for he knew the mountains. He quickly noted the general direction of the Bull's back trail, then rode toward a high bank that offered a view. This was across the gravelly ford of the Graybull, near the mouth of the Piney. His horse splashed through the cold water and began jerkily to climb the other bank.

As soon as the rider's head rose above the bank his hand grabbed the rifle, for there in full sight were five Grizzly Bears, an old one and four cubs.

"Run for the woods," growled the Mother Grizzly, for she knew that men carried guns. Not that she feared for herself; but the idea of such things among her darlings was too horrible to think of. She set off to guide them to the timber-tangle on the Lower Piney. But an awful, murderous fusillade began.



Bang! and Mother Grizzly felt a deadly pang.

Bang! and poor little Fuzz rolled over with a scream of pain and lay still.

With a roar of hate and fury Mother Grizzly turned to attack the enemy.

Bang! and she fell paralyzed and dying with a high shoulder shot. And the three little cubs, not knowing what to do, ran back to their Mother.

Bang! bang! and Mooney and Frizzle sank in dying agonies beside her, and Wahb, terrified and stupefied, ran in a circle about them. Then, hardly knowing why, he turned and dashed into the timber-tangle, and disappeared as a last *bang* left him with a stinging pain and a useless, broken hind paw.

THAT is why the post-office was called Four-Bears. The colonel seemed pleased with what he had done; indeed, he told of it himself.

But away up in the woods of Anderson's Peak that night a little lame Grizzly might

have been seen wandering, limping along, leaving a bloody spot each time he tried to set down his hind paw; whining and whimpering, "Mother! Mother! Oh, Mother, where are you?" for he was cold and hungry, and had such a pain in his foot. But there was no Mother to come to him, and he dared not go back where he had left her, so he wandered aimlessly about among the pines.

Then he smelled some strange animal smell and heard heavy footsteps; and not knowing what else to do, he climbed a tree. Presently a band of great, long-necked, slim-legged animals, taller than his Mother, came by under the tree. He had seen such once before and had not been afraid of them then, because he had been with his Mother. But now he kept very quiet in the tree, and the big creatures stopped picking the grass when they were near him, and blowing their noses, ran out of sight.

He stayed in the tree till near morning, and then he was so stiff with cold that he could scarcely get down. But the warm sun came up, and he felt better as he sought about for berries and ants, for he was very hungry. Then he went back to the Piney and put his wounded foot in the ice-cold water.

He wanted to get back to the mountains again, but still he felt he must go to where he had left his Mother and brothers. When the afternoon grew warm, he went limping down the stream through the timber, and down on the banks of the Graybull till he came to the place where yesterday they had had the fish-feast; and he eagerly crunched the heads and remains that he found. But there was an odd and horrid smell on the wind. It frightened him, and as he went down to where he last had seen his Mother the smell grew worse. He peeped out cautiously at the place, and saw there a lot of Coyotes, tearing at something. What it was he did not know; but he saw no Mother, and the smell that sickened and terrified him was worse than ever, so he quietly turned back toward the timber-tangle of the Lower Piney, and nevermore came back to look for

"LIKE CHILDREN PLAYING 'HANDS,' . . . ONE CUFFED HIS BROTHER'S EARS." (SEE PAGE 28.)

his lost family. He wanted his Mother as much as ever, but something told him it was no use.

As cold night came down, he missed her more and more again, and he whimpered as he limped along, a miserable, lonely, little, motherless Bear—not lost in the mountains, for he had no home to seek, but so sick and lonely, and with such a pain in his foot, and in his stomach a craving for the drink that would nevermore be his. That night he found a hollow log, and crawling in, he tried to dream that his Mother's great, furry arms were around him, and he snuffled himself to sleep.

III.

WAHB had always been a gloomy little Bear; and the string of misfortunes that came on him just as his mind was forming made him more than ever sullen and morose.

It seemed as though every one were against him. He tried to keep out of sight in the upper woods of the Piney, seeking his food by day and resting at night in the hollow log. But one evening he found it occupied by a Porcupine as big as himself and as bad as a cactus-bush. Wahb could do nothing with him. He had to give up the log and seek another nest.

One day he went down on the Graybull flat to dig some roots that his Mother had taught him were good. But before he had well begun, a grayish-looking animal came out of a hole in the ground and rushed at him, hissing and growling. Wahb did not know it was a Badger, but he saw it was a fierce animal as big as himself. He was sick, and lame too, so he limped away and never stopped till he was on a ridge in the next cañon. Here a Coyote saw him, and came bounding after him, calling at the same time to another to come and join the fun. Wahb was near a tree, so he scrambled up to the branches. The Coyotes came bounding and yelping below, but their noses told them that this was a young Grizzly they had chased, and they soon decided that a young Grizzly in a tree means a Mother Grizzly not far away, and they had better let him alone.

After they had sneaked off Wahb came down and returned to the Piney. There was better feeding on the Graybull, but every one seemed against him there now that his loving guardian was gone, while on the Piney he had peace at least sometimes, and there were plenty of trees that he could climb when an enemy came.

His broken foot was a long time in healing; indeed, it never got quite well. The wound healed and the soreness wore off, but

it left a stiffness that gave him a slight limp, and the sole-balls grew together quite unlike those of the other foot. It particularly annoyed him when he had to climb a tree or run fast from his enemies; and of them he found no end, though never once did a friend cross his path. When he lost his Mother he lost his best and only friend. She would have taught him much that he had to learn by bitter experience, and would have saved him from most of the ills that befell him in his cubhood—ills so many and so dire that but for his native sturdiness he never could have passed through alive.

The piñons bore plentifully that year, and the winds began to shower down the ripe, rich nuts. Life was becoming a little easier for Wahb. He was gaining in health and strength, and the creatures he daily met now let him alone. But as he feasted on the piñons one morning after a gale, a great Blackbear came marching down the hill. "No one meets a friend in the woods," was a byword that Wahb had learned already. He swung up the nearest tree. At first the Blackbear was scared, for he smelled the smell of Grizzly; but when he saw it was only a cub, he took courage and came growling at Wahb. He could climb as well as the little Grizzly, or better, and high as Wahb went, the Blackbear followed, and when Wahb got out on the smallest and highest twig that would carry him, the Blackbear cruelly shook him off, so that he was thrown to the ground, bruised and shaken and half stunned. He limped away moaning, and the only thing that kept the Blackbear from following him up and perhaps killing him was the fear that the old Grizzly might be about. So Wahb was driven away down the creek from all the good piñon woods.

There was not much food on the Graybull now. The berries were nearly all gone; there were no fish or ants to get, and Wahb, hurt, lonely, and miserable, wandered on and on, till he was away down toward the Meteetsee.

A Coyote came bounding and barking through the sage-brush after him. Wahb tried to run, but it was no use; the Coyote was soon up with him. Then with a sudden rush of desperate courage Wahb turned and charged his foe. The astonished Coyote gave a scared yowl or two, and fled with his tail between his legs. Thus Wahb learned that war is the price of peace.

But the forage was poor here; there were too many cattle; and Wahb was making for a far-away piñon woods in the Meteetsee Cañon when he saw a man, just like the one he had seen on that day of sorrow. At the same moment he heard a *bang*, and some sage-brush rattled and fell just over his back. All the dreadful smells and dangers of that day came back to his memory, and Wahb ran as he never had run before.

He soon got into a gully and followed it into the cañon. An opening between two cliffs seemed to offer shelter, but as he ran toward it a Range-cow came trotting between, shaking her head at him and snorting threats against his life.

He leaped aside upon a long log that led up a bank, but at once a savage Bobcat appeared on the other end and warned him to go back. It was no time to quarrel. Bitterly Wahb felt that the world was full of enemies. But he turned and scrambled up a rocky bank into the piñon woods that border the benches of the Meteetsee.

The Pine Squirrels seemed to resent his coming, and barked furiously. They were thinking about their piñon-nuts. They knew that this Bear was coming to steal their provisions, and they followed him overhead to scold and abuse him, with such an outcry that an enemy might have followed him by their noise, which was exactly what they intended.

There was no one following, but it made Wahb uneasy and nervous. So he kept on till he reached the timber line, where both food and foes were scarce, and here on the edge of the Mountain-sheep land at last he got a chance to rest.

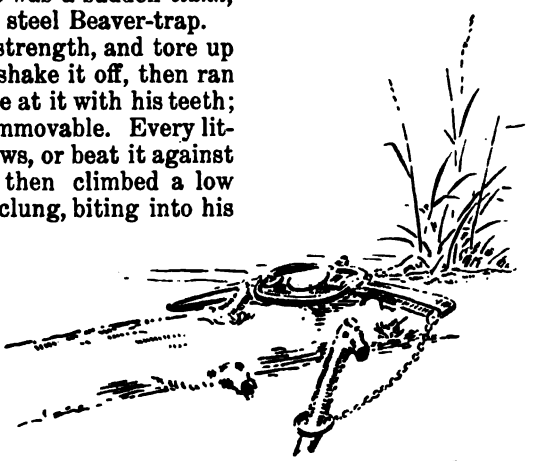
IV.

WAHB never was sweet-tempered, like his baby sister, and the persecutions by his numerous foes were making him more and more sour. Why could not they let him alone in his misery? Why was every one against him? If only he had his Mother back! If he could only have killed that Blackbear that had driven him from his woods! It did not occur to him that some day he himself would be big. And that spiteful Bobcat, that took advantage of him; and the man that had tried to kill him. He did not forget any of them, and he hated them all.

Wahb found his new range fairly good, because it was a good nut year. He learned just what the Squirrels feared he would, for his nose directed him to the little granaries where they had stored up great quantities of nuts for winter's use. It was hard on the Squirrels, but it was good luck for Wahb, for the nuts were delicious food. And when the days shortened and the nights began to be frosty, he had grown fat and well favored.

He traveled over all parts of the cañon now, living mostly in the higher woods, but coming down at times to forage almost as far as the river. One night as he wandered by the deep water a peculiar smell reached his nose. It was quite pleasant, so he followed it up to the water's edge. It seemed to come from a sunken log. As he reached over toward this, there was a sudden *clank*, and one of his paws was caught in a strong steel Beaver-trap.

Wahb yelled and jerked back with all his strength, and tore up the stake that held the trap. He tried to shake it off, then ran away through the bushes trailing it. He tore at it with his teeth; but there it hung, quiet, cold, strong, and immovable. Every little while he tore at it with his teeth and claws, or beat it against the ground. He buried it in the ground, then climbed a low tree, hoping to leave it behind; but still it clung, biting into his



flesh. He made for his own woods, and sat down to try to puzzle it out. He did not know what it was, but his little green-brown eyes glared with a mixture of pain, fright, and fury as he tried to understand his new enemy.

He lay down under the bushes, and, intent on deliberately crushing the thing, he held it down with one paw while he tightened his teeth on the other end, and bearing down as it slid away, the trap jaws opened and the foot was free. It was mere chance, of course, that led him to squeeze both springs at once. He did not understand it, but he did not forget it, and he got these not very clear ideas: "There is a dreadful little enemy that hides by the water and waits for one. It has an odd smell. It bites one's paws and is too hard for one to bite. But it can be got off by hard squeezing."

For a week or more the little Grizzly had another sore paw, but it was not very bad if he did not do any climbing.

It was now the season when the Elk were bugling on the mountains. Wahb heard them all night, and once or twice had to climb to get away from one of the big-antlered Bulls. It was also the season when the trappers were coming into the mountains, and the Wild Geese were honking overhead. There were several quite new smells in the woods, too. Wahb followed one of these up, and it led to a place where were some small logs piled together; then, mixed with the smell that had drawn him, was one that he hated—he remembered it from the time when he had lost his Mother. He sniffed about carefully, for it was not very strong, and learned that this hateful smell was on a log in front, and the sweet smell that made his mouth water was under some brush behind. So he went around, pulled away the brush till he got the prize, a piece of meat, and as he grabbed it, the log in front went down with a heavy *chock*.

It made Wahb jump; but he got away all right with the meat and some new ideas, and with one old idea made stronger, and that was, "When that hateful smell is around it always means trouble."

As the weather grew colder, Wahb became very sleepy; he slept all day when it was frosty. He had not any fixed place to sleep in; he knew a number of dried ledges for sunny weather, and one or two sheltered nooks for stormy days. He had a very comfortable nest under a root, and one day, as it began to blow and snow, he crawled into this and curled up to sleep. The storm howled without. The snow fell deeper and deeper. It draped the pine-trees till they bowed, then shook themselves clear to be draped anew. It drifted over the mountains and poured down the funnel-like ravines, blowing off the peaks and

ridges, and filling up the hollows level with their rims. It piled up over Wahb's den, shutting out the cold of the winter, shutting out itself; and Wahb slept and slept.

V.

HE slept all winter without waking, for such is the way of Bears, and yet when spring came and aroused him, he knew that he had been asleep a long time. He was not much changed—he had grown in height, and yet was but little thinner. He was now very hungry, and forcing his way through the deep drift that still lay over his den, he set out to look for food.

There were no piñon-nuts to get, and no berries or ants; but Wahb's nose led him away up the cañon to the body of a winter-killed Elk, where he had a fine feast, and then buried the rest for future use.

Day after day he came back till he had finished it. Food was very scarce for a couple of months, and after the Elk was eaten, Wahb lost all the fat he had when he awoke. One day he climbed over the Divide into the Warbonnet Valley. It was warm and

"A SAVAGE BOBCAT . . . WARNED HIM TO GO BACK." (SEE PAGE 35.)

sunny there, vegetation was well advanced, and he found good forage. He wandered down toward the thick timber, and soon smelled the smell of another Grizzly. This grew stronger and led him to a single tree by a Bear-trail. Wahb reared up on his hind feet to smell this tree. It was strong of Bear, and was plastered with mud and Grizzly hair far higher than he could reach; and Wahb knew that it must have been a very large Bear that had rubbed himself there. He felt uneasy. He used to long to meet one of his own kind, yet now that there was a chance of it he was filled with dread.

No one had shown him anything but hatred in his lonely, unprotected life, and he could not tell what this older Bear might do. As he stood in doubt, he caught sight of the old Grizzly himself slouching along a hillside, stopping from time to time to dig up the quamash-roots and wild turnips.

He was a monster. Wahb instinctively distrusted him, and sneaked away through the woods and up a rocky bluff where he could watch.

Then the big fellow came on Wahb's track and rumbled a deep growl of anger; he followed the trail to the tree, and rearing up, he tore the bark with his claws, far above where Wahb had reached. Then he strode rapidly along Wahb's trail. But the cub had seen enough. He fled back over the Divide into the Meteetsee Cañon, and realized in his dim, bearish way that he was at peace there because the Bear-forage was so poor.

As the summer came on, his coat was shed. His skin got very itchy, and he found pleasure in rolling in the mud and scraping his back against some convenient tree. He never climbed now: his claws were too long, and his arms, though growing big and strong, were losing that suppleness of wrist that makes cub Grizzlies and all Blackbears great climbers. He now dropped naturally into the Bear habit of seeing how high he could reach with his nose on the rubbing-post, whenever he was near one.

He may not have noticed it, yet each time he came to a post, after a week or two away, he could reach higher, for Wahb was growing fast and coming into his strength.

Sometimes he was at one end of the country that he felt was his, and sometimes at another, but he had frequent use for the rubbing-post, and thus it was that his range was mapped out by posts with his own mark on them.

One day late in summer he sighted a stranger on his land, a glossy Blackbear, and he felt furious against the interloper. As the Blackbear came nearer Wahb noticed the tan-red face, the white spot on his breast, and then the bit out of his ear, and last of all the wind brought a whiff. There could be no further doubt; it was the very smell: this was the black coward that had chased him down the Piney long ago. But how he had shrunken! Before, he had looked like a giant; now Wahb felt he could crush him with one paw. Revenge is sweet, Wahb felt, though he did

not exactly say it, and he went for that red-nosed Bear. But the Black one went up a small tree like a Squirrel. Wahb tried to follow as the other once followed him, but somehow he could not. He did not seem to know how to take hold now, and after a while he gave it up and went away, although the Blackbear brought him back more than once by coughing in derision. Later on that day, when the Grizzly passed again, the red-nosed one had gone.

As the summer waned, the upper forage-grounds began to give out, and Wahb ventured down to the Lower Meteetsee one night to explore. There was a pleasant odor on the breeze, and following it up, Wahb came to the carcass of a Steer. A good distance away from it were some tiny Coyotes, mere dwarfs compared with those he remembered. Right by the carcass was another that jumped about in the moonlight in a foolish way. For some strange reason it seemed unable to get away. Wahb's old hatred broke out. He rushed up. In a flash the Coyote bit him several times before, with one blow of that great paw, Wahb smashed him into a limp, furry rag. Then he crushed in all his ribs with one crunch of his jaws. Oh, but it was good to feel the hot, bloody juices oozing between his teeth!

The Coyote was caught in a trap. Wahb hated the smell of the iron, so he went to the other side of the carcass, where it was not so strong, and had eaten but little before *clank*, and his foot was caught in a Wolf-trap that he had not seen.

But he remembered that he had once before been caught and had escaped by squeezing the trap. He set a hind foot on each spring and pressed till the trap opened and released his paw. About the carcass was the smell that he knew stood for man, so he left it and wandered down-stream; but more and more often he got whiffs of that horrible odor, so he turned and went back to his quiet piñon benches.

(To be continued.)

THE WISDOM OF DARK PATHRICK.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS ("MAC"),
Author of "Through the Turf Smoke," "The Leadin' Road to Donegal," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

THERE was wanst upon a time, as the oul' stories goes,—it might 'a' been five hundhred years ago, or it might 'a' been ten hundhred years ago, or it might 'a' been double that; meself does n't rightly know any more nor that it was a *laghie* wheen iv years ago, anyhow,—an' the Lord Mayor himself of Dublin had a great fallin' out with the lan'lord of the Head Inns there. The Lord Mayor an' this same lan'lord had been great oul' cronies entirely up till the time they fell out. As thick as thieves they had always, up till this, been. They wor like a pair of magpies in good weather—ye could n't see wan of them without findin' the other close by. But behould ye! as I sayed, somethin' or other comed atween them an' sundhered them, an' they had a great fallin' out altogether, an' a bitther wan. An' whatsomiver it was that sundhered them, it was n't the Lord Mayor's fault, anyhow; beca'se a good-natureder man or a better-hearted niver breathed than him. The lan'lord of the Head Inns, though, was a cantank'rus nadger, an' it was the wondher iv the wurrl' why iver the poor Lord Mayor tuk till him, or how iver he stuck till him; a cantank'rus, crabbèd oul' cadger he was, that could n't agree with nobody, or nobody could n't agree with him, for he was iver an' always sthrivin' to get the inside an' the upper han' of ivery wan iver he fell in with. But the Lord Mayor, bein' a simple, kindly hearted craiture, as I sayed afore, somehow managed to pull along with the oul' nadger till this thing (whatsomiver it was) turned up an' parted them, with bittherness ranklin' in the black heart of the lan'lord.

The designin' oul' buck immediately laid himself out to plan how he 'd vent his spleen an' revènge himself on the Lord Mayor. An' he soon thought he foun' a gran' way—for the divil was surely helpin' him. The Lord Mayor, it seems, was in the habit, on his way home till his own dinner, of dhroppin' in to see the lan'lord of the Head Inns; an' it usually happened that the lan'lord would just at that very time be shooperintendin' the spreadin' of the dinner for his lodgers, an' the Lord Mayor would, of course, step into the parlor where the dinner was bein' laid out, an' have a chat with the lan'lord, an' a pleasant sniff of the dinner, moreover—which always did him a mighty share of good, for the Head Inns's dinners was iver the very best (there 's no denyin' it), an' smelt mortial fine. Very well. The lan'lord of the Head Inns, runnin' over iverything in his mind, took stock of this, an' "Me buck," says he till himself, an' referrin' to the Lord Mayor—"me buck," says he, "I have ye there. If I have n't I 'll let me panthry-boy twist me nose for me." With small loss of time, he spit on his stick, an' thrudged off to the foremost liwyer in the city, tuk his advice on the matther, an', that bein' favorable, there an' then at wanst enthered a great lawshoot again' the Lord Mayor of Dublin to recover a large debt off the Lord Mayor, the cost of smellin' his dinner every day for the past ten years—which would come till a mighty great sum when it would be all added up, an' would sartintly ruinate the poor Lord Mayor out an' out, if the lan'lord won his case, an' laive him a beggar on the sthreets of Dublin. An' then the scoundhril went an' employed all of the foremost liwyers in Irelan' to fight his case; an' all of them sayed he had a mortial good case, an' was sartint to win it. The poor Lord Mayor, seein' beggary starin' him in the face, did n't employ a liwyer at all, at all, only wan; beca'se he could n't afford more if he was goin' to be called on to pay all the big damages that the case would come to.

Well, there was a tarrible great furore all over Dublin when they heerd of the case the lan'lord of the Head Inns had again' the Lord Mayor, an' nothing else was talked of from end to wynd of the city; an' all Dublin was at wanst divided intil parties, wan party sayin' that the Lord Mayor 'u'd surely win the case, an' the other party swearin' that the lan'lord of the Head Inns had all the laws of the lan' on his side, an' would sartintly be given heavy damages again' the Lord Mayor. An' among the liwyers an' judges even there was a hot time; they divided intil two camps, an' banged law an'

law-books an' no end of abuse at others' heads over it.

The day of the thrial it was looked forrid to by all hands with the greatest excitement. An' when the day come, the people was packed in the coort-house lake herrin's in a hogshead; an' outside the coort-house an' for as good as a quarther of a mile around it on all sides, the crowds swarmed an' pushed an' crushed, an' swore an' fought, an' did all sorts of outrageous things that an excited crowd 'ill do. There was twelve judges picked out of all Irelan' sat on the bench to thry the case, an' wan head judge over them all—the very greatest liwyer an' brilliantest judge in the lan'. There niver was such a case in Irelan' afore, an' there has n't been anything like such a case since. The thrial it begun afther br'akfast-time on a Monday, on a long June day, an' it was be candle-light, on the third evenin' afther, that the last witness finished givin' his evidence, for they had no end of cooks, an' great connoshoors (they called them), an' famous aiters an' dhrinkers, an' celebrated liwyers, all givin' their evidence an' their opinions on the matther; an' afther that the lan'lord's counsel an' the Lord Mayor's counsel got aich a whole leelong day till himself to wind up an' explain the pros an' cons of the case, an' make it a deuced sight complicateder than ever it had been for the help an' guidance of the thirteen lads that slept in relays on the bench. An' then, afther that, it tuk them thirteen lads another leelong day to considher an' weigh the evidence, an' make their minds as to the rights an' the wrongs of the case—which brought the thrial on to Sathurday night; an' there was many 's an' many 's the wan there that for the whole six days niver riz off their saits or left the coort-house, but had their victuals passed in to them over the heads of the crowd.

Late on Sathurday night, then, the decision was given. The thirteen judges come out of their room in a sthring, an' tuk their saits wan be wan on the bench, with the head judge in the centher. An' when they had their saits taken, the head judge got up an', afther a long paramble, announced their decision, which was that six of the judges was for givin' the lan'lord of the Head Inns damages, an' six more was dead again' it, an' he himself could n't rightly see his way which side was in the right, an' which side he should give his vardict for!

So there they wor, afther all their trouble, an' all their bother, an' all their hubbub—there wor the lan'lord an' the Lord Mayor, an' the liwyers an' judges, an' all Dublin, thrown back where they started, an' left to go for wan another over the case again!

Well, they had nothin' for it, only back from the beginnin' an' thry the whole case over again, an' that they did. But behould ye! when the judges come out on the bench to give their decision this time, there was two of them had their thumbs in a sling, an' wan of them come on a crutch, an' the remaindher had either black eyes or broken noses, or there was some of their faytures missin' altogether—an' their vardict was n't a particle more satisfactory than before.

An' afther a third thrial there was n't a sowl of the third to show up on the bench, barrin' the head judge himself, an' three docthors in the coort had to go intil the room to set his ribs afore he was able to be carried out to give the same oul' vardict.

Afther that a bad time begun in Dublin, an' no day passed that there was n't bloodshed on the public sthreets, an', still worse, in the very bosom of private families that, up till this misfortunate case, was known an' respected as morals [models] of family affection for all the province of Leinsther. It was a bad state of affairs, sure enough; it was goin' daily from bad to worse, an' there was no tellin' where it was goin' to stop, if something was n't done soon an' suddint to end it all.

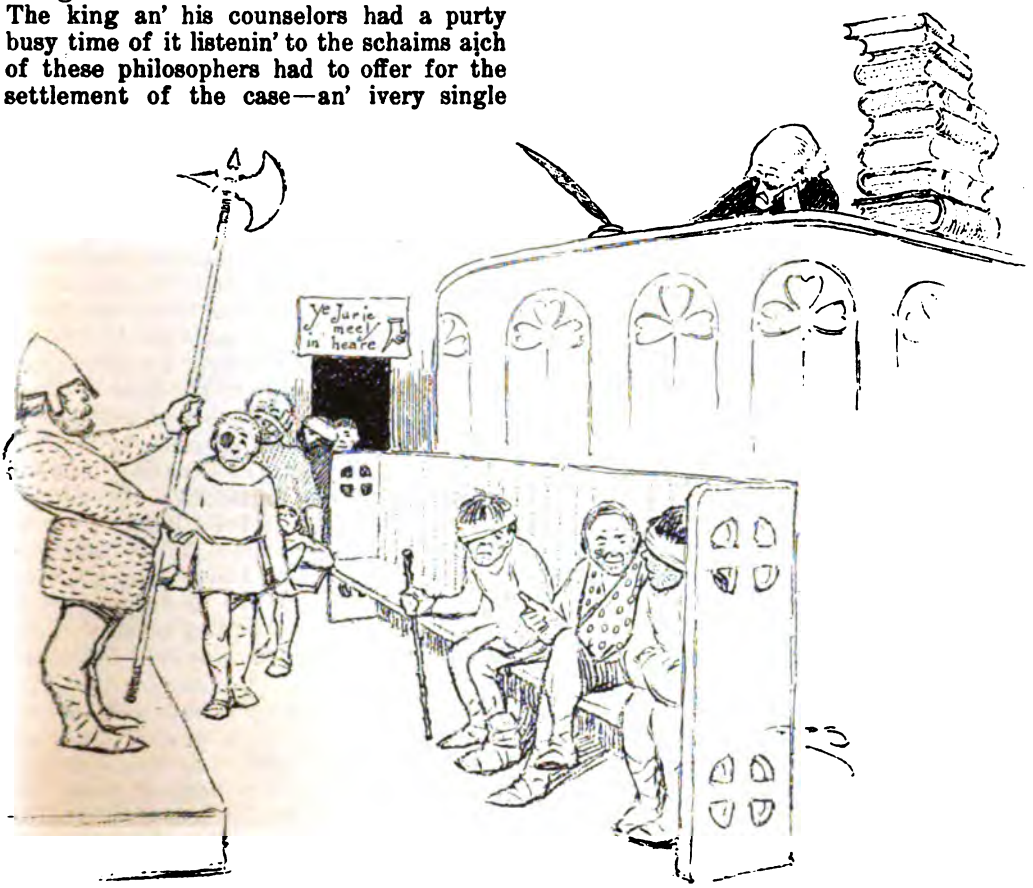
Then there was a counciltation called of all the judges, an' all the gover'ment officials, an' all the greatest men of Irelan', to see if they could n't arrive at some decision on this wondherful case; but the bloodshed that flowed from that counciltation-room far surpassed anything that had gone afore, an' the counciltation bruck up in disordher, an' aich man was carried home on his own doore.

An' when the king seen this, an' seen that the counthry was fast fallin' intil a dhreadful civil war,—for be this time the contention had spread, an' sides wor taken in the dispute all over the len'th an' brea'th of Irelan',—when the king, I say, seen this, he called a counciltation of all of his own ministhers, an' statesmen, an' advisers, to considher what was best to be done; an' the result of this was that a proclamation was give out, makin' it known to all whom it might consarn that if there was any wan man betwixt the four says of Irelan' who could come forrid an' give a proper vardict in this great case, he 'd be loaded with wealth an' honors, an' his name writ down in the histh'ry-books of Irelan' for all ginnirations to read.

Well, as ye may feel sartin, this proclama-

tion was n't out four-an'-twinty hours till the roads leadin' till Dublin was swarmin' with iv'ry little tuppence-ha'penny wiseacre that was used to layin' down the law on his own du'ghill-steddin', an' aich of who thought himself the wisest man in Irelan'. The king an' his counselors had a purty busy time of it listenin' to the schaims aich of these philosophers had to offer for the settlement of the case—an' ivery single schaim was sillier an' more nonsensical than the other. An' when the king an' his counselors had got through with them all, they foun' they had been only throttin' round a bush all the time, an' were at the same place still; only Irelan' was now in a hundred times a disturbeder state, for ivery man whose vardict was refused be the king went back home an' riz a followin' an' a faction that swore be him an' his docthrine, an' vowed vingeance on all who believed in any other body's.

Now, throughout all this there was livin' an' workin' away quietly at his little patch of groun' in Donegal a little black-headed, black-whiskered man who the neighbors called Dark Pathrick, an' who was known for his rough wisdom an' cuteness all over his own barony. If there iver come up any mighty hard point, it went as a sayin' among the people, "Why, that would puzzle Dark Pathrick himself!" An' the question would puzzle Dark Pathrick was given up by the cliverest heads in the barony as a hopeless case entirely. As I sayed, Dark Pathrick had been quietly workin' his little patch of groun' during all the time Irelan' was in a roolyeboolye over this great case—an' he sayed nothin'. But when all resorts had been thried an' failed to discover a proper vardict in the case, an' Irelan' was left in a worse state than when they begun, Dark Pathrick pitched the spade out of his fist wan day, an' went intil the house, an' washed an' shaved himself, an' threw on his best little duds of clothes. Then he tied up in a red handkerchief a few articles, an' a cake of well-buttered oat-bread, an' puttin' it on the end of his oak staff over his shouldher, tuk the broad



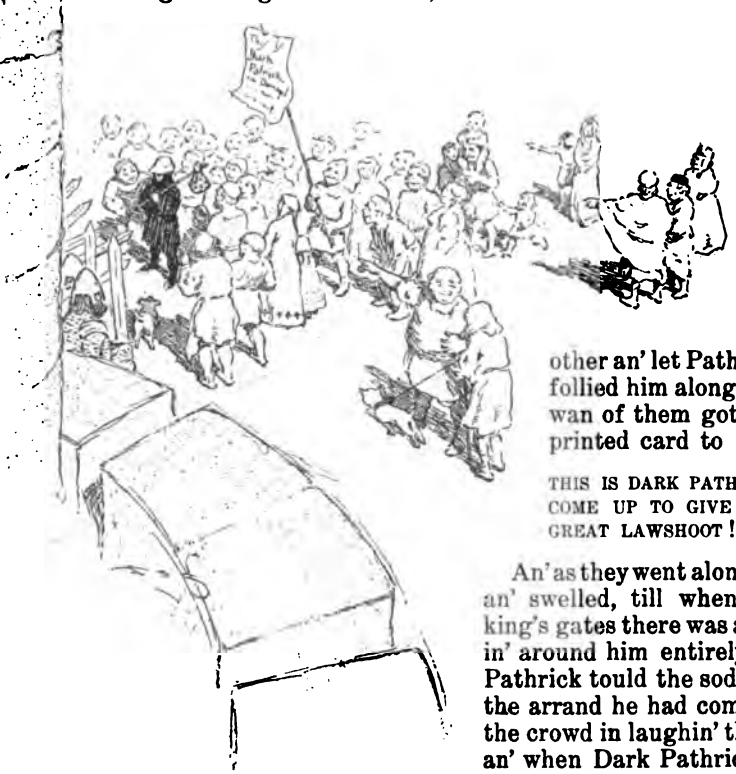
"THE THIRTEEN JUDGES COME OUT OF THEIR ROOM, . . . AN' TUK THEIR SAITS WAN BE WAN ON THE BENCH."

road. The neighbors, when they seen him, come rushin' out, an' sayed, "Prosper the journey, Pathrick; but where are ye goin'?" "To Dublin city, good neighbors," Pathrick made answer, in his usual kindly way. "To Dublin city!" says they, in surprise. "An' for to do what, Pathrick ahaisge?" "For to give a vardict in this tarrible case," says Pathrick. "Och, wisha, wisha, Pathrick," says they, "don't be foolish, poor man! You 're both wise an' cliver here among the neighbors, an' we know ye an' think a dale of ye—there 's none we think more of; but if ye go up to Dublin among the l'arned an' well-dhressed an' polite gintlemen ye 'll be meetin' there, why, Pathrick asthore, they 'll make ye a laughin'-stock. An' if them l'arned heads, besides, was n't able to come till a vardict, don't ye know in yer heart an' sowl, poor Pathrick, that you 'll niver be able to do it?" They maint the very best be Pathrick, beca'se they had great regards for him; but Pathrick only smiled, an' sayed: "Well, I often promised meself that I 'd see Dublin afore I 'd die; so if the worst comes to the worst, me journey 'ill not be for nothin', anyhow. Good-by," says he, "an' God's blessin' remain with yez till I get back." "Good-by, Pathrick," says they, "good-by; an' God sen' ye safe—an' sen' ye back to us, too, a wiser man." An' Pathrick, with his stick an' little bundle, was gone.

Dark Pathrick had an adventurous journey, but he reached Dublin at length; an' when he come there he axed the first man he met to diract him to the king's castle. "For why do you want the king's castle?" says the man, says he, lookin' at poor Pathrick, an' his stick an' little bundle, an' his ill-fittin' counthry clothes. "For why," says he, "do you want the king's castle?" "Beca'se," says Dark Pathrick, "I want to give the vardict in this great lawshoot." When the man heerd this he laughed that hearty that a crowd gathered; an' when he toul' the crowd the arrand Pathrick was on, the crowd looked at Pathrick an' laughed. Poor Pathrick was n't used to bein' laughed at; he did n't know the ways of Dublin jackeens, an' this thraitment cut him to the heart. But he was too spunky to let these fools see it. He just dismounted the bundle off the end of the stick, an' as soon as the crowd seen the sort of a grip he got of the stick, they very wisely fell back to the wan side an' the other an' let Pathrick pass. But they follied him along Dublin sthreet, an' wan of them got up on a pole a big printed card to say:

THIS IS DARK PATHRICK FROM DONEGAL, COME UP TO GIVE THE VARDICT IN THE GREAT LAWSHOOT!

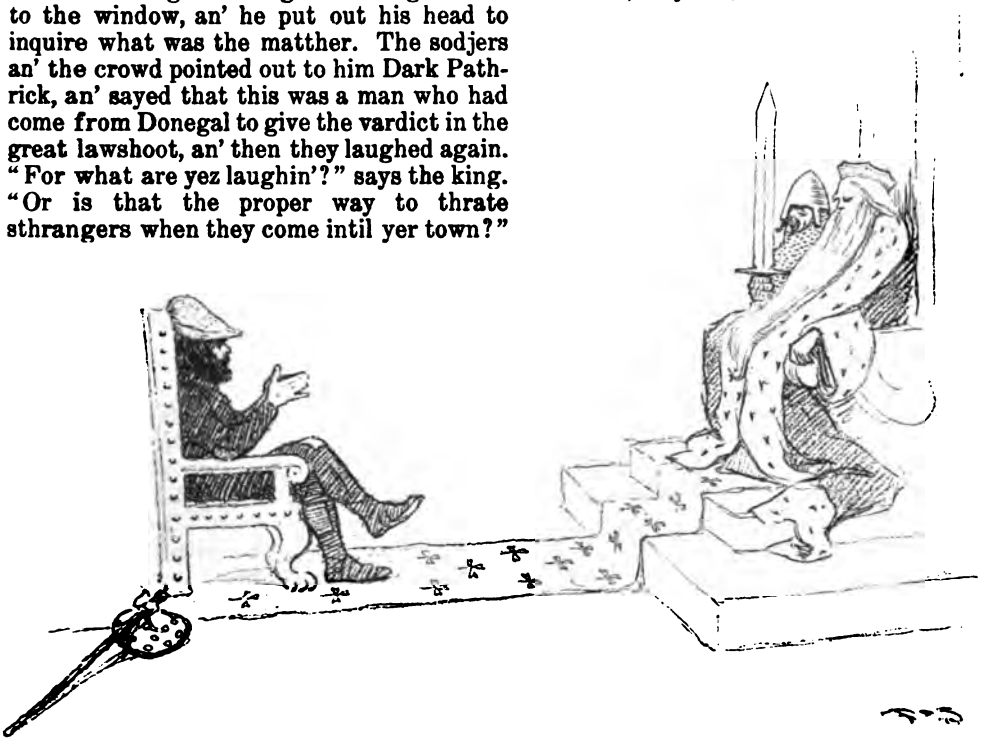
An' as they went along the crowd swelled an' swelled, till when they come to the king's gates there was an immense gatherin' around him entirely. An' when Dark Pathrick tould the sodjers who he was an' the arrand he had come upon, they joined the crowd in laughin' their hearty skinful; an' when Dark Pathrick, flashin' scorn at all of them, thried to push past them to get intil the castle, they put the point of



"BUT THE LAUGHIN' BROUGHT THE KING HIMSELF TO THE WINDOW."

their sword to his stomach an' made him back an' back, till he near a'most bruck his backbone with the bendin' backwards; an' at that both the sodjers an' the crowd laughed twicet louder than afore.

But the laughin' brought the king himself to the window, an' he put out his head to inquire what was the matther. The sodjers an' the crowd pointed out to him Dark Pathrick, an' sayed that this was a man who had come from Donegal to give the vardict in the great lawshoot, an' then they laughed again. "For what are yez laughin'?" says the king. "Or is that the proper way to thrate sthrangers when they come intil yer town?"



"DARK PATHRICK WAS TAKEN INTO THE PARLOR TO THE KING."

Then he gazed over Dark Pathrick, who was lookin' all the scorn was in him at the miserable wretches that seen fit to jeer him. "Do yez think," says the king then to them again, "that beca'se a man comes from Donegal he knows nothing, or that beca'se he 's poorly dhressed he 's to be jeered at? I see this poor man, an' I see yous—an' I see, too, that there 's some purty consaity men among yez; an' this I 'm goin' to say for yer edification: that I would n't swap this poor ill-dhressed man from Donegal for any twenty of the men that thinks most about themselves in the crowd. Just," says the king, "put that in yer pipes an' shmoke it. Clear off with yez now, or be the piper that played afore Moses I 'll call out me regimint of throopers an' run yez down, ye unmannerly, undher-bred lot of scullions an' pot-wallopers, ye!" says the king. "Small wondher," says he, "Dublin has got such a bad name! An' if I iver again, as long as I live an' reign, hear tell of the lakes of such happenin', I 'll hang ivery tenth man of ye afore his own doore, for an example an' a warnin' to the other nine. As for yous," says he then to the sodjers, "considher yerselves undher arrest till I have time to attend to yez further. You, Dark Pathrick," says he, "as I undherstand that 's yer name, step within the castle. I 'll ordher ye a repast, an' afther ye 've aiten an' rested I shall be plaised to enthertain any proposition ye 've got to make to me regardin' this tarrible lawshoot."

An' afther he had rested an' aiten, Dark Pathrick was taken into the parlor to the king, an' saited upon a chair of baiten goold. An' not wan whit daunted he was, no more nor if he had been sittin' on a sthraw siostog on wan side of his own hearth, addhressin' his next-door neighbor sittin' upon the other side. For Dark Pathrick set small store by king or coortier, onless they had brighter wits or bigger hearts than other men, an' then he knew how to respect them accordingly.

Dark Pathrick give the king an insight intil who an' what he was, an' toul' him that he 'd like to have a thry at givin' a vardict in this lawshoot.

"Me good man," says the king, "an' so ye will—an' why should n't ye! If ye fail atself

(for I 've come," says he, with a sigh, "to expect nothin' but failure now)—if ye fail atself, ye 'll make a brighter failure than many 's the consaiteder man thried his han' an' his head at the same case within the last six months."

"I thank ye," says Dark Pathrick, with his best curtshy. "An' I 'd like to have the case thried afore me as soon as is convaynient for all consarned."

All consarned were notified. An' very soon the rumor of it spread that a man be the name of Dark Pathrick from Donegal, who give himself out as mighty knowledgeable entirely, was goin' to thry the great lawshoot, an' thry to come to a vardict on it. So on the day of the thrial the coort-house was this time packed ten times thicker than it iver had been afore—an' this time, too, all the judges an' lawyers an' lawmakers in Irelan' that could either creep, crawl, or walk to it was there, occupyin' their saits hours afore the thrial begun at all; for they wor all on their edge to know what new vardict this sthrange, ignorant, poor man from Donegal could think of, afther all the best an' brightest brains of the counthry havin' thried to give a vardict in vain. Dark Pathrick he come in an' tuk his sait on the bench. All eyes was turned upon him, to read him an' size him up; an' all of them was astonished to see this poor, ignorant (as they thought), an' ill-dhressed man from Donegal sittin' down upon the judges' bench as cool as if it was upon a siostog among neighbors in his own chimley-corner in Donegal; not the laist taste of narvousness did he show as he looked calmly over all that congregation of great an' famous judges an' counselors, an' nobility of all ranks, an' all the high-up genthry an' fashionable ladies of Dublin an' the five provinces. "He 's too ignorant," says some of them, "to know the great company he 's among." An' these people in their own hearts give Dark Pathrick a fool's pardon.

"'LORD MAYOR,' SAYS DARK PATHRICK AGAIN, 'SHAKE THAT BAG BE THE LAN'LORD'S LUG.'"

Well, to make a long story short (as tale-tellers put it), the thrial it begun, an' went on an' on—Dark Pathrick sittin' with his eyes half closed all the time, listenin' to all, but sayin' nothin', an' axin' no questions. "Faith, a dhroll judge, him!" says the people.

But when all the witnesses an' all the experts upon both sides had been heerd, an' the counselors upon both sides had spoke themselves emp'y, an' wound up the case, there got up a great silence in the coort: every mother's sowl held his breath to hear what the vardict of Dark Pathrick was goin' to be. Dark Pathrick slowly opened his eyes, an' gathered himself together on the bench, like a man would be comin' out of dhraims.

"Call the lan'lord of the Head Inns again," says Dark Pathrick to the coort crier.

An' the coort crier did as he was bid. An' the lan'lord of the Head Inns stepped up intil the witness-box wanst more.

"For the smell of how many dinners, tell me again," says Pathrick, "do you claim compinsation, lan'lord?"

"A dinner a day for ten years," says the lan'lord of the Head Inns. "Yer clerk of coort 'ill make up," says he, "how many that comes till."

"Thirty-six hundhred an' fifty," says Dark Pathrick, at his aise, to the surprise of all, without waitin' for the clerk of coort, who

had just begun sharpenin' his pencil for the purpose of figurin' it up.

"Thirty-six hundhred an' fifty," says Pathrick. "An' now tell me, me good man, by vartue of yer oath, how much you calculate each dinner to have been worth?"

"The smell of the dinner, does yer honor mean?" says the lan'lord; for he calculated he 'd lose nothin' by bein' a bit polite to Dark Pathrick.

"The dinners—the dinners themselves," says Pathrick. "I 'll look afther the smell."

"Well, my dinners was always noted as bein' the very best an' highest-classed dinners in all Dublin—nothin' used but the best of materials, an' first-class cooks," says the lan'lord of the Head Inns. "An', believe me, I 'm puttin' it at the modheratest figure I can afford when I say that each dinner was grand valuey for two shillin's. The clerk of the coort is a remarkable good figurer, an' I b'lieve he 'll be able to figure up what a dinner a day at two shillin's should come till in ten years."

"Three hundhred an' sixty-five poun's, naught, an' nopence," says Dark Pathrick, spaikin' lake a riddy-rackoner, to the dumfoundhered surprise of ivery sowl in the coort. "I thank both you an' the clerk of the coort," says he.

"An' now," says Pathrick, "did you hear the dafindant in this case swear that at laist a quarther of yer dinners smelled positively bad, an' were a delusion an' a snare? Remimber ye 're on yer oath."

"I heerd that," says the lan'lord; "an' for the sake of makin' yer road to a vardict smooth, I 'll consent to give in that sixty-five pounds' worth of the dinners maybe did n't smell genuine, be raison of mistakes in the cooks' parts."

"Why," says all the liwyers an' judges in the coort, "why," says they among themselves, "this Dark Pathrick is gettin' the case more in-*thrick*-at than iver it was, an' deeper in the mire."

"Now," says Dark Pathrick, "you lan'lord can remove to the wan side, an' I want the dafindant in this case to step up beside ye."

So up the Lord Mayor steps into the witness-box beside the lan'lord, both of them glarin' at other like caged wil'cats.

"Lord Mayor," says Pathrick, "I want you—or yer frien's for ye—to produce three hundhred good goold sovereigns an' sixty-five countherfeit wans."

The Lord Mayor he got purple in the face with rage. "I refuse," says he, stampin' his foot—"I refuse the vardict!"

"Sure, we knew how it would be," says the judges an' counselors in the coort among themselves.

An' instantly a mighty hubbub got up through the whole coort: the people shouted out that was the worst an' unjustest vardict iver yet was given, an' they 'd not have it; an' looked wondherful like that blood was about to flow again, when the king—for of course he had a sait in coort throughout the whole thrial—got up an' sayed, says he:

"If I rightly undherstand, the vardict is n't yet given?"

Says Dark Pathrick, "Yer Highness does rightly undherstand."

"Then," says the king, "do as ye 're bid, Lord Mayor."

The people consented to settle down a bit tell they 'd find what was the upshot of this move goin' to be. An' the Lord Mayor an' his friends went away, an' brought back with them a little box out of which they counted down upon the bench, to the satisfaction of the king an' the people an' lan'lord an' all, three hundhred shinin' good goold sovereigns; an' a bag out of which they counted out sixty-five countherfeit sovereigns made of gilded copper.

"Put them good sovereigns intil the box again, an' close it," says Pathrick; "an' put the bad wans intil the bag again, an' tie it loosely, givin' them plenty of room to rowl about."

The whole coort now stood on its tippytoes, in the greatest state of puzzle an' threpidation.

"Lan'lord," says Dark Pathrick, "be good enough to state, for all our informations, what is now the contents of that box an' of that bag."

"That box," says the lan'lord, "contains three hundhred good goold sovereigns, an' the bag sixty-five bad wans."

"Lord Mayor," says Dark Pathrick, "take up that box in wan hand, an' that bag in the other."

The Lord Mayor, all wondherment, did as he was bid; an' the king himself an' the whole coort stopped their breaths an' craned their necks to hear what was comin' next.

"Lord Mayor," says Dark Pathrick, "shake that box be the lan'lord's lug."

The Lord Mayor shuck it, an' a mighty great jingle it made.

"Lan'lord, what do ye hear?" says Dark Pathrick.

"The jingle," says the lan'lord, "of three hundhred good goold sovereigns."

"Which pays you," says Dark Pathrick,

"for the smell of three hundhred pounds' worth of good dinners."

"Lord Mayor," says Dark Pathrick again, "shake that bag be the lan'lord's lug."

Which the Lord Mayor did, with all the veins of his heart makin' the divil's own horrible din.

"Lan'lord," says Dark Pathrick, "what 's that ye hear?"

"The rattle," says the lan'lord, "of sixty-five bad sovereigns."

"Which pays you," says Dark Pathrick, "for the smell of sixty-five pounds' worth of bad dinners.

"My vardict," says he, "is given. Go all of yez to yer homes, good people, an' for the future abide in Christian paice!"

For the space of wan minute afther, ye could hear yerself thinkin' in that coort. Then the applaas that went up shuck the oul' walls of the buildin' tell ye 'd think it was merac'lous it did n't tumble in atop of all. Liwyers an' judges an' genthry, an' every livin' sowl present, ruz to their feet lake wan man an' called on the king to make Dark Pathrick, there an' then, high judge over all Irelan'. "Me own sintiments," says the king. But Dark Pathrick, with the selfsame coolness that had stuck to him throughout, got to his feet, an' thanked both the king an' the people, an' sayed he had no desires for the honor, an' he would n't have it. He had, he sayed, done nothin' but what he considhered to be his bounden duty, an' had n't showed any cliverness whatsomiver above plain, blunt common sense. He was glad, he sayed, they appreciated his vardict, an' glad to think that he was the humble means of puttin' a stop to the tarrible state of affairs that existed over this case, an' the tarrible spillin' of blood that had been takin' place an' was goin' day an' daily from bad to worse. He was glad too, he sayed, that those present had come to give in that beca'se a man come from Donegal, an' was poor an' ill dhressed, he was n't necessarily ignorant an' a fool. He axed them thrait the poor an' the sthrainger in future with due respect, thanked them again, wished them all a very good day, an' slipped away.

An' early the next mornin' there was a dark little man, with a small red bundle on a stick, pushin' north on the road from Dublin to Donegal.

IN THE SOUTHERN ALLEGHANIES.

BY MARION PELTON GUILD.

SEE, as we climb the woodland way,
  Yon rose-tinged blossom shine!
And this, more white than acolyte
  That guards a hidden shrine!
What sudden awe withholds the word
  One to the other saith?
What great impending loveliness
  Catches the startled breath?

Lo, softly fall the reverent lights,
  Where pillared oaks o'erscreen
A holy house not made with hands,
  A sylvan chapel green;
And here, in tall calm, stately ranks
  Above the [illegible]ing sod,
The virgin rh[illegible]endrons lift
  Their beau[illegible]ito God.

VERSES WRITTEN IN A COPY OF SHAKSPERE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. G. S.

Children's birthdays are all gold;
They turn copper when we're old—

so once wrote James Russell Lowell in a child's "Shakspere Birthday Book." The verses are characteristic, both in the cheerfulness of the first line and the half-jesting melancholy of the second. The child, however, having the happiness of the verse-writer's companionship would feel very surely that Lowell had used the poet's privilege of "make-believe," for "Mr. Lowell *never* could be old."

But there was no make-believe in the poet's kindly way of brightening the birthdays with golden words and golden gifts, and the child's delight in one such gift may be imagined—a set of Shakspere "all to one's self," Alexander Dyce's edition (Mr. Lowell's favorite), in nine volumes, and in all the glory, too, of a half-calf binding warm with blue and red and gold. The poet did not think it "wasteful and ridiculous excess" to "gild refined gold," for with the book came the promise to "write some verses in it some day."

To EVELYN SMALLEY,
with the love of J. R. Lowell.
29th April, 1883—

so reads the inscription on the fly-leaf. The poem below was begun about this time, I think, but the poet had much work to do and other positions to fill besides that of laureate to his child friends. He must be "His Excellency the United States Minister to the Court of St. James," and speech-maker on as many occasions as he could be prevailed upon to undertake the office, and the most-sought-after of diners-out in a London season as well; and so the verses lay in his portfolio, half written perhaps, till the following year.

Just before the next birthday came round, the first volume of the Shakspere was borrowed, and on the birthday eve returned with the verses written in Mr. Lowell's beautiful hand on the pages following the inscription, and modestly headed by the poet, "P. S. 29th April, 1884." The book was accompanied by this letter:

31 LOWNDES SQUARE, S. W.,
29th April, 1884.

DEAR ENIE: I wish you many happy returns, and that you may have some visible reason to remember me when I am no longer here to wish, I send you the verses I promised. If they don't say what I meant they should say (and verses seldom do), they will at least serve as a record of the love I bore you.

Affectionately yours,
J. R L.

HERE Music fledges thought as leaves the pine
Whose strong stem lightward lifts those minstrels fine,
And in this symphony no voice is mute
Of kindling trump or meditative flute,
For 't is the high prerogative of song
To nerve the weak and mitigate the strong:

Here passion is sublimed until its throes,
Seen in reflection, feed the mind's repose;
Here life is shown as only he could see
Who found in Man the World's epitome
And knew the pygmy-giant, idiot-sage,
The same in every clime and every age,
While, as the motley throng goes by, we scan
Mask after mask to find beneath the man,
Matchless in all, the circuit of whose soul
Girt human nature round from pole to pole.
Here is Truth's well, and this its constant law,
That still and still it deepens as we draw;
Bring larger vessels, larger yet, and more;
Fill them to running-over; still there 's store;
Get all experience, and at last it is
But as a key to part decypher his;
Observe, think, morals draw, part false from true,
He did all long ago, and better too;
Go, seek of Thought some yet unsullied strand,
His footprint there confronts you as you land;
What need for help on many words to call?
When I say Shakspeare, I have said it all.

"My Shakspeare" Milton called him, echoing Ben;
"My Shakspeare" he to all the sons of men;
'T is the world's common field and each man's share
To just what treasure he first buried there,
And he shall bring mere fairy-gold away
Who finds here but the matter of a play.
Those inbred fates that shadow, under wings
With lightnings seamed, the stormy fates of kings,
Measure to *us* as to ourselves we mete,
Drag *us* before the unerring judgment-seat,
Sow in our passions the same seeds of death
As in Othello, Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth,
And fairy vanities our fortunes mix,
Play with our baffled sense the selfsame tricks
As Ariel did, or, like sly Puck deride,
With ears all see but us, the brains inside.

[In printing the poem Mr. Lowell's spelling is followed.— THE EDITOR.]

OUR LADY OF ANTIBES.

BY ELLA D'ARCY,
Author of "Monochromes."

IT was probably the depreciatory attitude of his friend Georges Roussel which, first making Peschi think seriously of little Jeanne Salvé, kept her image sharply sculptured in his heart during an interval of three years; and there is no doubt that Roussel denied all promise in the child only because Peschi, and not he, had been the first to point out and to praise her immature charm.

The two young men had spent the morning out Vallauris way, shooting thrushes. Strings of these and of other feathered innocents hung across their shoulders, and as Roussel marched he swung triumphantly a dun-colored rabbit by the legs.

They were filled with the exhilaration which a good appetite and successful sport impart; and as they had been up since daybreak, had taken nothing but a meager bowl of soup before leaving Antibes, and had walked ten or fifteen miles since, they were quite ready to do justice to their breakfast at Salvé's inn, on the way home.

The Réserve de la Pinède stands at the edge of the highroad, and is in itself neither picturesque nor imposing, being only a long, two-storied, whitewashed house, fitted with wooden shutters painted gray. On one side you find the poultry-yard, well stocked with its cruel, silly-eyed, gluttonous fowl; on the other stretches the bowling-alley, without which no inn in the Riviera would be complete; for bowls is the national game down there, a game in which all the male population, young and old alike, take a passionate interest.

In front of the inn stand little tables and chairs of iron, grained to imitate wood, and over these, from May to November, stretches an awning of faded stripes. In the public room, behind the lace-curtained windows, you find a stained copy of "Le Petit Marseillais," spittoons, and a sanded floor.

But across the road, beyond the rising knolls where grow the famous pine-trees of Juan, and seen through the serried straightnesses of their trunks, lies the southern sea, glorious, immense, of variable hue: sapphire-blue in winter; green with the opaque greenness of the cat's eye during its brief visitations of rough weather; whitely opalescent beneath midsummer heats; liquid emerald, liquid hyacinth, or liquid fire, according to sunset or sunrise caprices.

When you live on the coast of the Mediterranean, when the sky of Provence burns above your head, when you have the Maritime Alps closing in the land horizon to the east, and the fantastic peaks and pinnacles of the Estérel Mountains rising skyward on the west, then sanded floors and whitewashed walls seem sufficiently picturesque.

It was a day early in January, as warm as an English June. The young men ordered their meal to be served outside, where they waited while Salvé cooked it. The excellence of his cooking was the innkeeper's only conspicuous virtue, but certainly he could make a savory omelet better than any one else.

While he prepared it, his guests opened scores of hot, blue-black mussels, washing down the succulent bivalves with draughts of thin red wine; and when the omelet was only a happy memory they made a valiant attack upon fillet of beef, cleared off a dish of macaroni and tomatoes, enjoyed a dozen of their own thrushes grilled upon toast, and did not neglect a *mâche* salad, or a strong-smelling cheese, served up in a round wooden box for all the world like a Nuremberg toy. The feast, which won Roussel's emphatic approval, wound up with cigarettes, coffee, and curaçao.

Mme. Salvé did not appear. She was ill in bed, Salvé explained; at which his auditors exchanged glances. The cause of the poor woman's illnesses was well known; for Salvé knocked her about when drunk and squandered their mutual earnings when sober.

However, it was thanks to madame's indisposition that her little daughter Jeanne waited upon the young men instead, running to and fro between them and the kitchen, and returning Peschi's friendly glances with the frank, unabashed innocence of her eleven years.

The child had long, black-stockinged legs, twinkling below an ample-sleeved pinafore of black merino, and two long plaits of dark hair tied with a cherry ribbon that in color matched her mouth. But her big, dark, hungry eyes were set in an insignificant, thin little face, and her skin was sallow and fatigued-looking because of her too rapid growth. Nevertheless, she was full of vivacity and quick wit, finding a nimble and sweet-tempered retort for all Peschi's teasings and jests.

He had known her by sight for some time; for, working in Félon's winter studio at Juan, and lodging in the curious, somber old town of Antibes, every morning and every evening took him past Salvé's inn at the same hour. There he would see the child busy feeding the clamorous poultry, or playing at a game of bowls by herself, or racing with the house-dog in madcap spirits over among the pines. But this was the first occasion he had had to speak with her, the first to observe her closely, and he was surprised to see what a singularly charming little person she was. He told himself that she would become a very pretty woman in a few years' time, and he told Roussel the same thing.

But Roussel would not agree. It was not in his nature to agree with any proposition whatever, and it was just this characteristic which made him so delightful a companion. He held the conversation perpetually poised upon the crest of some tempestuous wave. His spirit of negation likewise asserted itself most strongly whenever feminine beauty was under discussion. Then he made it a point of honor to admit no claim which he had not himself first discovered; for he was a connoisseur on the subject, a catholic lover of women, although his personal preferences were given to voluptuously built blondes.

For all which reasons, therefore, he greeted Peschi's prediction with scorn. "But she 's thin as a hundred of nails!" he cried. "Look at her legs: she has no calf at all."

When Peschi had convinced him that the absence of calf in a child of eleven years merely indicates that she is going to be tall, Roussel transferred his objections to her mouth. Her mouth was enormous; it spread all over her face.

But Peschi, who had the soul of an artist, the trained eye of an accomplished artisan, who spent his days in casting and copying and imitating the masterpieces of Greece—Peschi was not to be shaken by a mere "push-pebble" in his admiration for the child's mouth.

He called Roussel's attention to its curves, he asked him to note its color, he begged him to remark the generous fullness of the under lip; and as it is a truth that the longer we look at a face which we admire the greater our admiration grows, so Peschi perceived a new beauty in the little girl every time his glance rested on her. In fancy he drew his spatula along the firm penciling of the brows, smoothed down the fine curve of the eyelid, followed the exquisite convolutions of the ear; he saw that the shapely hands needed only to grow plump to serve as sculptors' models, and he waxed enthusiastic and tiresome over the slenderness of ankle and wrist.

In the most nervous vernacular, Roussel assured him that he was a blooming idiot, and twirled his mustaches with a conquering air, aware that Mlle. Jeanne's red-brown eyes were fixed oftener upon him than on his friend.

Roussel presented an attractive appearance in the cap, sash, and wide knickerbockers of the Eighth Alpine Regiment; and he was handsome, too, in a more obvious but less refined style than Peschi.

Jeanne evinced the true woman's susceptibility to externals; besides which, she saw Peschi passing every day in white, clay-smeared blouse, and she made but vague distinction between his position and that of the masons and stone-layers busy villa-building in the neighborhood.

Mme. Salvé, however, recognized a vast difference between these and the polite and amiable young man who, on their next chance meeting, hastened to congratulate her on her daughter.

"Ah, m'sieu'," she said in answer to his double-edged compliments, "I pray that the good God may give her a happier life than her mother has had."

But, at the same time, a blush of pleasure surmounted the discolored bruises of her face. She had apologized for these bruises already, explaining that she had missed her footing coming down-stairs in the dark; and Peschi, giving ho credence to the fable, had marveled at the magnanimity of woman, promising himself that one woman in the world, at least, should have no occasion to be magnanimous toward her husband; for by this time his impulsive, vehement, and yet tenacious Genoese mind was thoroughly set upon marrying Jeanne.

There could, however, be no thought of marriage for a long while between a young man of nineteen and a child of eleven. Peschi knew that he must wait; and he waited for three silent years, working hard and amusing himself whole-heartedly.

He accompanied M. Félon from Juan to Paris and from Paris to Juan again, but Jeanne meantime had been sent to finish her schooling with the nuns at Grasse, so that he did not see her again for three years.

Then he met her unexpectedly one Eastertime during her holidays. She was now fourteen, and, with the precocity of the South, already a woman in appearance—a woman who more than fulfilled his expectations of the child. He was so overwhelmed with her beauty, so suddenly afraid that she might be snatched from him, that he sent up his cousins, the Biondettis, the very next day, to make a formal demand for her hand.

The Biondettis keep the café of that name on the Place d'Antibes. It is the principal café of the town, and the officers of the Eighth Alpines mess there. It is natural that the Biondettis should hold their heads high, and although Mme. Biondetti is always very civil to Mme. Salvé when she meets her at Saturday's market, or coming away from Sunday's mass, it is not to be expected that she should be on intimate terms with the landlady of a mere roadside inn, with one whose husband was notorious for his evil conduct all along the coast.

On the present occasion Salvé had not been home for three nights, and madame waited on the customers with pleasant words on her lips and an aching heart. Jeanne sat up-stairs by the window of her little blue-and-white room, gazing dreamily out to sea, and remembering only at intervals to go on darning the stocking which lay in her lap. She was always day-dreaming now, of romantic and impossible fortunes; her thoughts were always far away from the life about her, and often she did not hear when she was addressed.

Mme. Salvé, glancing up the road, was surprised to see Mme. Biondetti and her husband coming toward the inn, and both dressed in their Sunday clothes, although it was only Thursday. She was still more surprised when, saluting her from a little distance, they called out their intention of paying her a visit. Guessing it to be a visit of ceremony, she ushered them into the tiny sitting-room used only on great occasions, where Jeanne's gilt and scarlet-bound prizes encircle the table, and the entirely unlifelike portrait of her dead little brother Henri hangs in the place of honor on the wall.

The young girl, called down to act as her mother's substitute meanwhile, was filled with curiosity to know the reason for the Biondettis' visit, and for the length of their stay. But when she heard that they had come to ask her hand in marriage for Carlo Peschi, although she opened great eyes and laughed a good deal, her heart seemed wholly unmoved.

"You are too young, of course, to think of marrying yet," said her mother; "but if your father approves, and if you care about the young man, there is no reason you should not be engaged. Do you think, Jeanne, you care about him?"

"I have nothing against him," Jeanne said.

"But should you like to be his wife?"

"Oh, well enough, I dare say."

She accepted this proposed husband with the same composure with which she accepted her portion of soup; but not so would she have welcomed the hero of her dreams.

Yet, when she found that her engagement brought her a ring set with pink coral, and that her mother decided she should not return to the convent, she began to show an appreciation for her new position and its importance, and she was gracious to her lover in an entirely cool and abstracted way.

When Peschi returned to Paris with M. Félon, Jeanne was promoted to help her mother with the housework; she learned to cook, and in her leisure moments renewed acquaintance among the young girls of the neighborhood with whom she had played as a child.

Her cousin Ferdinand Salvé, just free from his military service, noticed her in the streets of Antibes, saw that she was very pretty, and set to work to bridge over the abyss which her father's sins had dug between the two families. Young Salvé was with Masset, the draper of the Rue Nationale. He dressed flamboyantly, wore eyeglasses, and discoursed of the women who had loved him and ruined themselves for his sake. He patronized Jeanne from the heights of a fateful experience, and she submitted to his patronage for the sake of being thrilled by his past. She even fancied that in some respects he fitted in with her dream-hero; could he be the real prince in very truth?

She was still debating this point when Peschi wrote to Mme. Salvé to know if Jeanne was ill, because he received no answers to his letters; and it was then the

mother noticed that she no longer wore her engagement ring. Why should she always wear it? Jeanne answered when questioned; she was afraid of losing it, and it hurt her, besides.

"It is your cousin Ferdinand who is perverting your mind," said her mother, shrewdly. "But take care. He is selfish, extravagant, unprincipled. You have seen in your own home how much misery such a nature can inflict. Ferdinand Salvé could never make you happy."

This speech had its effect, until, with a singular want of shrewdness, Mme. Salvé began to recite Peschi's praises.

Jeanne turned restive at once, and quoted a friend's dictum that she, the friend, would never marry a man who wore a blouse. "She says that to wear a black coat and be in a shop is a far better position."

"Ah, ah!" cried the mother, touching a top note of indignation, "Marie Goujat may think herself lucky if she ever gets married at all—a plain, envious little girl like that!"

Nevertheless, her spirits sank from indignation to depression as she thought the matter over, and they rose again only with the idea of a pilgrimage which she and Jeanne should make to Our Lady's shrine at the top of the hill. In answer to their prayers, Our Lady would surely give Jeanne that wisdom of choice which she now lacked.

THE shrine in question is eighteen centuries old. It stands on the highest inland point of the Cap d'Antibes, and dominates thence the whole of the country-side. To the protection of Our Lady, and to the feeble oil-lamp in the chapel window, the simple sailor-folk once trusted entirely. Nor did they trust in vain, if we judge from the number of votive ships which ride aloft among the cobwebs of the roof.

But to-day a modern pharos lifts high its brilliant head above the crumbling chapel, and serves as a sea-guide from Bordighera to the Île de Lérins.

A broad road doubles to and fro upon itself from the bottom of the hill to the top; but this road, like the lighthouse, is a piece of modern work. The old ascent—old almost as the hill itself, since, ages before the birth of Christ, Phenician, Greek, and Roman women had worshiped here at the shrine of Astarte and Venus—the old ascent climbs perpendicularly up the back of the hill, and is now a cobbled track and now a cobbled staircase, pushing its painful way between the trees. Fourteen wayside pillars of stone proclaim it to be in these days a *via dolorosa*; and in the scooped-out cavity at the top of each pillar is a rudely painted station of the cross, protected by an iron grating.

The women of Antibes, when they have some special favor to obtain,—when they wish to hasten the advent of a legacy, to overreach their neighbor with success, to steal away another woman's lover,—follow this *via dolorosa* on their knees from bottom to top, and entering the little chapel, light one or many candles at Our Lady's shrine. Just so, no doubt, and with similar favors to beg for, did the dead and forgotten women from whom these are descended make the pilgrimage, two thousand years ago, to the long-forgotten goddesses of the past.

In the early May morning, while the day was still gray-eyed and young, Mme. Salvé and Jeanne fulfilled the prescribed rites. The matron came down from the shrine confirmed in her belief that Peschi was a Heaven-selected son-in-law; but the first thing that the maiden said, blushing ingenuously, was: "Don't tell Ferdinand, mother, please; for you know he does n't believe in such things, and would only laugh at me."

At home they found Salvé in a vile temper from having had to prepare his own soup; and Mme. Salvé went about her work during the next few days with a doubting heart and furtively concealed tears. But I myself like to believe that it was Our Lady who inspired Georges Roussel to write Peschi the following letter:

MA VIELLE BRANCHE: Reviens au plus vite, on va te chiper ta fiançée. Ce petit Salvé te tripote quelquechose. . . . Quant à moi, je me débarrasse d'Agathe, une vraie pelure. Figures-toi. . . .

Though I must hasten to add that the laughable story of Agatha which follows, as well as those portions of the letter represented by dots, cannot be considered as the outcome of blessed inspiration.

PESCHI and Jeanne walked together along the road that runs out from Juan to the point of the Cap, between the wonderful, fragrant villa gardens.

Scarcely twenty-four hours after receiving Roussel's warning, the young lover was holding the girl's hands in his, and she was submitting with resignation to his kisses. Then with adamantine gentleness she had informed him, in the presence of her parents, that their engagement was over; she could never be his wife.

Her mother had wept, and her father had stared at her in perturbed silence,—for Jeanne was the one creature in the world to whom he never said an unkind word,—but Peschi had only laughed.

"You don't suppose I have come all the way from Paris to take my dismissal like that?" he had answered gaily. "No; I can't do without you, Jeanne, and I 've come to prove to you that you can't do without me, either."

"I 'll show you that I can do very well without you," Jeanne had given him back, "anyhow until supper-time"; and she had run up again to her own room.

When they did meet at supper, she was surprised and somewhat vexed to observe with what unruffled serenity Peschi had supported her absence. He was smoking his cigarette and chatting with her mother just as though no promise had ever been made or broken between them.

But when, after supper, he had invited her, in his usual elder-brotherly fashion, to come for a walk, she had understood that he had not believed her, that he had thought it a mere bit of girlish caprice, that he imagined that in a talk with her alone he would talk her round. As though, Jeanne told herself indignantly, one were a child still! As though at fifteen one did not thoroughly know one's own mind! Ah well, he should see. And for the pleasure of showing him, she had granted him a request that she would otherwise have refused, and they had set off together.

From the hedges of rose and syringa and fuchsia, Jeanne plucked a flower here and there, until her hands were quite full. She wearied of holding them, and gave them to Peschi to carry instead. Then she turned off into the wide zigzag road that leads to the lighthouse and the shrine.

The quicker to reach the top, she cut off the point of each V by springing across the intervening boulders and pushing her way among the bushes. Every now and then some long-armed bramble plucked at her skirt and held it fast, so that she had to come to an impatient standstill until Peschi could free her from its tenacious fingers. Each time he laid tenderly aside the bouquet which he carried, and repossessed himself of it as carefully. To him it was sacred, because Jeanne had gathered it.

On reaching the platform on the top of the hill, they sat down on the low wall that encircles the inclostre. Hanging just above the snow-capped Alps on the left, a full copper-colored moon looked them in the face. From the point in the west where the sun had sunk behind the Estérel, long ribbons of faded fire still wavered up to the zenith. The sea, below them, was of an unimaginable green, and the eye followed, on each side of the headland, the curved strip of silver beach which separated it from the thickly wooded, white-villa-dotted shore.

Imperceptible veils of odors wrapped them round: the delicate odor of orange and myrtle; the pungent odor of eucalyptus and pine; the subtile odor which the night draws up from the land and from the sea.

So much sensuous beauty quickened Peschi's Southern blood; it amazed him to see that Jeanne appeared impervious to it. Though she sat quiescently beside him, her thoughts, her soul, were far away—so obviously far from him that at last his happy assurance threatened to fail.

To gain her attention, to awaken her interest, he began to tell her of Paris, of its fine shops, of its gaieties, of its amusements.

"But it 's not beautiful like this," she answered indifferently; "it 's misty and cold, or else why in the winter should all your Parisians come down here?"

He spoke to her of his prospects. He was going to open an atelier of his own; he had his eye on one in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs; he enlarged on the conveniences of the dwelling-house attached.

Jeanne, busy rooting out with her fingers the mosses growing in the crannies between the stones, made the casual reply that, for her part, she should not care to live in Paris, so far from all her friends.

Peschi, moving nearer to her, laid caressing fingers on her wrist. "You would have me," he ventured. "Don't you think that a husband could take the place of friends?"

"But I have told you already that I cannot marry you," said Jeanne; "and even if I were to," she added pensively, "you would not take the place of Marie Goujat."

"It 's not of Marie Goujat you are thinking, but of your cousin Ferdinand," he retorted, and took his hand from hers.

He sat silent a moment, then broke out resentfully: "A common little creature like Salvé, without sense, without ideas, without manners or conduct! He would make you miserable."

"I don't think it 's good manners, nor kind either, to abuse my cousin," said Jeanne, with dignity; and Peschi saw that she was right, begged her forgiveness, and then began to plead anew.

The moon, as she climbed, had shrunk and changed. From copper-color she had paled to the intensest, the purest silver. She no longer looked like a flat disk hung upon the lower sky, but swam globular and free through the radiant upper heaven; she seemed to have thrust up with her shoulders the whole dark-blue vault of night high above her.

The world was as light as at noonday, but it was a different world, an etherealized world; a world the beauty of which caught at the heart and brought tears to the eyes; a world from which everything gross, everything material, had been washed away.

Even Jeanne's beauty was heightened, and though the strong white light drenched the color from her lips and from her cheeks, it mirrored itself in her wonderful eyes, it made her forehead, her throat, her hands, resemble in luster the finest Parian marble newly cut.

In her impassibility it seemed to Peschi that she resembled marble, too. Here, he told himself, was the reversal of the Galatean myth; here was a woman who, instead of being a warm-blooded, living, loving creature, seemed turning into stone beneath his eyes, and all his passion, all his fire, were powerless to prevent it.

"Can't you care for me a little, Jeanne? Can't you trust me when I tell you that love will come later on?"

But the marble cheek remained turned from him, the marble mouth remained closed. Jeanne continued to gaze in dreamy abstraction at the moonlight effects on the dripstone and gargoyles over the chapel door.

"Have you no pleasure in giving? Have you no generosity? I can't live without you. There 's no other woman in the world—for years I 've thought of nothing else—you have grown into my heart—"

The beautiful outline of the cheek he looked at was broken by a beautiful smile. His pulses leaped; but a man had come round the corner of the chapel; the quickly arrested smile had been for him. Then Jeanne saw that it was only M. Bournique, superintendent of the lighthouse, who, crossing the inclosure, disappeared again into the shade.

"I thought for an instant it was my cousin," she explained. She rose, rearranging the little orange shawl which had slipped from her neck. "Had we not better go down?" she suggested. "Mama will be wondering where we are."

She took a few careless steps forward, but hearing no following footsteps, glanced back, turned round, and remained transfixed.

Peschi stood there where he had risen, staring at her, but he was no longer recognizable. His eyes blazed, his face was convulsed with fury, his lips, drawn back along his gleaming teeth, reminded her of some beast of prey about to spring. Her blood ran cold in her veins, and when he strode toward her, she closed her eyes, certain he was going to kill her. But his loud and violent voice made her open them again.

"Go!" he shouted at her, pointing out the way. "Go, poor, miserable creature, with the form of a woman, but with nothing else! Go, marry your Ferdinand Salvé, and live out your mean little life, ill used by him as your mother has been ill used by his uncle! Bring children into the world as abnormal, as sexless, as yourself! You are not worth my love. You are not worth the love of any real man. I despise you, I throw you away,"—he threw the bunch of flowers he still held rudely in her face,—"let him who will pick you up."

The instant after, he realized the enormity of his conduct; he knew that he had lost her forever; never would Jeanne, proud as she was, forgive such an insult. And yet, for all that, he could only rejoice in the relief which follows an explosion of fury. Had he repressed it, he must have suffocated, he must have broken a blood-vessel.

The damp, sweet-smelling flowers struck Jeanne full in the face and fell in a heap at her feet. But she did not notice them, for the strangest sensations were fluttering at her heart; her mother, her cousin, everything was forgotten; the child was a woman, the statue was come to life; from the immense terror which Peschi inspired in her love was born. A blush, which the moonlight could not conceal, covered her face. An irresistible force drove her toward him.

"Don't be angry with me! Don't be angry!" she faltered, and extended supplicating hands.

The next moment she was wondering how she could have lived so long without any knowledge of the splendor of the kisses he was pressing on her eyelids and her mouth.

DRAWN BY ALBERT E. STERNER.

"'HE TOLD HIMSELF SHE WOULD BECOME A VERY PRETTY WOMAN IN A FEW YEARS' TIME.'"

(SEE PAGE 52.)

THE MAKING OF A MURAL DECORATION.

MR. ROBERT BLUM'S PAINTINGS FOR THE MENDELSSOHN GLEE CLUB.

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

MR. WHISTLER has laid it down as an axiom that "a picture is finished when all trace of the means used to bring about the end has disappeared"; and, ringing the changes on this excellent proposition, he goes on to assure us that "the work of the master reeks not of the sweat of the brow—suggests no effort—and is finished from its beginning."

This is sound doctrine, and it is confirmed absolutely by the two decorations which Mr. Robert Blum has executed for the side-walls of the concert-hall of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, in New York. A third painting by the same artist is to fill the concave ceiling over the stage, and, if the work already in place is any criterion, the scheme in its entirety will have the spontaneity of an easel-picture done at one sitting.

But if public appreciation is to rise to that high plane upon which it is characterized by the sympathy and intelligence that alone make it acceptable, is it not legitimate that some of the processes of art should be publicly discussed? It can surely do the layman no harm. We therefore approach Mr. Blum's decorations with half an eye to "the means used to bring about the end."

STUDY BY ROBERT BLUM. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

CRAYON STUDY FOR THE GIRL HOLDING THE CHILD.
(SEE THE PICTURE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

The panel on the west wall of the Glee Club's hall was put up about four years ago. It represents a long, undulating train of dancers, treading a processional measure in a summer meadow, their supple forms and swirling draperies weaving a rhythmic design against a background of trees and sky.

Considered as the illustration of a musical idea it might be described as a kind of chastened rhapsody, in which the bright-eyed, smiling maidens hover between the ebullient expression of the maddest enjoyment and a languorous delight in sweet sound. A light chord of color, running through minor notes of violet and gray, rose and green, with here and there a sharper tone accenting and enlivening it, wraps the dreamy movement in a fitting atmosphere. It is like exquisite dance-music wafted from distant violins, only, instead of the moonlight that is associated with such sounds, here there glances everywhere the sunshine of a Southern sky. The artist must have seen his work as a whole, we say, in order to have made it so flowing and yet so compact, so artless a fragment of rejoicing humanity and yet so lucid an arabesque of form and light and shade; and

PAINTED BY ROBERT BLUM.

A SECTION OF THE PANEL SHOWN ON PAGE 60.

PAINTED BY ROBERT BLUM.

THE ENTIRE PANEL OF THE WEST WALL OF THE MENDELSSOHN GLEE CLUB.

the reflection is just. Nevertheless, it is interesting to know that when a third of the fifty-foot canvas—made in one piece expressly for the occasion—was painted, that portion was rolled up, in order that within the narrow limits of his studio the artist might attack the next passage, this in its turn to disappear in like fashion while the remaining figures were introduced.

There is something piquant in this difficult situation of the mural painter, a situation sometimes saved by the execution of work direct upon the wall or in specially built studios. Working in a room only a tenth the size of that in which his decoration is finally to appear, he sees his figures constantly magnified to proportions vastly beyond those which eventually they will assume. He backs away from the canvas, to judge of the effect which a figure in the center will have when contrasted with another that is now snugly wound around the roller. As he speculates despairingly about the ultimate agreement—or disagreement—of the two with those architectural surroundings to which they are destined, thinking of the moldings, the lights and shadows, and the colors of the future background, he brings up against the other side of his studio—still a good many feet too near. It is a wonder, when these things are remembered, how some huge decorations are ever brought to a finish. But there is memory to come to the artist's aid, a potent counselor, reminding him that the dark drapery which makes such a "hole" in the canvas on his studio wall falls into an unobtrusive relation in that spacious panel—lifted to a height and framed by wide walls and heavy pilasters—which awaits his finished work, and looms, meanwhile, on his inner vision, like a remote object seen through a telescope. Then there is the key of the color, to which he clings like a musician following one dominant note through an intricate web of harmony, and, above all, there is the sense of a linear sequence, which never leaves him, keeping all those apparently lawless curves flowing in appointed directions, so that they culminate in the effortless masterpiece of Mr. Whistler's ideal. When all is said and done, however, when the painter has striven his utmost to realize the perfect vision of his brain, there remains the crucial test, the unrolling of the long canvas, to be fastened to the wall with a paste of rye-flour and rolled smooth with wooden rollers covered with flannel. Most artists will admit that the moment is one of

MR. BLUM'S PRELIMINARY CLAY MODEL OF A GROUP IN THE PANEL.

almost intolerable suspense. I cannot believe that it detracts from one's pleasure in the work to accompany, by an imaginative effort, the fertile mind and resourceful hand through their long task to that moving climax, grasping thereby the constructive, architectural faculty which has played around the problem from the beginning. It is not the mere anxiety, the mere "sweat of the brow," which we observe: it is the enormously interesting struggle of the painter to evolve something which will not be an independent organism, but a part of that ensemble to which, in another place, he is to make his contribution.

The complications ensuing when, as in the present instance, a second decoration is to face the first, are almost more trying. Though in filling one space the artist has "felt his way" toward filling another, he is, on the other hand, confronted by the embarrassing necessity of making his "companion-piece" appropriate and yet new. Mr. Blum seems to me to have been exceptionally handicapped, for to do one procession well is hard enough; to make two is to accomplish an extraordinary thing in art. Wisely he sought guidance at the root of the matter, in the sphere of musical feeling. He had symbolized the evanescent poetry of an art in his band of care-free dancers, moving in debonair abandonment to the sounds of fluting pipe and ringing timbrel; the balancing composition he would make a more stately, more self-conscious pageant, denoting a more tangible emotion with a more explicit touch. This second decoration, in short, opposes to the spirituelle characteristics of the work already described the more material splendors of such a mood as we identify in a piece of modern "descriptive" music, just after we have listened to a vaguely enchanting symphony by Schubert or Mozart. It was affixed to the wall about a year ago. The present writer must confess that in studying its relation to the earlier panel across the hall he did not know which to admire the more, the harmony of the two designs—considered strictly as designs—or the apt juxtaposition of the two ideas expressed. One is complementary to the other. Until both had been set forth, it had not been realized that with one deprived of the assistance of the other the effect would have been, if not incomplete, at least limited. Great stress is laid upon this because the object of decorating the hall was not to make a picture-gallery, but to provide a suitable environment for the performance of music. Mr. Blum, I believe, would be the first to urge that his decorations are intended

SKETCH BY ROBERT BLUM. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY SAMUEL DAVIS.

CRAYON STUDY OF THE CHILD HOLDING THE KID.

(SEE PAGE 59.)

SKETCH BY ROBERT BLUM. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

STUDY OF A WOMAN'S HEAD FOR THE PANEL ON PAGE 60.

to fall into harmony with the states of mind produced by the choristers and instrumentalists. Certainly the two processions do nothing to distract the attention of the listener before the concert stage, but emphasize and amplify his sensations.

If the first does this obscurely, almost insensibly, the second does it with vividness and force, as though through the clear note of trumpets. The Italian sky remains, but it rises above temples and marble arches, instead of above flowering boughs and spangled grass. A noble screen of classical architecture is reared just beyond the actors in this scene of ancient sacrifice and worship, a shining marble floor coming down to the very limit of the canvas; and instead of an improvised revel in some far vale, we watch the priests and followers of Dionysus marching past the people at the very entrance to his shrine. Everything is brilliant, spectacular, significant of ritual, mythologic convention, and worldly pomp. It is the other mood of music, the passionate, eager mood, which fastens on earthly sights and sounds and ends in frank intoxication of the senses. There is no dreaminess here; there are in its place the pride and actuality of gorgeous life. The more solid background is broken by figures of bolder outlines, and to the white blaze of marble shafts and walls there is added the glow of rich, tawny reds, sumptuous yellows, and royal blues and purples. The note is no longer lyrical and tender, but sonorous and plastic. How was it attained?

Partly by the employment of one of the most fascinating expedients of the artist. In order to reinforce those lines of construction described above, followed by the mural painter in his labor in the dark, when he paints a long panel piece by piece and guesses at the impression which in the end he is going to convey, Mr. Blum spent about three months in modeling his composition, on a small scale, in sculptors' clay. Setting up his figurines on a ledge, grouping them and regrouping them little by little, he held the scheme in the hollow of his hand. By this means he could study each figure in the round instead of in the flat, could block out the perspective, could tell which knot of figures to make prominent and which subordinate, and, in brief, handle a plastic theme in a plastic manner. It was only an expedi-

ent. Following it would come the sketching of the design in color, the posing of each figure, and the drawings made in pencil or charcoal to settle the fall of a robe, the turn of a head, or the curve of an arm. Again the model would be in requisition for the final placing of the figure on canvas, and by this time the board of clay figurines would appear to have been left far behind. Yet they had always been lingering in the background of the painter's mind, and in the presence of the completed painting, with its figures standing out in sculpturesque relief, with every outline of floating fabric or inert marble drawn with striking clearness, one cannot help thinking that the modeling-tools have played their part to good purpose, counting heavily in the progress of the work. All is so strong, so crisp, so transparently articulated. The composition is, as it should be, a radiant pageant, appealing with force to the ear and to the eye like a living thing.

Is the contrast with the decoration on the opposite wall too sharp? I think not, and that the two look across at each other so amicably seems to me to be due to the tact with which the artist has caused color to answer unto color, line unto line, and procession to procession. Taking them separately or together, one feels that these scenes have been organized, so to say, with the same end in view. Both processions march toward the stage; in both the hidden order of the dance carries priests or mænads, revelers or worshipers, forward in formal steps. It is the variety of simplicity, the harmony of two differing bodies controlled by one fundamental instinct. And inwrapping them both is beauty.

I have dwelt upon the constructive art which Mr. Blum has exercised in these decorations because it is the art with which the student of mural painting cannot too often concern himself. Such painting is part of the art of building, and its architectural elements are therefore of transcendent importance. But the first and last thought provoked by the panels at the Mendelssohn Glee Club is one with which even Mr. Whistler could not quarrel; it is that they are purely and simply beautiful. And beauty does not come from construction alone; it comes by inspiration, to which precious gift Mr. Blum, upon this occasion, may justly lay claim.

WAGNER FROM BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY GUSTAV KOBBÉ,
Author of "Wagner's Ring of the Nibelung."

WITH PICTURES BY ARCHIE GUNN.

SCENERY that acts! If Wagner had wrought no other revolution on the operatic stage, he would deserve our gratitude.

To have banished from that stage those ancestral halls, dating back so many generations that the paint was peeling off the marble columns, and those forests so ancient that most of the trees were barked—surely that was a great achievement. The Shaksperian method of stage-setting, which left everything to the imagination, was far more effective than the feeble attempt of producing an illusion made on the old operatic stage. Shakspere hung up a board on which was painted: "This is a forest." The old operatic scenery seemed to say to you: "This is not a forest, but two rows of badly painted trees (and rather the worse for age), with three blue borders for a sky."

Under such classic, though slightly threadbare, shades *Lucia* warbled her confidences to her maid, who, hearing them for perhaps the two hundredth time, still feigned as much surprise as is becoming in the second soprano in the presence of the *prima donna assoluta*. Here was the Vale of Chamonix or any other part of the earth's surface which the libretto called for. Nothing short of the Birnam Wood ever equaled in mobility this ancient and much-traveled forest. And always, whether at dawn or dusk, in sunshine or storm, the sky borders continued a mild cerulean.

Compare with this the first scene in "The Rhinegold"; the gorge through which *Siegmund* and *Sieglinde* appear in their flight from *Hunding;* the Valkyr rock; the forge scene in "Siegfried"; the street in "The Mastersingers"; and the panoramic changes from the forest of "The Holy Grail" to the interior of the castle in "Parsifal." Still better, take for purpose of comparison the

vessel in "L'Africaine," and the ship in the first act of "Tristan and Isolde." The former shows the section of a vessel as neatly divided into various compartments as a box of seed samples. If the scene is well done, if, when the double basses begin to rumble and the ship begins to roll, the women shriek in their compartment, the priests pray in theirs, and the savages whose canoes would surely have been swamped in the storm, supposing they could have been launched at all, climb over the ship's side and massacre everything in sight—well, we see the cleverness of it and are entertained, but hardly horror-stricken or overcome by terror. On the other hand, the ship's deck in "Tristan," with its group of silent men near the helm and its passion-torn woman in the foreground, the distant horizon-line suggesting the sea far more effectively than a whole platoon of mechanically "worked" waves possibly can, creates illusion and atmosphere, and forms as much a component part of the music-drama as the singers and orchestra. The ship in "L'Africaine" is a clever bit of stage mechanics; the ship in "Tristan" is scenery that acts.

BRÜNHILDE EMERGING FROM HER DRESSING-ROOM.

Wagner's theory was that, pictorially, dramatically, and musically, art had already attained such a development that neither painting, drama, nor music could advance by itself alone, and that progress could be obtained only by a union of the three arts. Whatever there may have been in this theory,—and I cannot say I think much of it, especially as Wagner's own music has disproved it by being so great,—it resulted in his giving unprecedented attention to the stage-settings of his works. No plays, let alone operas, contain such elaborate descriptions of scenic details as the librettos of Wagner's music-dramas. The stage-settings are described in a distinctly literary manner, and read more like portions of novels than of stage works. They are so graphic that on perusing them a person of sensitive imagination at once experiences the illusion of realism which Wagner sought to create. With Wagner, everything on the stage, scenery included, must tend to the expression of the poet's thought. The scene itself, in all its pictorial and mechanical aspects, must have poetic significance. It ceases to be mere stage-setting, and becomes the environment of a dramatic story. In fact, it takes part in the drama—it acts.

It may well be believed that Wagner never saw his ideals in these respects realized until the very last year of his life, when "Parsifal" was produced at Bayreuth. This production, which I saw, left nothing to be desired as regards stage illusion. Pictorially, as in

A STAGE HAND ASLEEP DURING A WAGNERIAN CHORUS.

other details, it was perfection. But it presented no such difficulties as "The Ring of the Nibelung." No stage-manager before or since has had such problems to solve as the first scene in "The Rhinegold" and the "Ride of the Valkyrs," to say nothing of the "Magic Fire Scene" and the forge scene in "Siegfried." In addition, he was obliged to put on the stage a snake and a dragon which would not be ridiculous, as such monsters almost invariably are, but be impressive and in keeping with the lofty, epic character of book and score.

At the first Bayreuth performance of "The Ring of the Nibelung" the mechanical effects fell as far short of Wagner's ideals as they also were disappointing to his most ardent followers. The "Siegfried" dragon probably was the greatest failure of all, and turned what was intended to be a stirring climax into a rather ludicrous episode. This beast was not only slain by *Siegfried:* it was flayed by critics and laymen. About the best any one had to say of it was to call it "a respectable monster with a remarkably lively tail"; nor was the clever writer who stigmatized it as "a compromise between a lizard and a hedgehog" far out of the way. The marvelous element in the "Ring" was declared to be "poetically and strategically a blot," and even friendly critics were so disheartened by the apparent impossibility of ever putting "The Ring of the Nibelung" effectively on the stage that one of them

considered it unlikely that the work would ever be repeated, while another spoke of it as "a curiosity to be revived once in a generation."

Remember that the performances thus spoken of took place in a theater especially built for the production of "The Ring of the Nibelung," and were rehearsed and given under Wagner's personal supervision. In these circumstances, the failure of certain scenes from which most had been expected made further experiments seem hopeless. But, fortunately, time has wrought the wonders which even Wagner's electric personality could not; and now there are several opera-houses in which the very scenes that at the beginning seemed doomed to eternal failure are made the most effective in the Cycle. The Metropolitan Opera-House of New York has probably contributed as much to this advance as any operatic institution. For many years remarkably fine performances of Wagner's music-dramas have been given there, and last winter, when the

ON THE STAGE WITH THE RHINE-DAUGHTERS.

"Nibelung" Cycle was given without cuts for the first time in America, the stage illusions were most dexterously managed. In fact, improvements on the Bayreuth standard had already been made during the seasons of German opera which began as far back as 1884. To revert to our old friend the "Siegfried" dragon—what an altogether admirable beast was that which threatened to masticate *Siegfried* in the very first performance of "Siegfried" given in this country, with Herr Alvary as the buoyant young hero! The scene was never ridiculous here. Every one who had witnessed the Bayreuth performances of "Siegfried" acknowledged that the Yankee dragon was a triumph of ingenuity. Now we have a monster even superior to that of previous seasons, a lightly constructed saurian made in sections, and thus capable of being taken apart and put together again—a marvel even among its own species. This dragon is a much-traveled beast, and has even visited Chicago and come back again to New York safe and sound—a record which no medieval dragon could have equaled.

ALBERICH SEIZES THE RHINEGOLD.

Bayreuth is still much talked of and still much patronized by Englishmen and Americans, but surely more for the mirage of cult which still hovers like a halo over the performances than because of any extraordinary merit in them. London and New York have heard more remarkable casts than Bayreuth, and in scenic and mechanical details the Wagner Theater still falls short of what is accomplished elsewhere. Here is a list of mishaps in one scene in one of the latest "Siegfried" performances at Bayreuth. During the forging of the sword, "the fire would not burn, the crucible did not blow, the toy hammer in *Siegfried's* hands would not ring on the anvil, sparks would not fly, and finally the anvil split in two when the sword was still high in the air." This last contretemps is the only one I have ever seen in the many "Siegfried" performances which I have witnessed at the Metropolitan Opera-House. The first time Jean de Reszke appeared as the young hero, he pulled the bolt out of the anvil too soon, and it fell apart before the stroke.

It is interesting to watch Wagner performances from behind the scenes, and especially "The Ring of the Nibelung." One obtains an idea of the infinite amount of preparation required to put Wagner's music-dramas on the stage. Nor is there lack of amusing incidents. *Fricka*, in street-dress, threading her way across the stage between the painted canvas rocks at the bottom of the Rhine; the electrician adjusting in his stereopticon the small disk with transparent rippling lines, which, thrown on the gauze borders, produce the effect of moving water; *Loge*, in his fiery costume, wandering about disconsolate because, as one of the attachés of the house whispers to me, he objects to the pattern of the wall-paper in his dressing-room, and the management has paid no attention to his request to have the room repapered; one of the Rhine-daughters, in flowing garments, with bunches of green gauze tied to her wrists for seaweed, being lifted up to the peep-hole, in order that she may have a look at the audience, by the flunky whose duty it is to open the proscenium door when the artists are called out—such incidents combine to show how narrow is the margin which separates the sublime from the ridiculous.

But the electrician is already giving orders to the man at the large switchboard

VALKYRS WAITING TO GO ON.

which controls all the lights in the house, and there descends upon the stage the greenish twilight which, combined with the gauze drop in front of the scene, gives a blurred effect from the auditorium, as if the objects on the stage were moving about under water. Meanwhile, platforms have been shoved under three hanging saddles, or "cradles." The Rhine-daughters are lifted up to the platforms and assisted into the cradles, into which they are strapped. The cradles are shaped so that the heads and shoulders of the women are slightly raised as they would be in swimming, and the straps are so adjusted that the artists have free use of their arms. In fact, the cradles are only just large enough to give the singers a sense of security. The outlines of the apparatus are hidden under flowing strips of green gauze, and when the platforms are withdrawn the Rhine-daughters are poised in mid-air, or, viewed through the gauze drop, under water.

The ripple-lines from the stereopticon

THE BOY VALKYRS WHO RIDE THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

undulate over the gauze borders, and the surface of the river far above the rocks seems "streaming restlessly from right to left," as the libretto directs. Your attention is distracted for a moment to the horde of Nibelungs—boys with long beards and tangled wigs, crowded on the short flight of steps which leads to the first tier of dressing-rooms. They have just giggled at *Alberich's* hideous make-up, and the villain of the "Nibelung" Cycle is delivering a little lecture on the necessity of their keeping quiet behind the scenes. Turning to the stage again, you notice a change. Two of the Rhine-daughters are poised high up behind the wings, and the third is near the peak of the large rock which is the center of the scene.

Everything is in readiness for the performance to begin. The stage-manager touches a "buzzer," and a few seconds later the orchestra intones the deep E flat upon which, as an organ-point, the wonderful instrumental introduction is built up. The curtain rises. "Round a rock in the center of the stage one of the Rhine-daughters is seen merrily swimming." So run the stage-directions, and such is the illusion produced to the audience.

As *Woglinde* circles around the rock she sings the characteristic call of the Rhine-daughters. A few moments later *Wellgunde* dives through the water to meet her, and is followed shortly by *Flosshilde*. The three Rhine-daughters swim about in graceful play, now rising, now descending, now near the surface, now deep down near the bed of the river, sometimes in full view, sometimes circling around the rocks and disappearing behind them. With their arms they go through the motions of swimming, and the simulation of water-nymphs

THE RAINBOW BRIDGE IN "THE RHINEGOLD."

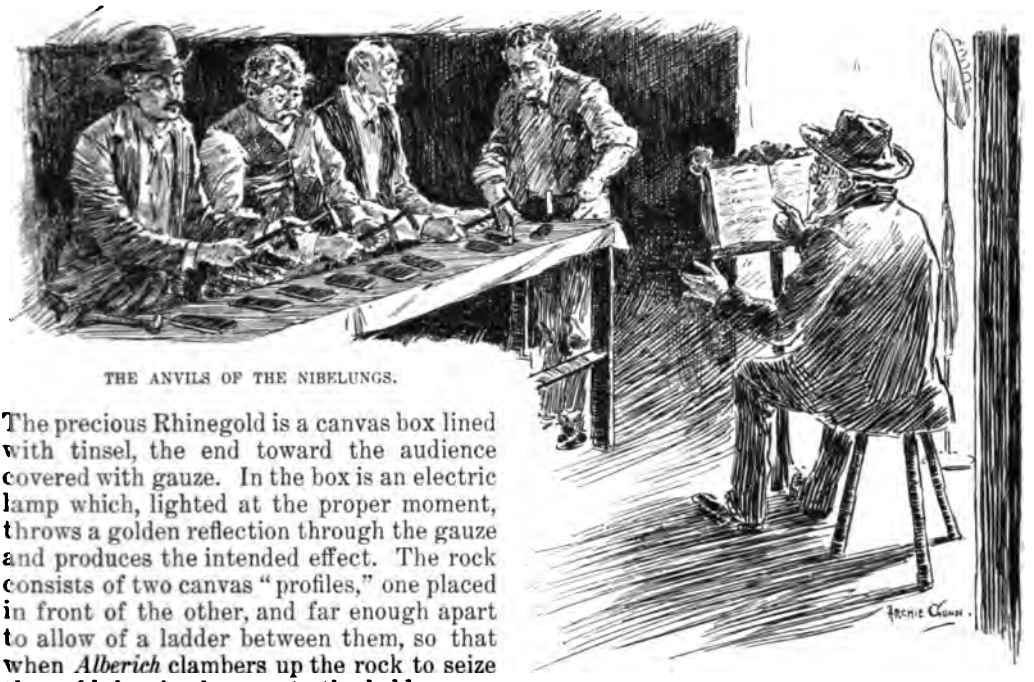
at play is perfect. Wagner's stage-directions could not be carried out more admirably. The effect is fascinating.

It is made possible by a clever contrivance. Briefly described, the cradles are moved from one side of the stage to the other on overhead trolleys. Three wires, one for each cradle, are stretched far above the stage between the fly-galleries. By means of these trolleys the cradles can be drawn from one side of the stage to the other as occasion requires. The wires which run from the cradles to the trolley-lines pass over the trolley-wheels to one of the fly-galleries, and by drawing in or slacking these wires the cradles can be raised or lowered. The upward and downward motions of the Rhine-daughters, and their method of swimming across the stage and back again, are now accounted for. But how they swim toward the front or rear of the stage and circle around the rocks still remains to be explained.

The wires which run from the cradles to the trolley-wheels work on swivels. Suspended from each cradle are wires by which three men on the stage guide it, the swivel enabling them to swing it in any direction. The cradles can thus be raised or lowered, drawn across the stage, swung backward or forward, or guided behind the rocks and out again. It is only necessary for the Rhine-daughters to keep up the motion of swimming with their arms, and the illusion is perfect. The nine men who guide the cradles from the stage could easily be seen by the audience were they not draped in black from head to foot. They move about the stage in felt slippers, quickly yet silently, like black spirits. Their drapery, combined with the dim light, prevents their being seen from the "front." In addition to the stage-hands, a *répétiteur* (a musician who plays piano accompaniments for the artists while they are studying their rôles) is also on the stage in order to prompt the Rhine-daughters. He, too, is draped in black, and it is amusing to watch him dodging about behind the rocks, score in hand, and calling the cues to the Rhine-daughters. There always are several répétiteurs in every large opera company, and in difficult works, like the Wagner music-dramas, they are distributed behind the scenes to give the artists their entrance cues and to prompt them when they are too far back for the regular prompter's voice to reach them.

When *Alberich* appears and tries to catch the Rhine-daughters, their rapid motions as they dart away are made most natural by means of the contrivance which I have described. The climax of the scene is reached when *Alberich* clambers to the peak of the central rock, seizes the glowing Rhinegold, and dives with it into the depths.

HOW THE DRAGON IN "THE RHINEGOLD" IS MADE TO CRAWL.



THE ANVILS OF THE NIBELUNGS.

The precious Rhinegold is a canvas box lined with tinsel, the end toward the audience covered with gauze. In the box is an electric lamp which, lighted at the proper moment, throws a golden reflection through the gauze and produces the intended effect. The rock consists of two canvas "profiles," one placed in front of the other, and far enough apart to allow of a ladder between them, so that when *Alberich* clambers up the rock to seize the gold, he simply mounts the ladder.

Admirable though the illusions produced throughout this entire scene are, another, and it is believed a better, method for producing the wavy effects on the surface of the river is to be tried. Almost every one has noticed the gaseous, quivering vapors produced by heat. It is proposed to use a small Bunsen burner, and with a stereopticon to reflect the quivering heat-vapor from the burner upon the gauze borders. This has been tried, though not at a performance, and has given a silvery ripple with all the appearance of moving water.

The artist who last winter took the rôle of *Alberich* makes the Nibelung a very active being. He jumps about the platforms and runways behind the canvas rocks with great energy. If you heard him stamping, you would appreciate the necessity for having a répétiteur behind the scenes in addition to the prompter. I overheard a stagehand, who was watching *Alberich's* antics, say to another: "That fellow 'll break something yet!" This remark shows that different points of view prevail behind the scenes as well as in front. As regards the latter, I happen to know a society reporter who classifies the productions at the Metropolitan Opera-House as "light" and "dark" operas. "Tannhäuser," for instance, is a "dark" opera, from his standpoint, because while the performance is in progress the lights in the auditorium are turned so low that he has only the intermissions during which to take note of the society exhibit in the audience.

But we must get behind the scenes again. As the performance progresses, the next mechanical property of interest is the snake into which, in the Nibelheim scene, *Alberich* changes himself by means of the Tarnhelmet, to prove to *Wotan* and *Loge* the truth of his boast that he can assume any guise. *Alberich* steps behind a rock. Immediately a huge snake issues from behind it and crosses the stage with the undulating movements of a serpent. This is a famous bit of theatrical property, the mechanism of which is as simple as it is ingenious. The snake is mounted on small wheels which are entirely hidden from view, and it would be child's play to draw it across the stage with a wire. This would not, however, give the realistic motions desired.

A section in the serpent's back opens on hinges. A man gets inside the monster, stretches himself out face downward, and the lid is closed. The man thrusts a couple of sharp pegs through holes in the snake's belly, and by digging them into the stage floor works the beast along, while, with a string which he holds between his teeth, he plays the lower jaw of the monster so that it shows its fangs as it crosses the stage.

The serpent's tail is made in joints connected by two wires to which stirrups are at-

tached. The man puts his feet in the stirrups, and by moving his legs as if he were swimming makes the long tail curve and straighten out again. This, combined with the forward motion, gives the realistic effect which saves serpent and scene from being ridiculous.

SIEGFRIED SPLITTING THE ANVIL.

That such a huge beast—it is certainly thirty feet long—should be so light in weight and mechanically so simple that it can be controlled by one man shows great skill in its construction. Of the scene as given in the early Bayreuth performances, it was said that "such ridiculous nonsense has no place within the frame of so serious and important a work of art." It was also pronounced a "ludicrous burlesque," the critic adding that it was more astonishing to find it in the libretto than that it failed.

When in temporary retirement, not from lack of public appreciation, but because a manager cannot always be giving operas with snakes and dragons, the pet monster of the Metropolitan Opera-House is hauled up high in the air beneath one of the fly-galleries, and, suspended there, is left to his own interesting meditations on the gods and demi-gods, so plentiful in his day, when human beings appear to have been rather scarce.

The serpent is a ample of what seems a very elaborate effe produced by comparatively simple means. Sometimes, on the other hand, a simple effect requires elaborate preparations. Take the episode in the last scene of "The Rhinegold," when *Donner* strikes the rock with his hammer and dispels the clouds. *Donner's* hammer has a hollow head of canvas on a wire frame. In the head is an electric lamp, and a wire passes through the handle. As *Donner* brings the canvas head down on the canvas rock he presses a button in the handle, and the head of the hammer glows. To produce the sound of *Donner's* stroke, a stage-hand, behind the rock, strikes an anvil with a real hammer. A man at a stereopticon flashes a streak of lightning on the back drop, and in order to make this lightning still more lurid, another man produces a real flash with an electric apparatus known as the "lightning-box." Then a property-man strikes the "thunder-drum,"—a large, square box covered with rawhide,—and another opens the "rabbit-hutch," a more elaborate thunder apparatus up-stairs, and allows a number of cannon-balls to roll through a series of zinc-lined troughs. No respectable clouds could be expected to remain in the heavens after such a racket, and the sky is now clear for the rainbow-bridge. Here again is a remarkable effect produced by a simple apparatus—a stereopticon, a little disk with a narrow semi-circular slit, and two small glass prisms. It is a real rainbow.

I have spoken of the répétiteur in the Rhine scene. There is also an assistant conductor behind the scenes. His duties are miscellaneous, such as giving the cues for the curtain, to brass bands or other musicians on the stage, and, in the Nibelheim scene, beating time for a little anvil orchestra behind the scenes—men who hammer pieces of iron, and are supposed to be the Nibelungs forging *Alberich's* treasure. This hammering must be in rhythm with the orchestra, and, as the répétiteur is most likely holding himself in readiness to tell the snake when to go on, the assistant conductor leads the hammers.

No one who has seen "The Valkyr" need be told that the first scene, if set according to Wagner's directions, is scenery that acts. From the moment the curtain rises, the view of the interior of *Hunding's* somber hut oppresses one with a sense of gloom and a foreboding of danger. Even when the night wind has loosened the hangings, and these have fallen from their fastenings, allowing the moonlight to stream in, while *Siegmund*, drawing *Sieglinde* close to him, whispers the ravishing phrases of the love-song, we still feel that the two lovers belong to a doomed race. But these are effects of pictorial detail and the skilful management of light, and the equally impressive scenery of the second act is a matter for the painter and the stage-carpenter. There is little or nothing in the way of mechanical effects.

But in the third act the "Ride of the Valkyrs" offers a problem which, unless it is solved artistically, is sure to mar one of the most daring and heroic scenes ever conceived. We see the summit of a rocky mountain. The view at the back is filled with clouds. Storm is brooding in the air. Four of the Valkyrs, in full armor, are watching from the peak. Suddenly *Gerhilde*, who stands highest on the rock, gives the wild shout of the Valkyrs, a flash of lightning breaks through a passing cloud, and a Valkyr on horseback is seen dashing through the air. A few moments later the Valkyr cry is heard from the thick forest to the right, and *Helmwige* enters, and is greeted with shouts by her sister Valkyrs. Three other Valkyrs arrive in the same dramatic manner, and at the end of the scene the eight wild sisters of the air dash away through the clouds.

The "Ride of the Valkyrs" requires an elaborate structure and elaborate properties. Yet in this heroic scene boys and hobby-horses play conspicuous rôles. In the background a high "platform" spans the stage like a narrow bridge. Back of it hangs a transparent cloud drop. The floor of the platform is uneven; it is broken up into a series of short, irregular waves.

Eight wooden horses about the size of Shetland ponies, with tangled manes, and carved to represent galloping steeds, are hoisted up to the platform. They are on wheels, and are placed on tracks which run the length of the platform and follow its inequalities. Then eight boys, dressed in the full costume of the Valkyrs, climb up a ladder and mount the horses. Astride the steeds, with their helmets, breastplates, and spears flashing in the fierce glare of lens lights which are turned full upon them from the fly-galleries, they look like a distant army of the middle ages ready to charge upon the enemy. But—whisper it softly to your neighbor, and make him promise to keep it to himself—I have seen *Schwertleite*, *Grimgerde*, and *Rossweisse* chewing gum!

The platform has a considerable slope upward, and the end at the other side of the

stage is higher than that on which the cohort is gathered. As there are four Valkyrs on the stage when the curtain rises, only four of the hobby-horses and boys are drawn across to the higher end and placed in position to be run down the platform at the given signal. The other four are held in reserve at the lower end for the final rush at the close of the scene. When *Gerhilde* shouts her greeting to *Helmwige*, the men in charge of the hobby-horses give one of them a slight shove which suffices to start it down the incline with its boy Valkyr; and it rises and falls like a galloping horse as it passes over the irregular surface of the platform. At the same time a light is flashed from above on the moving figure, while another flares through the transparent cloud drop. It is exactly as if the Valkyr were riding through the clouds. The effect is weird and beautiful, and, combined with the music, the scenery, and the restless figures of the Valkyrs who are waiting on the rock, makes this one of the most stupendous scenes ever put on the stage.

A few minutes after the hobby-horse with its boy burden disappears behind the scenes, the real *Helmwige* enters from the forest, as if she had ridden down from the clouds and, having left her horse in the pines, had come to join her sisters on the rock. The manœuver having been repeated for the entrance of the other three Valkyrs, the eight hobby-horses and boys are at the lower end of the platform, ready for their dash through the clouds at the end of the scene.

But ere they take their departure, *Brünnhilde* arrives in full flight with *Sieglinde*, and is followed by the angry *Wotan*. Before *Wotan* enters, his voice is heard from the pine wood out of which he strides, halting before the Valkyrs, who are seeking to conceal *Brünnhilde*. *Wotan's* entrance seems simple enough from the front; but watched from behind the scenes, it shows how much circumstance is sometimes required by a brief incident like this.

Wotan, although the chief of the gods, begins, about five minutes before he goes on, looking around for the répétiteur, without whom he would be quite helpless, as he cannot see the prompter, and must have the cue for "Steh', Brünnhilde!" which he shouts through a speaking-tube from the wings. At last the nervousness of the chief of the gods is allayed, for the répétiteur appears. Speaking-tube in hand, *Wotan* now takes position in the wings. To one side, a little in advance, is the répétiteur with the score. On the other side stands *Wotan's* valet with his helmet and spear. Slightly behind the group is the chief electrician, ready to signal to one of his subordinates, who is to flash the red light which precedes *Wotan's* entrance. The chief electrician is watching the stage-manager, and the stage-manager is watching *Wotan*.

The répétiteur begins to beat time. *Wotan* shouts through the speaking-tube. The valet jams the helmet on his head. *Wotan* seizes the spear and advances. The stage-manager signals to the chief electrician, the latter signals to his subordinate up in the fly-gallery, and the red light dances ahead of the chief of the gods. All this occupies about five seconds, but enlists the active coöperation of six men.

It is entertaining to watch the departure of the eight Valkyrs. The boys, who have been taking things easy, are sharply called to order, and the stage-manager, who knows the exact bar at which their dash through the clouds must begin, raises his handkerchief as the starter on a race-track does his flag. The Valkyrs on the stage end their discordant shrieks and hurry behind the scenes. The moment arrives when they are supposed to have remounted their wild horses. The stage-manager drops his handkerchief and shouts "Go!" and the hobby-horses are off on their mad race, being drawn up the incline by a windlass.

The "Magic Fire Scene" must be carefully worked up to a climax. During the "Ride of the Valkyrs" blue border lights are used, and they are still burning when *Brünnhilde* entreats *Wotan* to surround with fire the rock on which she is to be put to sleep.

> Auf dein Gebot
> Entbrenne ein Feuer.

The instant she says "Feuer," the stage-manager calls to the electrician at the switchboard: "Get in your reds!" The electrician turns on the red border lights. These give the suggestion of glare, which increases when, a few moments later, the stage-manager commands: "Work down your blues!"

As *Brünnhilde* lies on the Valkyr rock, and *Wotan*, having covered her with her helmet and shield, invokes *Loge* to encircle the rock with flames, the chief of the gods and the Valkyr seem from the front of the house to be the only people on the stage. But there are at least a dozen stage-hands concealed behind the rocks. "At the last

invocation," read the stage-directions, "*Wotan* strikes his spear-point thrice against the rock, which thereupon emits a stream of fire." Behind the Valkyr rock is a steam-box. At the proper moment a stage-hand turns the cock, and as the steam rises another stage-hand turns a red lens light on it, and the effect of fire streaming from the rock is produced.

Behind the runway which forms a rocky path to the left, just back of the Valkyr rock, are several men with gas torches and lycopodium torches. A gas torch has a head like the sprinkler of a watering-pot, and when lighted flares up in bright jets. The lycopodium torch is shaped like a pipe. The powder is blown through it over a gas-jet, and produces a clear, leaping flame. There are men with torches behind the other rocks, and there are additional steam-boxes and several pans of red powder. When all these contrivances are in operation, a barrier of fire seems to guard against human approach the rock on which *Brünnhilde* slumbers. As she lies there, and *Wotan* disappears through the flames, the orchestra meanwhile playing the superb interweaving of motives with which the work closes, the scene is one of overpowering grandeur. What other genius has conceived within the limits of one act two such scenes as the "Ride of the Valkyrs" and this finale? By not realizing that they were impossible to place upon the stage, Wagner made them possible.

In "Siegfried" the most elaborate property is the forge in the first act. The glow of the fire and the upleaping flames during the forging of the sword are carefully timed with the music. In the forge are two sinks with red electric lamps. As *Siegfried* works the bellows, an electrician turns these red lamps on and off, so that the glow accords with *Siegfried's* acting. Under the forge lies a man with a lycopodium pipe. Whenever there is to be a flash of flame he blows the powder over a gas-jet, and the powder flares up through a hole in the top of the forge.

Siegfried forges only one sword, but he uses five swords in the process. After he has poured the molten filings into the mold, thrown the mold into the trough to cool off (the hiss is produced by a jet of steam controlled by a cock in the wings), taken the mold out and broken it open, he draws out a dingy blade. This he thrusts into the fire, and, when he draws it out, he holds in his hand a sword painted red to resemble red-hot steel. This he throws into the trough, from which, a moment later, he takes a sword that has been painted black. After hammering and polishing, he makes a quick exchange for a bright blade, and, when he has adjusted the handle, for a sword with a hilt. The changes must be made so dexterously that, as far as the audience can see, he works on the same blade from beginning to end of the scene.

The dragon is made on a light frame covered with cloth painted a dirty green. To economize space in storage and transportation, it is made in two parts, the huge head being separate from the body. Inside the head is a long rod, and back of the neck two holes through which a man in green trousers thrusts his legs. These become the dragon's legs. Head and body are then fastened together, the man being inside. The rod enables him to work the head to and fro, and by pulling certain strings he distends the dragon's nostrils and makes its flippers bristle up. He also turns on the green electric lights in the beast's eyes, and the steam which issues from its mouth through a pipe. To make the creature move, the man inside only need walk. The upper jaw, with its fierce nippers, is worked by a pulley-rope from behind the scenes. Besides being easily managed, the dragon is otherwise an accommodating monster, having in its body a slit into which *Siegfried* thrusts his sword when he is supposed to plunge Nothung into the dragon's vitals.

An effect which must be carefully carried out occurs in the finale of "The Dusk of the Gods." This is the sudden collapse of the hall of the Gibichungs. There is a crash of thunder, and the structure is a heap of smoking ruins. The effect is produced by trick-scenery. The wings are folding screens. The hall scene is painted on the front panels. With the crash the screens are opened, and the ruins, which are painted on the inside panels, are disclosed. The upper halves of some of the columns are mere front flaps working on hinges. At the proper moment these flaps are allowed to fall, disclosing the broken columns painted on the canvas behind them. The rising of the Rhine is effected by three strips of "set water," which are first laid flat on the stage and gradually raised to an upright position. At the same time, a water cloth is drawn forward over a portion of the stage, and the Rhine-daughters seize *Hagen* and drag him down with them.

Then the curtain falls on "The Dusk of

the Gods" and "The Ring of the Nibelung." Excepting the three Rhine-daughters, all the leading characters are dead, and are glad of it, since, for the time being, their arduous task is at an end. *Siegfried*, whose body is supposed to have been consumed on the funeral-pyre, is helping *Gunther* and *Gutrune*, who have come to life again, to their feet, while *Hagen*, "grämlicher Mann," is exchanging pleasantries with the three Rhine-daughters who drew him down with them into the flood. *Brünnhilde's* husband, his face wreathed in smiles, has hurried from the auditorium to inform madame that she has surpassed all her previous efforts.

But there are sounds of tumult in the audience—sounds sweeter to the singers' ears than any score. The flunky slides open the proscenium door; the artists join hands and step out upon the broad "apron" in front of the curtain. Again and again the public demands to see them. At last the lights are lowered as a gentle hint to the enthusiasts, the audience slowly disperses, and an event in the history of music in America has come to an end, with every one agreed that musically, dramatically, and scenically the "Nibelung" Cycle has made a profound impression.

Bear in mind, however, that the mechanical contrivances which I have described have contributed to this impression solely because Wagner called them in as aids in producing truly artistic effects. Wagner did not plan scenes which require elaborate sets, "props," and mechanical contrivances merely because he wanted their elaborateness to be a nine days' wonder; he planned them according to the highest canons of stage art. His scenes are impressive not merely because water-nymphs are seen swimming under the Rhine, Valkyrs coursing through clouds, flames encircling the Valkyr rock, embers glowing on *Siegfried's* forge, ruins crumbling where stood the hall of the Gibichungs, but because such details illumined the poet's thought and meaning. Wagner's scenery actually takes part in the drama. It is almost a living, breathing thing. It is scenery that acts.

MY DÉBUT AS A LITERARY PERSON.

BY MARK TWAIN (FORMERLY "MIKE SWAIN").

IN those early days I had already published one little thing ("The Jumping Frog") in an Eastern paper, but I did not consider that that counted. In my view, a person who published things in a mere newspaper could not properly claim recognition as a Literary Person: he must rise away above that; he must appear in a magazine. He would then be a Literary Person; also, he would be famous—right away. These two ambitions were strong upon me. This was in 1866. I prepared my contribution, and then looked around for the best magazine to go up to glory in. I selected the most important one in New York. The contribution was accepted. I signed it "MARK TWAIN"; for that name had some currency on the Pacific coast, and it was my idea to spread it all over the world, now, at this one jump. The article appeared in the December number, and I sat up a month waiting for the January number; for that one would contain the year's list of contributors, my name would be in it, and I should be famous and could give the banquet I was meditating.

I did not give the banquet. I had not written the "MARK TWAIN" distinctly; it was a fresh name to Eastern printers, and they put it "Mike Swain" or "MacSwain," I do not remember which. At any rate, I was not celebrated, and I did not give the banquet. I was a Literary Person, but that was all—a buried one; buried alive.

My article was about the burning of the clipper-ship *Hornet* on the line, May 3, 1866. There were thirty-one men on board at the time, and I was in Honolulu when the fifteen lean and ghostly survivors arrived there after a voyage of forty-three days in an open boat, through the blazing tropics, on *ten days' rations* of food. A very remarkable trip; but it was conducted by a captain who was a remarkable man, otherwise there would have been no survivors. He was a New-Englander of the best sea-going stock of the old capable times—Captain Josiah Mitchell.

I was in the islands to write letters for the weekly edition of the Sacramento "Union," a rich and influential daily journal

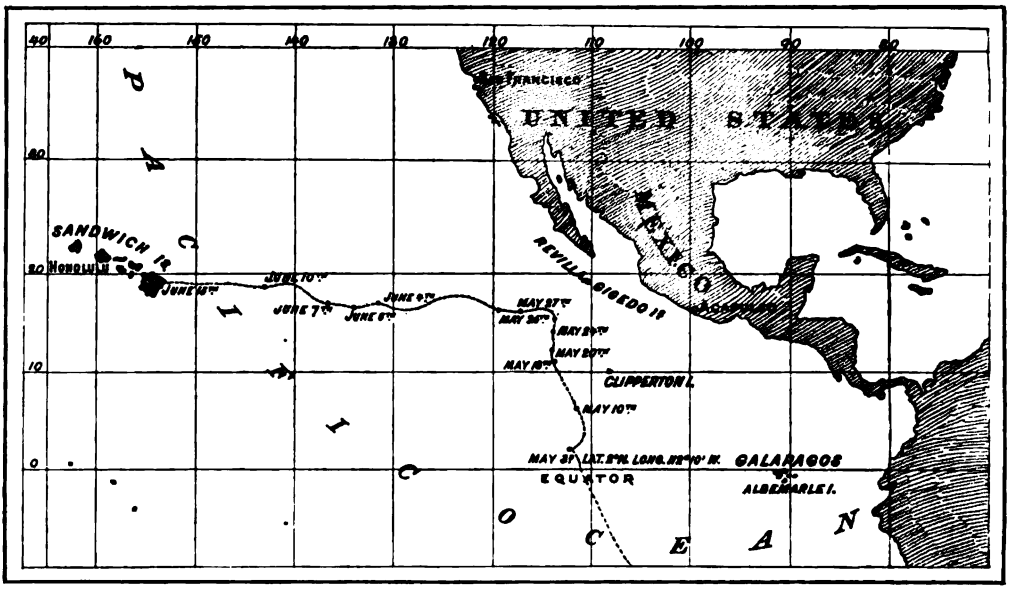
which had n't any use for them, but could afford to spend twenty dollars a week for nothing. The proprietors were lovable and well-beloved men: long ago dead, no doubt, but in me there is at least one person who still holds them in grateful remembrance; for I dearly wanted to see the islands, and they listened to me and gave me the opportunity when there was but slender likelihood that it could profit them in any way.

I had been in the islands several months when the survivors arrived. I was laid up in my room at the time, and unable to walk. Here was a great occasion to serve my journal, and I not able to take advantage of it. Necessarily I was in deep trouble. But by good luck his Excellency Anson Burlingame was there at the time, on his way to take up his post in China, where he did such good work for the United States. He came and put me on a stretcher and had me carried to the hospital where the shipwrecked men were, and I never needed to ask a question. He attended to all of that himself, and I had nothing to do but make the notes. It was like him to take that trouble. He was a great man and a great American, and it was in his fine nature to come down from his high office and do a friendly turn whenever he could.

We got through with this work at six in the evening. I took no dinner, for there was no time to spare if I would beat the other correspondents. I spent four hours arranging the notes in their proper order, then wrote all night and beyond it; with this result: that I had a very long and detailed account of the *Hornet* episode ready at nine in the morning, while the correspondents of the San Francisco journals had nothing but a brief outline report—for they did n't sit up. The now-and-then schooner was to sail for San Francisco about nine; when I reached the dock she was free forward and was just casting off her stern-line. My fat envelop was thrown by a strong hand, and fell on board all right, and my victory was a safe thing. All in due time the ship reached San Francisco, but it was my complete report which made the stir and was telegraphed to the New York papers, by Mr. Cash; he was in charge of the Pacific bureau of the New York "Herald" at the time.

When I returned to California by and by, I went up to Sacramento and presented a bill for general correspondence at twenty dollars a week. It was paid. Then I presented a bill for "special" service on the *Hornet* matter of three columns of solid nonpareil at *a hundred dollars a column*. The cashier did n't faint, but he came rather near it. He sent for the proprietors, and they came and never uttered a protest. They only laughed in their jolly fashion, and said it was robbery, but no matter; it was a grand "scoop" (the bill or my *Hornet* report, I did n't know which); "pay it. It 's all right." The best men that ever owned a newspaper.

The *Hornet* survivors reached the Sandwich Islands the 15th of June. They were mere skinny skeletons; their clothes hung limp about them and fitted them no better than a flag fits the flagstaff in a calm. But they were well nursed in the hospital; the people of Honolulu kept them supplied with all the dainties they could need; they gathered strength fast, and were presently nearly as good as new. Within a fortnight the most of them took ship for San Francisco; that is, if my dates have not gone astray in my memory. I went in the same ship, a sailing-vessel. Captain Mitchell of the *Hornet* was along; also the only passengers the *Hornet* had carried. These were two young gentlemen from Stamford, Connecticut—brothers: Samuel Ferguson, aged twenty-eight, a graduate of Trinity College, Hartford, and Henry Ferguson, aged eighteen, a student of the same college, and now at this present writing a professor there, a post which he has held for many years. He is fifty years old this year (1898). Samuel had been wasting away with consumption for some years, and the long voyage around the Horn had been advised as offering a last hope for him. The *Hornet* was a clipper of the first class and a fast sailer; the young men's quarters were roomy and comfortable, and were well stocked with books, and also with canned meats and fruits to help out the ship-fare with; and when the ship cleared from New York harbor in the first week of January there was promise that she would make quick and pleasant work of the fourteen or fifteen thousand miles in front of her. As soon as the cold latitudes were left behind and the vessel entered summer weather, the voyage became a holiday picnic. The ship flew southward under a cloud of sail which needed no attention, no modifying or change of any kind, for days together. The young men read, strolled the ample deck, rested and drowsed in the shade of the canvas, took their meals with the captain; and when the day was done they played dummy whist with him till bedtime. After the snow and ice and tempests of the Horn, the ship bowled northward into summer weather again, and the trip was a picnic once more.



MAP OF THE ROUTE OF THE SURVIVORS' BOAT.

Until the early morning of the 3d of May. Computed position of the ship 112° 10′ west longitude; latitude 2° above the equator; no wind, no sea—dead calm; temperature of the atmosphere, tropical, blistering, unimaginable by one who has not been roasted in it. There was a cry of fire. An unfaithful sailor had disobeyed the rules and gone into the booby-hatch with an open light to draw some varnish from a cask. The proper result followed, and the vessel's hours were numbered.

There was not much time to spare, but the captain made the most of it. The three boats were launched—long-boat and two quarter-boats. That the time was very short and the hurry and excitement considerable is indicated by the fact that in launching the boats a hole was stove in the side of one of them by some sort of collision, and an oar driven through the side of another. The captain's first care was to have four sick sailors brought up and placed on deck out of harm's way—among them a "Portyghee." This man had not done a day's work on the voyage, but had lain in his hammock four months nursing an abscess. When we were taking notes in the Honolulu hospital and a sailor told this to Mr. Burlingame, the third mate, who was lying near, raised his head with an effort, and in a weak voice made this correction—with solemnity and feeling:

"*Raising* abscesses! He had a family of them. He done it to keep from standing his watch."

Any provisions that lay handy were gathered up by the men and the two passengers and brought and dumped on the deck where the "Portyghee" lay; then they ran for more. The sailor who was telling this to Mr. Burlingame added:

"We pulled together thirty-two days' rations for the thirty-one men that way."

The third mate lifted his head again and made another correction—with bitterness:

"The Portyghee et twenty-two of them while he was soldiering there and nobody noticing. A damned hound."

The fire spread with great rapidity. The smoke and flame drove the men back, and they had to stop their incomplete work of fetching provisions, and take to the boats with only ten days' rations secured.

Each boat had a compass, a quadrant, a copy of Bowditch's "Navigator," and a nautical almanac, and the captain's and chief mate's boats had chronometers. There were thirty-one men all told. The captain took an account of stock, with the following result: four hams, nearly thirty pounds of salt pork, half-box of raisins, one hundred pounds of bread, twelve two-pound cans of oysters, clams, and assorted meats, a keg containing four pounds of butter, twelve gallons of water in a forty-gallon "scuttle-butt," four one-gallon demijohns full of water, three bottles of brandy (the property of passengers), some pipes, matches, and a hundred pounds of tobacco. No medicines. Of course

the whole party had to go on short rations at once.

The captain and the two passengers kept diaries. On our voyage to San Francisco we ran into a calm in the middle of the Pacific, and did not move a rod during fourteen days; this gave me a chance to copy the diaries. Samuel Ferguson's is the fullest; I will draw upon it now. When the following paragraph was written the ship was about one hundred and twenty days out from port, and all hands were putting in the lazy time about as usual, as no one was forecasting disaster.

May 2. Latitude 1° 28′ N., longitude 111° 38′ W. Another hot and sluggish day; at one time, however, the clouds promised wind, and there came a slight breeze—just enough to keep us going. The only thing to chronicle to-day is the quantities of fish about; nine bonitos were caught this forenoon, and some large albacores seen. After dinner the first mate hooked a fellow which he could not hold, so he let the line go to the captain, who was on the bow. He, holding on, brought the fish to with a jerk, and snap went the line, hook and all. We also saw astern, swimming lazily after us, an enormous shark, which must have been nine or ten feet long. We tried him with all sorts of lines and a piece of pork, but he declined to take hold. I suppose he had appeased his appetite on the heads and other remains of the bonitos we had thrown overboard.

Next day's entry records the disaster. The three boats got away, retired to a short distance, and stopped. The two injured ones were leaking badly; some of the men were kept busy bailing, others patched the holes as well as they could. The captain, the two passengers, and eleven men were in the long-boat, with a share of the provisions and water, and with no room to spare, for the boat was only twenty-one feet long, six wide, and three deep. The chief mate and eight men were in one of the small boats, the second mate and seven men in the other. The passengers had saved no clothing but what they had on, excepting their overcoats. The ship, clothed in flame and sending up a vast column of black smoke into the sky, made a grand picture in the solitudes of the sea, and hour after hour the outcasts sat and watched it. Meantime the captain ciphered on the immensity of the distance that stretched between him and the nearest available land, and then scaled the rations down to meet the emergency: half a biscuit for breakfast; one biscuit and some canned meat for dinner; half a biscuit for tea; a few swallows of water for each meal. And so hunger began to gnaw while the ship was still burning.

May 4. The ship burned all night very brightly, and hopes are that some ship has seen the light and is bearing down upon us. None seen, however, this forenoon, so we have determined to go together north and a little west to some islands in 18° or 19° north latitude and 114° to 115° west longitude, hoping in the meantime to be picked up by some ship. The ship sank suddenly at about 5 A. M. We find the sun very hot and scorching, but all try to keep out of it as much as we can.

They did a quite natural thing now: waited several hours for that possible ship that might have seen the light to work her slow way to them through the nearly dead calm. Then they gave it up and set about their plans. If you will look at the map you will say that their course could be easily decided. Albemarle Island (Galapagos group) lies straight eastward nearly a thousand miles; the islands referred to in the diary indefinitely as "some islands" (Revillagigedo Islands) lie, as they think, in some widely uncertain region northward about one thousand miles and westward one hundred or one hundred and fifty miles. Acapulco, on the Mexican coast, lies about northeast something short of one thousand miles. You will say random rocks in the ocean are not what is wanted; let them strike for Acapulco and the solid continent. That does look like the rational course, but one presently guesses from the diaries that the thing would have been wholly irrational—indeed, suicidal. If the boats struck for Albemarle they would be in the doldrums all the way; and that means a watery perdition, with winds which are wholly crazy, and blow from all points of the compass at once and also perpendicularly. If the boats tried for Acapulco they would get out of the doldrums when half-way there,—in case they ever got half-way,—and then they would be in lamentable case, for there they would meet the northeast trades coming down in their teeth, and these boats were so rigged that they could not sail within eight points of the wind. So they wisely started northward, with a slight slant to the west. They had but ten days' short allowance of food; the long-boat was towing the others; they could not depend on making any sort of definite progress in the doldrums, and they had four or five hundred miles of doldrums in front of them yet. *They* are the real equator, a tossing, roaring, rainy belt, ten or twelve hundred miles broad, which girdles the globe.

It rained hard the first night, and all got drenched, but they filled up their water-butt. The brothers were in the stern with the

captain, who steered. The quarters were cramped; no one got much sleep. "Kept on our course till squalls headed us off."

Stormy and squally the next morning, with drenching rains. A heavy and dangerous "cobbling" sea. One marvels how such boats could live in it. It is called a feat of desperate daring when one man and a dog cross the Atlantic in a boat the size of a long-boat, and indeed it is; but this long-boat was overloaded with men and other plunder, and was only three feet deep. "We naturally thought often of all at home, and were glad to remember that it was Sacrament Sunday, and that prayers would go up from our friends for us, although they know not our peril."

The captain got not even a cat-nap during the first three days and nights, but he got a few winks of sleep the fourth night. "The worst sea yet." About ten at night the captain changed his course and headed east-northeast, hoping to make Clipperton Rock. If he failed, no matter; he would be in a better position to make those other islands. I will mention here that he did not find that rock.

On the 8th of May no wind all day; sun blistering hot; they take to the oars. Plenty of dolphins, but they could n't catch any. "I think we are all beginning to realize more and more the awful situation we are in." "It often takes a ship a week to get through the doldrums; how much longer, then, such a craft as ours." "We are so crowded that we cannot stretch ourselves out for a good sleep, but have to take it any way we can get it."

Of course this feature will grow more and more trying, but it will be human nature to cease to set it down; there will be five weeks of it yet—we must try to remember that for the diarist; it will make our beds the softer.

The 9th of May the sun gives him a warning: "Looking with both eyes, the horizon crossed thus+." "Henry keeps well, but broods over our troubles more than I wish he did." They caught two dolphins; they tasted well. "The captain believed the compass out of the way, but the long-invisible north star came out—a welcome sight—and indorsed the compass."

May 10, "latitude 7° 0′ 3″ N., longitude 111° 32′ W." So they have made about three hundred miles of northing in the six days since they left the region of the lost ship. "Drifting in calms all day." And baking hot, of course; I have been down there, and I remember that detail. "Even as the captain says, all romance has long since vanished, and I think the most of us are beginning to look the fact of our awful situation full in the face." "We are making but little headway on our course." Bad news from the rearmost boat: the men are improvident; "they have eaten up all of the canned meats brought from the ship, and are now growing discontented." Not so with the chief mate's people—they are evidently under the eye of a *man*.

Under date of May 11: "Standing still! or worse; we lost more last night than we made yesterday." In fact, they have lost three miles of the three hundred of northing they had so laboriously made. "The cock that was rescued and pitched into the boat while the ship was on fire still lives, and crows with the breaking of dawn, cheering us a good deal." What has he been living on for a week? Did the starving men feed him from their dire poverty? "The second mate's boat out of water again, showing that they overdrink their allowance. The captain spoke pretty sharply to them." It is true: I have the remark in my old note-book; I got it of the third mate in the hospital at Honolulu. But there is not room for it here, and it is too combustible, anyway. Besides, the third mate admired it, and what he admired he was likely to enhance.

They were still watching hopefully for ships. The captain was a thoughtful man, and probably did not disclose to them that that was substantially a waste of time. "In this latitude the horizon is filled with little upright clouds that look very much like ships." Mr. Ferguson saved three bottles of brandy from his private stores when he left the ship, and the liquor came good in these days. "The captain serves out two tablespoonfuls of brandy and water—half and half—to our crew." He means the watch that is on duty; they stood regular watches—four hours on and four off. The chief mate was an excellent officer—a self-possessed, resolute, fine, all-round man. The diarist makes the following note—there is character in it: "I offered one bottle of brandy to the chief mate, but he declined, saying he could keep the after-boat quiet, and we had not enough for all."

HENRY FERGUSON'S DIARY TO DATE, GIVEN IN FULL.

May 4, 5, 6, doldrums. May 7, 8, 9, doldrums. May 10, 11, 12, doldrums. Tells it all. Never saw, never felt, never heard, never experienced such heat, such darkness, such lightning and thunder, and wind and rain, in my life before.

That boy's diary is of the economical sort that a person might properly be expected to

keep in such circumstances—and be forgiven for the economy, too. His brother, perishing of consumption, hunger, thirst, blazing heat, drowning rains, loss of sleep, lack of exercise, was persistently faithful and circumstantial with his diary from the first day to the last—an instance of noteworthy fidelity and resolution. In spite of the tossing and plunging boat he wrote it close and fine, in a hand as easy to read as print. They can't seem to get north of 7° N.; they are still there the next day:

May 12. A good rain last night, and we caught a good deal, though not enough to fill up our tank, pails, etc. Our object is to get out of these doldrums, but it seems as if we cannot do it. To-day we have had it very variable, and hope we are on the northern edge, though we are not much above 7°. This morning we all thought we had made out a sail; but it was one of those deceiving clouds. Rained a good deal to-day, making all hands wet and uncomfortable; we filled up pretty nearly all our water-pots, however. I hope we may have a fine night, for the captain certainly wants rest, and while there is any danger of squalls, or danger of any kind, he is always on hand. I never would have believed that open boats such as ours, with their loads, could live in some of the seas we have had.

During the night, 12th–13th, "the cry of *A ship!* brought us to our feet." It seemed to be the glimmer of a vessel's signal-lantern rising out of the curve of the sea. There was a season of breathless hope while they stood watching, with their hands shading their eyes, and their hearts in their throats; then the promise failed: the light was a rising star. It is a long time ago,—thirty-two years,—and it does n't matter now, yet one is sorry for their disappointment. "Thought often of those at home to-day, and of the disappointment they will feel next Sunday at not hearing from us by telegraph from San Francisco." It will be many weeks yet before the telegram is received, and it will come as a thunder-clap of joy then, and with the seeming of a miracle, for it will raise from the grave men mourned as dead. "To-day our rations were reduced to a quarter of a biscuit a meal, with about half a pint of water." This is on the 13th of May, with more than a month of voyaging in front of them yet! However, as they do not know that, "we are all feeling pretty cheerful."

In the afternoon of the 14th there was a thunder-storm, "which toward night seemed to close in around us on every side, making it very dark and squally." "Our situation is becoming more and more desperate," for they were making very little northing, "and every day diminishes our small stock of provisions." They realize that the boats must soon separate, and each fight for its own life. Towing the quarter-boats is a hindering business.

That night and next day, light and baffling winds and but little progress. Hard to bear, that persistent standing still, and the food wasting away. "Everything in a perfect sop; and all so cramped, and no change of clothes." Soon the sun comes out and roasts them. "Joe caught another dolphin to-day; in his maw we found a flying-fish and two skipjacks." There is an event, now, which rouses an enthusiasm of hope: a land-bird arrives! It rests on the yard for awhile, and they can look at it all they like, and envy it, and thank it for its message. As a subject of talk it is beyond price—a fresh, new topic for tongues tired to death of talking upon a single theme: Shall we ever see the land again; and when? Is the bird from Clipperton Rock? They hope so; and they take heart of grace to believe so. As it turned out, the bird had no message; it merely came to mock.

May 16, "the cock still lives, and daily carols forth His praise." It will be a rainy night, "but I do not care if we can fill up our water-butts."

On the 17th one of those majestic specters of the deep, a water-spout, stalked by them, and they trembled for their lives. Young Henry set it down in his scanty journal with the judicious comment that "it might have been a fine sight from a ship."

From Captain Mitchell's log for this day: "*Only half a bushel of bread-crumbs left.*" (And a month to wander the seas yet.)

It rained all night and all day; everybody uncomfortable. Now came a swordfish chasing a bonito; and the poor thing, seeking help and friends, took refuge under the rudder. The big swordfish kept hovering around, scaring everybody badly. The men's mouths watered for him, for he would have made a whole banquet; but no one dared to touch him, of course, for he would sink a boat promptly if molested. Providence protected the poor bonito from the cruel swordfish. This was just and right. Providence next befriended the shipwrecked sailors: they got the bonito. This was also just right. But in the distribution of mercies the swordfish himself got overlooked. He now went away; to muse over these subtleties, probably. "The men in all the boats seem pretty well; the feeblest of the sick ones

(not able for a long time to stand his watch on board the ship) is wonderfully recovered." This is the third mate's detested "Portyghee" that raised the family of abscesses.

Passed a most awful night. Rained hard nearly all the time, and blew in squalls, accompanied by terrific thunder and lightning, from all points of the compass. — *Henry's Log.*

Most awful night I ever witnessed.— *Captain's Log.*

Latitude, May 18, 11° 11′. So they have averaged but forty miles of northing a day during the fortnight. Further talk of separating. "Too bad, but it must be done for the safety of the whole." "At first I never dreamed, but now hardly shut my eyes for a cat-nap without conjuring up something or other—to be accounted for by weakness, I suppose." But for their disaster they think they would be arriving in San Francisco about this time. "I should have liked to send B—— the telegram for her birthday." This was a young sister.

On the 19th the captain called up the quarter-boats and said one would have to go off on its own hook. The long-boat could no longer tow both of them. The second mate refused to go, but the chief mate was ready; in fact, he was always ready when there was a man's work to the fore. He took the second mate's boat; six of its crew elected to remain, and two of his own crew came with him (nine in the boat, now, including himself). He sailed away, and toward sunset passed out of sight. The diarist was sorry to see him go. It was natural; one could have better spared the "Portyghee." After thirty-two years I find my prejudice against this "Portyghee" reviving. His very looks have long passed out of my memory; but no matter, I am coming to hate him as religiously as ever. "Water will now be a scarce article, for as we get out of the doldrums we shall get showers only now and then in the trades. This life is telling severely on my strength. Henry holds out first-rate." Henry did not start well, but under hardships he improved straight along.

Latitude, Sunday, May 20, 12° 0′ 9″. They ought to be well out of the doldrums now, but they are not. No breeze—the longed-for trades still missing. They are still anxiously watching for a sail, but they have only "visions of ships that come to naught—the shadow without the substance." The second mate catches a booby this afternoon, a bird which consists mainly of feathers; "but as they have no other meat, it will go well."

May 21, they strike the trades at last! The second mate catches three more boobies, and gives the long-boat one. Dinner "half a can of mince-meat divided up and served around, which strengthened us somewhat." They have to keep a man bailing all the time; the hole knocked in the boat when she was launched from the burning ship was never efficiently mended. "Heading about northwest now." They hope they have easting enough to make some of those indefinite isles. Failing that, they think they will be in a better position to be picked up. It was an infinitely slender chance, but the captain probably refrained from mentioning that.

The next day is to be an eventful one.

May 22. Last night wind headed us off, so that part of the time we had to steer east-southeast and then west-northwest, and so on. This morning we were all startled by a cry of "*Sail ho!*" Sure enough, we could see it! And for a time we cut adrift from the second mate's boat, and steered so as to attract its attention. This was about half-past five A. M. After sailing in a state of high excitement for almost twenty minutes we made it out to be the chief mate's boat. Of course we were glad to see them and have them report all well; but still it was a bitter disappointment to us all. Now that we are in the trades it seems impossible to make northing enough to strike the isles. We have determined to do the best we can, and get in the route of vessels. Such being the determination, it became necessary to cast off the other boat, which, after a good deal of unpleasantness, was done, we again dividing water and stores, and taking Cox into our boat. This makes our number fifteen. The second mate's crew wanted to all get in with us and cast the other boat adrift. It was a very painful separation.

So those isles that they have struggled for so long and so hopefully have to be given up. What with lying birds that come to mock, and isles that are but a dream, and "visions of ships that come to naught," it is a pathetic time they are having, with much heartbreak in it. It was odd that the vanished boat, three days lost to sight in that vast solitude, should appear again. But it brought Cox—we can't be certain why. But if it had n't, the diarist would never have seen the land again.

Our chances as we go west increase in regard to being picked up, but each day our scanty fare is so much reduced. Without the fish, turtle, and birds sent us, I do not know how we should have got along. The other day I offered to read prayers morning and evening for the captain, and last night commenced. The men, although of various nationalities and religions, are very attentive, and always uncovered. May God grant my weak endeavor its issue.

Latitude, May 24, 14° 18′ N. Five oysters apiece for dinner and three spoonfuls of

juice, a gill of water, and a piece of biscuit the size of a silver dollar. "We are plainly getting weaker—God have mercy upon us all!" That night heavy seas break over the weather side and make everybody wet and uncomfortable, besides requiring constant bailing.

Next day "nothing particular happened." Perhaps some of us would have regarded it differently. "Passed a spar, but not near enough to see what it was." They saw some whales blow; there were flying-fish skimming the seas, but none came aboard. Misty weather, with fine rain, very penetrating.

Latitude, May 26, 15° 50′. They caught a flying-fish and a booby, but had to eat them raw. "The men grow weaker, and, I think, despondent; they say very little, though." And so, to all the other imaginable and unimaginable horrors, silence is added—the muteness and brooding of coming despair. "It seems our best chance to get in the track of ships, with the hope that some one will run near enough to our speck to see it." He hopes the other boats stood west and have been picked up. (They will never be heard of again in this world.)

Sunday, May 27. Latitude 16° 0′ 5″; longitude, by chronometer, 117° 22′. Our fourth Sunday! When we left the ship we reckoned on having about ten days' supplies, and now we hope to be able, by rigid economy, to make them last another week if possible.[1] Last night the sea was comparatively quiet, but the wind headed us off to about west-northwest, which has been about our course all day to-day. Another flying-fish came aboard last night, and one more to-day—both small ones. No birds. A booby is a great catch, and a good large one makes a small dinner for the fifteen of us—that is, of course, as dinners go in the *Hornet's* long-boat. Tried this morning to read the full service to myself, with the communion, but found it too much; am too weak, and get sleepy, and cannot give strict attention; so I put off half till this afternoon. I trust God will hear the prayers gone up for us at home to-day, and graciously answer them by sending us succor and help in this our season of deep distress.

The next day was "a good day for seeing a ship." But none was seen. The diarist "still feels pretty well," though very weak; his brother Henry "bears up and keeps his strength the best of any on board." "I do not feel despondent at all, for I fully trust that the Almighty will hear our and the home prayers, and He who suffers not a sparrow to fall sees and cares for us, His creatures."

Considering the situation and circumstances, the record for next day, May 29, is one which has a surprise in it for those dull people who think that nothing but medicines and doctors can cure the sick. A little starvation can really do more for the average sick man than can the best medicines and the best doctors. I do not mean a restricted diet; I mean *total abstention from food for one or two days.* I speak from experience; starvation has been my cold and fever doctor for fifteen years, and has accomplished a cure in all instances. The third mate told me in Honolulu that the "Portyghee" had lain in his hammock for months, raising his family of abscesses and feeding like a cannibal. We have seen that in spite of dreadful weather, deprivation of sleep, scorching, drenching, and all manner of miseries, thirteen days of starvation "wonderfully recovered" him. There were four sailors down sick when the ship was burned. Twenty-five days of pitiless starvation have followed, and now we have this curious record: "*All the men are hearty and strong; even the ones that were down sick are well,* except poor Peter." When I wrote an article some months ago urging temporary abstention from food as a remedy for an inactive appetite and for disease, I was accused of jesting, but I was in earnest. "*We are all wonderfully well and strong, comparatively speaking.*" On this day the starvation regimen drew its belt a couple of buckle-holes tighter: the bread ration was reduced from the usual piece of cracker the size of a silver dollar *to the half of that, and one meal was abolished from the daily three.* This will weaken the men physically, but if there are any diseases of an ordinary sort left in them they will disappear.

Two quarts bread-crumbs left, one third of a ham, three small cans of oysters, and twenty gallons of water.—*Captain's Log.*

The hopeful tone of the diaries is persistent. It is remarkable. Look at the map and see where the boat is: latitude 16° 44′, longitude 119° 20′. It is more than two hundred miles west of the Revillagigedo Islands, so they are quite out of the question against the trades, rigged as this boat is. The nearest land available for such a boat is the American group, *six hundred and fifty miles away,* westward; still, there is no note of surrender, none even of discouragement! Yet, May 30, "we have now left: *one can of oysters; three pounds of raisins; one can of soup; one third of a ham; three pints of biscuit-crumbs.*" And fifteen starved men to live on it while they creep and crawl six hundred and fifty miles. "Somehow I feel much en-

[1] There or any ten days of voyaging ahead yet.—M. T.

couraged by this change of course (west by north) which we have made to-day." Six hundred and fifty miles on a hatful of provisions. Let us be thankful, even after thirty-two years, that they are mercifully ignorant of the fact that it is n't six hundred and fifty that they must creep on the hatful, but *twenty-two hundred!*

Is n't the situation romantic enough just as it stands? No. Providence added a startling detail: pulling an oar in that boat, for common seaman's wages, was *a banished duke*—Danish. We hear no more of him; just that mention, that is all, with the simple remark added that "he is one of our best men"—a high enough compliment for a duke or any other man in those manhood-testing circumstances. With that little glimpse of him at his oar, and that fine word of praise, he vanishes out of our knowledge for all time. For all time, unless he should chance upon this note and reveal himself.

The last day of May is come. And now there is a disaster to report: think of it, reflect upon it, and try to understand how much it means, when you sit down with your family and pass your eye over your breakfast-table. Yesterday there were three pints of bread-crumbs; this morning the little bag is found open and *some of the crumbs missing.* "We dislike to suspect any one of such a rascally act, but there is no question that this grave crime has been committed. Two days will certainly finish the remaining morsels. God grant us strength to reach the American group!" The third mate told me in Honolulu that in these days the men remembered with bitterness that the "Portyghee" had devoured twenty-two days' rations while he lay waiting to be transferred from the burning ship, and that now they cursed him and swore an oath that if it came to cannibalism he should be the first to suffer for the rest.

The captain has lost his glasses, and therefore he cannot read our pocket prayer-books as much as I think he would like, though he is not familiar with them.

Further of the captain: "He is a good man, and has been most kind to us—almost fatherly. He says that if he had been offered the command of the ship sooner he should have brought his two daughters with him." It makes one shudder yet to think how narrow an escape it was.

The two meals (rations) a day are as follows: fourteen raisins and a piece of cracker the size of a cent, for tea; a gill of water, and a piece of ham and a piece of bread, each the size of a cent, for breakfast.—*Captain's Log.*

He means a cent in *thickness* as well as in circumference. Samuel Ferguson's diary says the ham was shaved "about as thin as it could be cut."

June 1. Last night and to-day sea very high and cobbling, breaking over and making us all wet and cold. Weather squally, and there is no doubt that only careful management—with God's protecting care—preserved us through both the night and the day; and really it is most marvelous how every morsel that passes our lips is blessed to us. It makes me think daily of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Henry keeps up wonderfully, which is a great consolation to me. I somehow have great confidence, and hope that our afflictions will soon be ended, though we are running rapidly across the track of both outward- and inward-bound vessels, and away from them; our chief hope is a whaler, man-of-war, or some Australian ship. The isles we are steering for are put down in Bowditch, but on my map are said to be doubtful. God grant they may be there!

Hardest day yet.—*Captain's Log.*

Doubtful! It was worse than that. A week later *they sailed straight over them.*

June 2. Latitude 18° 9′. Squally, cloudy, a heavy sea. . . . I cannot help thinking of the cheerful and comfortable time we had aboard the *Hornet.*

Two days' scanty supplies left—ten rations of water apiece and a little morsel of bread. *But the sun shines, and God is merciful.*—*Captain's Log.*

Sunday, June 3. Latitude 17° 54′. Heavy sea all night, and from 4 A. M. very wet, the sea breaking over us in frequent sluices, and soaking everything aft, particularly. All day the sea has been very high, and it is a wonder that we are not swamped. Heaven grant that it may go down this evening! Our suspense and condition are getting terrible. I managed this morning to crawl, more than step, to the forward end of the boat, and was surprised to find that I was so weak, especially in the legs and knees. The sun has been out again, and I have dried some things, and hope for a better night.

June 4. Latitude 17° 6′, longitude 131° 30′. Shipped hardly any seas last night, and to-day the sea has gone down somewhat, although it is still too high for comfort, as we have an occasional reminder that water is wet. The sun has been out all day, and so we have had a good drying. I have been trying for the last ten or twelve days to get a pair of drawers dry enough to put on, and to-day at last succeeded. I mention this to show the state in which we have lived. If our chronometer is anywhere near right, we ought to see the American Isles to-morrow or next day. If they are not there, we have only the chance, for a few days, of a stray ship, for spoonful not eke

out the provisions more than five or six days longer, and our strength is failing very fast. I was much surprised to-day to note how my legs have wasted away above my knees: they are hardly thicker than my upper arm used to be. Still, I trust in God's infinite mercy, and feel sure he will do what is best for us. To survive, as we have done, thirty-two days in an open boat, with only about ten days' fair provisions for thirty-one men in the first place, and these divided twice subsequently, is more than mere unassisted *human* art and strength could have accomplished and endured.

Bread and raisins all gone.—*Captain's Log.*

Men growing dreadfully discontented, and awful grumbling and unpleasant talk is arising. God save us from all strife of men; and if we must die now, take us himself, and not embitter our bitter death still more.—*Henry's Log.*

June 5. Quiet night and pretty comfortable day, though our sail and block show signs of failing, and need taking down—which latter is something of a job, as it requires the climbing of the mast. We also had news from forward, there being discontent and some threatening complaints of unfair allowances, etc., all as unreasonable as foolish; still, these things bid us be on our guard. I am getting miserably weak, but try to keep up the best I can. If we cannot find those isles we can only try to make northwest and get in the track of Sandwich Island bound vessels, living as best we can in the meantime. To-day we changed to one meal, and that at about noon, with a small ration of water at 8 or 9 A. M., another at 12 M., and a third at 5 or 6 P. M.

Nothing left but a little piece of ham and a gill of water, all around.—*Captain's Log.*

They are down to *one* meal a day now,—such as it is,—and *fifteen hundred miles to crawl yet!* And now the horrors deepen. There is talk of murder. And not only that, but worse than that—cannibalism. Now we seem to see why that curious accident happened, so long ago: I mean Cox's return, after he had been far away and out of sight several days in the chief mate's boat. If he had not come back the captain and the two young passengers would have been slain, now, by these sailors, who have become maniacs through their sufferings.

NOTE SECRETLY PASSED BY HENRY TO HIS BROTHER.

Cox told me last night that there is getting to be a good deal of ugly talk among the men against the captain and us aft. Harry, Jack, and Fred especially. They say that the captain is the cause of all; that he did not try to save the ship at all, nor to get provisions, and even would not let the men put in some they had; and that partiality is shown us in apportioning our rations aft. Jack asked Cox the other day if he would starve first or eat human flesh. Cox answered he would starve. Jack then told him it would be only killing himself. If we do not find these islands we would do well to prepare for anything. Harry is the loudest of all.

REPLY.

We can depend on Charley, I think, and Thomas, and Cox, can we not?

SECOND NOTE.

I guess so, and very likely on Peter; but there is no telling. Charley and Cox are certain. There is nothing definite said or hinted as yet, as I understand Cox; but starving men are the same as maniacs. It would be well to keep a watch on your pistol, so as to have it and the cartridges safe from theft.

Henry's Log, June 5. Dreadful forebodings. God spare us from all such horrors! Some of the men getting to talk a good deal. Nothing to write down. Heart very sad.

Henry's Log, June 6. Passed some seaweed, and something that looked like the trunk of an old tree, but no birds; beginning to be afraid islands not there. To-day it was said to the captain, in the hearing of all, that some of the men would not shrink, when a man was dead, from using the flesh, though they would not kill. Horrible! God give us all full use of our reason, and spare us from such things! "From plague, pestilence, and famine; from battle and murder, and from sudden death, good Lord, deliver us!"

June 6. Latitude 16° 30′, longitude (chron.) 134°. Dry night and wind steady enough to require no change in sail; but this A. M. an attempt to lower it proved abortive. First the third mate tried and got up to the block, and fastened a temporary arrangement to reeve the halyards through, but had to come down, weak and almost fainting, before finishing; then Joe tried, and after twice ascending, fixed it and brought down the block; but it was very exhausting work, and afterward he was good for nothing all day. The clue-iron which we are trying to make serve for the broken block works, however, very indifferently, and will, I am afraid, soon cut the rope. It is very necessary to get everything connected with the sail in good, easy running order before we get too weak to do anything with it.

Only three meals left.—*Captain's Log.*

June 7. Latitude 16° 35′ N., longitude 136° 30′ W. Night wet and uncomfortable. To-day shows us pretty conclusively that the American Isles are not there, though we have had some signs that looked like them. At noon we decided to abandon looking any farther for them, and to-night haul a little more northerly, so as to get in the way of Sandwich Island vessels, which fortunately come down pretty well this way—say to latitude 19° to 20° to get the benefit of the trade-winds. Of course all the westing we have made is gain, and I hope the chronometer is wrong in our favor, for I do not see how any such delicate instrument can keep good time with the constant jarring and thumping we get from the sea. With the strong trade we have, I hope that a week from Sunday will put us in sight of the Sandwich Islands, if we are not safe by that time by being picked up.

It is twelve hundred miles to the Sandwich Islands; the provisions are virtually

exhausted, but not the perishing diarist's pluck.

June 8. My cough troubled me a good deal last night, and therefore I got hardly any sleep at all. Still, I make out pretty well, and should not complain. Yesterday the third mate mended the block, and this P. M. the sail, after some difficulty, was got down, and Harry got to the top of the mast and rove the halyards through after some hardship, so that it now works easy and well. This getting up the mast is no easy matter at any time with the sea we have, and is very exhausting in our present state. We could only reward Harry by an extra ration of water. We have made good time and course to-day. Heading her up, however, makes the boat ship seas and keeps us all wet; however, it cannot be helped. Writing is a rather precarious thing these times. Our meal to-day for the fifteen consists of half a can of "soup and boullie"; the other half is reserved for to-morrow. Henry still keeps up grandly, and is a great favorite. God grant he may be spared!

A better feeling prevails among the men.—*Captain's Log.*

June 9. Latitude 17° 53′. Finished to-day, I may say, our whole stock of provisions.[1] We have only left a lower end of a ham-bone, with some of the outer rind and skin on. In regard to the water, however, I think we have got ten days' supply at our present rate of allowance. This, with what nourishment we can get from boot-legs and such chewable matter, we hope will enable us to weather it out till we get to the Sandwich Islands, or, sailing in the meantime in the track of vessels thither bound, be picked up. My hope is in the latter, for in all human probability I cannot stand the other. Still, we have been marvelously protected, and God, I hope, will preserve us all in his own good time and way. The men are getting weaker, but are still quiet and orderly.

Sunday, June 10. Latitude 18° 40′, longitude 142° 34′. A pretty good night last night, with some wettings, and again another beautiful Sunday. I cannot but think how we should all enjoy it at home, and what a contrast is here! How terrible their suspense must begin to be! God grant that it may be relieved before very long, and he certainly seems to be with us in everything we do, and has preserved this boat miraculously; for since we left the ship we have sailed considerably over three thousand miles, which, taking into consideration our meager stock of provisions, is almost unprecedented. As yet I do not feel the stint of food so much as I do that of water. Even Henry, who is naturally a good water-drinker, can save half of his allowance from time to time, when I cannot. My diseased throat may have something to do with that, however.

Nothing is now left which by any flattery can be called food. But they must manage somehow for five days more, for at noon they have still eight hundred miles to go. It is a race for life now.

This is no time for comments or other interruptions from me—every moment is valuable. I will take up the boy brother's diary at this point, and clear the seas before it and let it fly.

HENRY FERGUSON'S LOG.

Sunday, June 10. Our ham-bone has given us a taste of food to-day, and we have got left a little meat and the remainder of the bone for to-morrow. Certainly, never was there such a sweet knuckle-bone, or one that was so thoroughly appreciated. . . . I do not know that I feel any worse than I did last Sunday, notwithstanding the reduction of diet; and I trust that we may all have strength given us to sustain the sufferings and hardships of the coming week. We estimate that we are within seven hundred miles of the Sandwich Islands, and that our average, daily, is somewhat over a hundred miles, so that our hopes have some foundation in reason. Heaven send we may all live to see land!

June 11. Ate the meat and rind of our ham-bone, and have the bone and the greasy cloth from around the ham left to eat to-morrow. God send us birds or fish, and let us not perish of hunger, or be brought to the dreadful alternative of feeding on human flesh! As I feel now, I do not think anything could persuade me; but you cannot tell what you will do when you are reduced by hunger and your mind wandering. I hope and pray we can make out to reach the islands before we get to this strait; but we have one or two desperate men aboard, though they are quiet enough now. *It is my firm trust and belief that we are going to be saved.*

All food gone.—*Captain's Log.*[2]

June 12. Stiff breeze, and we are fairly flying—dead ahead of it—and toward the islands. Good hope, but the prospects of hunger are awful. Ate ham-bone to-day. It is the captain's birthday; he is fifty-four years old.

June 13. The ham-rags are not quite all gone yet, and the boot-legs, we find, are very palatable after we get the salt out of them. A little smoke, I think, does some little good; but I don't know.

June 14. Hunger does not pain us much, but we are dreadfully weak. Our water is getting frightfully low. God grant we may see land soon! *Nothing to eat,* but feel better than I did yesterday. Toward evening saw a magnificent rainbow—*the first we had seen.* Captain said, "Cheer up, boys; it 's a prophecy—*it 's the bow of promise!*"

June 15. God be forever praised for his infinite mercy! LAND IN SIGHT! Rapidly neared it and soon were *sure* of it. . . . Two noble

[1] Six days to sail yet, nevertheless.—M. T.

[2] It was at this time discovered that the crazed sailors had gotten the delusion that the captain had *a million dollars* in gold concealed aft, and they were conspiring to kill him and the two passengers and seize it.—M. T.

Kanakas swam out and took the boat ashore. We were joyfully received by two white men—Mr. Jones and his steward Charley—and a crowd of native men, women, and children. They treated us splendidly—aided us, and carried us up the bank, and brought us water, poi, bananas, and green cocoanuts; but the white men took care of us and prevented those who would have eaten too much from doing so. Everybody overjoyed to see us, and all sympathy expressed in faces, deeds, and words. We were then helped up to the house; and help we needed. Mr. Jones and Charley are the only white men here. Treated us splendidly. Gave us first about a teaspoonful of spirits in water, and then to each a cup of warm tea, with a little bread. Takes *every* care of us. Gave us later another cup of tea, and bread the same, and then let us go to rest. *It is the happiest day of my life.* . . . God in his mercy has heard our prayer. . . . Everybody is so kind. Words cannot tell.

June 16. Mr. Jones gave us a delightful bed, and we surely had a good night's rest; but not sleep—we were too happy to sleep; would keep the reality and not let it turn to a delusion—dreaded that we might wake up and find ourselves in the boat again.

It is an amazing adventure. There is nothing of its sort in history that surpasses it in impossibilities made possible. In one extraordinary detail—the survival of *every person* in the boat—it probably stands alone in the history of adventures of its kind. Usually merely a part of a boat's company survive—officers, mainly, and other educated and tenderly reared men, unused to hardship and heavy labor; the untrained, roughly reared hard workers succumb. But in this case even the rudest and roughest stood the privations and miseries of the voyage almost as well as did the college-bred young brothers and the captain. I mean, physically. The minds of most of the sailors broke down in the fourth week and went to temporary ruin, but physically the endurance exhibited was astonishing. Those men did not survive by any merit of their own, of course, but by merit of the character and intelligence of the captain; they lived by the mastery of his spirit. Without him they would have been children without a nurse; they would have exhausted their provisions in a week, and their pluck would not have lasted even as long as the provisions.

The boat came near to being wrecked at the last. As it approached the shore the sail was let go, and came down with a run; then the captain saw that he was drifting swiftly toward an ugly reef, and an effort was made to hoist the sail again: but it could not be done; the men's strength was wholly exhausted; they could not even pull an oar. They were helpless, and death imminent. It was then that they were discovered by the two Kanakas who achieved the rescue. They swam out and manned the boat and piloted her through a narrow and hardly noticeable break in the reef—the only break in it in a stretch of thirty-five miles! The spot where the landing was made was the only one in that stretch where footing could have been found on the shore; everywhere else precipices came sheer down into forty fathoms of water. Also, in all that stretch this was the only spot where anybody lived.

Within ten days after the landing all the men but one were up and creeping about. Properly, they ought to have killed themselves with the "food" of the last few days—some of them, at any rate—men who had freighted their stomachs with strips of leather from old boots and with chips from the butter-cask; a freightage which they did not get rid of by digestion, but by other means. The captain and the two passengers did not eat strips and chips, as the sailors did, but *scraped* the boot-leather and the wood, and made a pulp of the scrapings by moistening them with water. The third mate told me that the boots were old and full of holes; then added thoughtfully, "but the holes digested the best." Speaking of digestion, here is a remarkable thing, and worth noting: during this strange voyage, and for a while afterward on shore, the bowels of some of the men virtually ceased from their functions; in some cases there was no action for twenty and thirty days, and in one case for forty-four! Sleeping also came to be rare. Yet the men did very well without it. During many days the captain did not sleep at all—twenty-one, I think, on one stretch.

When the landing was made, all the men were successfully protected from overeating except the "Portyghee"; he escaped the watch and ate an incredible number of bananas: a hundred and fifty-two, the third mate said, but this was undoubtedly an exaggeration; I think it was a hundred and fifty-one. He was already nearly full of leather; it was hanging out of his ears. (I do not state this on the third mate's authority, for we have seen what sort of person he was; I state it on my own.) The "Portyghee" ought to have died, of course, and even now it seems a pity that he did n't; but he got well, and as early as any of them; and all full of leather, too, the way he was, and butter-timber and handkerchiefs and bananas. Some of the men did eat handker-

chiefs in those last days, also socks; and he was one of them.

It is to the credit of the men that they did not kill the rooster that crowed so gallantly mornings. He lived eighteen days, and then stood up and stretched his neck and made a brave, weak effort to do his duty once more, and died in the act. It is a picturesque detail; and so is that rainbow, too, —the only one seen in the forty-three days, —raising its triumphal arch in the skies for the sturdy fighters to sail under to victory and rescue.

With ten days' provisions Captain Josiah Mitchell performed this memorable voyage of forty-three days and eight hours in an open boat, sailing four thousand miles in reality and thirty-three hundred and sixty by direct courses, and brought every man safe to land. A bright, simple-hearted, unassuming, plucky, and most companionable man. I walked the deck with him twenty-eight days,—when I was not copying diaries, —and I remember him with reverent honor. If he is alive he is eighty-six years old now.

If I remember rightly, Samuel Ferguson died soon after we reached San Francisco. I do not think he lived to see his home again; his disease had doubtless doomed him when he left it.

For a time it was hoped that the two quarter-boats would presently be heard of, but this hope suffered disappointment. They went down with all on board, no doubt, not even sparing that knightly chief mate.

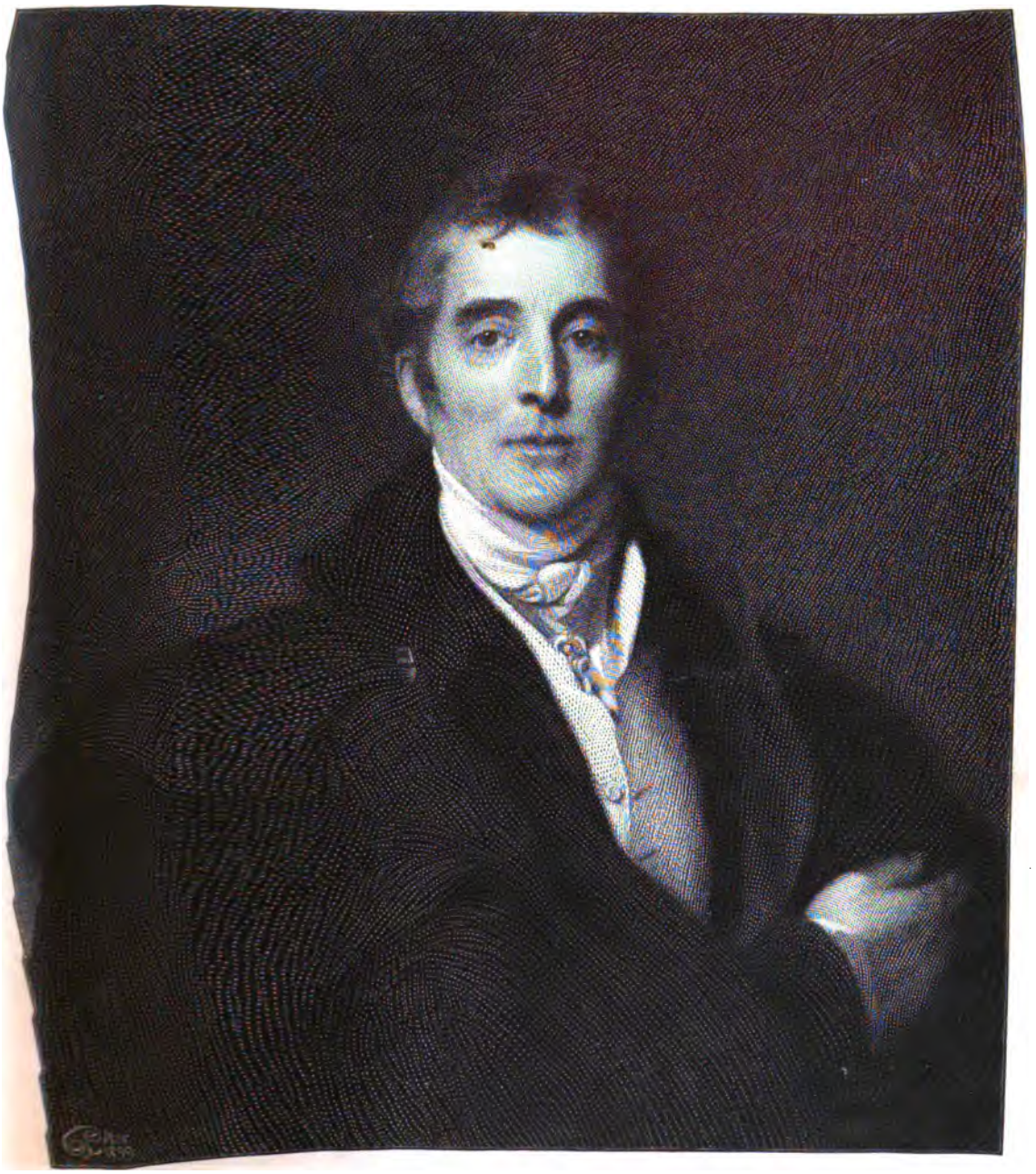
The authors of the diaries wanted to smooth them up a little before allowing me to copy them, but there was no occasion for that, and I persuaded them out of it. These diaries are finely modest and unaffected, and with unconscious and unintentional art they rise toward the climax with graduated and gathering force and swing and dramatic intensity; they sweep you along with a cumulative rush, and when the cry rings out at last, "Land in sight!" your heart is in your mouth, and for a moment you think it is you that have been saved. The last two paragraphs are not improvable by anybody's art; they are literary gold; and their very pauses and uncompleted sentences have in them an eloquence not reachable by any words.

The interest of this story is unquenchable; it is of the sort that time cannot decay. I have not looked at the diaries for thirty-two years, but I find that they have lost nothing in that time. Lost? They have gained; for by some subtile law all tragic human experiences gain in pathos by the perspective of time. We realize this when in Naples we stand musing over the poor Pompeian mother, lost in the historic storm of volcanic ashes eighteen centuries ago, who lies with her child gripped close to her breast, trying to save it, and whose despair and grief have been preserved for us by the fiery envelop which took her life but eternalized her form and features. She moves us, she haunts us, she stays in our thoughts for many days, we do not know why, for she is nothing to us, she has been nothing to any one for eighteen centuries; whereas of the like case to-day we should say, "Poor thing! it is pitiful," and forget it in an hour.

A DESERTED BUDDHA.

BY LILLA CABOT PERRY.

CARVED in the living rock, from days remote,
Buddha, thou sit'st, one with the mountain-side,
And gazest with calm eyes o'er valleys wide
And heaped-up hills where opal cloud-mists float.
Dust are the busy brain and hands devout
That fashioned thee; dust, too, the multitude
That sought thee in thy mountain solitude
And erst with worship compassed thee about.
Gone is the jewel wisdom from thy front,
Plucked off in sacrilege! From o'er thine head
The temple roof is gone, by time decayed.
Yet still thou wear'st a smile as was thy wont
Through ages past: unworshiped and alone,
Save when the alien brings a casual stone.



TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. PAINTED BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

FROM THE ORIGINAL, OWNED BY LORD ROSEBERY.

COLE'S OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.

JOHN CROME, CALLED "OLD CROME" (1768–1821).

BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE.

THE history of the early English landscape is not difficult to trace. There are three names that stand for three stages of its progress. Wilson had founded it, following the classic precedent of Claude; Gainsborough had added to it the Dutch and Flemish traditions; but it remained for Crome to English it and make it live. Crome, the Norwich provincial, who knew little of tradition and less of school training, produced the most vital landscape of his time, possibly because of his provincialism. Without precept or preceptor, painting "Mousehold Heath" because it was before him, in his own manner because no teacher was behind him, Crome builded much better than he knew. In rendering certain features of landscape, such as space, sky, and light, he has not been surpassed. Modern painters have sought to reproduce these features by academic rule, but the "Windmill" in the National Gallery will to-day stand up against them all. Its sky and light are perfect—and that is using the last word in the vocabulary.

Crome was born at Norwich, in the east of England, in December, 1768. He was the son of a poor weaver, and is said to have received little or no schooling. At twelve he was an errand-boy for a country doctor, at fifteen an apprentice to a coach-, sign-, and house-painter. Later on he developed a taste for landscape-painting and a friendship for a printer's prentice, also artistically inclined, named Ladbrooke. They took a garret together, Ladbrooke painting portraits at five shillings a head, and Crome landscapes at thirty shillings. This was about the time Crome finished his seven years of apprenticeship, but he did not immediately abandon his trade. Mr. Reeve, at Norwich (to whom I am indebted for much valuable information about Crome and Cotman), has a bill of Crome's for painting the sign of the Maid's Head Tavern, two pounds fourteen; and the bill is dated May 27, 1803. Crome was then thirty-four, and though he had little money he had made some friends. Among others, a Mr. Harvey had introduced him as a drawing-master to people in Norfolk, and had allowed him to study pictures in his gallery; Sir William Beechey, in London, had taken an interest in him and given him instruction; and Opie had also helped him. Crome had early tied himself hand and foot with a wife and large family, and he could do no other than eke out a subsistence by teaching drawing in his native town and selling pictures when opportunity offered. This he did. Gradually he drew about him what art talent there was in the Norfolk country, and formed the first provincial school of painters in England. It crystallized in the formation of the "Norwich Society," an art club for study that met every fortnight, each member in rotation providing a bread-and-cheese refreshment. Cotman, Vincent, Stark, Stannard, Thirtle, belonged to it. Exhibitions were held, the first one being in a room in Sir Benjamin Wrench's court. There were two hundred and twenty-three works in oil and water-color, and over twenty of them were by Crome. The exhibitions were annual, and continued with some interruptions until 1833.

Aside from these home interests, Crome occasionally ran up to London, but he did not send anything to the Royal Academy until 1806, and, all told, never exhibited more than twenty pictures there. He wandered in England a little. In 1802 he was with the Gurneys as drawing-master while making a tour of the Lakes; in 1805 he was on the Wye, in 1806 at Weymouth. Eight years later he made a short trip to Belgium and France. Doubtless his glimpse of foreign art had some influence upon him. He may have seen and studied Dutch, French, and Italian landscape art on the Continent, but he showed none of the study in his painting. His style was formed before he crossed the Channel, and he did not change materially during the rest of his life. At fifty-three he died suddenly in his native town of Norwich, and the tale is told that his last words were, "Hobbema, my dear Hobbema, how I have loved you!"

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE. FROM THE PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

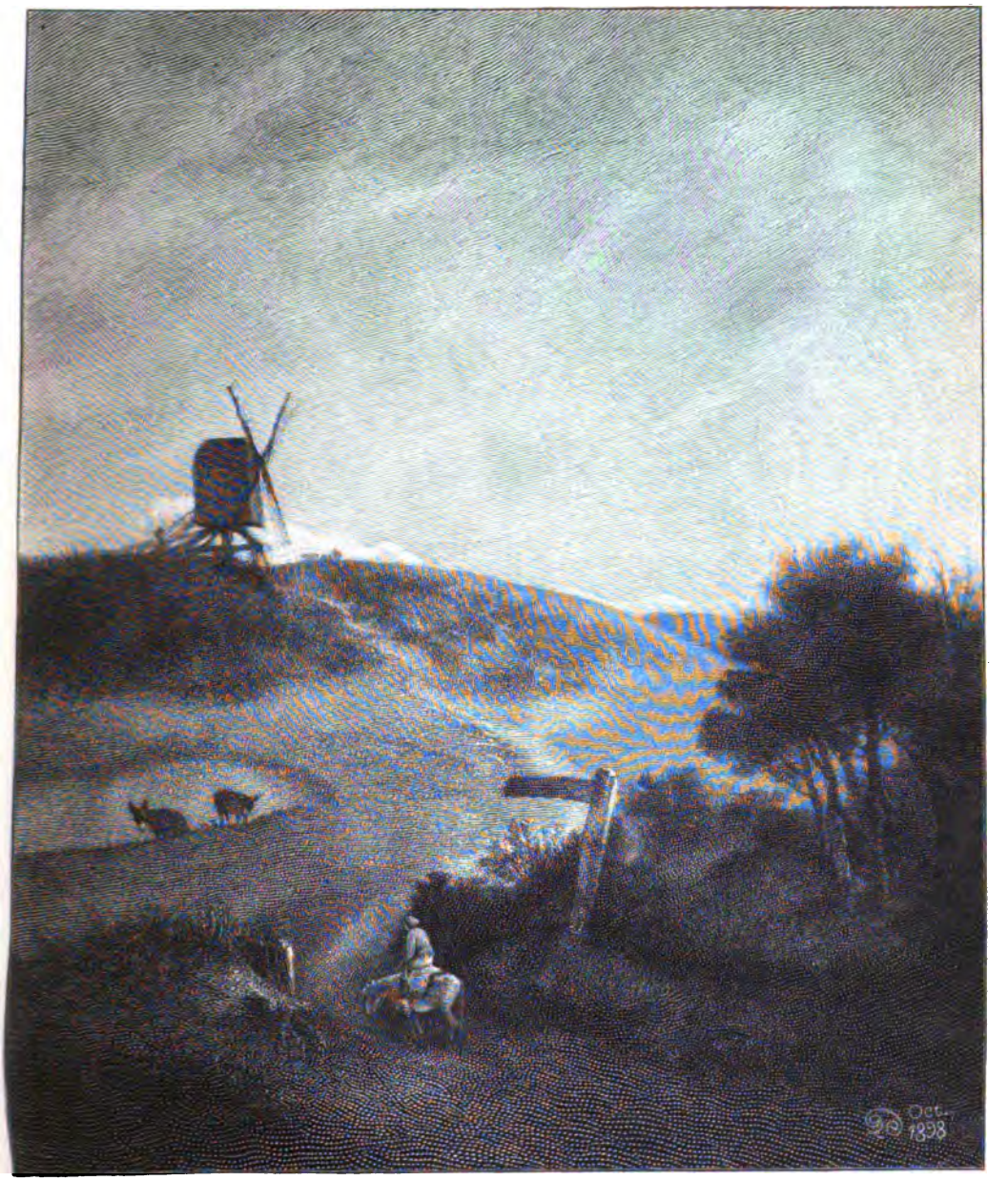
MOUSEHOLD HEATH. PAINTING BY JOHN CROME.

The story of Crome's last words, like many another pretty story in art, may be labeled, "Interesting if true." But there are two good reasons for doubting its truth. In the first place, they are not the sort of words nor do they express the kind of sentiment the dying usually give utterance to; and, in the second place, there is no trace of Crome's love for Hobbema in his landscapes. Yet we have been told by writer after writer that Crome based his art on that of Hobbema. There is only a skin-deep likeness in the work of the two men. Their schemes of light and color are totally different, and in tree-drawing the only resemblance is that they are both wearisome in detail. Crome was self-taught in the sense that he had no master; but naturally he took a bias from pictures seen at Norwich and thereabout, and his first artistic love was an Englishman, Richard Wilson. He never outgrew this first love. Almost all of his works—even the very late ones—show the golden sky and mellow light of Wilson, newly studied, enhanced, and more sensitively portrayed. Again, many of them are composed after Wilson's manner, and have his feeling for space beyond rocks or hills. In fact, no one would suspect Hobbema in the case if it were not for that last-words story. There may be some hint of the Dutchman in Crome's etchings; but again, the Dutch likeness may have been derived from another source—the art of Gainsborough.

Crome was twenty years of age when Gainsborough died, and surely he must have heard of the famous painter who had come from the Suffolk country, so near at hand. The tale is told that the celebrated "Cottage Door" belonged to Crome's earliest patron, Mr. Harvey, who gave Crome the privileges of his gallery for purposes of study. It would thus seem that Gainsborough was an earlier influence in the painter's life than Wilson, but, early or late, he certainly was an influence. The "brown-fiddle" tree, the dark shadow, the flickering light on foliage, the reflecting pool of water, came from Gainsborough; and even that sharpness of drawing, that brittleness of bough and niggling of leafage in Crome which have been attributed to Hobbema, came from such Gainsborough imitations of the Dutchman as the "Cornard Woodland."

Crome was, to be sure, something of a follower, as every painter must be; but he followed his own countrymen, and, what is more, he improved upon them. To their knowledge he added an individual intelligence of no mean order. His sense of light in the sky and movement in the clouds was most keen, his grasp of the height and depth of space was profound, and his poetry of aërial distance was little short of sublime. The "Mousehold Heath" he painted for "air and space," and he achieved them as Gainsborough and Wilson never did. The roll of the hills and the distance beyond them are superb; the sky as originally painted must have been superb, too, but it is now so rubbed that it has lost its depth and aërial luminosity. An art device borrowed from Wilson, rather than his own knowledge, led him to mar the picture by a wholly conventional foreground. It is not so complete as the "Windmill," in which the best features of Crome—namely, light, air, and space—are revealed. For, after all has been said in their favor, his trees and foliage excite small enthusiasm. They are "drawn," to be sure, but with a brittle brush and a tedious insistence upon the infinitely little. The breadth and depth of a tree such as Rousseau painted Crome seems never to have comprehended. The "Poringland Oak," fine masterpiece as it is, is a case to the point. It is not the better for its many-tined buckthorn-tree. The sky, the light, the air, the water, are living; but the tree, for all its characterization as an oak, is dead and petrified. His foregrounds are usually petrified, too, the flowers, the thistles, the weeds, and the grasses being cut patterns rather than natural growths. Crome has always been praised for these icicle-like drawings of tree and shrub, but they would seem to be his least praiseworthy features. His originality, his invention, his skill, seem best shown in the light of morning and evening, in the sweep of hills, in the air of the sea-coast, in the sluggish waters of rivers and harbors, with sails and buildings against golden skies and white clouds. Here he is quite alone, an English painter of marked genius.

Crome's method of painting was simple but skilful. He based his pictures in warm neutral tints, and then overlaid his lights and shadows with a meager brush. He thus gained much warmth and color from the background. If it was a dark, shadowed effect that he wished, he underbased in dark. This was sometimes attended by unhappy results, the "Carrow Abbey" and the "Dawn" at Norwich, for instances, being much blackened by the disintegration of the surface pigments. Some of his pictures are so thinly painted that the weave of the canvas is disagreeably prominent.



TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.

WINDMILL. PAINTED BY JOHN CROME.

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE OPEN HEART.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

WOULD you understand
The language with no word,
The speech of brook and bird,
Of waves along the sand?

Would you make your own
The meaning of the leaves,
The song the silence weaves
Where little winds made moan?

Would you know how sweet
The falling of the rill,
The calling on the hill—
All tunes the days repeat?

Neither alms nor art,
No toil, can help you hear;
The secret of the ear
Is in the open heart.

THE APOSTATE OF CHEGO-CHEGG.

BY ABRAHAM CAHAN.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.

I.

"SO this is America, and I am a Jewess no longer!" brooded Michalina, as she looked at the stretch of vegetable gardens across the road from the threshold where she sat. "They say farm-hands work shorter hours on Saturdays, yet God knows when Wincas will get home." Her slow, black eyes returned to the stocking and the big darning-needle in her hands.

She was yearning for her Gentile husband and their common birthplace, and she was yearning for her father's house and her Jewish past. Wincas kept buzzing in her ear that she was a Catholic, but he did not understand her. She was a *meshumedeste*—a convert Jewess, an apostate, a renegade, a traitoress, something beyond the vituperative resources of Gentile speech. The bonfires of the Inquisition had burned into her people a point of view to which Wincas was a stranger. Years of religious persecution and enforced clannishness had taught them to look upon the Jew who deserts his faith for that of his oppressors with a horror and a loathing which the Gentile brain could not conceive. Michalina's father had sat seven days shoeless on the ground, as for the dead, but death was what he naturally invoked upon the "defiled head," as the lesser of the two evils. Atheism would have been a malady; *shmad* (conversion to a Gentile creed) was far worse than death. Michalina felt herself buried alive. She was a meshumedeste. She shuddered to think what the word meant.

At first she seemed anxious to realize the change she had undergone. "You are a Jewess no longer—you are a Gentile woman," she would say to herself. But the words were as painful as they were futile, and she turned herself adrift on the feeling that she was the same girl as of old, except that something terrible had befallen her. "God knows where it will all end," she would whisper. She had a foreboding that something far more terrible, a great crushing blow that was to smite her, was gathering force somewhere.

Hatred would rise in her heart at such moments—hatred for her "sorceress of a stepmother," whose cruel treatment of Michalina had driven her into the arms of the Gentile lad and to America. It was owing to her that Rivka (Rebecca) had become a Michalina, a meshumedeste.

The Long Island village (one of a dozen within half an hour's walk from one another)

MICHALINA.

was surrounded by farms which yielded the Polish peasants their livelihood. Their pay was about a dollar a day, but potatoes were the principal part of their food, and this they got from their American employers free. Nearly every peasant owned a fiddle or a banjo. A local politician had humorously dubbed the settlement Chego-Chegg (this was his phonetic summary of the Polish language), and the name clung.

Wincas and Michalina had been only a few days in the place, and although they spoke Polish as well as Lithuanian, they were shy of the other peasants and felt lonely. Michalina had not seen any of her former coreligionists since she and her husband had left the immigrant station, and she longed for them as one for the first time in mid-ocean longs for a sight of land. She had heard that there were two Jewish settlements near by. Often she would stand gazing at the horizon, wondering where they might be; whereupon her vague image of them at once allured and terrified her.

"'BUT I AM MARRIED TO A GENTILE.'" (SEE PAGE 103.)

The sun shone dreamily, like an old man smiling at his own drowsiness. It was a little world of blue, green, gray, and gold, heavy with sleep. A spot of white and a spot of red came gleaming down the road. Rabbi Nehemiah was on his way home from Greyton, where he had dined with the "finest householder" and "said some law" to the little congregation at the afternoon service. For it was Sabbath, and that was why his unstarched shirt-collar was so fresh and his red bandana was tied around the waist of his long-skirted coat. Carrying things on the seventh day being prohibited, Rabbi Nehemiah *wore* his handkerchief.

The door of the general store (it was also the inn); overlooking the cross-roads from a raised platform, was wide open. A Polish peasant in American trousers and undershirt, but with a Warsaw pipe dangling from his mouth, sat on a porch, smoking quietly. A barefooted boy was fast asleep in the grass across the road, a soldier's cap by his side, like a corpse on the battle-field.

As Michalina glanced up the gray road to see if Wincas was not coming, her eye fell upon Rabbi Nehemiah. A thrill ran through her. She could tell by his figure, his huge white collar, and the handkerchief around his waist that he was a pious, learned Jew. As he drew near she saw that his face was overgrown with wisps of silken beard of a yellowish shade, and that he was a man of about twenty-seven.

As he walked along he gesticulated and murmured to himself. It was one of his bickerings with Satan.

"It's labor lost, Mr. Satan!" he said, with a withering smile. "You won't catch me again, if you burst. Go try your tricks on somebody else. If you hope to get me among your regular customers you are a very poor business man, I tell you that. Nehemiah is as clever as you, depend upon it. Go, mister, go!"

All this he said quite audibly, in his velvety, purring bass, which set one wondering where his voice came from.

As he came abreast of Michalina he stopped short in consternation.

"Woe is me, on the holy Sabbath!" he exclaimed in Yiddish, dropping his hands to his sides.

The color rushed to Michalina's face. She stole a glance at the Pole down the road. He seemed to be half asleep. She lowered her eyes and went on with her work.

"Will you not stop this, my daughter? Come, go indoors and dress in honor of the Sabbath," he purred on, with a troubled, appealing look.

"I don't understand what you say, sir," she answered, in Lithuanian, without raising her eyes.

The devout man started. "I thought she was a child of Israel!" he exclaimed, in his native tongue, as he hastily resumed his way. "Fie upon her! But what a pretty Gentile maiden!—just like a Jewess—" Suddenly he interrupted himself. "You are at it again, are n't you?" he burst out upon Satan. "Leave me alone, will you?"

Michalina's face was on fire. She was following the pious man with her glance. He was apparently going to one of those two Jewish villages. Every step he took gave her a pang, as if he were tied to her heart. As he disappeared on a side road behind some trees she hastily took her darning indoors and set out after him.

II.

About three quarters of an hour had passed when, following the pious little man, she came in sight of a new town that looked as if it had sprung up overnight. It was Burkdale, the newest offshoot of an old hamlet, and it owed its existence to the "Land Improvement Company," to the president of which, Madison Burke, it owed its name. Some tailoring contractors had moved their "sweatshops" here, after a prolonged strike in New York, and there were, besides, some fifty or sixty peddlers who spent the week scouring the island for custom and who came here for the two Sabbath days—their own and that of their Christian patrons. The improvised little town was lively with the whir of sewing-machines and the many-colored display of shop windows.

As the man with the red girdle made his appearance, a large, stout woman in a black wig greeted him from across the street.

"Good Sabbath, Rabbi Nehemiah!" she called out to him, with a faint smile.

"A good Sabbath and a good year!" he returned.

Michalina was thrilled once more. She was now following close behind the pious man. She ran the risk of attracting his attention, but she no longer cared. Seeing a boy break some twigs, Rabbi Nehemiah made a dash at him, as though to rescue him from death, and seizing him by the arms, he shook the sticks out of his hands. Then, stroking the urchin's swarthy cheeks, he said fondly:

"It is prohibited, my son. God will give

one a lashing for desecrating the Sabbath. Oh, what a lashing!"

A sob rose to Michalina's throat.

A short distance farther on Rabbi Nehemiah paused to remonstrate with a group of young men who stood smoking cigarettes and chatting by a merchandise wagon.

"Woe! Woe! Woe!" he exclaimed. "Do throw it away, pray! Are you not children of Israel? Do drop your cigarettes."

"Rabbi Nehemiah is right," said a big fellow, with a wink, concealing his cigarette behind him. The others followed his example, and Rabbi Nehemiah, flushed with his easy victory, went on pleading for a life of piety and divine study. He spoke from the bottom of his heart, and his face shone, but this did not prevent his plea from being flavored with a certain humor, for the most part at his own expense.

"The world to come is the tree, while this world is only the shadow it casts," he said in his soft, thick voice. "Smoking on the Sabbath, staying away from the synagogue, backbiting, cheating in business, dancing with maidens, or ogling somebody else's wife —all this is a great pleasure, is it not? Well, the sages of this world, the dudes, the educated, and even a high-priced adornment like myself, think it is. We hunt for these delights. Behold, we have caught them. Close your fist tight! Hold the precious find with might and main, Rabbi Nehemiah! Presently, hark! the Angel of Death is coming. 'Please, open your hand, Rabbi Nehemiah. Let us see what you have got.' Alas! it's empty, empty, empty—*Ai-ai!*" he suddenly shrieked in a frightened, piteous voice. While he was speaking the big fellow had stolen up behind him and clapped his enormous high hat over his eyes. The next moment another young man slipped up to Rabbi Nehemiah's side, snatched off his bandana, and set it on fire.

"Woe is me! Woe is me! On the holy Sabbath!" cried the devout man, in despair.

Michalina, who had been looking on at a distance, every minute making ready to go home, rushed up to Rabbi Nehemiah's side.

"Don't—pray don't!" she begged his tormentors, in Yiddish. "You know he did not touch you; why should you hurt him?"

A crowd gathered. The learned man was looking about him with a perplexed air, when along came Sorah-Elka, the bewigged tall woman who had saluted him a short while ago. The young men made way for her.

"What's the matter? Gota licking again?" she inquired, between a frown and a smile, and speaking in phlegmatic, articulate accents. Her smile was like her voice—pleasingly cold. She was the cleverest, the most pious, and the most ill-natured woman in the place. "Serves you right, Rabbi Nehemiah. You look for trouble and you get it. What more do you want? What did they do to him, the scamps?"

"Nothing. They only knocked his hat over his eyes. They were fooling," answered a little boy.

Sorah-Elka's humor and her calm, authoritative manner won Michalina's heart. Oh, if she were one of this Jewish crowd! She wished she could speak to them. Well, who knew her here? As to Rabbi Nehemiah, he did not seem to recognize her, so she ventured to say, ingratiatingly:

"He did n't do them anything. He only talked to them and they hit him on the head."

Many eyes were leveled at the stranger. The young fellow who had burned Rabbi Nehemiah's handkerchief was scanning her face.

Suddenly he exclaimed:

"I sha'n't live till next week if she is not the meshumedeste of Chego-Chegg! I peddle over there."

The terrible untranslatable word, the most loathsome to the Yiddish ear, struck Michalina cold. She wondered whether this was the great calamity which her heart had been predicting. Was it the beginning of her end? Rabbi Nehemiah recognized her. With a shriek of horror, and drawing his skirts about him, as if for fear of contamination, he proceeded to describe his meeting with Michalina at the Polish village.

"What! this plague the meshumedeste who has a peasant for a husband!" said Sorah-Elka, as she swept the young woman with contemptuous curiosity. "May all the woes that are to befall me, you, or any good Jew—may they all strike the head of this horrid thing—fie upon her!" And the big woman spat with the same imperturbable smile with which she had drawled out her malediction.

Michalina went off toward Chego-Chegg. When the crowd was a few yards behind her somebody shouted:

"Meshumedeste! Meshumedeste!"

The children and some full-grown rowdies took up the cry:

"Meshumedeste! Meshumedeste! Meshumedeste!" they sang in chorus, running after her and pelting her with stones.

Michalina was frightened to death. And yet her pursuers and the whole Jewish town became dearer to her heart than ever.

"WHERE have you been?" Wincas asked, shaking her furiously.

"Don't! Don't! People are looking!" she protested, in her quietly strenuous way.

The village was astir. Children were running about; women sat on the porches, gossiping; two fiddles were squeaking themselves hoarse in the tavern. A young negro, lank, tattered, and grinning, was twanging a banjo to a crowd of simpering Poles. He it was who got the peasants to forsake their accordions, or even fiddles, for banjos. He was the civilizing and Americanizing genius of the place, although he had learned to jabber Polish long before any of his pupils picked up a dozen English words.

"Tell me where you have been," raged Wincas.

"Suppose I don't? Am I afraid of you? I felt lonesome—so lonesome! I thought I would die of loneliness, so I went for a walk and lost my way. Are you satisfied?"

They went indoors, where their landlady had prepared for them a meal of herring, potatoes, and beef-stew.

Half an hour later they were seated on the lawn, conversing in whispers amid the compact blackness of the night. The two tavern windows gleamed like suspended sheets of gold. Diving out of these into the sea of darkness was a frisky host of banjo notes.

"How dark it is!" whispered Michalina.

"Are you afraid of devils?"

"No—why?"

"I thought you might be," he said.

After a pause he suddenly pointed at his heart.

"Does it hurt you?" he asked.

"What do you mean, darling?" she demanded, interlacing her fingers over his shoulder and peering into his beardless face.

"Something has got into me. It 's right here. It 's pulling me to pieces, Michalinka!"

"That 's nothing," she said. "It 's only homesickness. It will wear off."

Wincas complained of his employer, the queer ways of American farming, the tastelessness of American food.

"God has cursed this place and taken the life out of everything," he said. "I suppose it 's all because the people here are so wicked. Everything looks as it should, but you just try to put it into your mouth, and you find out the swindle. Look here, Michalinka, maybe it is the Jewish god getting even on me?"

She was bent upon her own thoughts and made no reply. Presently she began to caress him as she would a sick baby.

"Don't worry, my love," she comforted him. "America is a good country. Everybody says so. Wait till we get used to it. Then you won't go, even if you are driven with sticks from here."

They sat mutely clinging to each other, their eyes on the bright tavern windows, when a fresh, fragrant breeze came blowing upon them. Wincas fell to inhaling it thirstily. The breeze brought his native village to his nostrils.

"Mi-Michalinka darling!" he suddenly sobbed out, clasping her to his heart.

III.

WHEN Michalina, pale, weak, and beautiful, lay in bed, and the midwife bade her look at her daughter, the young mother opened her flashing black eyes and forthwith shut them again. The handful of flesh and her own splitting headache seemed one and the same thing. After a little, as her agonizing sleep was broken and her torpid gaze found the baby by the wall, she was overcome with terror and disgust. It was a *shikse* (Gentile girl), a heap of defilement. What was it doing by her side?

She had not nursed the baby a week before she grew attached to it. By the time little Marysia was a month old, she was dearer than her own life to her.

The little railroad-station about midway between the two settlements became Michalina's favorite resort. Her neighbors she shunned. She had been brought up to look down upon their people as "a race like unto an ass." At home she could afford to like them. Now that she was one of them, they were repugnant to her. They, in their turn, often mocked her and called her "Jew woman." And so she would often go to spend an hour or two in the waiting-room of the station or on the platform outside. Some of the passengers were Jews, and these would eye her curiously, as if they had heard of her. She blushed under their glances, yet she awaited them impatiently each time a train was due.

One morning a peddler, bending under his pack, stopped to look at her. When he had dropped his burden his face seemed familiar to Michalina. He was an insignificant little man, clean-shaven, with close-clipped yellowish hair, and he wore a derby hat and a sack-coat.

All at once his face broke into a broad, affectionate smile.

"How do you do?" he burst out in a deep,

mellow voice which she recognized instantly. "I once spoke to you in Chego-Chegg, do you remember? I see you are amazed to see me in a short coat and without beard and side-locks."

"You look ten years younger," she said in a daze of embarrassment.

"I am Rabbi Nehemiah no longer," he explained bashfully. "They call me Nehemiah the Atheist now."

"Another sinner!" Michalina thought, with a little thrill of pleasure.

Nehemiah continued, with a shamefaced smile:

"When my coat and my side-locks were long my sight was short, while now—why, now I am so saturated with wisdom that pious Jews keep away from me for fear of getting wet, don't you know? Well, joking aside, I had ears, but could not hear because of my ear-locks; I had eyes, and could not see because they were closed in prayer. Now I am cured of my idiocy. And how are you? How are you getting along in America?"

His face beamed. Michalina's wore a pained look. She was bemoaning the fall of an idol.

"I am all right, thank you. Don't the Burkdale people trouble you?" she asked, reddening violently.

"Men will be men and rogues will be rogues. Do you remember that Saturday? It was not the only beating I got, either. They regaled me quite often—the oxen! However, I bear them no ill will. Who knows but it was their cuffs and buffets that woke me up? The one thing that gives me pain is this: the same fellows who used to break my bones for preaching religion now beat me because I expose its idiocies. I am like the great rabbi who had once been a chief of highwaymen. 'What of it?' he used to say. 'I was a leader then, and a leader I am now.' I was whipped when I was Rabbi Nehemiah, and now that I am Nehemiah the Atheist I am whipped again. By the way, do you remember how they hooted you? There 's nothing to blush about, missus. Religion is all humbug. There are no Jews and no Gentiles, missus. This is America. All are noblemen here, and all are brothers—children of one mother—Nature, dear little missus." The word was apparently a titbit to his tongue. He uttered it with relish, peering admiringly into Michalina's face. "Go forth, dear little missus! Go forth, O thou daughter of Zion, and proclaim to all those who are groveling in the mire of Judaism—"

"S-s-s-sh!" she interrupted imploringly. "Why should you speak like that? Don't—oh, don't!"

He began a long and heated argument. She could not follow him.

Marysia was asleep in her arms, munching her little lips and smiling. As Michalina stole a glance at her, she could not help smiling, too. She gazed at the child again and again, pretending to listen. For the twentieth time she noticed that in the upper part of her face Marysia bore a striking resemblance to Wincas.

Michalina and Nehemiah often met. All she understood of his talk was that it was in Yiddish, and this was enough. Though he preached atheism, to her ear his words were echoes from the world of synagogues, rabbis, purified meat, blessed Sabbath lights. Another thing she gathered from his monologues was that he was a fellow-outcast. Of herself she never spoke. Being a mystery to him made her a still deeper mystery to herself, and their secret interviews had an irresistible charm for her.

One day Michalina found him clean-shaven and in a new necktie.

"Good morning!" he said, with unusual solemnity. And drawing a big red apple from his pocket, he shamefacedly placed it in her hand.

"What was it you wanted to tell me?" she inquired, blushing.

"Oh, nothing. I meant it for fun. It 's only a story I read. It 's about a great man who was in love with a beautiful woman all his life. She was married to another man and true to him, yet the stranger loved her. His soul was bewitched. He sang of her, he dreamed of her. The man's name was Petrarca and the woman's was Laura."

"I don't know what you mean by your story," she said, with an embarrassed shrug of her shoulders.

"How do you know it is only a story?" he rejoined, his eye on the glistening rail. "Maybe it is only a parable? Maybe you are Laura? Laura mine!" he whispered.

"Stop that!" she cried, with a pained gesture.

At that moment he was repulsive.

"Hush, don't eat your heart, little kitten. I was only joking."

IV.

MICHALINA ventured to visit Burkdale once again. This time she was not bothered. Only here and there some one would whisper, "Here comes the apostate of Chego-Chegg." Little by little she got to making most of

her purchases in the Jewish town. Wincas at first stormed, and asked whether it was true that the Jew had bedeviled his wife's heart; but before long she persuaded him to go with her on some of her shopping expeditions. Michalina even decided that her husband should learn to press coats, which was far more profitable than working on a farm; but after trying it for a few days, he stubbornly gave it up. The soil called him back, he said, and if he did not obey it, it might get square on him when he was dead and buried in it.

By this time they had moved into a shanty on the outskirts of the village, within a short distance from Burkdale.

At first Michalina forbade Wincas to write to his father, but he mailed a letter secretly. The answer inclosed a note from Michalina's father, in Yiddish, which Wincas, having in his ecstasy let out his secret, handed her.

Your dear father-in-law [the old man wrote] goes about mocking me about you and his precious son. "Will you send her your love?" he asked. "Very well, I will," said I. And here it is, Rivka. May eighty toothaches disturb your peace even as you have disturbed the peace of your mother in her grave. God grant that your impure limbs be hurled from one end of the world to the other, as your damned soul will be when you are dead like a vile cur. Your dear father-in-law (woe to you, Rivka!) asks me what I am writing. "A blessing," say I. May similar blessings strew your path, accursed meshumedeste. That 's all.

"What does he write?" asked Wincas.

"Nothing. He is angry," she muttered. In her heart she asked herself: "Who is this Gentile? What is he doing here?" At this moment she felt sure that her end was near.

NEHEMIAH and Michalina had taken root in the little town as the representatives of two inevitable institutions. Burkdale without an atheist and a convert seemed as impossible as it would have been without a marriage-broker, a synagogue, or a bath-house "for all daughters of Israel."

Nehemiah continued his frenzied agitation. Neglecting his business, half-starved, and the fair game of every jester, but plumed with some success, the zealot went on scouting religious ceremonies, denouncing rabbis, and preaching assimilation with the enlightened Gentiles. Nehemiah was an incurably religious man, and when he had lost his belief disbelief became his religion.

And so the two were known as the *appikoros* (atheist) and the meshumedeste. Between the two there was, however, a wide difference. Disclaim Judaism as Nehemiah would, he could not get the Jews to disclaim him; while Michalina was more alien to the Mosaic community than any of its Christian neighbors. With her child in her arms she moved about among the people of the place like a lone shadow. Nehemiah was a Jew who "sinned and led others to sin"; she was not a Jewess who had transgressed, but a living stigma, all the more accursed because she had once been a Jewess.

Some of the Jewish women were friendly to her. Zelda the Busybody exchanged little favors with her, but even she stopped at cooking-utensils, for Michalina's food was *treife*[1] and all her dishes were contaminated. One day, when the dumpy little woman called at the lonely hovel, the convert offered her a wedge of her first lemon-pie. It was Zelda who had taught her to make it, and in her exultation and shamefacedness Michalina forgot the chasm that separated her from her caller.

"Taste it and tell me what is wrong about it," she said, blushing.

Zelda became confused.

"No, thank you. I 've just had dinner, as true as I 'm living," she stammered.

The light in Michalina's eyes went out. For a moment she stood with the saucer containing the piece of pie in her hand. When the Burkdale woman was gone she threw the pie away.

She bought a special set of dishes which she kept *kosher*, according to the faith of the people of Burkdale. Sometimes she would buy her meat of a Jewish butcher, and, on coming home, she would salt and purify it. Not that she expected this to be set to her credit in the world to come, for there was no hope for her soul, but she could not help, at least, playing the Jewess. It both soothed and harrowed her to prepare food or to bless Sabbath light as they did over in Burkdale. But her Sabbath candles burned so stern, so cold, so unhallowed. As she embraced the space about them and with a scooping movement brought her hands together over her shut eyes and fell to whispering the benediction, her heart beat fast. She felt like a thief.

"Praised be Thou, O Lord, King of the world, who hast sanctified us by Thy commandments and commanded us to kindle the light of Sabbath."

When she attempted to recite this she could not speak after the third word.

Michalina received another letter from

[1] Not prepared according to Mosaic law, proscribed; the opposite of *kosher*.

her father. The old man's heart was wrung with compunction and yearning. He was panting to write to her, but, alas! who ever wrote a meshumedeste except to curse her?

It is to gladden your treacherous heart that I am writing again [ran the letter]. Rejoice, accursed apostate, rejoice! We cannot raise our heads for shame, and our eyes are darkened with disgrace. God give that your eyes become so dark that they behold neither your cur of a husband nor your vile pup. May you be stained in the blood of your own heart even as you have stained the name of our family.

Written by me, who curse the moment when I became your father.

Michalina was in a rage. "We cannot raise our heads"? Who are "we"? He and his sorceress of a wife? First she makes him drive his own daughter to "the impurity" of the Gentile faith, and then she gets him to curse this unhappy child of his for the disgrace she brought on her head! What are they worrying about? Is it that they are afraid it will be hard for Michalina's stepsister to get a husband because there is a meshumedeste in the family? Ah, she is writhing and twitching with pain, the sorceress, is n't she? Writhe away, murderess! Let her taste some of the misery she has heaped on her stepdaughter. "Rejoice, apostate, rejoice!" Michalina did rejoice. She was almost glad to be a meshumedeste.

"But why should it have come out like this?" Michalina thought. "Suppose I had never become a meshumedeste, and Nehemiah, or some handsomer Jew, had married me at home. . . . Would not the sorceress and her daughter burst with envy! Or suppose I became a Jewess again, and married a pious, learned, and wealthy Jew who fainted with love for me, and my stepmother heard of it, and I sent my little brother lots of money—would n't she burst, the sorceress! . . . And I should live in Burkdale, and Sorah-Elka and the other Jews and Jewesses would call at my house, and eat, and drink. On Saturdays I should go to the synagogue with a big prayer-book, and on meeting me on the road people would say, 'Good Sabbath!' and I should answer, 'A good Sabbath and a good year!'"

Michalina began to cry.

V.

SPRING was coming. The air was mild, pensive, yearning. Michalina was full of tears.

"Don't rail at the rabbis—don't!" she said, with unusual irritation, to Nehemiah at her house. "Do you think I can bear to hear it?"

She cried. Nehemiah's eyes also filled with tears.

"Don't, little kitten," he said; "I did n't mean to hurt you. Are you sorry you became a Christian?" he added, in an embarrassed whisper.

For the first time she recounted her story to him. When she had finished the atheist was walking up and down.

"*Ai-ai-ai! Ai-ai!*" All at once he stopped. "So it was out of revenge for your stepmother that you married Wincas!" he exclaimed. Then he dropped his voice to a shamefaced undertone. "I thought you had fallen in love with him."

"What 's that got to do with him?" she flamed out.

His face changed. She went on:

"Anyhow, he is my husband, and I am his wife and a Gentile woman, an accursed soul, doomed to have no rest either in this world or in the other. May the sorceress have as much darkness on her heart as I have on mine!"

"Why should you speak like that, little kitten? Of course I am an atheist, and religion is humbug, but you are grieving for nothing. According to the Jewish law, you are neither his wife nor a Gentile woman. You are a Jewess. Mind, I don't believe in the Talmud; but, according to the Talmud, your marriage does not count. Yes, you are unmarried!" he repeated, noting her interest. "You are a maiden, free as the birds in the sky, my kitten. You can marry a Jew 'according to the laws of Moses and Israel,' and be happy."

His voice died away.

"Lau-au-ra!" he wailed, as he seized her hand and began to kiss its fingers.

"Stop—oh, stop! What has come to you!" she shrieked. Her face was crimson. After an awkward silence, she sobbed out: "Nobody will give me anything but misery—nobody, nobody, nobody! What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

UNDER the pretense of consulting a celebrated physician, Michalina had obtained Wincas's permission to go to New York. In a secluded room, full of dust and old books, on the third floor of an Orchard street tenement-house, she found a gray-bearded man with a withered face. Before him were an open folio and a glass half filled with tea. His rusty skullcap was pushed back on his head.

The blood rushed to her face as she stepped to the table. She could not speak.

"A question of law?" asked the rabbi. "Come, my daughter, what is the trouble?"

Being addressed by the venerable man as a Jewess melted her embarrassment and her fear into tears.

"I have married a Gentile," she murmured, with bowed head.

"A Gentile! Woe is me!" exclaimed the rabbi, with a look of dismay and pity.

"And I have been baptized, too."

Here an old bonnetless woman came in with a chicken. The rabbi was annoyed. After hastily inspecting the fowl, he cried:

"Kosher! Kosher! You may eat it in good health."

When the old woman was gone he leaped up from his seat and bolted the door.

"Well, do you want to do penance?" he demanded, adjusting his skullcap.

She nodded ruefully.

"Well, where is the hindrance? Go ahead, my daughter; and if you do it from a pure heart, the Most High will help you."

"But how am I to become a Jewess again? Rabbi, a man told me I never ceased to be one. Is it true?"

"Foolish young woman! What, then, are you? A Frenchwoman? The God of Israel is not in the habit of refunding one's money. Oh, no! 'Once a Jew, forever a Jew'—that 's the way he does business."

"But I am married to a Gentile," she urged, with new light in her black eyes.

"Married? Not in the eye of our faith, my child. You were born a Jewess, and a Jewess cannot marry a Gentile. Now, if your marriage is no marriage—what, then, is it? A sin! Leave the Gentile, if you want to return to God. Cease sinning, and live like a daughter of Israel. Of course—of course the laws of the land—of America—do you understand?—they look upon you as a married woman, and they must be obeyed. But the laws of our faith say you are not married, and were a Jew to put the ring of dedication on your finger, you would be his wife. Do you understand, my child?"

"And how about the baby, rabbi? Suppose I wanted to make a proselyte of her?"

"A proselyte! Your learning does not seem to go very far," laughed the old man. "Why, your little girl is even a better Jewess than you have been, for she has not sinned, while you have."

"But her father—"

"Her father! What of him? Did *he* go through the throes of childbirth when the girl was born to you? Don't be uneasy, my daughter. According to our faith, children follow their mother. You are a Jewess, and so is she. She is a pure child of Israel. What is her name? Marysia? Well, call her some Jewish name—say Mindele or Shayndele. What does it amount to?"

As Michalina was making her way down the dingy staircase, she hugged the child and kissed her convulsively.

"Sheindele! Sheindele! Pure child of Israel," she said between sobs, for the first time addressing her in Yiddish. "A Jewish girlie! A Jewish girlie!"

VI.

THE charitable souls who had joined to buy the steamship tickets were up with the larks. At seven o'clock Sorah-Elka's apartments on the second floor of a spick-and-span frame-house were full of pious women come to behold their "good deed" in the flesh. It was the greatest event in the eventful history of Burkdale. Michalina, restored to her Hebrew name, was, of course, the center of attention. Sorah-Elka and Zelda addressed her in the affectionate diminutive; the other women, in the most dignified form of the name; and so "Rievele dear" and "Rieva, if you please" flew thick and fast.

Nehemiah kept assuring everybody that he was an atheist, and that it was only to humor Rebecca that he was going to marry her according to the laws of Moses and Israel. But then nobody paid any heed to him. The pious souls were all taken up with the young woman they were "rescuing from the impurity."

Rebecca was polite, grateful, smiling, and nervous. Sorah-Elka was hovering about, flushed and morose.

"You have kissed her enough," she snarled at Zelda. "Kisses won't take her to the ship. You had better see about the lemons. As long as the ship is in harbor I won't be sure of the job. For one thing, too many people are in the secret. I wish we were in New York, at least."

The preparations were delayed by hitch after hitch. Besides, a prosperous rescuer bethought herself at the eleventh hour that she had a muff, as good as new, which might be of service to Rebecca; and then another rescuer, as prosperous and as pious, remembered that her jar of preserved cherries would be a godsend to Rebecca on shipboard. Still, the train was due fully an hour later; the English steamer would not sail before two o'clock, so there was plenty of time.

As to Wincas, he had gone to work at five in the morning and would not be back before seven in the evening.

Zelda was frisking about with the little girl, whom she exultantly addressed as Shayndele; and so curious was it to call a former Gentile child by a Yiddish name that the next minute everybody in the room was shouting: "Shayndele, come to me!" "Shayndele, look!" "Shayndele going to London to be a pious Jewess!" or "Shayndele, a health to your head, arms, and feet!"

"Never fear, Nehemiah will be a good father to her, won't you, Nehemiah?" said one matron.

Suddenly a woman who stood by the window gave a start.

"Her husband!" she gasped.

There was a panic. Sorah-Elka was excitedly signing to the others to be cool. Rebecca, pale and wild-eyed, burst into the bedroom, whence she presently emerged on tiptoe, flushed and biting her lip.

"What can he be doing here at this hour? I told him I was going to the New York professor," she said under her breath. Concealing herself behind the window-frame, she peeped down into the street.

"Get away from there!" whizzed Sorah-Elka, gnashing her teeth and waving her arms violently.

Rebecca lingered. She saw the stalwart figure of her husband, his long blond hair curling at the end, and his pale, oval face. He was trudging along aimlessly, gaping about him in a perplexed, forlorn way.

"He is wandering about like a cow in search of her calf," Michalina remarked, awkwardly.

"Let him go whistle!" snapped Sorah-Elka. "We shall have to tuck you away somewhere. When the coast is clear again, I 'll take you to the other railroad station. Depend upon it, we 'll get you over to New York and on board the ship before his pumpkin-head knows what world he is in. But I said that too many people were in the secret."

Sorah-Elka was a fighter. She was mistaken, however, as to the cause of Wincas's sudden appearance. Even the few Poles who worked in the Burkdale sweat-shops knew nothing of the great conspiracy. Water and oil won't swap secrets even when in the same bottle. It was Michalina's manner during the last few days, especially on parting with him this morning, which had kindled suspicion in the peasant's breast. What had made her weep so bitterly, clinging to him and kissing him as he was leaving? As the details of it came back to him, anxiety and an overpowering sense of loneliness had gripped his heart. He could not go on with his work.

There was a cowardly stillness in Sorah-Elka's parlor. Nehemiah was rubbing his hands and gazing at Rebecca like a prisoner mutely praying for his life. Her eye was on the window.

"What can he be doing here at such an early hour?" she muttered, sheepishly. "Maybe he has lost his job."

"And what if he did? Is it any business of yours? Let him hang and drown himself!" declared Sorah-Elka.

"Why should you curse him like that? Where is his fault?" Rebecca protested feebly.

"Look at her—look at her! She *is* dead stuck on the lump of uncleanliness, is n't she? Well, hurry up, Rievela darling. Zelda will see to the express. Come, Rievela, come!"

Rebecca tarried.

"What has got into you? Why don't you get a move on you? You know one minute may cost us the whole game."

There was a minute of suspense. All at once Rebecca burst out sobbing:

"I cannot! I cannot!" she said, with her fists at her temples. "Curse me; I deserve it. I know I am doomed to have no rest either in this world or in the other, but I cannot leave him—I cannot. Forgive me, Nehemiah, but I cannot. What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

The gathering was dumfounded. Sorah-Elka dropped her immense arms. For several moments she stood bewildered. Then she said:

"A pain on my head! The good women have spent so much on the tickets!"

"I 'll pay it all back—every cent—every single cent of it," pleaded Michalina. Again her own Yiddish sounded like a foreign tongue to her.

"You pay back! From the treasures of your beggarly peasant husband, perhaps? May you spend on doctor's bills a thousand dollars for every cent you have cost us, plaguy meshumedeste that you are!"

A bedlam of curses let itself loose. Michalina fled.

"Let her go to all the eighty dark, bitter, and swampy years!" Sorah-Elka concluded, as the door closed upon the apostate. "A meshumedeste will be a meshumedeste."

ON THE ROAD HOME.

THE GOLDEN-CROWN SPARROW OF ALASKA.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

WITH DRAWINGS BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD AND L. A. FUERTES.

I.

OH, minstrel of these borean hills,
  Where twilight hours are long,
I would my boyhood's fragrant days
  Had known thy plaintive song;

II.

Had known thy vest of ashen gray,
  Thy coat of drab and brown,
The bands of jet upon thy head
  That clasp thy golden crown.

III.

We heard thee in the cold White Pass,
  Where cloud and mountain meet,
Again where Muir's great glacier shone
  Far spread beneath our feet.

IV.

I bask me now on emerald heights
  To catch thy faintest strain,
But cannot tell if in thy lay
  Be more of joy or pain.

V.

Far off behold the snow-white peaks
  Athwart the sea's blue shade;
Anear there rise green Kadiak hills,
  Wherein thy nest is made.

VI.

I hear the wild bee's mellow chord,
  In airs that swim above;
The lesser hermit tunes his flute
  To solitude and love.

VII.

But thou, sweet singer of the wild,
  I give more heed to thee;
Thy wistful note of fond regret
  Strikes deeper chords in me.

VIII.

Farewell, dear bird! I turn my face
  To other skies than thine—
A thousand leagues of land and sea
  Between thy home and mine.

"'AND DO YOU MEAN TO SAY HE WAS N'T POISONED?' SAID SHE."

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A QUACK.[1]

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL,
Author of "Hugh Wynne," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR T. KELLER.

AT this present moment of time I am what the doctors call an interesting case, and am to be found in bed No. 10, Ward 11, Massachusetts General Hospital. I am told that I have what is called Addison's disease, and that it is this pleasing malady which causes me to be covered with large blotches of a dark mulatto tint. However, it is a rather grim subject to joke about, because, if I believed the doctor who comes around every day, and thumps me, and listens to my chest with as much pleasure as if I were music all through—I say, if I really believed him, I should suppose I was going to die. The fact is, I don't believe him at all. Some of these days I shall take a turn and get about again; but meanwhile it is rather dull for a stirring, active person like me to have to lie still and watch myself getting big brown and yellow spots all over me, like a map that has taken to growing.

The man on my right has consumption—smells of cod-liver oil, and coughs all night. The man on my left is a down-easter with a liver which has struck work; looks like a human pumpkin; and how he contrives to whittle jackstraws all day, and eat as he does, I can't understand. I have tried reading and tried whittling, but they don't either of them satisfy me, so that yesterday I concluded to ask the doctor if he could n't suggest some other amusement.

I waited until he had gone through the ward, and then seized my chance, and asked him to stop a moment.

"Well, my man," said he, "what do you want?"

I thought him rather disrespectful, but I replied, "Something to do, doctor."

He thought a little, and then said: "I 'll tell you what to do. I think if you were to write out a plain account of your life it would be pretty well worth reading, and perhaps would serve to occupy you for a few days, at least. If half of what you told me last week be true, you must be about as clever a scamp as there is to be met with; and I suppose you would just as lief put it on paper as talk it."

"Pretty nearly," said I. "I think I will try it, doctor."

After he left I lay awhile thinking over the matter. I knew well that I was what the world calls a scamp, and I knew also that I had got little good out of the fact. If a man is what people call virtuous, and fails in life, he gets credit at least for the virtue; but when a man is a—is—well, one of liberal views, and breaks down, somehow or other people don't credit him with even the intelligence he has put into the business. This I call hard. If I did not recall with satisfaction the energy and skill with which I did my work, I should be nothing but disgusted at the melancholy spectacle of my failure. I suppose that I shall at least find occupation in reviewing all this, and I think, therefore, for my own satisfaction, I shall try to amuse my convalescence by writing a plain, straightforward account of the life I have led, and the various devices by which I have sought to get my share of the money of my countrymen.

It does appear to me that I have had no end of bad luck. As no one will ever see these pages, I find it pleasant to recall for my own satisfaction the fact that I am really a very remarkable man. I am, or rather I was, very good-looking, five feet eleven, with a lot of curly red hair, and blue eyes. I am left-handed, which is another unusual thing. My hands have often been noticed. I get them from my mother, who was a Fishbourne, and a lady. As for my father, he was rather common. He was a little man, red and round like an apple, but very strong, for a reason I shall come to presently. The family must have had a pious liking for Bible names, because he was called Zebulon, my sister Peninnah, and I Ezra, which is not a name for a gentleman. At one time I

[1] The present story is rewritten from a shorter one of the same name published by Dr. Mitchell in "The Atlantic Monthly" many years ago.—EDITOR.

"'I DID N'T UNDERSTAND THIS, OR I WOULD NOT HAVE COME.'"

thought of changing it, but I got over it by signing myself "E. Sandcraft."

Where my father was born I do not know, except that it was somewhere in New Jersey, for I remember that he was once angry because a man called him a Jersey Spaniard. I am not much concerned to write about my people, because I soon got above their level; and as to my mother, she died when I was an infant. I get my manners, which are rather remarkable, from her.

My aunt, Rachel Sandcraft, who kept house for us, was a queer character. She had a snug little property, about seven thousand dollars. An old aunt left her the money because she was stone-deaf. As this defect came upon her after she grew up, she still kept her voice. This woman was the cause

of some of my ill luck in life, and I hope she is uncomfortable, wherever she is. I think with satisfaction that I helped to make her life uneasy when I was young, and worse later on. She gave away to the idle poor some of her small income, and hid the rest like a magpie, in her Bible or rolled in her stockings, or in even queerer places. The worst of her was that she could tell what people said by looking at their lips; this I hated. But as I grew and became intelligent, her ways of hiding her money proved useful, to me at least. As to Peninnah, she was nothing special until she suddenly bloomed out into a rather stout, pretty girl, took to ribbons, and liked what she called "keeping company." She ran errands for every one, waited on my aunt, and thought I was a wonderful person—as indeed I was. I never could understand her fondness for helping everybody. A fellow has got himself to think about, and that is quite enough. I was told pretty often that I was the most selfish boy alive. But, then, I am an unusual person, and there are several names for things.

My father kept a small shop for the sale of legal stationery and the like, on Fifth street north of Chestnut. But his chief interest in life lay in the bell-ringing of Christ Church. He was leader, or No. 1, and the whole business was in the hands of a kind of guild which is nearly as old as the church. I used to hear more of it than I liked, because my father talked of nothing else. But I do not mean to bore myself writing of bells. I heard too much about "back shake," "raising in peal," "scales," and "touches," and the Lord knows what.

My earliest remembrance is of sitting on my father's shoulder when he led off the ringers. He was very strong, as I said, by reason of this exercise. With one foot caught in a loop of leather nailed to the floor, he would begin to pull No. 1, and by and by the whole peal would be swinging, and he going up and down, to my joy; I used to feel as if it was I that was making the great noise that rang out all over the town. My familiar acquaintance with the old church and its lumber-rooms, where were stored the dusty arms of William and Mary and George II., proved of use in my later days.

My father had a strong belief in my talents, and I do not think he was mistaken. As he was quite uneducated, he determined that I should not be. He had saved enough to send me to Princeton College, and when I was about fifteen I was set free from the public schools. I never liked them. The last I was at was the high school. As I had to come down-town to get home, we used to meet on Arch street the boys from the grammar-school of the university, and there were fights every week. In winter these were most frequent, because of the snowballing. A fellow had to take his share or be marked as a deserter. I never saw any personal good to be had out of a fight, but it was better to fight than to be cobbed. That means that two fellows hold you, and the other fellows kick you with their bent knees. It hurts.

I find just here that I am describing a thing as if I were writing for some other people to see. I may as well go on that way. After all, a man never can quite stand off and look at himself as if he was the only person concerned. He must have an audience, or make believe to have one, even if it is only himself. Nor, on the whole, should I be unwilling, if it were safe, to let people see how much ability may be defeated by the crankiness of fortune.

I may add here that a stone inside of a snowball discourages the fellow it hits. But neither our fellows nor the grammar-school used stones in snowballs. I rather liked it. If we had a row in the springtime we all threw stones, and here was one of those bits of stupid custom no man can understand; because really a stone outside of a snowball is much more serious than if it is mercifully padded with snow. I felt it to be a rise in life when I got out of the society of the common boys who attended the high school.

When I was there a man by the name of Bache was the head master. He had a way of letting the boys attend to what he called the character of the school. Once I had to lie to him about taking another boy's ball. He told my class that I had denied the charge, and that he always took it for granted that a boy spake the truth. He knew well enough what would happen. It did. After that I was careful.

Princeton was then a little college, not expensive, which was very well, as my father had some difficulty to provide even the moderate amount needed.

I soon found that if I was to associate with the upper set of young men I wanted money. For some time I wanted in vain. But in my second year I discovered a small gold-mine, on which I drew with a moderation which shows even thus early the strength of my character.

I used to go home once a month for a

Sunday visit, and on these occasions I was often able to remove from my aunt's big Bible a five- or ten-dollar note, which otherwise would have been long useless.

Now and then I utilized my opportunities at Princeton. I very much desired certain things like well-made clothes, and for these I had to run in debt to a tailor. When he wanted pay, and threatened to send the bill to my father, I borrowed from two or three young Southerners; but at last, when they became hard up, my aunt's uncounted hoard proved a last resource, or some rare chance in a neighboring room helped me out. I never did look on this method as of permanent usefulness, and it was only the temporary folly of youth.

Whatever else the pirate necessity appropriated, I took no large amount of education, although I was fond of reading, and especially of novels, which are, I think, very instructive to the young, especially the novels of Smollett and Fielding.

There is, however, little need to dwell on this part of my life. College students in those days were only boys, and boys are very strange animals. They have instincts. They somehow get to know if a fellow does not relate facts as they took place. I like to put it that way, because, after all, the mode of putting things is only one of the forms of self-defense, and is less silly than the ordinary wriggling methods which boys employ, and which are generally useless. I was rather given to telling large stories just for the fun of it, and, I think, told them well. But somehow I got the reputation of not being strictly definite, and when it was meant to indicate this belief they had an ill-mannered way of informing you. This consisted in two or three fellows shuffling noisily with their feet on the floor. When first I heard this I asked innocently what it meant, and was told it was the noise of the bearers' feet coming to take away Ananias. This was considered a fine joke.

"THEN I KNEW IT WAS SERIOUS."

During my junior year I became unpopular, and as I was very cautious, I cannot see why. At last, being hard up, I got to be foolishly reckless. But why dwell on the failures of immaturity?

The causes which led to my leaving Nassau Hall were not, after all, the mischievous outbreaks in which college lads indulge. In-

deed, I have never been guilty of any of those wanton pieces of wickedness which injure the feelings of others while they lead to no useful result. When I left to return home, I set myself seriously to reflect upon the necessity of greater care in following out my inclinations, and from that time forward I have steadily avoided, whenever it was possible, the vulgar vice of directly possessing myself of objects to which I could show no legal title. My father was indignant at the results of my college career; and, according to my aunt, his shame and sorrow had some effect in shortening his life. My sister believed my account of the matter. It ended in my being used for a year as an assistant in the shop, and in being taught to ring bells—a fine exercise, but not proper work for a man of refinement. My father died while training his bell-ringers in the Oxford triple bob—broke a blood-vessel somewhere. How I could have caused that I do not see.

I was now about nineteen years old, and, as I remember, a middle-sized, well-built young fellow, with large eyes, a slight mustache, and, I have been told, with very good manners and a somewhat humorous turn. Besides these advantages, my guardian held in trust for me about two thousand dollars. After some consultation between us, it was resolved that I should study medicine. This conclusion was reached nine years before the Rebellion broke out, and after we had settled, for the sake of economy, in Woodbury, New Jersey. From this time I saw very little of my deaf aunt or of Peninnah. I was resolute to rise in the world, and not to be weighted by relatives who were without my tastes and my manners.

I set out for Philadelphia, with many good counsels from my aunt and guardian. I look back upon this period as a turning-point of my life. I had seen enough of the world already to know that if you can succeed without exciting suspicion, it is by far the pleasantest way; and I really believe that if I had not been endowed with so fatal a liking for all the good things of life, I might have lived along as reputably as most men. This, however, is, and always has been, my difficulty, and I suppose that I am not responsible for the incidents to which it gave rise. Most men have some ties in life, but I have said I had none which held me. Peninnah cried a good deal when we parted, and this, I think, as I was still young, had a very good effect in strengthening my resolution to do nothing which could get me into trouble. The janitor of the college to which I went directed me to a boarding-house, where I engaged a small third-story room, which I afterwards shared with Mr. Chaucer of Georgia. He pronounced it, as I remember, "Jawjah."

In this very remarkable abode I spent the next two winters, and finally graduated, along with two hundred more, at the close of my two years of study. I should previously have been one year in a physician's office as a student, but this regulation was very easily evaded. As to my studies, the less said the better. I attended the quizzes, as they call them, pretty closely, and, being of a quick and retentive memory, was thus enabled to dispense with some of the six or seven lectures a day which duller men found it necessary to follow.

Dissecting struck me as a rather nasty business for a gentleman, and on this account I did just as little as was absolutely essential. In fact, if a man took his tickets and paid the dissection fees, nobody troubled himself as to whether or not he did any more than this. A like evil existed at the graduation: whether you squeezed through or passed with credit was a thing which was not made public, so that I had absolutely nothing to stimulate my ambition. I am told that it is all very different to-day.

The astonishment with which I learned of my success was shared by the numerous Southern gentlemen who darkened the floors and perfumed with tobacco the rooms of our boarding-house. In my companions, during the time of my studies so-called, as in other matters of life, I was somewhat unfortunate. All of them were Southern gentlemen, with more money than I had. Many of them carried great sticks, usually sword-canes, and some bowie-knives or pistols; also, they delighted in swallow-tailed coats, long hair, broad-brimmed felt hats, and very tight boots. I often think of these gentlemen with affectionate interest, and wonder how many are lying under the wheat-fields of Virginia. One could see them any day sauntering along with their arms over their companions' shoulders, splendidly indifferent to the ways of the people about them. They hated the "Nawth" and cursed the Yankees, and honestly believed that the leanest of them was a match for any half a dozen of the bulkiest of Northerners. I must also do them the justice to say that they were quite as ready to fight as to brag, which, by the way, is no meager statement. With these gentry—for whom I retain a re-

spect which filled me with regret at the recent course of events—I spent a good deal of my large leisure. The more studious of both sections called us a hard crowd. What we did, or how we did it, little concerns me here, except that, owing to my esteem for chivalric blood and breeding, I was led into many practices and excesses which cost my guardian and myself a good deal of money. At the close of my career as a student I found myself aged twenty-one years, and the owner of some seven hundred dollars—the rest of my small estate having disappeared variously within the last two years. After my friends had gone to their homes in the South I began to look about me for an office, and finally settled upon very good rooms in one of the down-town localities of the Quaker City. I am not specific as to the number and street, for reasons which may hereafter appear. I liked the situation on various accounts. It had been occupied by a doctor; the terms were reasonable; and it lay on the skirts of a good neighborhood, while below it lived a motley population, among which I expected to get my first patients and such fees as were to be had. Into this new home I moved my medical text-books, a few bones, and myself. Also, I displayed in the window a fresh sign, upon which was distinctly to be read:

DR. E. SANDCRAFT.
Office hours, 8 to 9 A. M., 7 to 9 P. M.

I felt now that I had done my fair share toward attaining a virtuous subsistence, and so I waited tranquilly, and without undue enthusiasm, to see the rest of the world do its part in the matter. Meanwhile I read up on all sorts of imaginable cases, stayed at home all through my office hours, and at intervals explored the strange section of the town which lay to the south of my office. I do not suppose there is anything like it elsewhere. It was then filled with grog-shops, brothels, slop-shops, and low lodging-houses. You could dine for a penny on soup made from the refuse meats of the rich, gathered at back gates by a horde of half-naked children, who all told varieties of one woeful tale. Here, too, you could be drunk for five cents, and be lodged for three, with men, women, and children of all colors lying about you. It was this hideous mixture of black and white and yellow wretchedness which made the place so peculiar. The blacks predominated, and had mostly that swollen, reddish, dark skin, the sign in this race of habitual drunkenness. Of course only the lowest whites were here—rag-pickers, pawnbrokers, old-clothes men, thieves, and the like. All of this, as it came before me, I viewed with mingled disgust and philosophy. I hated filth, but I understood that society has to stand on somebody, and I was only glad that I was not one of the undermost and worst-squeezed bricks.

I can hardly believe that I waited a month without having been called upon by a single patient. At last a policeman on our beat brought me a fancy man with a dog-bite. This patient recommended me to his brother, the keeper of a small pawnbroking-shop, and by very slow degrees I began to get stray patients who were too poor to indulge in up-town doctors. I found the police very useful acquaintances; and, by a drink or a cigar now and then, I got most of the cases of cut heads and the like at the next station-house. These, however, were the aristocrats of my practice; the bulk of my patients were soap-fat men, rag-pickers, oystermen, hose-house bummers, and worse, with other and nameless trades, men and women, white, black, or mulatto. How they got the levies, fips, and quarters with which I was reluctantly paid, I do not know; that, indeed, was none of my business. They expected to pay, and they came to me in preference to the dispensary doctor, two or three squares away, who seemed to me to spend most of his days in the lanes and alleys about us. Of course he received no pay except experience, since the dispensaries in the Quaker City, as a rule, do not give salaries to their doctors; and the vilest of the poor prefer a "pay doctor" to one of these disinterested gentlemen, who cannot be expected to give their best brains for nothing, when at everybody's beck and call. I am told, indeed I know, that most young doctors do a large amount of poor practice, as it is called; but, for my own part, I think it better for both parties when the doctor insists upon some compensation being made to him. This has been usually my own custom, and I have not found reason to regret it.

Notwithstanding my strict attention to my own interests, I have been rather sorely dealt with by fate upon several occasions, where, so far as I could see, I was vigilantly doing everything in my power to keep myself out of trouble or danger. I may as well relate one of them, merely as an illustration of how little value a man's intellect may be when fate and the prejudices of the mass of men are against him.

One evening, late, I myself answered a

ring at the bell, and found a small black boy on the steps, a shoeless, hatless little wretch, curled darkness for hair, and teeth like new tombstones. It was pretty cold, and he was relieving his feet by standing first on one and then on the other. He did not wait for me to speak.

"Hi, sah, Missey Barker she say to come quick away, sah, to Numbah 709 Bedford street."

The locality did not look like pay, but it is hard to say in this quarter, because sometimes you found a well-to-do "brandy-snifter" (local for gin-shop) or a hard-working "leather jeweler" (ditto for shoemaker), with next door, in a house better or worse, dozens of human rats for whom every police trap in the city was constantly set.

With a doubt in my mind as to whether I should find a good patient or some dirty nigger, I sought the place to which I had been directed. I did not like its looks; but I blundered up an alley and into a back room, where I fell over somebody, and was cursed and told to lie down and keep easy, or somebody, meaning the man stumbled over, would make me. At last I lit on a staircase which led into the alley, and, after much useless inquiry, got as high as the garret. People hereabout did not know one another, or did not want to know, so that it was of little avail to ask questions. At length I saw a light through the cracks in the attic door, and walked in. To my amazement, the first person I saw was a woman of about thirty-five, in pearl-gray Quaker dress—one of your quiet, good-looking people. She was seated on a stool beside a straw mattress upon which lay a black woman. There were three others crowded close around a small stove, which was red-hot—an unusual spectacle in this street. Altogether a most nasty den.

As I came in, the little Quaker woman got up and said: "I took the liberty of sending for thee to look at this poor woman. I am afraid she has the smallpox. Will thee be so kind as to look at her?" And with this she held down the candle toward the bed.

"Good gracious!" I said hastily, seeing how the creature was speckled, "I did n't understand this, or I would not have come. I have important cases which I cannot subject to the risk of contagion. Best let her alone, miss," I added, "or send her to the smallpox hospital."

Upon my word, I was astonished at the little woman's indignation. She said just those things which make you feel as if somebody had been calling you names or kicking you—Was I really a doctor? and so on. It did not gain by being put in the ungrammatical tongue of Quakers. However, I never did fancy smallpox, and what could a fellow get by doctoring wretches like these? So I held my tongue and went away. About a week afterwards I met Evans, the dispensary man, a very common fellow, who was said to be frank.

"Helloa!" says he. "Doctor, you made a nice mistake about that darky at No. 709 Bedford street the other night. She had nothing but measles, after all."

"Of course I knew," said I, laughing; "but you don't think I was going in for dispensary trash, do you?"

"I should think not," said Evans.

I learned afterwards that this Miss Barker had taken an absurd fancy to the man because he had doctored the darky and would not let the Quakeress pay him. The end was, when I wanted to get a vacancy in the Southwark Dispensary, where they do pay the doctors, Miss Barker was malignant enough to take advantage of my oversight by telling the whole story to the board; so that Evans got in, and I was beaten.

You may be pretty sure that I found rather slow the kind of practice I have described, and began to look about for chances of bettering myself. In this sort of locality rather risky cases turned up now and then; and as soon as I got to be known as a reliable man, I began to get the peculiar sort of practice I wanted. Notwithstanding all my efforts, I found myself, at the close of three years, with all my means spent, and just able to live meagerly from hand to mouth, which by no means suited a man of my refined tastes.

Once or twice I paid a visit to my aunt, and was able to secure moderate aid by overhauling her concealed hoardings. But as to these changes of property I was careful, and did not venture to secure the large amount I needed. As to the Bible, it was at this time hidden, and I judged it, therefore, to be her chief place of deposit. Banks she utterly distrusted.

Six months went by, and I was worse off than ever—two months in arrears of rent, and numerous other debts to cigar-shops and liquor-dealers. Now and then some good job, such as a burglar with a cut head, helped me for a while; but, on the whole, I was like Slider Downeyhylle in Neal's "Charcoal Sketches," and kept going "downer and

downer" the more I tried not to. Something had to be done.

It occurred to me, about this time, that if I moved into a more genteel locality I might get a better class of patients, and yet keep the best of those I now had. To do this it was necessary to pay my rent, and the more so because I was in a fair way to have no house at all over my head. But here fortune interposed. I was caught in a heavy rain-storm on Seventh street, and ran to catch an omnibus. As I pulled open the door I saw behind me the Quaker woman, Miss Barker. I laughed and jumped in. She had to run a little before the 'bus again stopped. She got pretty wet. An old man in the corner, who seemed in the way of taking charge of other people's manners, said to me: "Young man, you ought to be ashamed to have got in before the lady, and in this pour, too!"

I said calmly, "But you got in before her."

He made no reply to this obvious fact, as he might have been in the 'bus a half-hour. A large, well-dressed man near by said, with a laugh, "Rather neat, that," and, turning, tried to pull up a window-sash. In the effort something happened, and he broke the glass, cutting his hand in half a dozen places. While he was using several quite profane phrases, I caught his hand and said, "I am a surgeon," and tied my handkerchief around the bleeding palm.

The guardian of manners said, "I hope you are not much hurt, but there was no reason why you should swear."

On this my patient said, "Go to ——," which silenced the monitor.

I explained to the wounded man that the cuts should be looked after at once. The matter was arranged by our leaving the 'bus, and, as the rain had let up, walking to his house. This was a large and quite luxurious dwelling on Fourth street. There I cared for his wounds, which, as I had informed him, required immediate attention. It was at this time summer, and his wife and niece, the only other members of his family, were absent. On my second visit I made believe to remove some splinters of glass which I brought with me. He said they showed how shamefully thin was that omnibus window-pane. To my surprise, my patient, at the end of the month,—for one wound was long in healing,—presented me with one hundred dollars. This paid my small rental, and as Mr. Poynter allowed me to refer to him, I was able to get a better office and bedroom on Spruce street. I saw no more of my patient until winter, although I learned that he was a stock-broker, not in the very best repute, but of a well-known family.

Meanwhile my move had been of small use. I was wise enough, however, to keep up my connection with my former clients, and contrived to live. It was no more than that. One day in December I was overjoyed to see Mr. Poynter enter. He was a fat man, very pale, and never, to my remembrance, without a permanent smile. He had very civil ways, and now at once I saw that he wanted something.

I hated the way that man saw through me. He went on without hesitation, taking me for granted. He began by saying he had confidence in my good judgment, and when a man says that you had better look out. He said he had a niece who lived with him, a brother's child; that she was out of health and ought not to marry, which was what she meant to do. She was scared about her health, because she had a cough, and had lost a brother of consumption. I soon came to understand that, for reasons unknown to me, my friend did not wish his niece to marry. His wife, he also informed me, was troubled as to the niece's health. Now, he said, he wished to consult me as to what he should do. I suspected at once that he had not told me all.

I have often wondered at the skill with which I managed this rather delicate matter. I knew I was not well enough known to be of direct use, and was also too young to have much weight. I advised him to get Professor L.

Then my friend shook his head. He said in reply, "But suppose, doctor, he says there is nothing wrong with the girl?"

Then I began to understand him.

"Oh," I said, "you get a confidential written opinion from him. You can make it what you please when you tell her."

He said no. It would be best for me to ask the professor to see Miss Poynter; might mention my youth, and so on, as a reason. I was to get the opinion in writing.

"Well?" said I.

"After that I want you to write me an opinion to meet the case—all the needs of the case, you see."

I saw, but hesitated as to how much would make it worth while to pull his hot chestnuts out of the fire — one never knows how hot the chestnuts are.

Then he said, "Ever take a chance in stocks?"

I said, "No."

He said that he would lend me a little money and see what he could do. And here was his receipt from me for one thousand dollars, and here, too, was my order to buy shares of P. T. Y. Would I please to sign it? I did.

I was to call in two days at his house, and meantime I could think it over. It seemed to me a pretty weak plan. Suppose the young woman—well, supposing is awfully destructive of enterprise; and as for me, I had only to misunderstand the professor's opinion. I went to the house, and talked to Mr. Poynter about his gout. Then Mrs. Poynter came in, and began to lament her niece's declining health. After that I saw Miss Poynter. There is a kind of innocent-looking woman who knows no more of the world than a young chicken, and is choke-full of emotions. I saw it would be easy to frighten her. There are some instruments anybody can get any tune they like out of. I was very grave, and advised her to see the professor. And would I write to ask him, said Mr. Poynter. I said I would.

As I went out Mr. Poynter remarked: "You will clear some four hundred easy. Write to the professor. Bring my receipt to the office next week, and we will settle."

We settled. I tore up his receipt and gave him one for fifteen hundred dollars, and received in notes five hundred dollars.

In a day or so I had a note from the professor stating that Miss Poynter was in no peril; that she was, as he thought, worried, and had only a mild bronchial trouble. He advised me to do so-and-so, and had ventured to reassure my young patient. Now, this was a little more than I wanted. However, I wrote Mr. Poynter that the professor thought she had bronchitis, that in her case tubercle would be very apt to follow, and that at present, and until she was safe, we thought marriage undesirable.

Mr. Poynter said it might have been put stronger, but he would make it do. He made it. The result was an attack of hysterics. The final result was that she eloped with her lover, because if she was to die, as she wrote her aunt, she wished to die in her husband's arms. Human nature plus hysteria will defy all knowledge of character. This was what our old professor of practice used to say.

Mr. Poynter had now to account for a large trust estate which had somehow dwindled. Unhappily, princes are not the only people in whom you must not put your trust. As to myself, Professor L. somehow got to know the facts, and cut me dead. It was unpleasant, but I had my five hundred dollars, and—I needed them. I do not see how I could have been more careful.

After this things got worse. Mr. Poynter broke, and did not even pay my last bill. I had to accept several rather doubtful cases, and once a policeman I knew advised me that I had better be on my guard.

But, really, so long as I adhered to the common code of my profession I was in danger of going without my dinner.

Just as I was at my worst and in despair something always turned up, but it was sure to be risky; and now my aunt refused to see me, and Peninnah wrote me goody-goody letters, and said Aunt Rachel had been unable to find certain bank-notes she had hidden, and vowed I had taken them. This Peninnah did not think possible. I agreed with her. The notes were found somewhat later by Peninnah in the toes of a pair of my aunt's old slippers. Of course I wrote an indignant letter. My aunt declared that Peninnah had stolen the notes, and restored them when they were missed. Poor Peninnah! This did not seem to me very likely, but Peninnah did love fine clothes.

One night, as I was debating with myself as to how I was to improve my position, I heard a knock on my shutter, and, going to the door, let in a broad-shouldered man with a whisky face and a great hooked nose. He wore a heavy black beard and mustache, and looked like the wolf in the pictures of Red Riding-hood which I had seen as a child.

"Your name 's Sandcraft?" said the man.

"Yes; that 's my name—Dr. Sandcraft."

As he sat down he shook the snow over everything, and said coolly, "Set down, doc; I want to talk with you."

"What can I do for you?" said I.

The man looked around the room rather scornfully, at the same time throwing back his coat and displaying a red neckerchief and a huge garnet pin. "Guess you 're not overly rich," he said.

"Not especially," said I. "What 's that your business?"

He did not answer, but merely said, "Know Simon Stagers?"

"Can't say I do," said I, cautiously. Simon was a burglar who had blown off two fingers when mining a safe. I had attended him while he was hiding.

"Can't say you do. Well, you can lie, and no mistake. Come, now, doc. Simon says

you 're safe, and I want to have a leetle plain talk with you."

With this he laid ten gold eagles on the table; I put out my hand instinctively.

"Let 'em alone," cried the man, sharply. "They 're easy earned, and ten more like 'em."

"For doing what?" I said.

The man paused a moment, and looked around him; next he stared at me, and loosened his cravat with a hasty pull. "You 're the coroner," said he.

"I! What do you mean?"

"Yes, you are the coroner; don't you understand?" And so saying, he shoved the gold pieces toward me.

"Very good," said I; "we will suppose I 'm the coroner. What next?"

"And being the coroner," said he, "you get this note, which requests you to call at No. 9 Blank street to examine the body of a young man which is supposed—only supposed, you see—to have—well, to have died under suspicious circumstances."

"Go on," said I.

"No," he returned; "not till I know how you like it. Stagers and another knows it; and it would n't be very safe for you to split, besides not making nothing out of it. But what I say is this, Do you like the business of coroner?"

Now, I did not like it; but two hundred in gold was life then to me, so I said: "Let me hear the whole of it first. I am safe."

"That 's square enough," said the man. "My wife 's got"—correcting himself with a shivery shrug—"my wife had a brother that took to cutting up rough because when I 'd been up too late I handled her a leetle hard now and again.

"Luckily he fell sick with typhoid just then—you see, he lived with us. When he got better I guessed he 'd drop all that; but somehow he was worse than ever—clean off his head, and strong as an ox. My wife said to put him away in an asylum. I did n't think that would do. At last he tried to get out. He was going to see the police about—well—the thing was awful serious, and my wife carrying on like mad, and wanting doctors. I had no mind to run, and something had got to be done. So Simon Stagers and I talked it over. The end of it was, he took worse of a sudden, and got so he did n't know nothing. Then I rushed for a doctor. He said it was a perforation, and there ought to have been a doctor when he was first took sick.

"Well, the man died, and as I kept about the house, my wife had no chance to talk. The doctor fussed a bit, but at last he gave a certificate. I thought we were done with it. But my wife she writes a note and gives it to a boy in the alley to put in the post. We suspicioned her, and Stagers was on the watch. After the boy got away a bit, Simon bribed him with a quarter to give him the note, which was n't no less than a request to the coroner to come to the house to-morrow and make an examination, as foul play was suspected—and poison."

When the man quit talking he glared at me. I sat still. I was cold all over. I was afraid to go on, and afraid to go back, besides which, I did not doubt that there was a good deal of money in the case.

"Of course," said I, "it 's nonsense; only I suppose you don't want the officers about, and a fuss, and that sort of thing."

"Exactly," said my friend. "It 's all bosh about poison. You 're the coroner. You take this note and come to my house. Says you, 'Mrs. File, are you the woman that wrote this note? Because in that case I must examine the body.'"

"I see," said I; "she need n't know who I am, or anything else; but if I tell her it 's all right, do you think she won't want to know why there is n't a jury, and so on?"

"Bless you," said the man, "the girl is n't over seventeen, and does n't know no more than a baby. As we live up-town miles away, she won't know anything about you."

"I 'll do it," said I, suddenly, for, as I saw, it involved no sort of risk; "but I must have three hundred dollars."

"And fifty," added the wolf, "if you do it well."

Then I knew it was serious.

With this the man buttoned about him a shaggy gray overcoat, and took his leave without a single word in addition.

A minute later he came back and said: "Stagers is in this business, and I was to remind you of Lou Wilson,—I forgot that,—the woman that died last year. That 's all." Then he went away, leaving me in a cold sweat. I knew now I had no choice. I understood why I had been selected.

For the first time in my life, that night I could n't sleep. I thought to myself, at last, that I would get up early, pack a few clothes, and escape, leaving my books to pay as they might my arrears of rent. Looking out of the window, however, in the morning, I saw Stagers prowling about the opposite pavement; and as the only exit except the street door was an alleyway which opened alongside of the front of the house, I gave my-

self up for lost. About ten o'clock I took my case of instruments and started for File's house, followed, as I too well understood, by Stagers.

I knew the house, which was in a small uptown street, by its closed windows and the craped bell, which I shuddered as I touched. However, it was too late to draw back, and I therefore inquired for Mrs. File. A haggard-looking young woman came down, and led me into a small parlor, for whose darkened light I was thankful enough.

"Did you write this note?"

"I did," said the woman, "if you 're the coroner. Joe File—he 's my husband—he 's gone out to see about the funeral. I wish it was his, I do."

"What do you suspect?" said I.

"I 'll tell you," she returned in a whisper. "I think he was made away with. I think there was foul play. I think he was poisoned. That 's what I think."

"I hope you may be mistaken," said I. "Suppose you let me see the body."

"You shall see it," she replied; and following her, I went up-stairs to a front chamber, where I found the corpse.

"Get it over soon," said the woman, with strange firmness. "If there ain't no murder been done I shall have to run for it; if there was"—and her face set hard—"I guess I 'll stay." With this she closed the door and left me with the dead.

If I had known what was before me I never could have gone into the thing at all. It looked a little better when I had opened a window and let in plenty of light; for although I was, on the whole, far less afraid of dead than living men, I had an absurd feeling that I was doing this dead man a distinct wrong—as if it mattered to the dead, after all! When the affair was over, I thought more of the possible consequences than of its relation to the dead man himself; but do as I would at the time, I was in a ridiculous funk, and especially when going through the forms of a post-mortem examination.

I am free to confess now that I was careful not to uncover the man's face, and that when it was over I backed to the door and hastily escaped from the room. On the stairs opposite to me Mrs. File was seated, with her bonnet on and a bundle in her hand.

"Well," said she, rising as she spoke, and with a certain eagerness in her tone, "what killed him? Was it poison?"

"Poison, my good woman!" said I. "When a man has typhoid fever he don't need poison to kill him. He had a relapse, that 's all."

"And do you mean to say he was n't poisoned," said she, with more than a trace of disappointment in her voice—"not poisoned at all?"

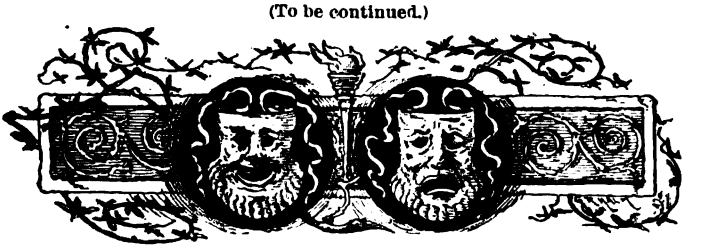
"No more than you are," said I. "If I had found any signs of foul play I should have had a regular inquest. As it is, the less said about it the better. The fact is, it would have been much wiser to have kept quiet at the beginning. I can't understand why you should have troubled me about it at all. The man had a perforation. It is common enough in typhoid."

"That 's what the doctor said—I did n't believe him. I guess now the sooner I leave the better for me."

"As to that," I returned, "it is none of my business; but you may rest certain about the cause of your brother's death."

My fears were somewhat quieted that evening when Stagers and the wolf appeared with the remainder of the money, and I learned that Mrs. File had fled from her home and, as File thought likely, from the city also. A few months later File himself disappeared, and Stagers found his way for the third time into the penitentiary. Then I felt at ease. I now see, for my own part, that I was guilty of more than one mistake, and that I displayed throughout a want of intelligence. I ought to have asked more, and also might have got a good fee from Mrs. File on account of my services as coroner. It served me, however, as a good lesson; but it was several months before I felt quite comfortable.

(To be continued.)



THE FORGOTTEN MILLIONS.[1]

II. JOHN GILLEY.

BY CHARLES W. ELIOT.

TO be absolutely forgotten in a few years is the common fate of mankind. Isaac Watts did not exaggerate when he wrote:

> Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
> Bears *all* its sons away:
> They fly forgotten, as a dream
> Dies at the opening day.

With the rarest exceptions, the death of each human individual is followed in a short time by complete oblivion, so far as living human memories are concerned. Even family recollection or tradition quickly becomes dim, and soon fades utterly away. Few of us have any clear transmitted impression of our great-grandparents; some of us could not describe our grandparents. Even men accounted famous at their deaths slip from living memories and become mere shadows or word-pictures—shadows or pictures which too often distort or misrepresent the originals. Not one human being in ten million is really long remembered. For the mass of mankind absolute oblivion, like death, is sure. But what if it is? Should this indubitable fact affect injuriously the mortal life in this world of the ordinary human being? Not at all. For most men and women the enjoyments, interests, and duties of this world are just as real and absorbing, at the moment, as they would be if the enjoying, interested, and dutiful individuals could imagine that they were long to be remembered on this earthly stage. A few unusually imaginative and ambitious persons are doubtless stimulated and supported by the hope of undying fame—a hope which in the immense majority of such cases proves to be a pure delusion. The fact is that forelooking is not a common occupation of the human mind. We all live, as a rule, in the present and the past, and take very little thought for the future. Now, in estimating the aggregate well-being and happiness of a community or a nation, it is obviously the condition of the obscure millions, who are sure to be absolutely forgotten, that it is most important to see and weigh aright; yet history and biography alike neglect these humble, speechless multitudes, and modern fiction finds it profitable to portray the most squalid and vicious sides of the life of these millions rather than the best and the commonest. Thus the facts about the life of the common multitude go unobserved, or at least unrecorded, while fiction paints that life in false colors.

This paper describes with accuracy the actual life of one of the to-be-forgotten millions. Is this life a true American type? If it is, there is good hope for our country.

John Gilley was born February 22, 1822, at the Fish Point on Great Cranberry Island, Maine, whither his mother, who lived on Baker's Island, had gone to be confined at the house of Mrs. Stanley, a midwife. Baker's Island lies nearly four miles from the island of Mount Desert. It is a roundish island, a little more than half a mile long from north to south, and a little less than half a mile wide from east to west. At low tide it is connected with another much larger island, called Little Cranberry, by a reef and bar about a mile long; but by half-tide this bar is entirely covered. Almost all the coasting-vessels which come from the westward, bound to the Bay of Fundy or to the coast of Maine east of Frenchman's Bay, pass just outside of Baker's Island; and, as this island has some dangerous ledges near it, the United States built a lighthouse on its highest part in the year 1828. The island has no good harbor; but in the summer small vessels find a safe anchorage on the north side of it, except in easterly storms. The whole shore of the island is bare rock, and the vegetation does not approach the ordinary level of high water, the storm-waves keeping the rocks bare far above and behind the smooth-water level of high tide. There are many days in every year when it is impossible to land on the island or to launch a boat from it. In the milder half of the year the island is of course a convenient stopping-place for offshore fishermen, for it is several miles nearer the fishing-grounds than the harbors of Mount Desert proper.

[1] See article under the same title by President Eliot in THE CENTURY for August, 1890.

In the first years of this century the island was uninhabited, and was covered by a growth of good-sized trees, both evergreen and deciduous.

About the year 1812, William Gilley of Norwood's Cove, at the foot of Somes Sound on its west side, and Hannah Lurvey, his wife, decided to move on to Baker's Island with their three little children and all their goods. Up to that time he had got his living chiefly on fishing- or coasting-vessels; but, like most young men of the region, he was also something of a wood-cutter and farmer. He and his wife had already accumulated a little store of household goods and implements, and tools for fishing and farming. They needed no money wherewith to buy Baker's Island. There it lay in the sea, unoccupied and unclaimed; and they simply took possession of it.

William Gilley was a large, strong man, six feet tall, and weighing over two hundred pounds. His father is said to have come from Great Britain at fourteen years of age. Hannah Gilley was a robust woman, who had lived in Newburyport and Byfield, Massachusetts, until she was thirteen years old, and had there had much better schooling than was to be had on the island of Mount Desert. She was able to teach all her children to read, write, and cipher; and all her life she valued good reading, and encouraged it in her family. Her father, Jacob Lurvey, was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, and married Hannah Boynton of Byfield. The name Lurvey is a good transliteration of the German Loewe, which is a common name among German Jews; and there is a tradition in the Lurvey family that the first Lurvey, who emigrated to Massachusetts in the seventeenth century, was of Jewish descent and came from Archangel in Russia. It is noticeable that many of the Lurveys have Old Testament names, such as Reuben, Levi, Samuel, Isaac, and Jacob, and that their noses tend to be aquiline. This was the case with most of the children of William and Hannah Gilley. The father of Hannah served in the Revolutionary army as a boy. He lived to the age of ninety-two, and had ten children and seventy-seven grandchildren. The Lurveys are therefore still numerous at South-West Harbor and the vicinity.

For William Gilley the enterprise of taking possession of Baker's Island involved much heavy labor, but few unaccustomed risks. For Hannah, his wife, it was different. She already had three little children, and she was going to face for herself and her family a formidable isolation which was absolute for considerable periods in the year. Moreover, she was going to take her share in the severe labors of a pioneering family. Even to get a footing on this wooded island—to land lumber, live stock, provisions, and the implements of labor, and to build the first shelter—was no easy task. A small, rough beach of large stones was the only landing-place, and just above the bare rocks of the shore was the forest. However, health, strength, and fortitude were theirs; and in a few years they had established themselves on the island in considerable comfort. Nine more children were born to them there; so that they ultimately had a family of twelve children, of whom six were sons and six daughters. All these children grew to maturity. Fortunately, the eldest child was a girl, for it was the mother that most needed help. Three of the children are still (1899) living, two of them over eighty years of age and one over ninety. Nine of the twelve children married, and to them were born fifty-eight children, of whom forty-five are still living.

John Gilley was the tenth child and also the youngest son, and when he was born the family had already been ten years on the island, and had transformed it into a tolerable farm. When he began to look about him, his father was keeping about six cows, a yoke of oxen, two or three young cattle, about fifty sheep, and three or four hogs. Several of the children were already contributing by their labor to the support of the family. The girls, by the time they were twelve years old, were real helpers for the mother. They tended the poultry, made butter, and spun wool. The accompanying photograph of one of the daughters is declared by a surviving brother to be the perfect image of their mother. The boys naturally helped in the work of the father. He, unaided except by his boys, had cleared a considerable portion of the island, burning up in so doing a fine growth of trees—spruce, fir, birch, and beech. With his oxen he had broken up the cleared land, hauled off part of the stones and piled them on the protruding ledges, and gradually made fields for grass and other crops. In the earlier years, before flour began to be cheap at the Mount Desert "stores," he had even raised a little wheat on the island; but the main crops besides hay were potatoes and other vegetables for the use of the family and cattle. The son is still living who carried a boat-load of

wheat to Somesville, had it ground and sifted into three grades, and carried all three back to the island for winter use. The potato-bug and potato-rot were then unknown, and the island yielded any wished-for amount of potatoes. The family often dug from two to three hundred bushels of potatoes in a season, and fed what they did not want to their cattle and hogs.

Food at the island was habitually abundant. It was no trouble to get lobsters. No traps were needed; they could be picked up in the shallow water along the rocky shore. Fresh fish were always to be easily procured, except in stormy weather and in cold and windy February and March. A lamb could be killed at any time in the summer. In the fall, in sorting the flock of sheep, the family killed from ten to fifteen sheep; and what they could not use as fresh mutton they salted. Later in the season, when the weather turned cold, they killed a "beef-critter," and sometimes two when the family grew large. Part of this beef was salted, but part was kept frozen throughout the winter to be used fresh. Sea-birds added to their store of food. Shooting them made sport for the boys. Ducks and other sea-fowl were so abundant in the fall that the gunners had to throw away the bodies of the birds, after picking off all the feathers. The family never bought any salt pork, but every winter made a year's supply. Although codfish were easily accessible, the family made no use of salt cod. They preferred mackerel, which were to be taken in the near waters in some month of every year. They had a few nets, but they also caught mackerel on the hook. During the summer and early autumn the family had plenty of fresh vegetables.

For clothing the family depended mostly on wool from their own sheep. They used very little cotton. There were spinning-wheels and looms in the house, and the mother both spun and wove. Flax they raised on the island, and from it made a coarse kind of linen, chiefly for towels. They did, however, buy a cotton warp, and filled it with wool, thus making a comfortable sort of sheet for winter use or light blanket for summer. The wool of at least fifty sheep was used every year in the household, when the family had grown large. The children all went barefoot the greater part of the year; but in the winter they wore shoes or boots, the eldest brother having learned enough of the shoemaker's art to keep the family supplied with footwear in winter. At that time there were no such things as rubber boots, and the family did not expect to have dry feet.

Their uses for money were few; but some essentials to comfort they must procure at the store, seven miles away, at South-West Harbor, in return for money or its equivalent. Their available resources for procuring money were very much like those of similar families to-day in the same neighborhood. They could sell or exchange butter and eggs at the store, and they could sell in Boston dried fish and feathers. One of John's elder brothers shot birds enough in a single year to yield over a hundredweight of feathers, worth fifty cents a pound in Boston. The family shipped their feathers to Boston every year by a coasting-vessel; and this product represented men's labor, whereas the butter and eggs represented chiefly the women's labor. The butter was far the best of the cash resources; and so it remains to this day in these islands. It sold in the vicinity at twelve and a half cents a pound. There was one other source of money, namely, smoked herring. The herring which abound in these waters had at that time no value for bait; but smoked herring could be sold in New York, which was the best market for them, at from seventy-five cents to one dollar and ten cents a box, each box holding half a bushel. The herring were caught, for the most part, in gill-nets; for there were then no weirs and no seines. The family had their own smoke-house, and made the boxes themselves from lumber which was sawed for them at the Somesville or the Duck Brook saw-mill. Each of these saw-mills was at least nine miles distant from Baker's Island; so that it was a serious undertaking, requiring favorable weather, to boat the lumber from the mill and land it safely at the rough home beach. The family nailed the boxes together out of the sawed lumber in the early fall, and packed them with the fragrant fish; and then some coasting-vessel, usually a schooner owned in a neighboring island, carried the finished product to distant New York, and brought back, after a month or two, clear cash to pay for the winter's stores.

In this large and united family the boys stayed at home and worked for their parents until they were twenty-one years of age, and the girls stayed at home until they were married and had homes of their own or had come of age. All the boys and three of the girls were ultimately married. The three girls who did not marry went away from

home to earn money by household labor, factory work, nursing, or sewing. It was not all work for the children on the island, or, indeed, for the father and mother. In the long winter evenings they played checkers and fox and geese; and the mother read to the family until the children grew old enough to take their share in reading aloud. Out of doors they played ball, and in winter coasted on the snow. The boys, as soon as they were ten or twelve years of age, were in and out of boats much of the time, and so attained that quick, instinctive use of oar, sail, and tiller in which lies safety. When they grew older they had the sport of gunning, with the added interest of profit from the feathers. Their domestic animals were a great interest as well as a great care. Then, they always had before them some of the most splendid aspects of nature. From their sea-girt dwelling they could see the entire hemisphere of the sky; and to the north lay the grand hills of Mount Desert, with outline clear and sharp when the northwest wind blew, but dim and soft when southerly winds prevailed. In every storm a magnificent surf dashed up on the rock-bound isle. In winter the low sun made the sea toward the south a sheet of shimmering silver; and all the year an endless variety of colors, shades, and textures played over the surfaces of hills and sea. The delight in such visions is often but half conscious in persons who have not the habit of reflection; but it is nevertheless a real source of happiness, which is soon missed when one brought up amid such pure and noble scenes is set down among the straitened, squalid, ugly sights of a city. On the whole, the survivors of that isolated family look back on their childhood as a happy one; and they feel a strong sense of obligation to the father and mother—particularly to the mother, because she was a person of excellent faculties and an intellectual outlook. Like most of her people for two generations, she was a member of the Congregational Church; and in the summer-time she took the eldest children nearly every Sunday in mild weather to the church at South-West Harbor, going seven miles each way in an open boat. To be sure, the minister taught that hell was paved with infants' skulls, and descriptions of hell-fire and the undying worm formed an important part of every discourse. Some of the children supposed themselves to accept what they heard at church; but the mother did not. She bought books and read for herself; and by the time she had borne half a dozen children she could no longer accept the old beliefs, and became a Universalist, to which more cheerful faith she adhered till her death.

It is obvious that this family on its island domain was much more self-contained and independent than any ordinary family is today, even under similar circumstances. They got their fuel, food, and clothing as products of their own skill and labor, their supplies and resources being almost all derived from the sea and from their own fields and woods. In these days of one crop on a farm, one trade for a man, and factory labor for whole families, it is not probable that there exists a single American family which is so little dependent on exchange of products, or on supplies resulting from the labor of others, as was the family of William and Hannah Gilley from 1812 to 1842. It should also be observed that sea-shore people have a considerable advantage in bringing up boys, because boys who become good boatmen must have had an admirable training in alertness, prompt decision, resource in emergencies, and courageous steadiness in difficulties and dangers. The shore fisherman or lobsterman on the coast of Maine, often going miles to sea alone in a half-decked boat, is liable to all sorts of vexatious or formidable weather changes—in summer to fog, calms, and squalls, in winter to low-lying icy vapor, blinding snow, and the sudden northwester at zero, against which he must beat homeward with the flying spray freezing fast to hull, sails, and rigging. The youth who learns to wring safety and success out of such adverse conditions has been taught by these struggles with nature to be vigilant, patient, self-reliant, and brave. In these temperate regions the adverse forces of nature are not, as they sometimes are in the tropics, irresistible and overwhelming. They can be resisted and overcome by man; and so they develop in successive generations some of the best human qualities.

It resulted from the principles in which the children had been brought up that no one of the boys began to save much of anything for himself until he was twenty-one years of age. It was therefore 1843 before John Gilley began to earn money on his own account. Good health, a strong body, skill as a sailor, and some knowledge of farming, stock-raising, and fishing, he had acquired. In what way should he now begin to use these acquisitions for his own advantage? A fortunate change in his father's occupation fifteen years before probably facilitated

John's entrance on a career of his own. William Gilley had been appointed light-keeper in 1828, with a compensation of three hundred and fifty dollars a year in money, the free occupation of a house, and all the sperm-oil he could use in his household. He held this place until the year 1849, when, on the coming into power of the Whig party, he was turned out and a Whig was appointed in his place. Perhaps in recognition of his long service, it was considerately suggested to him that he might retain his position if he should see fit to join the dominant party; but to this overture he replied, with some expletives, that he would not change his political connection for all the lighthouses in the United States. Now, three hundred and fifty dollars a year in cash, besides house and light, was a fortune to any coast-of-Maine family seventy years ago,—indeed, it still is,—and William Gilley undoubtedly was able to lay up some portion of it, besides improving his buildings, live stock, boats, tools, and household furniture. From these savings the father was able to furnish a little money to start his sons each in his own career. This father was himself an irrepressible pioneer, always ready for a new enterprise. In 1837, long before he was turned out of the lighthouse, he bought for three hundred dollars Great Duck Island, an uninhabited island about five miles southwest of Baker's Island, and even more difficult of access, his project being to raise live stock there. Shortly after he ceased to be light-keeper, when he was about sixty-three years old and his youngest children were grown up, he went to live on Great Duck, and there remained almost alone until he was nearly eighty years of age. His wife Hannah had become somewhat infirm, and was unable to do more than make him occasional visits on Duck Island. She died at sixty-nine, but he lived to be ninety-two. Each lived in their declining years with one of their married sons, Hannah on Little Cranberry and William on Baker's. Such is the natural mode of taking care of old parents in a community where savings are necessarily small and only the able-bodied can really earn their livelihood.

John Gilley's first venture was the purchase of a part of a small coasting-schooner called the *Preference*, which could carry about one hundred tons, and cost between eight and nine hundred dollars. He became responsible for one third of her value, paying down one or two hundred dollars, which his father probably lent him. For the rest of the third he obtained credit for a short time from the seller of the vessel. The other two owners were men who belonged on Great Cranberry Island. The owners proceeded to use their purchase during all the mild weather—perhaps six months of each year—in carrying paving-stones to Boston. These stones, unlike the present rectangular granite blocks, were smooth cobblestones picked up on the outside beaches of the neighboring islands. They of course were not found on any inland or smooth-water beaches, but only where heavy waves rolled the beach-stones up and down. The crew of the *Preference* must therefore anchor her off an exposed beach, and then, with a large dory, boat off to her the stones which they picked up by hand. This work was possible only during moderate weather. The stones must be of tolerably uniform size, neither too large nor too small; and each one had to be selected by the eye and picked up by the hand. When the dory was loaded, it had to be lifted off the beach by the men standing in the water, and rowed out to the vessel; and there every single stone had to be picked up by hand and thrown on to the vessel. A hundred tons having been thus got aboard by sheer hard work of human muscle, the old craft, which was not too seaworthy, was sailed to Boston, to be discharged at what was then called the "Stone Wharf" in Charlestown. There the crew threw the stones out of her hold on to the wharf by hand. They therefore lifted and threw these hundred tons of stone three times at least before they were deposited on the city's wharf. The cobblestones were the main freight of the vessel; but she also carried dried fish to Boston, and fetched back goods to the island stores of the vicinity. Some of the island people bought their flour, sugar, dry-goods, and other family stores in Boston through the captain of the schooner. John Gilley soon began to go as captain, being sometimes accompanied by the other owners and sometimes by men on wages. He was noted among his neighbors for the care and good judgment with which he executed their various commissions, and he knew himself to be trusted by them. This business he followed for several years, paid off his debt to the seller of the schooner, and began to lay up money. It was an immense satisfaction to him to feel himself thus established in an honest business which he understood, and in which he was making his way. There are few solider satisfactions to be won in this world by anybody, in any condition of

life. The scale of the business—large or small—makes little difference in the measure of content.

At that time—about 1843 to 1850—there were very few guides to navigation between Mount Desert and Boston compared with the numerous marks that the government now maintains. Charts were lacking, and the government had issued no coast-pilot. Blount's "Coast-Pilot" was the only book in use among the coastwise navigators, and its description of the coast of Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts was very incomplete, though tolerably accurate in the few most important regions. It was often anxious business for the young owners of an old, uninsured vessel to encounter the various weather of the New England coast between the 1st of April and the 1st of December. Their all and sometimes their lives were at stake on their own prudence, knowledge, and skill. None of them had knowledge of navigation in the technical sense; they were coasting sailors only, who found their way from point to point along the shore by practice, keen observation, and good memory for objects once seen and courses once safely steered. The young man who can do this work successfully has some good grounds for self-respect. At this business John Gilley laid up several hundred dollars. In a few years he was able to sell the *Preference* and buy half of a much better vessel called the *Express*. She was larger, younger, and a better sailer, and cost her purchasers between fifteen and sixteen hundred dollars. He followed the same business in the *Express* for several years more, laying her up in the late autumn and fitting her out again every spring. The winters he generally spent with his father and mother, or with one of his married brothers; but even in such periods of comparative repose he kept busy, and was always trying to make a little money. He was fond of gunning, and liked it all the better because it yielded feathers for sale. In December, 1853, he was staying with his brother Samuel Gilley on Little Cranberry Island, and gunning as usual; but his brother observed that he did not sell the feathers which he assiduously collected. That winter there was a school-teacher from Sullivan on Little Cranberry, who seemed to be an intelligent and pleasing girl. He made no remarks on the subject to his brother; but that brother decided that John was looking for a wife—or, as this brother expressed it at the age of eighty-two, "John was thinking of looking out for the woman; he saved his feathers—and actions speak louder than words." Moreover, he sold his vessel at Rockland, and found himself in possession of nine or ten hundred dollars in money, the product of patient industry, and not the result of drawing a prize or two in the fishing lottery. In the following spring he went with six or seven other men, in a low-priced fishing-vessel of about thirty-five tons which his brother Samuel and he had bought, up the Bay of Fundy and to the banks between Mount Desert and Cape Sable, fishing for cod and haddock. Every fortnight or three weeks the brothers came home to land their fish and get supplies; but the schoolmistress had gone home to Sullivan. During that spring John Gilley crossed more than once to Sutton's Island, an island about a mile long, which lies between the Cranberry Islands and the island of Mount Desert, with its long axis lying nearly east and west. On this island he bought that season a rough, neglected farm of about fifty acres, on which stood a house and barn. It was a great undertaking to put the buildings into habitable condition and clear up and improve the few arable fields. But John Gilley looked forward to the task with keen interest and a good hope, and he had the definite purpose of providing here a permanent home for himself and a wife.

When cold weather put an end to the fishing season, John Gilley, having provided all necessary articles for his house, sailed over to Sullivan, distant about eighteen miles, in his fishing-vessel, and brought back to the home on Sutton's Island Harriet Bickford Wilkinson, the schoolmistress from Sullivan. The grandfather of Harriet Wilkinson came to Sullivan from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1769, and her mother's family came from York, Maine. The marriage took place on December 25, 1854, when John was thirty-two and Harriet was twenty-five; and both entered with joy upon married life at their own island farm. She was a pretty woman, but delicate, belonging to a family which was thought to have a tendency to consumption. The accompanying portrait of John Gilley is from a daguerreotype taken in 1854, the year of his marriage. In the summer of 1855 he spent about half his time on this same vessel which had brought home his wife, and made a fair profit on the fishing; and the next year he sometimes went on short trips of shore fishing, but that was the last of his going away from the farm. Whatever fishing he did afterward he did in an open boat not far from home, and he

went coasting no more. A son was born to them, but lived only seven months; and soon the wife's health began to fail. A wife's sickness, in the vast majority of families, means, first, the loss of her labor in the care and support of the household, and, secondly, the necessity of hiring some woman to do the work which the wife cannot do. This necessity of hiring is a heavy burden in a family where little money is earned, although there may be great comfort so far as food, fire, and clothing are concerned. His young wife continuing to grow worse, John Gilley tried all means that were possible to him to restore her health. He consulted the neighboring physicians, bought quantities of medicine in great variety, and tried in every way that love or duty could suggest to avert the threatening blow. It was all in vain. Harriet Gilley lived only two years and a half after her marriage, dying in June, 1857. At this period, his expenses being large and his earning power reduced, John Gilley was forced to borrow a little money. The farm and the household equipment had absorbed his whole capital.

On April 27, 1857, there came from Sullivan, to take care of Harriet, Mary Jane Wilkinson, her cousin. This cousin was only twenty-one years of age; but her father was dead, and her mother had married again. She had helped her mother till she was almost twenty-one years of age, but now felt free. Until this cousin came, nieces and a sister of John Gilley had helped him to take care of his dying wife. The woman relatives must always come to the aid of a family thus distressed. To help in taking care of the farm and in fishing, John Gilley habitually hired a man all through the season, and this season of 1857 the hired man was his wife's brother. When Harriet Gilley died, there was still the utmost need of a woman on the farm; so Mary Jane Wilkinson stayed during the summer and through the next winter, and before the end of that winter she had promised to marry John Gilley. There were at that time eight houses on Sutton's Island, and more permanent residents than there are now. Mary Jane Wilkinson was fond of the care of animals and of farm duties in general. She found at the farm only twelve hens, a cow, and a calf, and she set to work at once to increase the quantity of live stock; but in April, 1858, she returned to her mother's house at West Gouldsboro', that she might prepare her wardrobe and some articles of household linen. When, later in the season, John Gilley came after Mary Jane Wilkinson at Jones's Cove, he had to transport to Sutton's Island, besides Mary Jane's personal possessions, a pair of young steers, a pig, and a cat. They were married at North-East Harbor by Squire Kimball, in the old tavern on the west side of the harbor, in July, 1858; and then these two set about improving their condition by unremitting industry and frugality, and an intelligent use of every resource the place afforded. The new wife gave her attention to the poultry and made butter whenever the milk could not be sold as such. The price of butter had greatly improved since John Gilley was a boy on Baker's Island. It could now be sold at from twenty to twenty-five cents a pound. In summer Squire Kimball, at the tavern, bought their milk. All summer eggs could be sold at the stores on the neighboring islands; but in the fall it was necessary to send them to Boston. During the fishing season the husband frequently went for fish in an open boat with one sail; but he no longer absented himself from home for weeks at a time. His labor on the farm was incessant. On the crest of the island a small field had been cleared by the former occupant of the house. With the help of a yoke of oxen John Gilley proceeded to add to this field on the east and on the west. The piles of stones which he heaped up on the bare ledges remain to this day to testify to his industry. One of them is twenty-four feet long, fifteen feet wide, and five feet high. In after years he was proud of these piles, regarding them as monuments to his patient industry and perseverance in the redemption, or rather creation, of this precious mowing-field.

In these labors three or four years passed away, when the Civil War broke out, and soon, linseed-oil becoming scarce, porgy-oil attained an unheard-of value. Fortunately for the New England shore people, the porgies arrived in shoals on the coast in every season for rather more than ten years. At various places along the shore from Long Island Sound to the Bay of Fundy, large factories were built for expressing the oil from these fish; but this was an industry which could also be well conducted on a small scale with a few nets, a big kettle, and a screw-press worked by hand. For an enterprising and energetic man here was a new chance of getting profit from the sea. Accordingly, John Gilley, like thousands of other fishermen along the New England coast, set up a small porgy-oil factory, and during the porgy season this was his most

profitable form of industry. During the last part of the war porgy-oil sold at a dollar or even a dollar and ten cents a gallon. The chum, or refuse from the press, was a valuable element in manure. All of John Gilley's porgy-chum went to enrich his precious fields. We may be sure that this well-used opportunity gave him great satisfaction.

The farm, like most farms on the Maine shore, not sufficing for the comfortable support of his family, John Gilley was always looking for another industry by which he could add to his annual income. He found such an industry in the manufacture of smoked herring. This was at that time practised in two ways among the island people. Fresh herring were caught near home, and were immediately corned and smoked; and salted herring brought from the Magdalen Islands were bought by the vessel-load, soaked in fresh water to remove a part of the salt, and then smoked. John Gilley built a large smoke-house on his shore close to a safe and convenient anchorage, and there pursued the herring business in both forms, whenever supplies of herring could be obtained. This is an industry in which women can bear a part. They can pull out the gills and string the wet fish on the sticks by which they are hung up in the smoke-house; and they can pack the dried fish into the boxes in which they are marketed. So the wife and the eldest daughter, as time went on, took a hand in this herring work. The sawed lumber for the boxes was all brought from the saw-mill at the head of Somes Sound, eight miles away. The men did that transportation, and nailed the boxes together. It was characteristic of John Gilley that he always took pains to have his things better than anybody else's. He was careful and particular about all his work, and thoroughly believed in the good results of this painstaking care. He was always confident that his milk, butter, eggs, fowls, porgy-oil, and herring were better than the common, and were worth a higher price; and he could often induce purchasers to think so, too.

Of the second marriage there came three girls, who all grew to maturity, and two of whom were married in due season; but when John Gilley was seventy-four years old he had but two grandchildren, of whom the elder was only eight years old, his fate in this respect being far less fortunate than that of his father. Late marriage caused him to miss some of the most exquisite of natural human delights. He could not witness the coming of grandchildren to maturity. He had the natural, animal fondness—so to speak—for children, the economic liking for them as helpers, and the real love for them as affectionate comrades and friends.

The daughters were disposed to help in the support of the family and the care of the farm. The eldest went through the whole course of the Normal School at Castine, and became a teacher. The youngest was best at household and farm work, having her father's head for business. The other daughter was married early, but had already gone from her father's house to Little Cranberry Island as a helper in the family of the principal storekeeper on that island. Since the household needed the assistance of another male, it was their custom to hire a well-grown boy or a man during the better part of the year, the wages for such services being not more than from fifteen to twenty dollars a month in addition to board and lodging.

Although the island lay much nearer to the shores of Mount Desert than Baker's Island did, the family had hardly more intercourse with the main island than William Gilley's family on Baker's Island had had a generation before. They found their pleasures chiefly at home. In the winter evenings they read aloud to one another, thus carrying down to another generation the habit which Hannah Lurvey Gilley had established in her family. The same good habit has been transmitted to the family of one of John Gilley's married daughters, where it is now in force.

In the early autumn of 1874 a serious disaster befell this industrious and thriving family. One evening Mr. and Mrs. Gilley were walking along the southern shore of the island toward a neighbor's house, when John suggested that it was time for Mary Jane to get the supper, and for him to attend to the fire in the smoke-house, which was full of herring hung up to smoke, and also contained on the floor a large quantity of packed herring, the fruit of the entire summer's work on herring. The smoke-house was large, and at one end there stood a carpenter's bench with a good many tools. It was also used as a place of storage for rigging, anchors, blocks, and other seaman's gear. Mrs. Gilley went home and made ready the supper. John Gilley arranged the fire as usual in the smoke-house, and went up to the house from the shore. As the family were sitting at supper, a neighbor, who had been calling there and had gone out, rushed back, exclaiming, "Your smoke-house is all afire!" So indeed it was; and

in a few minutes John Gilley's chief investment and all his summer's work went up in flames. The whole family ran to the scene, but it was too late to do more than save the fish-house, which stood near. John opened the door of the smoke-house and succeeded in rescuing a pair of oiled trousers and his precious compass, which stood on a shelf by the door. Everything else was burned up clean. John said but little at the moment, and looked calmly on at the quick destruction; but when he went to bed that night, he broke down and bewailed his loss with tears and sobs. He had lost not only a sum of money which was large for him,—perhaps five hundred dollars,—but, what was more, he had lost an object of interest and affection, and a means of livelihood which represented years of patient labor. It was as if a mill-owner had lost his mill without insurance, or the owner of a noble vessel had seen her go down within sight of home. This was the only time in all their married life that his wife ever saw him overcome by such emotion. In consequence of this disaster, it was necessary for John Gilley, in order to buy stores enough for the ensuing winter, to sell part of the live stock off his farm. This fact shows how close may be the margin of livelihood for a family on the New England coast which really owns a good deal of property and is justly held by its neighbors to be well off. If the cash proceeds of a season's work are lost or destroyed, extraordinary and undesirable means have to be taken to carry over the family to another season. This may happen to a healthy, industrious, frugal household. Much worse, of course, may happen in consequence of sudden disaster in an unthrifty or sickly family. The investments of poor men are apt to be very hazardous. They put their all into farming-tools or live stock; they risk everything they have on an old vessel or on a single crop, and therefore on the weather of a single season; with their small savings they build a barn or a smoke-house, which may be reduced to ashes with all its contents in fifteen minutes. Insurance they can seldom afford. If the investments of the rich were as hazardous as are those of the poor, theirs would be a lot even more worrisome than it is now.

The smoke-house was never rebuilt. At first the money to rebuild was lacking, and later a new prospect opened before the family. After the fire John Gilley went more into cows and less into fat oxen. Hitherto he had always kept a good yoke of oxen and some steers, and he had been accustomed to do their hauling and plowing for all the families on the island. Thereafter he generally had as many as five cows, but often only a single young ox to do the hauling for the island. He always trained his oxen himself, and had pleasure in the company of these patient and serviceable creatures.

In 1880 the Gilleys on Sutton's Island heard that three "Westerners," or "rusticators," had bought land at North-East Harbor. One was said to be a bishop, another the president of a college, and the third and earliest buyer a landscape-gardener—whatever that might be. It was even reported that one of these pioneers had landed on the western end of Sutton's Island and walked the length of the island. The news was intensely interesting to all the inhabitants. They had heard of the fabulous prices of land at Bar Harbor, and their imaginations began to play over their own pastures and wood-lots. John Gilley went steadily on his laborious and thrifty way. He served the town in various capacities, such as selectman and collector of taxes. He was one of the school committee for several years, and later one of the board of health. He was also road-surveyor on the island—there being but one road, and that grass-grown. As a town officer John Gilley exhibited the same uprightness and frugality which he showed in all his private dealings. To be chosen to responsible office by his fellow-townsmen, every one of whom knew him personally, was to him a source of rational gratification; and in each of his offices he had occasion to enlarge his knowledge and to undertake new responsibilities.

In 1884 the extreme western point of Sutton's Island was sold to a "Westerner," a professor in Harvard College, and shortly after a second sale in the same neighborhood was effected; but it was not until 1886 that John Gilley made his first sale of land for summering purposes. In the next year he made another sale, and in 1894 a third. The prices he obtained, though moderate compared with the prices charged at Bar Harbor or North-East Harbor, were forty or fifty times any price which had ever been put on his farm by the acre. Being thus provided with what was for him a considerable amount of ready money, he did what all his like do when they come into possession of ready money—he first gave himself and his family the pleasure of enlarging and improving his house and other buildings, and

then lent the balance on small mortgages on village real estate. Suddenly he became a prosperous man, at ease, and a leader in his world. Up to this time he had merely earned a comfortable livelihood by means of diversified industry; since his second marriage now he had a secured capital in addition to his farm and its buildings. Now, at last, he was highly content, but nevertheless ready as ever for new undertakings. His mind was active, and his eye and hand were steady.

FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SAWTELLE.

HALF-TONE PLATES ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON

JOHN GILLEY AND MATILDA GILLEY ALLEN, HIS ELDER SISTER.

When three cottages had stood for several years on the eastern foreside of North-East Harbor,—the nearest point of the shore of Mount Desert to Sutton's Island,—John Gilley, at the age of seventy-one, undertook to deliver at these houses milk, eggs, and fresh vegetables every day, and chickens and fowls when they were wanted. This undertaking involved his rowing in all weathers nearly two miles from his cove to the landings of these houses, and back again, across bay waters which are protected indeed from the heavy ocean swells, but are still able to produce what the natives call "a big chop." Every morning he arrived with the utmost punctuality, in rain or shine, calm or blow, and alone, unless it blew heavily from the northwest (a head wind from Sutton's), or his little grandson—his mate, as he called the boy—wanted to accompany him on a fine, still morning. Soon he extended his trips to the western side of North-East Harbor, where he found a much larger market for his goods than he had found thirty-five years before, when he first delivered milk at Squire Kimball's tavern. This business involved what was new work for John Gilley, namely, the raising of fresh vegetables in much larger variety and quantity than he was accustomed to. He entered on this new work with interest and intelligence, but was of course sometimes defeated in his plans by wet weather in spring, a drought in summer, or by the worms and insects which unexpectedly attacked his crops. On the whole he was decidedly successful in this enterprise undertaken at seventy-one. Those who bought of him liked to deal with him, and he found in the business fresh interest and pleasure. Not many men take up a new out-of-door business at seventy, and carry it on successfully by their own brains and muscles. It was one of the sources of his satisfaction that he thus supplied the two daughters who still lived at his house with a profitable outlet for their energies. One of these—the school-teacher—was an excellent laundress, and the other was devoted to the work of the house and the farm, and was helpful in her father's new business. John Gilley transported the washes from North-East Harbor and back again in his rowboat, and under the new conditions of

the place washing and ironing proved to be more profitable than school-keeping.

In the fall of 1896 the family which had occupied that summer one of the houses John Gilley was in the habit of supplying with milk, eggs, and vegetables, and which had a young child dependent on the milk, lingered after the other summer households had departed. He consented to continue his daily trips a few days into October that the child's milk might not be changed, although it was perfectly clear that his labor could not be adequately recompensed. On the last morning but one that he was to come across from the island to the harbor a strong northeast wind was blowing, and some sea was running through the deep passage between Sutton's Island and Bear Island, which he had to cross on his way to and fro. He took with him in his boat the young man who had been working for him on the farm the few weeks past. They delivered the milk, crossed to the western side of North-East Harbor, did some errands there, and started cheerfully for home, as John Gilley had done from that shore hundreds of times before. The boy rowed from a seat near the bow, and the old man sat on the thwart near the stern, facing the bow, and pushing his oars from him. They had no thought of danger; but to ease the rowing they kept to windward under Bear Island, and then pushed across the deep channel, south by west, for the western point of Sutton's Island. They were more than half-way across when, through some inattention or lack of skill on the part of the young man in the bow, a sea higher or swifter than the rest threw a good deal of water into the boat. John Gilley immediately began to bail, and told the rower to keep her head to the waves. The overweighted boat was less manageable than before, and in a moment another roller turned her completely over. Both men clung to the boat and climbed on to her bottom. She drifted away before the wind and sea toward South-West Harbor. The oversetting of the boat had been seen from both Bear Island and Sutton's Island; but it was nearly three quarters of an hour before the rescuers could reach the floating boat, and then the young man, though unconscious, was still clinging to the boat's keel, but the old man, chilled by the cold water and stunned by the waves which beat about his head, had lost his hold and sunk into the sea. In half an hour John Gilley had passed from a hearty and successful old age in this world, full of its legitimate interests and satisfactions, into the voiceless mystery of death. No trace of his body was ever found. It disappeared into the waters on which he had played and worked as boy and man all his long and fortunate life. He left his family well provided for, and full of gratitude and praise for his honorable career and his sterling character.

This is the life of one of the forgotten millions. It contains no material for distinction, fame, or long remembrance; but it does contain the material and present the scene for a normal human development through mingled joy and sorrow, labor and rest, adversity and success, and through the tender loves of childhood, maturity, and age. We cannot but believe that it is just for countless quiet, simple lives like this that God made and upholds this earth.

A SPUR TO GENIUS.

BY CHARLES WOODWARD HUTSON.

IS it my Plutarch that the boy holds there
Upon his knee, his soul absorbed in deeds
Of other races, lands, and times, and creeds,
The soft Ægean breeze within his hair,
And tales of heroes for his daily fare?
Ah! let him burn to face the haughty Medes,
And glory in the men that Athens breeds,
Or thrill at all the odds that Romans dare!
E'en thus it was that Shakspere learned to know
His Timon and his Serpent of old Nile,
And thus Montaigne in wisdom learned to grow,
And thus the Corsican who left his isle
To rule a world got thews that world to throw:
My boy may get him something worth his while.

THE GOLF BONNET.

BY JENNIE BETTS HARTSWICK.

WITH PICTURES BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

WITH poet-pencil subtle,
In days of "scoop" and "scuttle,"
Rob Herrick sang to Julia in quaintly fashioned phrase.
And when Priscilla modest
Wore headgear of the oddest,
Her sober millinery even won its meed of praise.

But ah, not a scintilla
Care I for prim Priscilla!
With Julia's antique fripperies I would not be acquaint;
If *I* should write a sonnet
I 'd sing the golfing bonnet,
Whose ruffled glory crowns her like the nimbus of a saint.

When skies are pink at morning,
Of cloudless weather warning,
And Phœbus gets him up to march unwinking round the world,
Though ardently he kisses,
His winsome mark he misses
When o'er her brow her bonnet's jealous banner is unfurled.

Yet oftentimes it chances
That, fearing not his glances,—
In intervals of resting under leafy branches dim,
With shadows intervening,—
She needs no bonnet's screening,
But shows her face completely in the halo of its brim.

I, too, have found its vizor
A very tantalizer;
For when the game is over, and the players leave the links,
Although I walk beside her,
It yet contrives to hide her,
While Phœbus, the defeated, smiles as down the west he sinks.

What matters his deriding?
For, patiently abiding
Till half she turns unto me as we saunter slowly on,
As swift I lean toward her,
Lo! in its crimply border
Her cheek has caught the color of its frills of rosy lawn.

Oh, often may she don it,
Her bonny golfing bonnet!
And as she deftly ties her dainty head its shade within,
Though down she looks demurely,
Full well she knows, securely
She holds my heart a captive in the bow beneath her chin.

SAILING ALONE AROUND THE WORLD.

BEING A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE EXPERIENCES OF THE SLOOP "SPRAY" ON HER SINGLE-HANDED VOYAGE OF 46,000 MILES.

BY CAPTAIN JOSHUA SLOCUM.

WITH PICTURES BY THOMAS FOGARTY AND GEORGE VARIAN.

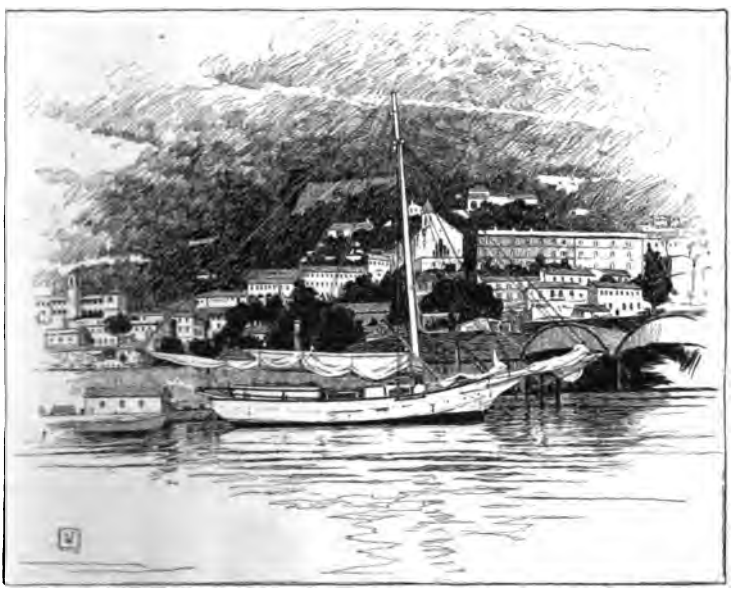
PART III. JUAN FERNANDEZ AND SAMOA.

I WAS determined to rely on my own small resources to repair the damages of the great gale which drove me southward toward the Horn, after I had passed from the Strait of Magellan out into the Pacific. So when I had gotten back into the strait, by way of Cockburn Channel,[1] I did not proceed eastward for help at the Sandy Point settlement, but turning again into the northwestward reach of the strait, set to work with my palm and needle at every opportunity, when at anchor and when sailing. Little by little the square-sail on the boom expanded to the dimensions of a serviceable mainsail with a peak to it and a leech besides. If it was not the best-setting sail afloat, it was at least very strongly made and would stand a hard blow. A ship, meeting the *Spray* long afterward, reported her as wearing a mainsail of some improved design and patent reefer, but that was not the case.

The *Spray* for a few days after the storm enjoyed fine weather and made fair time through the Strait of Magellan as far as "Coffee Island," which I sighted February 20, 1896. There she encountered another gale that brought her in the lee of great Charles Island for shelter. On a bluff point on Charles were signal-fires, and a tribe of savages, mustered here since my first trip through the strait, manned their canoes to put off for the sloop. It was not prudent to come to, the anchorage being within bow-shot of the shore, which was thickly wooded; but I made signs that one canoe might come alongside, while the sloop ranged about under sail in the lee of the land. The others I motioned to keep off, and incidentally laid a smart Martini-Henry rifle in sight, close at hand, on the top of the cabin. In the canoe that came alongside, crying their never-ending begging word "yammerschooner," were two squaws and one Indian, the hardest specimens of humanity I had ever seen in any of my travels. "Yammerschooner" was their plaint when they pushed off from the shore, and "yammerschooner" it was when they got alongside. The squaws beckoned for food, while the Indian, a black-visaged savage, stood sulkily as if he took no interest in the matter at all; but on turning my back for some biscuits and jerked beef for the squaws, the "buck" sprang on deck and confronted me, saying in Spanish jargon that we had met before. I thought I recognized the tone of his "yammerschooner," and his full beard identified him as the Black Pedro whom, it was true, I had met before. "Where are the rest of the crew?" he asked, as he looked uneasily around, expecting hands, maybe, to come out of the fore-scuttle and deal him his just deserts for many murders. "About three weeks ago," said he, "when you passed up here, I saw three men on board. Where are the other two?" I answered him briefly that the same crew was still on board. "But," said he, "I see you are doing all the work," and with a leer he added, as he glanced at the mainsail, "hombre valiente." I explained that I did all the work in the day, while the rest of the crew slept, so that they would be fresh to watch for Indians at night. I was interested in the subtle cunning of this savage, knowing him, as I did, better perhaps than he was aware. Even had I not been advised before I sailed from Sandy Point, I should have measured him for an arch-villain now. Moreover, one of the squaws, with that spark of kindliness which is somehow found in the breast of even the lowest savage, warned me by a sign to be on my guard, and that Black Pedro would do me harm. There was no need of the warning, however, for I was on my guard from the first, and at that moment held a smart revolver in my hand ready for instant service.

[1] The reader is referred to the map on page 939 of the October CENTURY for the *Spray's* course in her double trip through the Strait of Magellan.—EDITOR.

"When you sailed through here before," he said, "you fired a shot at me," adding with some warmth that it was "muy malo." I affected not to understand, and said, "You have lived at Sandy Point, have you not?" He answered frankly, "Yes," and appeared delighted to meet one who had come from the dear old place. "At the mission?" I queried. "Why, yes," he replied, stepping forward as if to embrace an old friend. I motioned him back, for I did not share his flattering humor. "And you know Captain Pedro Samblich?" continued I. "Yes," said the villain, who had killed a kinsman of Samblich —"yes, indeed; he is a great friend of mine." "I know it," said I. Samblich had told me to shoot him on sight. Pointing to my rifle on the cabin, he wanted to know how many times it fired. "Quantos?" said he. When I explained to him that that gun kept right on shooting, his jaw fell, and he spoke of getting away. I did not hinder him from going. I gave the squaws biscuits and beef, and one of them gave me several lumps of tallow in exchange, and I think it worth mentioning that she did not offer me the smallest pieces, but with some extra trouble reached me the largest pieces of all in the canoe. No Christian could have done more. Before pushing off from the sloop the cunning savage asked for matches, and made as if to reach with the end of his spear the box I was about to give him; but I held it toward him on the muzzle of my rifle, the one that "kept on shooting." The chap picked the box off the gun gingerly enough, to be sure, but he jumped when I said, "Quedao [Look out]," at which the squaws laughed and seemed not at all displeased. Perhaps the wretch had clubbed them that morning for not gathering mussels enough for his breakfast. There was a good understanding among us all.



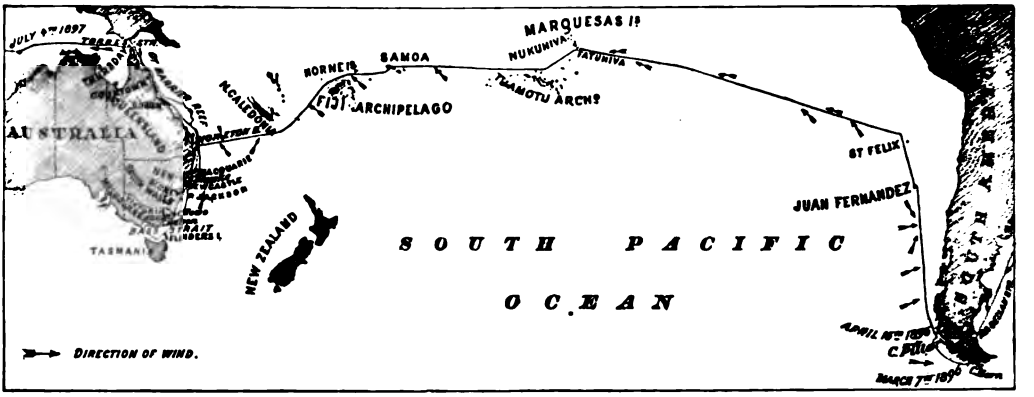
THE "SPRAY" AT ANCHOR OFF GIBRALTAR.

This picture (printed here because it gives a good idea of the lines of the hull) shows the rig of the *Spray* in her voyage from the United States to Gibraltar, and again across the Atlantic to the Strait of Magellan, where the rig was changed to a yawl, as shown on page 684 of the September CENTURY.

From Charles Island the *Spray* crossed over to Fortescue Bay, where she anchored and spent a comfortable night under the lee of high land, while the wind howled outside. The bay was deserted now. They were Fortescue Indians whom I had seen at the island, and I felt quite sure they could not follow the *Spray* in the present hard blow. Not to neglect a precaution, however, I sprinkled tacks on deck before I turned in.

On the following day the loneliness of the place was broken by the appearance of a great steamship, making for the anchorage with a lofty bearing. She was no Diego craft. I knew the sheer, the model, and the pose. I threw out my flag, and directly saw the Stars and Stripes flung to the breeze from the great ship.

The wind had then abated, and toward night the savages made their appearance from the island, going direct to the steamer to "yammerschooner." Then they came to the *Spray* to beg more, or to steal all, declaring that they got nothing from the steamer. Black Pedro here came alongside again. My own brother could not have been more delighted to see me, and he begged the loan of my rifle to shoot a guanaco for me in the morning. I assured the fellow that if I remained there another day I would lend him the gun, but I had no mind to remain. I gave him a cooper's draw-knife and some other small implements which would be of service in canoe-making, and bade him be off.



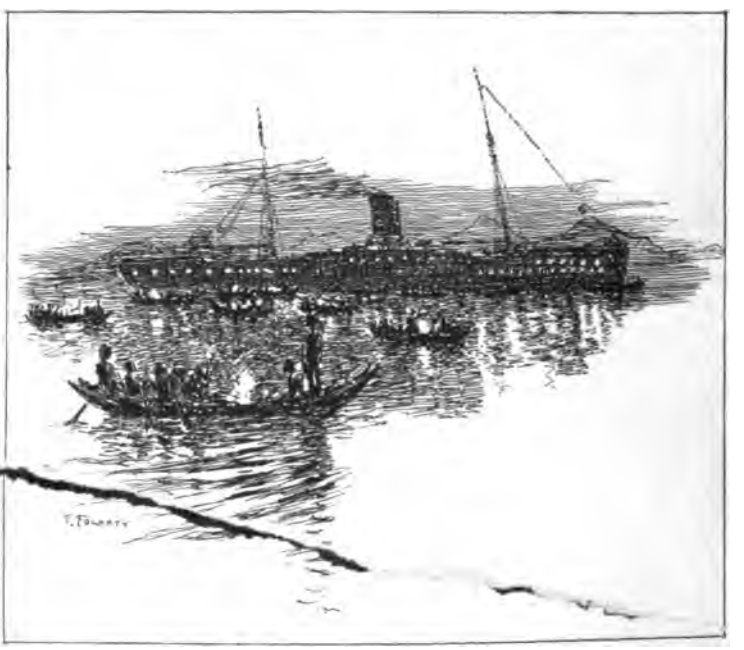
DRAWN BY AUGUST WILL.

THE "SPRAY'S" COURSE FROM THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN TO TORRES STRAIT.

Under the cover of darkness that night I went to the steamer, which I found to be the *Colombia*, Captain Henderson, from New York, bound for San Francisco. I carried all my guns along with me, in case it should be necessary to fight my way back. In the chief mate of the *Colombia*, Mr. Hannibal, I found an old friend, and he referred affectionately to days in Manila when we were there together, he in the *Southern Cross* and I in the *Northern Light*, both ships as beautiful as their names.

The *Colombia* had an abundance of fresh stores on board. The captain gave his steward some order, and I remember that the guileless young man asked me if I could manage, besides other things, a few cans of milk and a cheese. When I offered my Montevideo gold for the supplies, the captain roared like a lion and told me to put my money up. It was a glorious outfit of provisions of all kinds that I got there.

Returning to the *Spray*, where I found all secure, I prepared for an early start in the morning. It was agreed that the steamer should blow her whistle for me if first on the move, but the sloop was the first under way. I had watched the steamer, off and on, through the night for the pleasure alone of seeing her electric lights, a pleasing sight in



A CONTRAST IN LIGHTING—THE ELECTRIC LIGHTS OF THE "COLOMBIA" AND THE CANOE FIRES OF THE FORTESCUE INDIANS.

contrast to the ordinary Fuegian canoe with a brand of fire in it. But the *Colombia*, soon following, passed, and saluted as she went by. Had the captain given me his steamer, his company would have been no worse off than they were two or three months later. I read afterward, in a late California paper, "The *Colombia* will be a total loss." On her second trip to Panama she was wrecked on the rocks of the California coast.

The *Spray* was then beating against wind and current, as usual in the strait. At this point the tides from the Atlantic and the Pacific meet, setting with most force toward the Atlantic. In the strait, as on the outside coast, their meeting makes a commotion of whirlpools and combers that in a gale of wind is dangerous to canoes and other frail craft.

About eight miles up the strait from Fortescue was the next anchorage, Borgia Bay. There the *Spray* arrived for the second time and cast anchor early in the afternoon. I threw out my skiff, and with ax and gun landed at the head of the cove, where I filled a barrel of water from a considerable stream. Then, as before, there was no sign of Indians at the place. Finding it quite deserted, I rambled about near the beach for an hour or more. The fine weather seemed, somehow, to add loneliness to the place, and when I came upon a spot where a grave was marked I went no farther. Returning to the head of the cove, I came to a sort of Calvary, it appeared to me, where navigators, carrying their cross, had each set one up as a beacon to others coming after. They had anchored here and gone on, all except the one under the little mound. One of the simple marks, curiously enough, had been left there by the steamship *Colimbia*, sister ship to the *Colombia*, [illegible] neighbor of that morning.

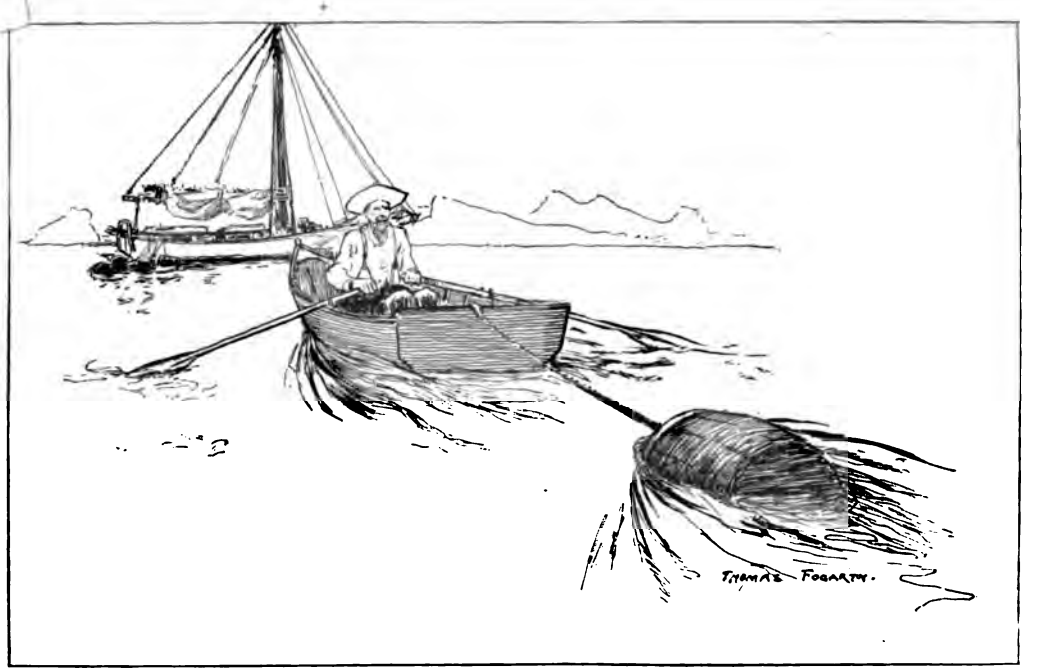
I read the names of many other vessels; some of them I copied in my journal, others were illegible. Many of the crosses had decayed and fallen, and many a hand that put them there I had known, many a hand now still. The air of depression was about the place, and I hurried back to the sloop to forget myself again in the voyage.

Early the next morning I stood out from Borgia Bay, and off Cape Quod, where the wind fell light, I moored the sloop by kelp in twenty fathoms of water, and held her there a few hours against a three-knot current. That night I anchored in Langara Cove, a few miles farther along, where on the following day I discovered wreckage and goods washed up from the sea. I worked all day now, salving and boating off a cargo to the sloop. The bulk of the goods was tallow in casks and in lumps from which the casks had broken away; and embedded in the seaweed was a barrel of wine, which I also towed alongside. I hoisted them in with the throat-halyards, which I took to the windlass. The weight of some of the casks was a little over eight hundred pounds.

There were no Indians about Langara; evidently there had not been any since the great gale which had washed the wreckage on shore. Probably it was the same gale that drove the *Spray* off Cape Horn, from March 3 to 8. Hundreds of tons of kelp had been torn from beds in deep water and rolled up into ridges on the beach. A specimen stalk which I found entire, roots, leaves, and all, measured one hundred and thirty-one feet in length. At this place I filled a barrel of water at night, and on the following day sailed with a fair wind at last.

I had not sailed far, however, when I came abreast of more tallow in a small cove, where I anchored, and boated off as before. It rained and snowed hard all that day, and it was no light work carrying tallow in my arms over the boulders on the beach. But I worked on till the *Spray* was loaded with a full cargo. I was happy then in the prospect of doing a good business farther along on the voyage, for the habits of an old trader would come to the surface. I sailed from the cove about noon, greased from top to toe, while my vessel was tallowed from keelson to truck. My cabin, as well as the hold and deck, was stowed full of tallow, and all were thoroughly smeared.

Another gale had then sprung up, but the wind was still fair, and I had only twenty-six miles to run for Port Angosto, a dreary enough place, where, however, I would find a safe harbor in which to refit and stow cargo. I carried on sail to make the harbor before dark, and the *Spray* fairly flew along, all covered with snow, which fell thick and fast, till she looked like a white winter bird. Between the storm-bursts I saw the headland of my port, and was steering for it when a flaw of wind caught the mainsail by the lee, jibed it over, and dear! dear! how nearly was this the cause of disaster; for the sheet parted and the boom unshipped, and it was then close upon night. I worked till the perspiration poured from my body to get things adjusted and in working order before dark, and, above all, to get it done before the sloop drove to leeward of the port of refuge. Even then I did not get the boom



SALVING WRECKAGE.

shipped in its saddle. I was at the entrance of the harbor before I could get this done, and it was time to haul her to or lose the port; but in that condition, like a bird with a broken wing, she made the haven. The accident which so jeopardized my vessel and cargo came of a defective sheet-rope, one made from sisal, a treacherous fiber which has caused a great deal of strong language among sailors.

I did not run the *Spray* into the inner harbor of Port Angosto, but came to inside a bed of kelp under a steep bluff on the port hand going in. It was an exceedingly snug nook, and to make doubly sure of holding on here against all williwaws I moored her with two anchors and secured her by cables to trees. However, no wind ever reached there more than back flaws from the mountains on the opposite side of the harbor. There, as elsewhere in that region, the country was made up of mountains. This was the place where I was to refit and whence I was to sail direct, once more, for Cape Pillar and the Pacific.

I remained at Port Angosto some days, busily employed about the sloop. I stowed the tallow from the deck to the hold, arranged my cabin in better order, and took in a good supply of wood and water. I also mended my sails and rigging, and fitted a jigger, which changed the rig to a yawl. I called the boat a sloop just the same, the jigger being merely a temporary affair.

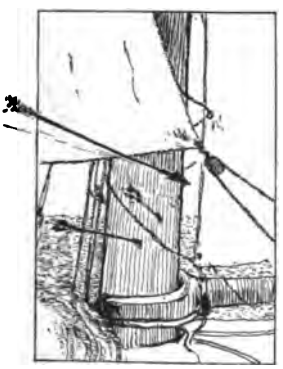
I never forgot, even at the busiest time of my work there, to have my rifle by me ready for instant use; for I was of necessity within range of savages, and I had seen Fuegian canoes at this place when I anchored in the port, farther down the reach, on the first trip through the strait. I think it was on the second day, while I was busily employed about decks, that I heard the swish of something through the air close by my ear, and heard a "zip"-like sound in the water, but saw nothing. Presently, however, I suspected that it was an arrow of some sort, for just then one passing not far from me struck the mainmast, where it stuck fast, vibrating from the shock—a Fuegian autograph. A savage was somewhere near, there could be no doubt about that. I did not know but he might be shooting at me, with a view to getting my sloop and her cargo; so I threw up my old Martini-Henry, the rifle that kept on shooting, and the first shot uncovered three Fuegians, who scampered from a clump of bushes where they had been concealed, and made over the hills. I fired away a good many cartridges, aiming under their feet to encourage their climbing. My dear old gun woke up the hills, and at every report all three of the savages jumped as if shot; but they kept on, and put Fuego real estate between themselves and the *Spray* as fast as their legs could carry them. I took care then, more than ever before, that all my

firearms should be in order and that a supply of ammunition should always be ready at hand. But the savages did not return, and although I put tacks on deck every night, I never discovered that any more visitors came, and I had only to sweep the deck of tacks carefully every morning after.

As the days went by, the season became more favorable for a chance to clear the strait with a fair wind, and so I made up my mind after six attempts, being driven back each time, to be in no further haste to sail. The bad weather on my last return to Port Angosto for shelter brought the Chilean gunboat *Condor* and the Argentine cruiser *Azopardo* into port. As soon as the latter came to anchor, Captain Mascarella, the commander, sent a boat to the *Spray* with the message that he would take me in tow for Sandy Point if I would give up the voyage and return—the thing farthest from my mind.

I procured some cordage and other small supplies from these vessels, and the officers of each of them mustered a supply of warm flannels, of which I was most in need. With these additions to my outfit, and with the vessel in good trim, though somewhat deeply laden, I was well prepared for another bout with the Southern, misnamed Pacific, Ocean.

In the first week of April southeast winds, such as appear about Cape Horn in the fall and winter seasons, bringing better weather than that experienced in the summer, began to disturb the upper clouds; a little more patience, and the time would come for sailing with a fair wind.



A FUEGIAN AUTOGRAPH.

At Port Angosto I met Professor Dusen of the Swedish scientific expedition to South America and the Pacific Islands. The professor was camped by the side of a brook at the head of the harbor, where there were many varieties of moss, in which he was interested, and where the water was, as his Argentine cook said, "muy rico." The professor had three well-armed Argentines along in his camp to fight savages. They seemed disgusted when I filled water at a small stream near the vessel, slighting their advice to go farther up to the greater brook where it was "muy rico." But they were all fine fellows, though it was a wonder that they did not all die of rheumatic pains from living on wet ground.

Of all the little haps and mishaps to the *Spray* at Port Angosto, of the many attempts to put to sea, and of each return for shelter, it is not my purpose to speak. Of hindrances there were many to keep her back, but on the thirteenth day of April, and for the seventh and last time, she weighed anchor from that port. Difficulties, however, multiplied all about in so strange a manner that had I been given to superstitious fears I should not have persisted in sailing on a thirteenth day, notwithstanding that a fair wind blew in the offing. Many of the incidents were ludicrous. When I found myself, for instance, disentangling the sloop's mast from the branches of a tree after she had drifted three times around a small island, against my will, it seemed more than one's nerves could bear, and I had to speak about it, so I thought, or die of lockjaw, and I apostrophized the *Spray* as an impatient farmer might his horse or his ox. "Did n't you know," cried I—"did n't you know that you could n't climb a tree?" But the poor old *Spray* had essayed, and successfully too, nearly everything else in the Strait of Magellan, and my heart softened toward her when I thought of what she had gone through. Now at last she carried me free of Tierra del Fuego. If by a close shave only, still she carried me clear, though her boom actually hit the beacon rocks to leeward as she lugged on sail to clear the point. The thing was done on the 13th of April, 1896.

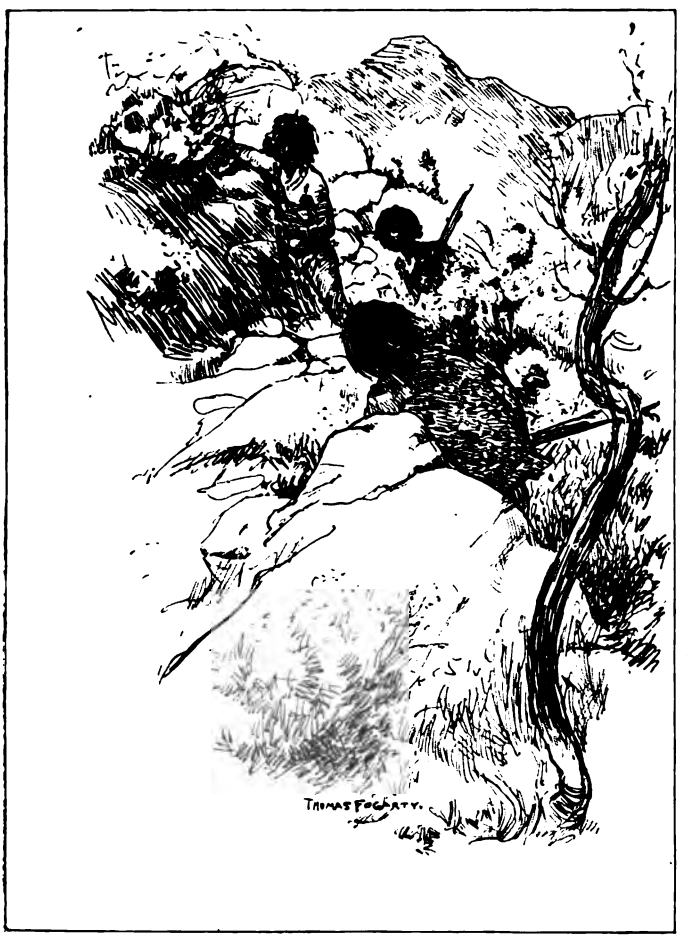
But a close shave and a narrow escape were nothing new to the *Spray*. The waves doffed their white caps beautifully to her in the strait that day before the southeast wind, the first true winter breeze of the season from that quarter, and here she was out on the first of it, with every prospect of clearing Cape Pillar before it should shift. So it turned out; the wind blew hard, as it always blows about Cape Horn, but she had cleared the great tide-race off Cape Pillar and the Evangelistas, the outermost rocks of all, before the change came. I remained at the helm humoring my vessel in the cross seas, for it was rough, and I did not dare to let her take a straight course. It was necessary to change her course in the combing seas, to meet them with what skill I could when they rolled up ahead, and to keep off when they came up abeam.

On the following morning, April 14, only the tops of the highest mountains were in sight, and the *Spray*, making good headway on a northwest course, soon sank these out of sight. "Hurrah for the *Spray!*" I shouted to seals, sea-gulls, and penguins; for there were no other living creatures about, and she had weathered all the dangers of Cape Horn. Moreover, she had on her voyage round the Horn salved a cargo of which she had not jettisoned a pound. And why should not one rejoice also in the main chance coming so of itself?

I shook out a reef, and set the whole jib, for, having sea-room, I could square away two points. This brought the sea more on her quarter, and she was the wholesomer under a press of sail. Occasionally an old southwest sea, rolling up, combed athwart her, but did no harm. The wind freshened as the sun rose half-mast or more, and the air, a bit chilly in the morning, softened later in the day; but I gave little thought to such things as these.

One wave, in the evening, larger than others that had threatened all day,—one such as sailors call "fine-weather seas,"—broke over the sloop fore and aft. It washed over me at the helm, the last that swept over the *Spray* off Cape Horn. It seemed to wash away old regrets. All my troubles were now astern; summer was ahead; all the world was again before me. The wind was even literally fair. My "trick" at the wheel was now up, and it was 5 P.M. I had stood at the helm since eleven o'clock the morning before, or thirty hours.

Then was the time to uncover my head, for I sailed alone with my God. The vast ocean was again around me, and the horizon was unbroken by land. A few days later the *Spray* was under full sail, and I saw her for the first time with a jigger spread. This was indeed a small incident, but it was the incident following a triumph. The wind was still southwest, but it had moderated, and roaring seas had turned to gossiping waves that rippled and pattered against her sides as she rolled among them, delighted with their story. Rapid changes went on those days in things all about while she headed for the tropics. New species of birds came around; albatrosses fell back and became scarcer and scarcer; lighter gulls came in their stead, and pecked for crumbs in the sloop's wake.



"THE FIRST SHOT UNCOVERED THREE FUEGIANS."

On the tenth day from Cape Pillar a shark came along, the first of its kind on this part of the voyage to get into trouble. I harpooned him, and took out his ugly jaws. I had not till then felt inclined to take the life of any animal, but when John Shark hove in sight my sympathy flew to the winds.

From Cape Pillar I steered for Juan Fernandez, and on the 26th of April, fifteen days out, made that historic island right ahead.

THE "SPRAY" APPROACHING JUAN FERNANDEZ, ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

The blue hills of Juan Fernandez, high among the clouds, could be seen about thirty miles off. A thousand emotions thrilled me when I saw the island, and I bowed my head to the deck. We may mock the Oriental salaam, but for my part I could find no other way of expressing myself.

The wind being light through the day, the *Spray* did not reach the island till night. With what wind there was to fill her sails she stood close in to shore on the northeast side, where it fell calm and remained so all night. I saw the twinkling of a small light farther along in a cove, and fired a gun, but got no answer, and soon the light disappeared altogether. I heard the sea booming against the cliffs all night, and realized that the ocean swell was still great, although from the deck of my little ship it was apparently small. From the cry of animals in the hills, which sounded fainter and fainter through the night, I judged that a light current was drifting the sloop from the land, though she seemed all night dangerously near the shore, for, the land being very high, appearances were deceptive.

Soon after daylight I saw a boat putting out toward me. As it pulled near, it so happened that I picked up my gun, which was on the deck, meaning only to put it below; but the people in the boat, seeing the piece in my hands, quickly turned and pulled back for shore, which was about four miles distant. There were six rowers in her, and I observed that they pulled with oars in oarlocks, after the manner of trained seamen, and so I knew they belonged to a civilized race; but their opinion of me must have been anything but flattering when they mistook my purpose with the gun and pulled away with all their might. I made them understand by signs, but not without difficulty, that I did not intend to shoot, that I was simply putting the piece in the cabin, and that I wished them to return. When they understood my meaning they came back and were soon on board.

One of the party, whom the rest called "king," spoke English; the others spoke Spanish. They had all heard of the voyage of the *Spray* through the papers of Valparaiso, and were hungry for news concerning it. They told me of a war between Chile and the Argentine, which I had not heard of when I was there. I had just visited both countries, and I told them that according to the latest reports, while I was in Chile, their own island was sunk. (This same report that Juan Fernandez had sunk was current in Australia when I arrived there three months later.)

I had already prepared a pot of coffee and a plate of doughnuts, which, after some words of civility, the islanders stood up to and discussed with a will, after which they took the *Spray* in tow of their boat and made toward the island with her at the rate of a good three knots. The man they called king took the helm, and with whirling it up and down he so rattled the *Spray* that I thought she would never carry herself straight again. The others pulled away lustily with their oars. The king, I soon learned, was king only by courtesy. Having lived longer on the island than any other man in the world,—thirty years,—he was so dubbed. Juan Fernandez was then under the administration of a governor of Swedish nobility, so I was told. I was also told that his daughter could ride the wildest goat on the island. The governor, at the time of my visit, was away at Valparaiso with his family, to place his children at school. The king had been away once for a year or two, and had married a Brazilian woman in Rio de Janeiro, who followed his fortunes to the far-off island. He was himself a Portuguese and a

native of the Azores. He had sailed in New Bedford whale-ships and had steered a boat. All this I learned, and more too, before we reached the anchorage. The sea-breeze, coming in before long, filled the *Spray's* sails, and the experienced Portuguese mariner piloted her to a safe berth in the bay, where she was moored to a buoy abreast the settlement.

THE HOUSE OF THE KING.

The *Spray* being secured, the islanders returned to the coffee and doughnuts, and I was more than flattered when they did not slight my buns, as the professor had done in the Strait of Magellan. Between buns and doughnuts there was little difference except in name. Both had been fried in tallow, which was the strong point in both, for there was nothing on the island fatter than a goat, and a goat is but a lean beast, to make the best of it. So with a view to business I hooked my steelyards to the boom at once, ready to weigh out tallow, there being no customs officer to say, "Why do you do so?" and before the sun went down the islanders had learned the art of making buns and doughnuts. I did not charge a high price for what I sold, but the ancient and curious coins I got in payment, some of them from the wreck of a galleon sunk in the bay no one knows when, I sold afterward to antiquarians for more than face-value. In this way I made a reasonable profit. I brought away money of all denominations from the island, and nearly all there was, so far as I could find out.

Juan Fernandez, as a place of call, is a lovely spot. The hills are well wooded, the valleys fertile, and pouring down through many ravines are streams of pure water. There are no serpents on the island, and no wild beasts other than pigs and goats, of which I saw a number, with possibly a dog or two. The people lived without the use of rum or beer of any sort. There was not a police officer or a lawyer among them. The domestic economy of the island was simplicity itself. The fashions of Paris did not affect the inhabitants; each dressed according to his own taste. Although there was no doctor, the people were all healthy, and the children were all beautiful. There were about forty-five souls on the island all told. The adults were mostly from the mainland of South America. One lady there, from Chile, who made a flying-jib for the *Spray*, taking her pay in tallow, would be called a belle at Newport. Blessed island of Juan Fernandez! Why Alexander Selkirk ever left you was more than I could make out.

A large ship which had arrived some time before, on fire, had been stranded at the head of the bay, and as the sea smashed her to pieces on the rocks, after the fire was drowned, the islanders picked up the timbers and utilized them in the construction of houses, which naturally presented a ship-like appearance. The house of the king of Juan Fernandez, Manuel Carroza by name, besides resembling the ark, wore a polished brass knocker on its only door, which was painted green. In front of this gorgeous entrance was a flag-mast all ataunto, and near it a smart whale-boat painted red and blue, the delight of the king's old age.

I of course made a pilgrimage to the old lookout place at the top of the mountain, where Selkirk spent many days peering into the distance for the ship which came at last. From a tablet fixed into the face of the rock I copied these words, inscribed in Arabic capitals:

In Memory

of

ALEXANDER SELKIRK,

Mariner,

A native of Largo, in the county of Fife, Scotland, who lived on this island in complete solitude for four years and four months. He was landed from the *Cinque Ports* galley, 96 tons, 18 guns, A. D. 1704, and was taken off in the *Duke*, privateer, 12th February, 1709. He died Lieutenant of

H. M. S. *Weymouth*, A. D. 1723,[1] aged 47. This tablet is erected near Selkirk's lookout, by Commodore Powell and the officers of H. M. S. *Topaze*, A. D. 1868.

The cave in which Selkirk dwelt while on the island is at the head of the bay, now called Robinson Crusoe Bay. It is around a bold headland west of the present anchorage and landing. Ships have anchored there, but it affords a very indifferent berth. Both of these anchorages are exposed to north winds, which, however, do not reach home with much violence. The holding-ground being good in the first-named bay to the eastward, the anchorage there may be considered safe, although the undertow at times makes it wild riding.

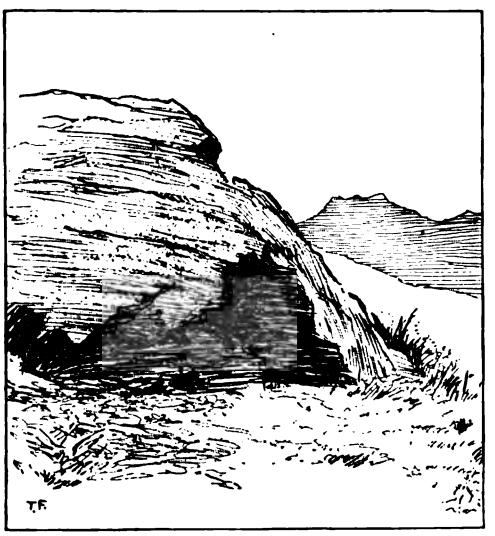
I visited Robinson Crusoe Bay in a boat, and with some difficulty landed through the surf near the cave, which I entered. I found it dry and inhabitable. It is located in a beautiful nook sheltered by high mountains from all the severe storms that sweep over the island, which are not many; for it lies near the limits of the trade-wind regions, being in latitude 35½° S. The island is about fourteen miles in length, east and west, and eight miles in width; its height is over three thousand feet. Its distance from Chile, to which country it belongs, is about three hundred and forty miles.

Juan Fernandez was once a convict station. A number of caves in which the prisoners were kept, damp, unwholesome dens, are no longer in use, and no more prisoners are sent to the island.

The pleasantest day I spent on the island, if not the pleasantest on my whole voyage, was my last day on shore, —but by no means because it was the last,—when the children of the little community, one and all, went out with me to gather wild fruits for the voyage. We found quinces, peaches, and figs, and the children gathered a basket of each. It takes very little to please children, and these little ones, never hearing a word in their lives except Spanish, made the hills ring with mirth at the sounds of words in English. They asked me the names of all manner of things on the island. We came to a wild fig-tree loaded with fruit, of which I gave them the English name. "Figgies, figgies!" they cried, while they picked till their baskets were full. But when I told them that the *cabra* they pointed out was only a goat, they screamed with laughter and rolled on the grass in wild delight to think that a man had come to their island who would call a cabra a goat.

The first child born on Juan Fernandez, I was told, had become a beautiful woman and was now a mother. Manuel Carroza and the good soul who followed him here from Brazil had laid away their only child, a girl at the age of seven, in the little churchyard on the point. In the same half-acre were other mounds among the rough lava rocks, some marking the burial-place of native-born children, some the resting-places of seamen from passing ships, landed here to end days of sickness and get into a sailors' heaven.

The greatest drawback I saw in the island was the want of a school. A class there would necessarily be small, but to some kind soul who loved teaching and quietude life on Juan Fernandez would, for a limited time, be one of delight.



ROBINSON CRUSOE'S CAVE.

On the morning of May 5, 1896, I sailed from Juan Fernandez, having feasted on many things, but on nothing sweeter than the adventure itself of a visit to the home and to the very cave of Robinson Crusoe. From the island the *Spray* bore away to the north, passing the island of St. Felix before she gained the trade-winds, which seemed slow in reaching their limits.

If the trades were tardy, however, when they did come they came with a bang, and made up for lost time; and the *Spray*, under reefs, sometimes one, sometimes two, flew before a gale for a great many days, with a

[1] Mr. J. Cuthbert Hadden, in THE CENTURY for July, 1899, shows that the tablet is in error as to the year of Selkirk's death. It should be 1721.—EDITOR.

bone in her mouth, toward the Marquesas, in the west, which she made on the forty-third day out, and still kept on sailing. My time was all taken up those days—not by standing at the helm; no man, I think, could stand or sit and steer a vessel round the world: I did better than that; for I sat and read my books, mended my clothes, or cooked my meals and ate them in peace. I had already found that it was not good to be alone, and so I made companionship with what there was around me, sometimes with the universe and sometimes with my own insignificant self; but my books were always my friends, let fail all else. Nothing could be easier or more restful than my voyage in the trade-winds.

I sailed with a free wind day after day, marking the position of my ship on the chart with considerable precision; but this was done by intuition, I think, more than by slavish calculations. For one whole month my vessel held her course true; I had not, the while, so much as a light in the binnacle. The Southern Cross I saw every night abeam. The sun every morning came up astern; every evening it went down ahead. I wished for no other compass to guide me, for these were true. If I doubted my reckoning after a long time at sea I verified it by reading the clock aloft made by the Great Architect, and it was right.

There was no denying that the comical side of the strange life appeared. I awoke at morning, sometimes, to find the sun already shining into my cabin. I heard water rushing by my head, with only a thin plank between, and I said, "How is this?" But it was all right; it was my ship on her course, sailing as no other ship had ever sailed before in the world. The rushing water along her side told me that she was sailing at full speed. I knew that no human hand was at the helm; I knew that all was well with "the hands" forward, and that there was no mutiny on board.

THE MAN WHO CALLED A CABRA A GOAT.

The phenomena of ocean meteorology were interesting studies even here in the trade-winds. I observed that about every seven days the wind freshened and drew several points farther than usual from the direction of the pole; that is, it went round from east-southeast to south-southeast, while at the

same time a heavy swell rolled up from the southwest. All this indicated that gales were going on in the anti-trades. The wind then hauled day after day as it moderated, till it stood again at the normal point, east-southeast. This is more or less the constant state of the winter trades in latitude 12° S., where I "ran down the longitude" for weeks. The sun, we all know, is the creator of the trade-winds and of the wind system over all the earth. But ocean meteorology is, I think, the most fascinating of all. From Juan Fernandez to the Marquesas I experienced six changes of these great palpitations of sea-winds and of the sea itself, the effect of far-off gales. To know the laws that govern the winds, and to know that you know them, will give you an easy mind on your voyage round the world; otherwise you may tremble at the appearance of every cloud. What is true of this in the trade-winds is much more so in the variables, where changes run more to extremes.

To cross the Pacific Ocean, even under the most favorable circumstances, brings you for many days close to nature, and you realize the vastness of the sea. Slowly but surely the mark of my little ship's course on the track-chart reached out on the ocean and across it, while at her utmost speed she marked with her keel still slowly the sea that carried her. On the forty-third day from land, —a long time to be at sea alone,—the sky being beautifully clear and the moon being "in distance" with the sun, I threw up my sextant for sights. I found from the result of three observations, after long wrestling with lunar tables, that her longitude by observation agreed within five miles of that by dead-reckoning.

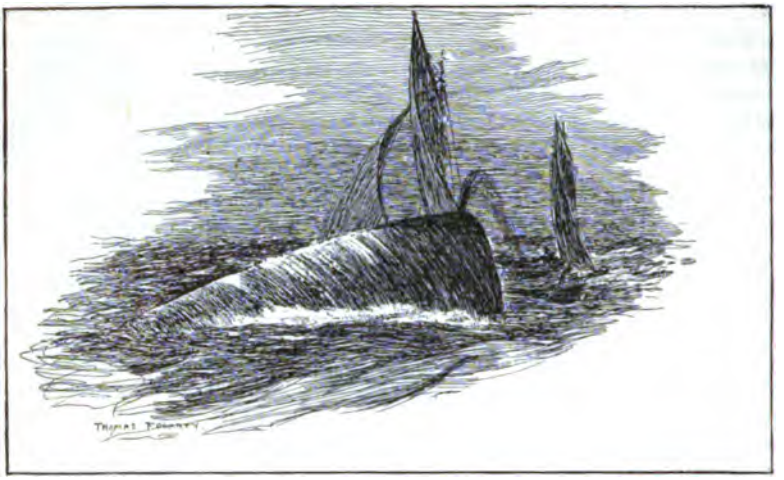
This was wonderful; both, however, might be in error, but somehow I felt confident that both were nearly true, and that in a few hours more I should see land; and so it happened, for then I made the island of Futahiva, the southernmost of the Marquesas group, clear-cut and lofty. The verified longitude when abreast was somewhere between the two reckonings; this was extraordinary. All navigators will tell you that from one day to another a ship may lose or gain more than five miles in her sailing-account, and again, in the matter of lunars, even expert lunarians are considered as doing clever work when they average within eight miles of the truth.

I hope I am making it clear that I do not lay claim to cleverness or to slavish calculations in my reckonings. I think I have already stated that I kept my longitude, at least, mostly by intuition. A rotator log always towed astern, but so much has to be allowed for currents and for drift, which the log never shows, that it is only an approximation, after all, to be corrected by one's own judgment from data of a thousand voyages; and even then the master of the ship, if he be wise, cries out for the lead and the lookout.

Unique was my experience in nautical astronomy from the deck of the *Spray*. So much so that I feel justified in briefly telling it here. The first set of sights put her many hundred miles west of my reckoning by account. I knew in all reason that this could not be correct. In about an hour's time I took another set of observations with the utmost care; the mean result of these was about the same as that of the first set. I asked myself why, with my boasted self-dependence, I had not done at least better than this. Then I went in search of a discrepancy in the tables, and I found it. In the tables I found that the column of figures from which I had got an important logarithm was in error. It was a matter I could prove beyond a doubt, and it made the difference as already stated. The tables being corrected, I sailed on with self-reliance unshaken, and with my tin clock fast asleep. The result of these observations naturally tickled my vanity, for I knew that it was something to stand on a great ship's deck and with two assistants take lunar observations approximately near the truth. As one of the poorest of American sailors, I was proud of that little achievement alone on the sloop, even by chance though it may have been.

I was *en rapport* now with my surroundings, and was carried on a vast stream where I felt the buoyancy of His hand who made all the worlds. I realized the mathematical truth of their motions, so well known that astronomers compile tables of their positions through the years and the days, and the minutes of a day, with such precision that one coming along over the sea even five years later may, by their aid, find the standard time of any given meridian on the earth.

To find local time is a simpler matter. The difference between local and standard time is shown by longitude, four minutes of time, we all know, representing one degree of longitude. This, briefly, is the principle on which longitude is found independent of chronometers. The work of the lunarian, though seldom practised in these days of chronometers, is beautifully edifying, and there is



MEETING WITH THE WHALE.

nothing in the realm of navigation that lifts one's heart up more in adoration.

To be alone forty-three days would seem a long time, but in reality, even here, winged moments flew lightly by, and instead of my hauling in for Nukahiva, which I could have made as well as not, I kept on for Samoa, where I wished to make my next landing. This occupied twenty-nine days more, making seventy-two days in all. I was not distressed in any way during that time. There was no end of companionship; the very coral reefs kept me company, and there were many of them now in my course to Samoa.

First among the incidents of the voyage from Juan Fernandez to Samoa (which were not many) was a narrow escape from collision with a great whale that was absent-mindedly plowing the ocean at night while I was below. The noise from his startled snort and the commotion he made in the sea, as he turned to clear my vessel, brought me on deck in time to catch a wetting from the water he threw up with his flukes. The monster was apparently frightened. He headed quickly for the east; I kept on going west. Soon another whale passed, evidently a companion, following in its wake. I saw no more on this part of the voyage, nor did I wish to.

Hungry sharks came about the vessel often when she neared islands or coral reefs. I own to a satisfaction in shooting them as one would a tiger. Sharks, after all, are the tigers of the sea. Nothing is more dreadful to the mind of a sailor, I think, than a possible encounter with a hungry shark.

A number of birds were always about; occasionally one poised on the mast to look the *Spray* over, wondering, perhaps, at her odd wings, for she now wore her Fuego mainsail, which, like Joseph's coat, was made of many pieces. Ships are less common on the Southern seas than formerly. I saw not one in the many days crossing the Pacific.

My diet on these long passages usually consisted of potatoes and salt cod and biscuits, which I made two or three times a week. I had always plenty of coffee, tea, sugar, and flour. I carried usually a good supply of potatoes, but before reaching Samoa I had a mishap which left me destitute of this highly prized sailors' luxury. Through meeting at Juan Fernandez the Yankee Portuguese named Manuel Carroza, who nearly traded me out of my boots, I ran out of potatoes in mid-ocean, and was wretched thereafter. I prided myself on being something of a trader; but this Portuguese from the Azores by the way of New Bedford, who gave me new potatoes for the older ones I had got from the *Colombia*, a bushel or more of the best, left me no ground for boasting. He wanted mine, he said, "for changee the seed." When I got to sea I found that his tubers were rank and unedible, and full of fine yellow streaks of repulsive appearance. I tied the sack up and returned to the few left of my old stock, thinking that maybe when I got right hungry the island potatoes would improve in flavor. Three weeks later I opened the bag again, and out flew millions of winged insects! Manuel's potatoes had all turned to moths. I tied them up quickly and threw all into the sea.

Manuel had a large crop of potatoes on hand, and as a hint to whalemen, who are always eager to buy vegetables, he wished me to report whales off the island of Juan Fernandez, which I have already done, and big ones at that, but they were a long way off.

Taking things by and large, as sailors say, I got on fairly well in the matter of provisions even on the long voyage across the Pacific. I found always some small

stores to help the fare of luxuries; what I lacked of fresh meat was made up in fresh fish, at least while in the trade-winds, where flying-fish crossing on the wing at night would hit the sails and fall on deck, sometimes two or three of them, sometimes a dozen. Every morning except when the moon was large I got a bountiful supply by merely picking them up from the lee scuppers. All tinned meats went begging.

On the 16th of July, after considerable care and some skill and hard work, the *Spray* cast anchor at Apia, in the kingdom of Samoa, about noon. My vessel being moored, I spread an awning, and instead of going at once on shore I sat under it till late in the evening, listening with delight to the musical voices of the Samoan men and women.

A canoe coming down the harbor, with three young women in it, rested her paddles abreast the sloop. One of the fair crew, hailing with the naïve salutation, "Talofa lee" ("Love to you, chief"), asked:

"Schoon come Melike?"

"Love to you," I answered, and said, "Yes."

"You man come 'lone?"

Again I answered, "Yes."

"I don't believe that. You had other mans, and you eat 'em."

At this sally the others laughed. "What for you come long way?" they asked.

"To hear you ladies sing," I replied.

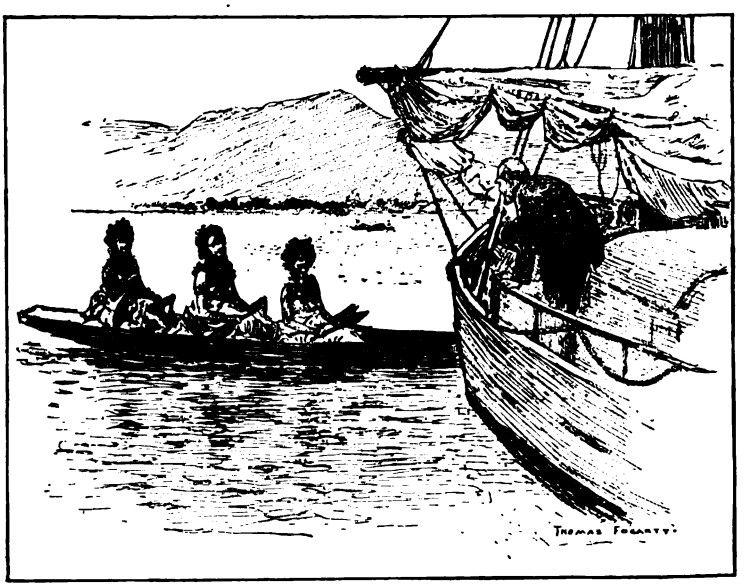
"Oh, talofa lee!" they all cried, and sang on. Their voices filled the air with music that rolled across to the grove of tall palms on the other side of the harbor and back. Soon after this six young men came down in the United States consul-general's boat, singing in parts and beating time with their oars. In my interview with them I came off better than with the damsels in the canoe. They bore an invitation from General Churchill for me to come and dine at the consulate.

Next morning bright and early Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson came to the *Spray* and invited me to Vailima the following day. I was of course thrilled when I found myself, after so many days of adventure, face to face with this bright woman, so lately the companion of the author, who had delighted me on the voyage. The kindly eyes, that looked me through and through, sparkled when we compared notes of adventure. I marveled at some of her experiences and escapes. She told me that along with her husband she had voyaged in all manner of rickety craft among the islands of the Pacific, reflectively adding, "Our tastes were similar."

Following the subject of voyages, she gave me the four beautiful volumes of sailing directories for the Mediterranean, writing on the fly-leaf of the first:

To Captain Slocum. These volumes have been read and re-read many times by my husband, and I am very sure that he would be pleased that they should be passed on to the sort of seafaring man that he liked above all others.

FANNY V. DE G. STEVENSON.



FIRST EXCHANGE OF COURTESIES IN SAMOA.

Mrs. Stevenson also gave me a great directory of the Indian Ocean. It was not without a feeling of reverential awe that I received the books so nearly direct from the hand of Tusitala, "who sleeps in the forest." Aolele, the *Spray* will cherish your gift.

The novelist's stepson, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, walked through the Vailima mansion with me and bade me write my letters at the old

desk. I thought it would be presumptuous to do that; it was sufficient for me to enter the hall on the floor of which the "Writer of Tales," according to the Samoan custom, was wont to sit.

Coming through the main street of Apia one day, with my hosts, all bound for the *Spray*, Mrs. Stevenson on horseback, I walking by her side, and Mr. and Mrs. Osbourne close in our wake on bicycles, at a sudden turn in the road we found ourselves mixed with a remarkable native procession, with a somewhat primitive band of music, in front of us, while behind was a festival or a funeral, we could not tell which. Several of the stoutest men carried bales and bundles on poles. Some were evidently bales of tapa-cloth. The burden of one set of poles, heavier than the rest, however, was not so easily made out. My curiosity was whetted to know whether it was a roast pig or something of a gruesome nature, and I inquired about it. "I don't know," said Mrs. Stevenson, "whether this is a wedding or a funeral. Whatever it is, though, captain, our place seems to be at the head of it."

The *Spray* being in the stream, we boarded her from the beach abreast, in the little razeed Gloucester dory, which had been painted a smart green. Our combined weight loaded it gunwale to the water, and I was obliged to steer with great care to avoid swamping. The adventure pleased Mrs. Stevenson greatly, and as we paddled along she sang, "They went to sea in a pea-green boat." I could understand her saying of her husband and herself, "Our tastes were similar."

As I sailed farther from the center of civilization I heard less and less of what would and what would not pay. Mrs. Stevenson, in speaking of my voyage, did not once ask me what I would make out of it. When I came to a Samoan village, the chief did not ask the price of gin, or say, "How much will you pay for roast pig?" but, "Dollar, dollar," said he; "white man know only dollar."

"Never mind dollar. The *tapo* has prepared ava; let us drink and rejoice." The tapo is the virgin hostess of the village; in this instance it was Taloa, daughter of the chief. "Our taro is good; let us eat. On the tree there is fruit. Let the day go by; why should we mourn over that? There are millions of days coming. The breadfruit grows in the sun, and from the cloth-tree is Taloa's gown. Our house, which is good, cost us but the labor of building it, and there is no lock on the door."

While the days go thus in these Southern islands we at the North are struggling for the bare necessities of life.

For food the islanders have only to put out their hand and take what nature has provided for them; if they plant a banana-tree, their only care afterward is to see that too many trees do not grow. They have great reason to love their country and to fear the white man's yoke, for once harnessed to the plow, their life would no longer be a poem.

(To be continued.)

VAILIMA, THE HOME OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

MILITARY PREPAREDNESS AND UNPREPAREDNESS.

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

AT the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, M. Pierre Loti, member of the French Academy and cultivated exponent of the hopes and beliefs of the average citizen of continental Europe in regard to the contest, was at Madrid. Dewey's victory caused him grief; but he consoled himself, after watching a parade of the Spanish troops, by remarking, "They are indeed still the solid and splendid Spanish troops, heroic in every epoch—it needs only to look at them to divine the woe that awaits the American shopkeepers when brought face to face with such soldiers." The excellent M. Loti had already explained Manila by vague references to American bombs loaded with petroleum, and to a devilish mechanical ingenuity wholly unaccompanied by either humanity or courage, and he still allowed himself to dwell on the hope that there were reserved for America *des surprises sanglantes*.

M. Loti's views on military matters need not detain us, for his attitude toward the war was merely the attitude of continental Europe generally, in striking contrast to that of England. But it is a curious fact that his view reflects not unfairly two different opinions, which two different classes of our people would have expressed before the event—opinions singularly falsified by the fact. Our pessimists feared that we had lost courage and fighting capacity; some of our optimists asserted that we needed neither, in view of our marvelous wealth and extraordinary inventiveness and mechanical skill. The national trait of "smartness," used in the Yankee sense of the word, has very good and very bad sides. Among the latter is its tendency to create the belief that we need not prepare for war, because somehow we shall be able to win by some novel patent device, some new trick or new invention developed on the spur of the moment by the ingenuity of our people. In this way it is hoped to provide a substitute for preparedness—that is, for years of patient and faithful attention to detail in advance. It is even sometimes said that these mechanical devices will be of so terrible a character as to nullify the courage which has always in the past been the prime factor in winning battles.

Now, as all sound military judges knew in advance must inevitably be the case, the experience of the Spanish war completely falsified every prediction of this kind. We did not win through any special ingenuity. Not a device of any kind was improvised during or immediately before the war which was of any practical service. The "bombs enveloped in petroleum" had no existence save in the brains of the Spaniards and their more credulous sympathizers. Our navy won because of its preparedness and because of the splendid seamanship and gunnery which had been handed down as traditional in the service, and had been perfected by the most careful work. The army, at the only point where it was seriously opposed, did its work by sheer dogged courage and hard fighting, in spite of an unpreparedness which almost brought disaster upon it, and would without doubt actually have done so had not the defects and shortcomings of the Spanish administration been even greater than our own.

We won the war in a very short time, and without having to expend more than the merest fraction of our strength. The navy was shown to be in good shape; and Secretary Root, to whom the wisdom of President McKinley has intrusted the War Department, has already shown himself as good a man as ever held the portfolio—a man whose administration is certainly to be of inestimable service to the army and to the country. In consequence, too many of our people show signs of thinking that, after all, everything was all right, and is all right now; that we need not bother ourselves to learn any lessons that are not agreeable to us, and that if in the future we get into a war with a more formidable power than Spain, we shall pull through somehow. Such a view is unjust to the nation, and particularly unjust to the splendid men of the army and of the navy, who would be sacrificed to it, should we ever engage in a serious war without having learned the lessons that the year 1898 ought to have taught.

If we wish to get an explanation of the efficiency of our navy in 1898, and of the astonishing ease with which its victories were won, we must go a long way back of that year, and study not only its history, but the history of the Spanish navy for many decades. Of course any such study must begin with a prompt admission of the splendid natural quality of our officers and men. On the bridge, in the gun-turrets, in the engine-room, and behind the quick-firers, every one alike, from the highest to the lowest, was eager for the war, and was, in heart, mind, and body, of the very type which makes the best kind of fighting man.

Many of the officers of our ships have mentioned to me that during the war punishments almost ceased, because the men who got into scrapes in times of peace were so aroused and excited by the chance of battle that their behavior was perfect. We read now and then of foreign services where men hate their officers, have no community of interest with them, and no desire to fight for the flag. Most emphatically such is not the case in our service. The discipline is just but not severe, unless severity is imperatively called for. As a whole, the officers have the welfare of the men very much at heart, and take care of their bodies with the same forethought that they show in training them for battle. The physique of the men is excellent, and to it is joined eagerness to learn, and readiness to take risks and to stand danger unmoved.

Nevertheless, all this, though indispensable as a base, would mean nothing whatever for the efficiency of the navy without years of careful preparation and training. A war-ship is such a complicated machine, and such highly specialized training is self-evidently needed to command it, that our naval commanders, unlike our military commanders, are freed from having to combat the exasperating belief that the average civilian could at short notice do their work. Of course, in reality a special order of ability and special training are needed to enable a man to command troops successfully; but the need is not so obvious as on shipboard. No civilian could be five minutes on a battle-ship without realizing his unfitness to command it; but there are any number of civilians who firmly believe they can command regiments, when they have not a single trait, natural or acquired, that really fits them for the task. A blunder in the one case meets with instant, open, and terrible punishment; in the other, it is at the moment only a source of laughter or exasperation to the few, ominous though it may be for the future. A colonel who issued the wrong order would cause confusion. A ship captain by such an order might wreck his ship. It follows that the navy is comparatively free in time of war from the presence in the higher ranks of men utterly unfit to perform their duties. The nation realizes that it cannot improvise naval officers even out of first-rate skippers of merchantmen and passenger-steamers. Such men could be used to a certain extent as under-officers to meet a sudden and great emergency; but at best they would meet it imperfectly, and this the public at large understands.

There is, however, some failure to understand that much the same condition prevails among ordinary seamen. The public speakers and newspaper writers who may be loudest in clamoring for war are often precisely the men who clamor against preparations for war. Whether from sheer ignorance or from demagogy, they frequently assert that, as this is the day of mechanics, even on the sea, and as we have a large mechanical population, we could at once fit out any number of vessels with men who would from the first do their duty thoroughly and well.

As a matter of fact, though the sea mechanic has replaced the sailorman, yet it is almost as necessary as ever that a man should have the sea habit in order to be of use aboard ship; and it is infinitely more necessary than in former times that a man-of-war's man should have especial training with his guns before he can use them aright. In the old days cannon were very simple; sighting was done roughly; and the ordinary merchant seaman speedily grew fit to do his share of work on a frigate. Nowadays men must be carefully trained for a considerable space of time before they can be of any assistance whatever in handling and getting good results from the formidable engines of destruction on battle-ship, cruiser, and torpedo-boat. Crews cannot be improvised. To get the very best work out of them, they should all be composed of trained and seasoned men; and in any event they should not be sent against a formidable adversary unless each crew has for a nucleus a large body of such men filling all the important positions. From time immemorial it has proved impossible to improvise so much as a makeshift navy for use against a formidable naval opponent. Any such effort must meet with disaster.

Most fortunately, the United States had

grown to realize this some time before the Spanish war broke out. After the gigantic Civil War the reaction from the strain of the contest was such that our navy was permitted to go to pieces. Fifteen years after the close of the contest in which Farragut took rank as one of the great admirals of all time, the splendid navy of which he was the chief ornament had become an object of derision to every third-rate power in Europe and South America. The elderly monitors and wooden steamers, with their old-fashioned smooth-bore guns, would have been as incompetent to face the modern ships of the period as the *Congress* and the *Cumberland* were to face the *Merrimac*. Our men were as brave as ever, but in war their courage would have been of no more avail than the splendid valor of the men who sank with their guns firing and flags flying when the great Confederate ironclad came out to Hampton Roads.

At last the nation awoke from its lethargy. In 1883, under the administration of President Arthur, when Secretary Chandler was in the Navy Department, the work was begun. The first step taken was the refusal to repair the more antiquated wooden ships, and the building of new steel ships to replace them. One of the ships thus laid down was the *Boston*, which was in Dewey's fleet. It is therefore merely the literal truth to say that the preparations which made Dewey's victory possible began just fifteen years before the famous day when he steamed into Manila Bay. Every senator and congressman who voted an appropriation which enabled Secretary Chandler to begin the upbuilding of the new navy, the President who advised the course, the secretary who had the direct management of it, the shipbuilder in whose yard the ship was constructed, the skilled experts who planned her hull, engine, and guns, and the skilled workmen who worked out these plans, all alike are entitled to their share in the credit of the great Manila victory.

The majority of the men can never be known by name, but the fact that they did well their part in the deed is of vastly more importance than the obtaining of any reward for it, whether by way of recognition or otherwise; and this fact will always remain. Nevertheless, it is important for our own future that, so far as possible, we should recognize the men who did well. This is peculiarly important in the case of Congress, whose action has been the indispensable prerequisite for every effort to build up the navy, as Congress provided the means for each step.

As there was always a division in Congress, while in the popular mind the whole body is apt to be held accountable for any deed, good or ill, done by the majority, it is much to be wished, in the interest of justice, that some special historian of the navy would take out from the records the votes, and here and there the speeches, for and against the successive measures by which the navy was built up. Every man who by vote and voice from time to time took part in adding to our fleet, in buying the armor, in preparing the gun-factories, in increasing the personnel and enabling it to practise, deserves well of the whole nation, and a record of his action should be kept, that his children may feel proud of him. No less clearly should we understand that throughout these fifteen years the men who, whether from honest but misguided motives, from short-sightedness, from lack of patriotism, or from demagogy, opposed the building up of the navy, have deserved ill of the nation, exactly as did those men who recently prevented the purchase of armor for the battle-ships, or, under the lead of Senator Gorman, prevented the establishment of our army on the footing necessary for our national needs. If disaster comes through lack of preparedness, the fault necessarily lies far less with the men under whom the disaster actually occurs than with those to whose wrong-headedness or short-sighted indifference in time past the lack of preparedness is due.

The mistakes, the blunders, and the shortcomings in the army management during the summer of 1898 should be credited mainly not to any one in office in 1898, but to the public servants of the people, and therefore to the people themselves, who permitted the army to rust since the Civil War with a wholly faulty administration, and with no chance whatever to perfect itself by practice, as the navy was perfected. In like manner, any trouble that may come upon the army, and therefore upon the nation, in the next few years, will be due to the failure to provide for a thoroughly reorganized regular army of adequate size last year; and for this failure the members in the Senate and the House who took the lead against increasing the regular army, and reorganizing it, will be primarily responsible. On them will rest the blame of any check to the national arms, and the honor that will undoubtedly be won for the flag by our army will have been won in spite of their sinister opposition.

In May, 1898, when our battle-ships were

lying off Havana and the Spanish torpedo-boat destroyers were crossing the ocean, our best commanders felt justifiable anxiety because we had no destroyers to guard our fleet against the Spanish destroyers. Thanks to the blunders and lack of initiative of the Spaniards, they made no good use whatever of their formidable boats, sending them against our ships in daylight, when it was hopeless to expect anything from them.

But in war it is unsafe to trust to the blunders of the adversary to offset our own blunders. Many a naval officer, when with improvised craft of small real worth they were trying to guard our battle-ships against the terrible possibilities of an attack by torpedo-boat destroyers in the darkness, must have thought with bitterness how a year before, when Senator Lodge and those who thought like him were striving to secure an adequate support of large, high-class torpedo-boats, the majority of the Senate followed the lead of Senator Gorman in opposition. So in the future, if what we all most earnestly hope will not happen does happen, and we are engaged in war with some formidable sea power, any failure of our arms resulting from an inadequate number of battle-ships, or imperfectly prepared battle-ships, will have to be credited to those members of Congress who opposed increasing the number of ships, or opposed giving them proper armament, for no matter what reason. On the other hand, the national consciousness of capacity to vindicate national honor must be due mainly to the action of those congressmen who have in fact built up our fleet.

Secretary Chandler was succeeded by a line of men, each of whom, however he might differ from the others politically and personally, sincerely desired and strove hard for the upbuilding of the navy. Under Messrs. Whitney, Tracy, Herbert, and Long the work has gone steadily forward, thanks, of course, to the fact that successive Congresses, Democratic and Republican alike, have permitted it to go forward.

But the appropriation of money and the building of ships were not enough. We must keep steadily in mind that not only was it necessary to build the navy, but it was equally necessary to train our officers and men aboard it by actual practice. If in 1883 we had been able suddenly to purchase our present battle-ships, cruisers, and torpedo-boats, they could not have been handled with any degree of efficiency by our officers and crews as they then were. Still less would it be possible to handle them by improvised crews. In an emergency bodies of men like our naval militia can do special bits of work excellently, and, thanks to their high average of character and intellect, they are remarkably good makeshifts, but it would be folly to expect from them all that is expected from a veteran crew of trained man-of-war's men. And if we are ever pitted ship for ship on equal terms against the first-class navy of a first-class power, we shall need our best captains and our best crews if we are to win.

As fast as the new navy was built we had to break in the men to handle it. The young officers who first took hold and developed the possibilities of our torpedo-boats, for instance, really deserve as much credit as their successors have rightly received for handling them with dash and skill during the war. The admirals who first exercised the new ships in squadrons were giving the training without which Dewey and Sampson would have found their tasks incomparably more difficult. As for the ordinary officers and seamen, of course it was their incessant practice in handling the ships and the guns at sea, in all kinds of weather, both alone and in company, year in and year out, that made them able to keep up the never relaxing night blockade at Santiago, to steam into Manila Bay in the darkness, to prevent breakdowns and make repairs of the machinery, and finally to hit what they aimed at when the battle was on. In the naval bureaus the great bulk of what in the army would be called staff places are held by line officers. The men who made ready the guns were the same men who afterward used them. In the engineering bureau were the men who had handled or were to handle the engines in action. The bureau of navigation, the bureau of equipment, the bureau of information, were held by men who had commanded ships in actual service, or who were thus to command them against the Spaniards. The head of the bureau of navigation is the chief of staff, and he has always been an officer of distinction, detailed, like all of the other bureau chiefs, for special service. From the highest to the lowest officer, every naval man had seen and taken part, during time of peace, in the work which he would have to do in time of war. The commodores and captains who took active part in the war had commanded fleets in sea service, or at the least had been in command of single ships in these fleets. There was not one thing they were to do in war which they had not done in peace, save actually receive the enemy's fire.

Contrast this with the army. The material in the army is exactly as good as that in the navy, and in the lower ranks the excellence is as great. In no service, ashore or afloat, in the world could better men of their grade be found than the lieutenants, and indeed the captains, of the infantry and dismounted cavalry at Santiago. But in the army the staff bureaus are permanent positions, instead of being held, as of course they should be, by officers detailed from the line, with the needs of the line and experiences of actual service fresh in their minds.

The artillery had for thirty-five years had no field practice that was in the slightest degree adequate to its needs, or that compared in any way with the practice received by the different companies and troops of the infantry and cavalry. The bureaus in Washington were absolutely enmeshed in red tape, and were held for the most part by elderly men, of fine records in the past, who were no longer fit to break through routine and to show the extraordinary energy, business capacity, initiative, and willingness to accept responsibility which were needed. Finally, the higher officers had been absolutely denied that chance to practise their profession to which the higher officers of the navy had long been accustomed. Every time a war-ship goes to sea and cruises around the world, its captain has just such an experience as the colonel of a regiment would have if sent off for a six or eight months' march, and if during those six or eight months he incessantly practised his regiment in every item of duty which it would have to perform in battle. Every war-ship in the American navy, and not a single regiment in the American army, had had this experience.

Every naval captain had exercised command for long periods, under conditions which made up nine tenths of what he would have to encounter in war. Hardly a colonel had such an experience to his credit. The regiments were not even assembled, but were scattered by companies here and there. After a man ceased being a junior captain he usually had hardly any chance for field service; it was the lieutenants and junior captains who did most of the field work in the West of recent years. Of course there were exceptions; even at Santiago there were generals and colonels who showed themselves not only good fighters, but masters of their profession; and in the Philippines the war has developed admirable leaders, so that now we have ready the right man; but the general rule remains true. The best man alive, if allowed to rust at a three-company post, or in a garrison near some big city, for ten or fifteen years, will find himself in straits if suddenly called to command a division, or mayhap even an army-corps, on a foreign expedition, especially when not one of his important subordinates has ever so much as seen five thousand troops gathered, fed, sheltered, manœuvered, and shipped. The marvel is, not that there was blundering, but that there was so little, in the late war with Spain.

Captain (now Colonel) John Bigelow, Jr., in his account of his personal experiences in command of a troop of cavalry during the Santiago campaign, has pictured the welter of confusion during that campaign, and the utter lack of organization, and of that skilled leadership which can come only through practice. His book should be studied by every man who wishes to see our army made what it should be. In the Santiago campaign the army was more than once uncomfortably near grave disaster, from which it was saved by the remarkable fighting qualities of its individual fractions, and, above all, by the incompetency of its foes. To go against a well-organized, well-handled, well-led foreign foe under such conditions would inevitably have meant failure and humiliation. Of course party demagogues and the thoughtless generally are sure to credit these disasters to the people under whom they occur, to the secretary, or to the commander of the army.

As a matter of fact, the blame must rest in all such cases far less with them than with those responsible for the existence of the system. Even if we had the best secretary of war the country could supply and the best general the army could furnish, it would be impossible for them offhand to get good results if the nation, through its representatives, had failed to make adequate provision for a proper army, and to provide for the reorganization of the army and for its practice in time of peace. The whole staff system, and much else, should be remodeled. Above all, the army should be practised in mass in the actual work of marching and camping. Only thus will it be possible to train the commanders, the quartermasters, the commissaries, the doctors, so that they may by actual experience learn to do their duties, as naval officers by actual experience have learned to do theirs. Only thus can we do full justice to as splendid and gallant a body of men as any nation ever had the good luck to include among its armed defenders.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

France—and at Home.

NO American who inherits the historical regard of America for France, or who has an instinctive sympathy with the great European republic, or who cherishes a love for all that is precious to civilization in the Latin spirit, and especially in the high manifestations of this spirit in French art, literature, and science—no such American can take pleasure in any sweeping condemnation of the French people owing to a failure of justice in the Dreyfus case.

Condemnation there must be of this shining illustration of a perverted idea of justice to the individual; but all that France has been and still is must not be forgotten—not the heroes that this very episode has produced, nor the conservative and vivifying elements at work through educational channels to lift the nation to its own true ideal.

It was hoped by those to whom France is dear that the verdict of the second court martial would not only render justice to Dreyfus,—condemned before simply, it would seem, on suspicion and dislike,—but that it would form a vindication of whatever is really useful in those methods of procedure which, in some of their singular workings, often fill the Anglo-Saxon mind with curiosity and wonderment.

Indeed, the interference of the Court of Cassation was itself a proof that the accused in France are not so fantastically and inhumanly treated as is supposed by many; and Dreyfus's second conviction may be taken rather as an example of the present state of the French military mind, and of the methods of courts martial in general, than of the utter incompetence of French law to deal fairly by those charged with crime. French civil law may not be according to our notions, but it is not its civil law, it is its military régime, that has been on trial.

At the same time, the present verdict is an example, crying from the tops of all the monuments dedicated to France's glory, of the danger of regarding a prisoner guilty till he is proved innocent. Maître Demange vainly pointed out to the judges that possibility of crime should not be construed as probability. (The judges themselves would probably not like to be considered murderers largely because a given murder *might* have been conveniently committed by them.) And the verdict is, too, an example of the dangerous absurdity and horrible wrong of sacrificing the public honor in its relation to the individual, with the vain thought of preserving the honor of the nation or of the nation's representative, the army. That army, in this very attempt, has before all the world suffered a catastrophe "more shameful than Sedan." But the end is not yet, and even as we write the victim has been released.

Meantime there is for Americans as much in the way of warning as there is of deprecation in the events connected with this significant prosecution. We condemn the blind and unbalanced resentment of Frenchmen at foreign critical opinion; but have we forgotten times when Americans (if not America) bitterly resented the opinion of "abroad"? Of late it has not been as politically unsafe as it sometimes has been, from Washington's day to ours, publicly to express respect for England and its government and its opinion of ourselves.

Again, as to matters of prejudice, and as to conspicuous failures of justice in courts, military or civil, is public opinion in America always just, calm, and unprejudiced, and have our courts martial never been incorrect in judgment? Even when colossal lies are not formulated in judicial verdicts, do they never gain credence over wide territories, and work base injury to the reputations of those who are, or have been, public servants?

As to miscarriages of justice, have there been no cases where groups of men among our most disinterested citizens, moved by misinformation or touched by pride or influenced by false notions of "honor," have stood up on the side of falsehood and worked sad injustice to men of conscience who spoke the truth and feared not? At least one such *cause célèbre* has not quite passed out of the memory of the living.

France should not be so fearfully angry at the honest expression of disinterested foreign opinion. Such anger is wrong; it is dangerous. But such unreasonable anger is wrong not only when exhibited by Frenchmen. The civilized nations of the world are proper critics one of the other even as to internal affairs; and the criticism of one people by another should be heard and weighed, and not scorned and rejected for the mere fact of its foreign origin. The nation that is vociferously careless of "abroad" is very likely "up to something" disreputable. International criticism is a natural accompaniment of increasing international dependence. The world is coming closer together every year. Every year international criticism is likely to be at once more common, more intelligent, and more useful; and the nation that is unable to profit by it is likely to fall sadly behind in the universal march of progress.

The Boycott International.

WHILE a feeling of resentment naturally followed upon the shock given to the civilized world by the second condemnation of Captain Dreyfus, the suggestion of boycotting France fortunately did not gain any great headway. With time it will ap-

pear more and more that the unfortunate officer was the victim of an inconceivably vicious class cabal and of an ignoble party rancor, rather than of a French spirit of unfairness and French methods of procedure. Circumstances have given the victim the sympathy of the wide world apart from the question of guilt or innocence; it is a remonstrance, on the testimony as known to the world, against the monstrous theory that a civil or a military court may "guess" that a man is guilty and condemn him without substantial proof.

Injustices wrought through the stupidity or the malevolence of individuals are known to the records of every nation. Acts have been committed in public within the boundaries of the United States, during the last twelvemonth, which might well lead strenuous citizens of other countries to exclaim that they would not eat bread made of our flour, or visit our shores. On some substantial count, every nation of Europe might be excluded from international comity; and the fact remains that in its fundamental passions and vices mankind is much the same, no matter in what language or under what sky it disports itself.

France has contributed too much to the intelligence, the beauty, and the refinement of the world to be lightly adjudged a human enemy. From the historic record and her present offerings to civilization it is easy to picture her in the character of a benefactor. No two peoples, though separated merely by an imaginary line, have the same manners and similar standards of private and public morality. The meretricious amusements of every capital are in large part an obvious appeal to the lax taste and appetite for sensation of the idle and prodigal visitor. In this respect the capital of all capitals, Paris, is not France, as the sober and generous life of her provincial towns attests. The foreign visitor who comes in contact with the family life of France must admire the simplicity and probity and the unaffected refinement of the home circle among the educated classes. And as for that part of the literature and art which may be called the solid food of the mind and taste of the French people, the whole world runs to it for instruction and edification.

Politically, France is still suffering from the lingering conflict between the old order and the new. The Dreyfus affair afforded a much-sought-after rallying-point for the reactionary forces of the nation. Whatever the yet uncovered merits of either side to the controversy, the demerits have been made obvious. So far as the latter strike root into the national life they will be eradicated; for the average Frenchman is a man who loves individual right and human justice.

The enlightened nations of the earth should rejoice that France is passing calmly through a national crisis which must result in progress, in a higher moral tone in her army, and in greater security to the individual citizen. To withhold the hand of international amity at this time would be to show a dull sense of appreciation of national merits, of gratitude for benefits conferred, and of sympathy for a great nation purging itself of an internal disorder.

The Ideal.

PERHAPS the note of protest and regret must always accompany the noise and tumult of healthy movement and progress. So one should not be too easily or sadly persuaded by those who find only misfortune in new views and new methods. On the other hand, because methods are new and noisy does not prove them to be desirable, admirable, or in any wise other than retrogressive and pernicious. In our own hour and moment one not only hears the usual condemnation of the monstrosities of ostentatiously vulgar journalism; of an increasing salaciousness on the stage and in literature; of thinly disguised licentiousness in certain small but conspicuous social circles—and so on through the gamut of criticism: but one also hears men in various sorts and kinds of business, even those which touch upon the intellectual and the spiritual, deprecate the introduction of new, vociferous, and plunging means and methods—methods and means which tend toward speculation and sensationalism.

In literature the clamor of reality seems to dominate the hour, though in the heart of the best of this modern realism is a latent, somewhat shy idealism. But literature is not given up wholly to the realistic; notwithstanding that the purely poetic may not be the vogue, nevertheless literature may be trusted to assert and reassert the everlasting ideal. It is seldom, indeed, in literature or in art, that no voice is heard proclaiming the dream of the pure and contrite heart.

The dictionary calls the "ideal" "a standard of desire; an ultimate object or aim; a mental conception of what is most desirable," and defines the "idealist" as "one who pursues or dwells upon the ideal; a seeker after the highest beauty or good." Two notable books have recently appeared in American literature whose subjects meet the first definition and whose authors are definitely described by the second: books of repose, of contemplation, and of ideality, that are doubly welcome in an epoch when the motion of, what it is to be hoped are, the wheels of progress does make at times a most execrable sound of grinding.

One of these books is George Edward Woodberry's "Heart of Man." The essays are "Taormina" (known to the readers of THE CENTURY), "A New Defense of Poetry," "Democracy," and "The Ride." The intention of the author, he says, "was to illustrate how poetry, politics, and religion are the flowering of the same human spirit, and have their feeding-roots in a common soil, 'deep in the general heart of men.'" Even the reader who may not accept in whole the philosophy of the writer can hardly fail to do justice to the lofty idealism of his thought.

As Fiske unveils the weakness of "materialism," so Woodberry condemns "realism." As the former writer insists upon the unity of nature, the latter upholds the idea of a universal order obtaining in the soul. In the culminating passage of the "New Defense" the appeal for the ideal takes on a personal urgency, and Youth is enjoined, with a noble enthusiasm, to live in the ideal; "idealize

your friend, for it is better to love and be deceived than not to love at all; idealize your masters, and take Shelley and Sidney to your bosom; . . . idealize your country; . . . fear not to act as your ideal shall command. . . . Fear not either to believe that the soul is as eternal as the order that obtains in it, wherefore you shall forever pursue that divine beauty which has here so touched and influenced you,—for this is the faith of man, your race, and those who were fairest in its records. And have recourse always to the fountains of this life in literature, which are the wells of truth. How to live is the one matter; the wisest man in his ripe age is yet to seek in it; but Thou begin now and seek wisdom in the beauty of virtue and live in its light, rejoicing in it; so in this world shall you live in the foregleam of the world to come."

In "Through Nature to God" Professor Fiske advances what he believes to be a new argument in support of a belief in God and in immortality. He holds that step by step in the upward advance toward humanity the environment has enlarged, and that every stage of enlargement has reference to actual existences outside; the eye, for instance, was developed in response to the outward existence of radiant light, the mother-love came in response to the infant's needs, fidelity and honor were slowly developed as the nascent social life required them: everywhere the internal adjustment has been brought about so as to harmonize with some actually existing external fact. Such has been nature's method. At a critical moment in the history of our planet, when civilization was to be superadded to organic evolution, we see the nascent human soul vaguely reaching forth toward something akin to itself in the Eternal Presence beyond. "The crude, childlike mind was groping to put itself into relation with an ethical world not visible to the senses." "So far as our knowledge of nature goes, the whole momentum of it carries us onward to the conclusion that the Unseen World, as the objective term in a relation of fundamental importance that has coexisted with the whole career of Mankind, has a real existence; and it is but following out the analogy to regard that Unseen World as the theater where the ethical process is destined to reach its full consummation." And so, memorably, declares the distinguished expounder of evolution: "Of all the implications of the doctrine of evolution with regard to Man, I believe the very deepest and strongest to be that which asserts the Everlasting Reality of Religion."

The thought of the world is enriched and ennobled by books like these, which appeal not only to the highly cultured intellect but to the "general heart of men."

OPEN LETTERS

A Yiddish Poet.

PREVIOUS to the extinction of the Judeo-German (Yiddish) dialect, whose longest lease of life, according to their own writers, is twenty-five years, the Jews have developed an unusual activity. Their periodical literature is more numerous than that of the rest of Judaism combined; they furnish their coreligionists in the Cape Colony and the Transvaal with wagon-loads of weekly publications; three of their theaters in the city of New York appeal to the tastes of the Jewish populace, and their poetry has received its highest perfection here, to die in oblivion with the last sounds of the dialect.

A long list of folk-poets have tried to rouse the Russian Jews, by means of tunable songs, from their lethargy of the past few centuries to the necessity of reforms and assimilation. The riots and expatriation of the eighties have shattered their dreams, and their best men, like the poet Frug, abandoning the adoptive Russian language, have returned to the Judeo-German to give utterance to their grief. Thousands upon thousands have found an abiding-place on these hospitable shores—alas! frequently only to exchange their political oppression for the incubus of the sweat-shop. At the same time, the greater freedom which they enjoy here has enabled them to give free expression to their feelings, and a host of writers, from the balladmonger to the political agitator and poet by profession, have sung of their misery.

Among these towers Morris Rosenfeld, the personification of the sufferings of his race. Escaping prosecution at home, he arrived in America, to become for eight years a slave of the sweat-shops. His health broke down, and he exchanged his wretched life for the even more precarious existence of a Yiddish penny-a-liner. Not possessing a thorough knowledge of any language except his native dialect, yet innately sensitive to the music of verse and the harmonies of thought, imbued with the spirit of his nationality and burning with revolt against industrial slavery, he strikes notes on his lyre that have hardly been heard before with so much vigor. Nor is his muse one-sided, for he sings also of joy and spring and love, and these songs are the sweeter, since to him who suffers and bleeds for humanity they are the unattainable. In his national songs he either portrays the persecutions of ages under which the

Jews could not be crushed, or, more often, the conflict between religious duties and actualities. The latter form the subject of many of his best ballads. His songs of labor, powerful in their simplicity, irresistible in their realism, are all taken from familiar scenes in the Ghetto of New York, and not a few of them are recitals of his own experiences in the sweat-shop. In all of his poems there is a rare combination of the dramatic with the lyrical. Though in sympathy with the suffering which he depicts, he does not degenerate into a didactic agitator, but simply presents his case before the judgment-seat of Mercy. It is not possible in the space of this letter to give an adequate idea of his genius, but the following poem may serve to form some conception of his individuality. It compares favorably with Shelley's "Misery" and Musset's "La nuit de décembre." The prose translation, which follows the text closely, unfortunately cannot render the charm of the original.

"MY MISERY.

"MISERY, you are the only one who has loved me from my first hour, and besides you, alas, no one knows me, and I have not a friend!

"Whithersoever I turn I meet enemies and persecutions, but you, O Misery, your pale face smiles on me at all times.

"Misery, you have nurtured me, I first became acquainted with you in my cradle—the same dim, small eyes, the same bony hands.

"You took me to the infant school and carried me home upon your back; oh, you have colored my flowers in the spring morn of my happiness.

"You were my go-between, my teacher, too, and half despairing you read my contract of marriage and told me, 'Good luck to you!'

"Oh, no, I need no further proofs that you are true to me; . . . you went with me to the last door after the funeral of my hopes.

"And even now, when, vexed with sorrows, I bend my head in resignation, my only, my kind Misery, even now you do not abandon me.

"I see you always, I see you coming from the gloomy mart of destiny with faded flowers of the grave, O Misery, with a song for the dead.

"And when, rocked by the laments of life, I shall fall asleep, you will come gently and infold me in your black garment.

"And as a reward for it all, . . . we shall remain brothers! I will pay you your due—to you alone I dedicate my songs, my aching heart, my somber moods!"

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. *Leo Wiener.*

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Muskrat Joe.

TALL Antoine loves a French-four dance—
That 's a handsome fellow's chance;
Big Pierre Latour can show them how
Through forest-land to hold the plow,
And Old Man Gadois' log dugout
Comes home at night half full of trout;
But Muskrat Joe, round-backed and small,
You think he is no good at all!

At him no brown girl snaps her eye;
When strong men work he 's sitting by,
Bad as fireweed in the oats—
Till muskrats get their winter coats;
Then, when inlet banks are white
With mist that 's frozen overnight,
The teal-ducks fly before the bow
Of Muskrat Joe's light trapping-scow,
And in his shanty, tier on tier,
Are pelts to keep him through the year.

So Joe the trapper, small and bent,
Is a man of weight in the settlement.

Francis Sterne Palmer.

Motifs.

SHE helped him up the steep steps of success, at first by aiding him with her strength, then by her weakness forcing him to use his own.

SHE gave her life for his, yet he owed her nothing. For it was done, not that he might live, but that she might die but once in her own death, and not twice by dying first in his.

IN the magic light of love they saw each other, and grew to be what each to the other seemed by thus seeing.

HE led her aright high up the narrow path he had never trod before, for by looking to him for guidance she showed him the way.

A YOUTH came through the sunlight, crowned with glory, bearing in his hand a cup whose draught was sweet. He paused amid a circle of fair maidens, then laid his offering at the feet of one. "I knew not with which to share my cup of joy," he said, "until I saw her to whom alone I would have brought my grief."

E. Scott O'Connor.

HIGH C, AND HOW THEY TAKE IT.

DRAWINGS BY HENRY MAYER.

I. THE HEROIC TENOR.

II. THE LYRIC TENOR.

III. THE PRIMA DONNA.

.HE AMATEUR.

Ballade of Chevy Chase.

WHEN tourists seek a boarding-place,
And Congress' session has begun;
When looms the much-respected mace
Where he who does n't Reed must run;
When every shining noonday sun
Shows to each senatorial face
'T is Frye-day (pray forgive the pun),
I hie me straight to Chevy Chase.

When Fashion sets the social pace,
And teas and luncheons must be done;
When public functions bring out trace
Of many a Hottentot and Hun;
When coal is going up per ton,
When notes are going on their grace,
All city ways and wiles I shun,
And hie me straight to Chevy Chase.

In fact, in almost any case,
Unless a rain should spoil the fun;
Unless a fog should quite efface
The landscape, as in Albion;
Unless, perhaps, I had not won
The day before; unless each ace
Were mine at whist, the days are none
I would not hie to Chevy Chase.

ENVOY.

Ye golfers! Daughter, sire, and son,
Athletic-lovers of our race,
When you too come to Washington,
You fain will hie to Chevy Chase.

Beatrice Hanscom.

A Dixie Thanksgivin'.

HOLLERDAYS hab come once mo'—
Hyar it am Thanksgivin'!
Ole man gittin' stiff an' so'e—
Hahdly make a livin'.
But, sah, when Thanksgivin' come,
Honey, I ain't nevah glum;
'Ca'se ma dinnah 'll sho be some—
Bress de good Thanksgivin'!

Bes'es' white folks in dis town
Sont a turkey to me!
'N' evahthaing to go aroun'—
Dat 's de way dey do me.
Lucy Ann 's a-comin' down
Fuh to bake it nice an' brown;
Den we 'll 'vite de preachah roun'—
No time to be gloomy!

Lucy Ann 's my dorter, chile,
Wo'kin' fuh de white folks—
Up de road about a mile—
One o' dese hyar light folks.

Roun' hyar she 's de cullud belle,—
Preachah 's sot to huh a spell,—
But when Lucy *marries*—well,
Dey mus' be de right *folks!*

Lucy's mammy 's dead an' gone
Sence she wuz a baby;
Tuk ma chile an' trabbled on—
Raised huh lak a *lady!*
She ken ciphah, wash, an' cook,
An' she reads me f'om de Book
Dat lights up de paff I 's took
To'rds de lan' dat 's shady.

But, sah, come aroun' to-night,
Ef you would n't mine it;
Take de road dah to de right—
Easy 'nough to fine it;
Come an' tas'e dat dinnah, sah,
'N' meet the preachah 'n' Lucy; fuh,
Ef he wants a *'ceipt* fuh huh,
You 'll be dar to sign it.

James D. Corrothers.

A Plea for Meat.

Dr. Leo Lilienfeld of Vienna has discovered a method of producing artificial albumen. The production is effected by the condensation of phenol and amidoacetic acid with phosphochloric oxide. Dr. Lilienfeld calls the product pepton. It is maintained that meat and other organic albuminous products will be superseded. —*Cable Despatch.*

OH, doctor, though we know it 's so,
Man wants but little here below,
Yet, when it comes to things to eat,
Few men of blood will give up meat.

Think not from men of brawn to purloin
The succulent and tasty sirloin;
Nor yet expect a hearty benison,
If from them you would filch their venison.

Who "eats to live," and hates to eat,
May find your "pepton" wondrous sweet;
But he who "lives to eat," dear sir,
At your invention will demur.

Hail, chop and steak, and game and fish,
And every other toothsome dish!
Hail, grill and spit and ovens hot,
And chafing-dish, and pan and pot!

Dyspeptics care not what they 're kept on,
So let them praise your odious pepton;
But gourmands will not give a button
For pepton as opposed to mutton.

Charles Battell Loomis.

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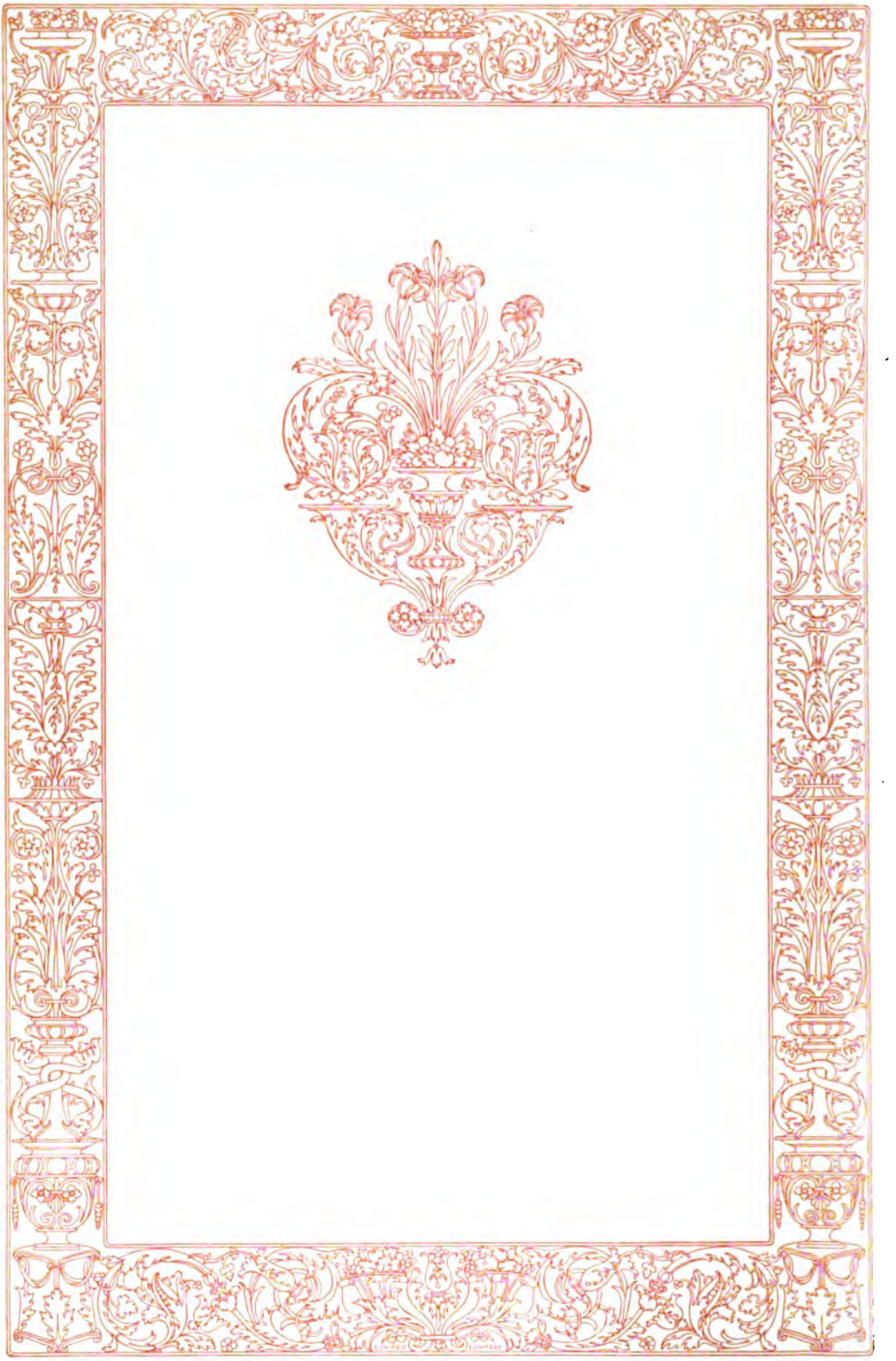
THE OLD MASTER

THE OLD MASTER

BY F. B. F.

OF HIS DEAR LORD HE PAINTED ALL THE LIFE,
BVT NOT THAT ANCIENT LAND, NOR THE OLD DAYS:
NOT CVRIOVS HE TO SEEK, THROVGH LEARNED STRIFE,
THE LOOK OF THOSE FAR TIMES AND VNKNOWN WAYS.
BVT IN HIS SOLEMN AND LONG-LIVING ART
WELL DID HE PAINT THAT WHICH CAN NEVER DIE:
THE LIFE AND PASSION OF THE HVMAN HEART,
VNCHANGED THROVGH TIME THAT WAS AND IS TO BE.
BENEATH HIS BRVSH HIS OWN LOVED PEOPLE GREW,
THEIR RIVERS AND THEIR MOVNTAINS, SAINTS AND LORDS,
THE DARK ITALIAN MOTHERS WHOM HE KNEW,
THE SAD-EYED NVNS, THE WARRIORS WITH DRAWN SWORDS,
AND THE YOVNG SAVIOVR, THRONED AT MARY'S BREAST,
WAS BVT SOME LITTLE CHILD WHOM HE LOVED BEST.



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THE CHRISTMAS DANCERS.

A LEGEND OF SAXONY.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

I.

ST. MAGNUS' hoary spires loom dark and still
On skies where, smoldering, sink the fires of day;
And now a hundred uncouth shapes of ill
The gloam-enchanted Gothic eaves portray.
Dim reverie enfolds both plain and hill;
The stream alone in light pursues its way;
The first stars tremble in the afterglow,
And slender Dian bends a noiseless bow.

II.

St. Magnus' ancient heart is all alight,
Glad, warm, and glowing, to his inmost shrine;
His windows cast a benediction bright
On frost-bit turf and legendary pine;
His massive doors stand open to the night,
And thence is heard the Nowel hymn benign.
The priest his thank-uplifting censer swings,
And, hid aloft, the choir responsive sings.

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III.

He for his flock with fervor intercedes;
  But oft unseemly sounds of mirth, outside,
Do jar on pious souls bent o'er their beads;
  And youthful worshipers their thoughts divide
'Twixt temporal delights and spirit needs.
  The priest himself no longer will abide
The heedless troop that dance and sing without;
So sends to bid them cease their revel-rout.

IV.

But Youth and Holiday, conspiring twain!
  Their heady course they will not intermit,
Impelled like the free steed once given rein.
  Counsel the morning zephyrs as they flit
In ceaseless play across the bearded grain!
  But Youth, when once of grave decorum quit,
Stays not his feet, till, of their own accord,
Grown folly-tired, they sink upon the sward.

V.

'T was so. The ghostly father might upbraid—
  The merry Dancers heeded not at all;
But wilder yet the measures that they swayed.
  Then on St. Magnus' self the priest did call;
In open door he stood, and thus he prayed:
  "Oh, grant thy servant that it shall befall
To these, who will not hear the word of grace,
That they shall *dance a twelvemonth in this place!*"

. . . . . .

VI.

The dawn is red upon St. Magnus' spires,
  His chimes ring in the holy Christmas morn,
Whilst, thin and light, the smoke from village fires
  Into the windless sky is slowly borne.
Night-fallen snow the turf, the branch, attires
  In raiment white as wool new-washed and shorn;
But in the drifted churchyard there 's a spot
The silent loom of Heaven hath mantled not.

VII.

They 're dancing yet, who danced on yester-eve!
  They 're singing yet, who trilled the careless song!
And where they circle (if ye will believe!)
  No snow hath fallen there, the whole night long!
Still hand in hand, the dance they gaily weave;
  Nor do they heed the gathering anxious throng,
The prayers of these, the angry threats of those,
Who vainly strive locked fingers to unclose.

VIII.

'T is "Margarethe—Bertha—Marie, child!
  Come hence; come hence! You break your mother's heart!"
But on they dance. Their eyes are bright and wild;
  Their rosy lips with breathless pleasure part.
'T is "Rupert—Franz! what witchcraft has beguiled?
  Cease, lest beneath your father's wrath you smart!"
Nor ear, nor glance aside, the revelers lend:
The day wears late; the nightly shades descend.

. . . . . .

IX.

Heigh-ho! Once more peeps out the blushing May,
  Once more the primrose leans beside the brook;
And hither, glad, the swallow wings her way,
  To haunts that in the autumn she forsook.
St. Magnus' hoary eaves invite her stay;
  But now intruders must she chide—for look!
They 're dancing still, who danced on Christmas eve!
They 're singing still, to suit the dance they weave!

X.

"Are ye not hungry? Bread and meat I bring:
  Eat, children; otherwise ye perish soon."
"Are ye not thirsty? Water from the spring
  I 've brought, to slake your thirst this blazing noon."
Good souls! down on the ground themselves they fling,
  And weep to see the unregarded boon;
The summer days are long and fiercely bright:
Sweet Heaven, would that endless were the night!

XI.

And now 't is "Margarethe! late yestreen
  Thy sister died, and, dying, prayed for thee.
They soon will bring her to the churchyard green;
  Yonder the heaped-up clods thyself may'st see."
"My Bertha! thou a bride this day hadst been;
  But now for ay unwedded must thou be!"
"My Marie, little one! come, rest thee, sweet!"
Meseems, but faster move those choric feet.

. . . . . .

XII.

Whoso to Colewiz Town comes pilgrim-wise,
  Or rider halting but to taste the ale,
He must the Dancers see with his own eyes;
  Then ready credence lends he to the tale
How luckless stranger, under twilight skies,
  Did fall in swoon before St. Magnus' pale,
Believing that the Willis, circling there,
Advanced to close him in their eddying snare.

XIII.

On frost-bit turf and legendary pine
  Gleams the late moon, and winds are weird and shrill.
The fireside gossips know, by many a sign,
  The winter early comes. So, if ye will,
Have store of apples and of spiced sweet wine,
  For evening cheer, to melt the brumal chill.
"Ye shiver?"—"'T is that I cannot forget
The Dancers. They, alas, are dancing yet!"

XIV.

Then answer makes the goodman to his wife:
  "But well ye know nor frost nor fire they feel.
They (if they living be) lead not the life
  We daily lead, of mingled woe and weal.
They would not shrink, though with the keenest knife
  One minded so a deadly stroke should deal."
Spake then a stranger guest: "I have heard tell
How Herebertus can reverse the spell;

XV.

"He, the great bishop dwelling at Cologne,
  Whom I myself once saw when I was young—
The mighty Herebertus, he alone
  Dissolves the charm a wizard wand has flung,
Revokes the curse in sudden anger thrown."
  Thus talk good folk until, with droning tongue,
St. Magnus' midnight bell bids all around
Sleep well—save those who tread enchanted ground.

. . . . . .

XVI.

It is the winter, and the little town
  Once more is buried to its eyes in snow;
And still a few last, loitering flakes come down,
  Albeit, in the western heavens low,
A rosy smile redeems the zenith frown.
  And touched with rose the dreaming faces show
Of them who, never worn, retire, advance,
Singing the song that times their mazy dance.

XVII.

Yet is St. Magnus' ancient heart alight,
  Glad, warm, and glowing, to his inmost shrine.
For, if God wills it so, this Holy Night
  There shall be wrought a miracle divine,
As those of eld were wrought, in all men's sight.
  Therefore, devoutly let each one incline;
And if there lurk a secret thought of ill,
That thought dislodge, and entertain good will.

XVIII.

Down the long aisle he comes, that saintly man
  From far Cologne, our comfort to restore.
His face, attentive, all the people scan—
  That blessing smile, the prophet-looks of yore.
Close follows him the priest who laid the ban
  (Since then advanced in years a double score),
With piteous livid cheek and bowèd frame—
God wot his sin hath brought its lustral flame!

XIX.

Not here availeth candle, book, and bell,
  Or mystic waving, or the muttered verse
Which studious brethren of the cloister-cell
  In rubric down the labored page disperse.
For this was not some baleful sorcerer's spell;
  But piety itself pronounced the curse.
How, then, can aught but piety supreme
The hapless Dancers from their fate redeem?

XX.

Now hath he crossed the threshold of the door;
  Now, silently, in hushed, expectant bands,
Into the torch-lit dusk the people pour;
  And round good Herebertus, where he stands,
They throng, with wonder ever growing more.
  He nothing holds in his grave, reverend hands
Save the bent staff that shepherds used, of old,
To bring the strayed or weakling to the fold.

XXI.

That staff from charm and malison sets free.
  That staff no greater miracle hath done,
In all the ages past, than now ye see.
  Behold the Dancers!—how he smites each one,
And, smiting, gently saith, "Absolvèd be
  From henceforth, thou my daughter, thou my son!"
The song dies out; and slack the dizzy reel,
As when, unbanded, turns the spinning-wheel.

XXII.

And now, in many a quavering, smothered call,
  'T is "Margarethe—Bertha—Marie, love!"
And "Franz, my boy!" The dreamer stands in thrall.
  Down from the disenchanted boughs above,
Dislodged, the feathery snow-wreaths lightly fall,
  Like shedded plumes. At the cold touch thereof,
The dreamer starts into this waking world,
And tears, unware, lie on the cheek impearled.

HENRY & HUTT

XXIII.

Their year-long dance at last is done. But they,
  Young creatures all, they can remember naught
Save that in Fairyland they were a day;
  A piper piped, and his sweet tunes they caught.
To this, "It bodes no good," the gossips say.
  But at his word, who such release hath wrought,
All hearts uplift, and put away all fears;
And the sad priest throws off his load of years.

XXIV.

Now might be seen the Yule fire blazing bright—
  Unfailing oasis in winter's waste;
And now, the joyous revel at its height,
  Beneath the Druid branch the guests have paced.
Ere one can think, St. Magnus sounds good night.
  Good night! Once more the spiced sweet wine they taste.
Then gleams awhile the lantern's wandering spark;
It sinks, a homeward star—and all is dark.

THE KID HANGS UP HIS STOCKING.

BY JACOB A. RIIS.

THE clock in the West-Side Lodging-house ticked out the seconds of Christmas eve as slowly and methodically as if six fat turkeys were not sizzling in the basement kitchen against the morrow's spread, and as if twoscore boys were not racking their brains to guess what kind of pies would go with them. Out on the avenue the shopkeepers were barring doors and windows, and shouting "Merry Christmas!" to one another across the street as they hurried to get home. The drays ran over the pavement with muffled sounds; winter had set in with a heavy snow-storm. In the big hall the monotonous click of checkers on the board kept step with the clock. The smothered exclamations of the boys at some unexpected, bold stroke, and the scratching of a little fellow's pencil on a slate, trying to figure out how long it was yet till the big dinner, were the only sounds that broke the quiet of the room. The superintendent dozed behind his desk.

A door at the end of the hall creaked, and a head with a shock of weather-beaten hair was stuck cautiously through the opening.

"Tom!" it said in a stage-whisper. "Hi, Tom! Come up an' git on ter de lay of de Kid."

A bigger boy in a jumper, who had been lounging on two chairs by the group of checker-players, sat up and looked toward the door. Something in the energetic toss of the head there aroused his instant curiosity, and he started across the room. After a brief whispered conference the door closed upon the two, and silence fell once more on the hall.

They had been gone but a little while when they came back in haste. The big boy shut the door softly behind him and set his back against it.

"Fellers," he said, "what d' ye t'ink? I 'm blamed if de Kid ain't gone an' hung up his sock fer Chris'mas!"

The checkers dropped, and the pencil ceased scratching on the slate, in breathless suspense.

"Come up an' see," said Tom, briefly, and led the way.

The whole band followed on tiptoe. At the foot of the stairs their leader halted.

"You don't make no noise," he said, with a menacing gesture. "You, Savoy!"—to one in a patched shirt and with a mischievous twinkle,—"you don't come none o' yer monkey-shines. If you scare de Kid you 'll get it in de neck, see!"

With this admonition they stole up-stairs. In the last cot of the double tier of bunks a boy much smaller than the rest slept, snugly tucked in the blankets. A tangled curl of yellow hair strayed over his baby face. Hitched to the bedpost was a poor, worn little stocking, arranged with much care so that Santa Claus should have as little trouble in filling it as possible. The edge of a hole in the knee had been drawn together and tied with a string to prevent anything falling out. The boys looked on in amazed silence. Even Savoy was dumb.

Little Willie, or, as he was affectionately dubbed by the boys, "the Kid," was a waif who had drifted in among them some months before. Except that his mother was in the hospital, nothing was known about him, which was regular and according to the rule of the house. Not as much was known about

most of its patrons; few of them knew more themselves, or cared to remember. Santa Claus had never been anything to them but a fake to make the colored supplements sell. The revelation of the Kid's simple faith struck them with a kind of awe. They sneaked quietly down-stairs.

"Fellers," said Tom, when they were all together again in the big room,—by virtue of his length, which had given him the nickname of "Stretch," he was the speaker on all important occasions,—"ye seen it yerself. Santy Claus is a-comin' to this here joint to-night. I would n't 'a' believed it. I ain't never had no dealin's wid de ole guy. He kinder forgot I was around, I guess. But de Kid says he is a-comin' to-night, an' what de Kid says goes."

Then he looked round expectantly. Two of the boys, "Gimpy" and Lem, were conferring aside in an undertone. Presently Gimpy, who limped, as his name indicated, spoke up.

"Lem says, says he—"

"Gimpy, you chump! you 'll address de chairman," interrupted Tom, with severe dignity, "or you 'll get yer jaw broke, if yer leg *is* short, see!"

"Cut it out, Stretch," was Gimpy's irreverent answer. "This here ain't no regular meetin', an' we ain't goin' to have none o' yer rot. Lem he says, says he, let 's break de bank an' fill de Kid's sock. He won't know but it wuz ole Santy done it."

"'HI, TOM! COME UP AN' GIT ON TER DE LAY OF DE KID.'"

A yell of approval greeted the suggestion. The chairman, bound to exercise the functions of office in season and out of season, while they lasted, thumped the table.

"It is regular motioned an' carried," he announced, "that we break de bank fer de Kid's Chris'mas. Come on, boys!"

The bank was run by the house, with the superintendent as paying-teller. He had to be consulted, particularly as it was past banking hours; but the affair having been succinctly put before him by a committee, of which Lem and Gimpy and Stretch were the talking members, he readily consented to a reopening of business for a scrutiny of the various accounts which represented the boys' earnings at selling papers and blacking boots, minus the cost of their keep and of sundry surreptitious flings at "craps" in secret corners. The inquiry developed an available surplus of three dollars and fifty cents. Savoy alone had no account; the run of craps had recently gone heavily against him. But in consideration of the season, the house voted a credit of twenty-five cents to him. The announcement was received with cheers. There was an immediate rush for the store, which was delayed only a few minutes by the necessity of Gimpy and Lem stopping on the stairs to "thump" one another as the expression of their entire satisfaction.

The procession that returned to the lodging-house later on, after wearing out the patience of several belated storekeepers, might have been the very Santa's supply-train itself. It signalized its advent by a variety of discordant noises, which were smothered on the stairs by Stretch, with much personal violence, lest they wake the Kid out of season. With boots in hand and bated breath, the midnight band stole up to the dormitory

"THE KID WAS STANDING BAREFOOTED IN THE PASSAGEWAY."

and looked in. All was safe. The Kid was dreaming, and smiled in his sleep. The report roused a passing suspicion that he was faking, and Savarese was for pinching his toe to find out. As this would inevitably result in disclosure, Savarese and his proposal were scornfully sat upon. Gimpy supplied the popular explanation.

"He 's a-dreamin' that Santy Claus has come," he said, carefully working a base-ball bat past the tender spot in the stocking.

"Hully Gee!" commented Shorty, balancing a drum with care on the end of it, "I 'm thinkin' he ain't far out. Looks 's ef de hull shop 'd come along."

It did when it was all in place. A trumpet and a gun that had made vain and perilous efforts to join the bat in the stocking leaned against the bed in expectant attitudes. A picture-book with a pink Bengal tiger and a green bear on the cover peeped over the pillow, and the bedposts and rail were festooned with candy and marbles in bags. An express-wagon with a high seat was stabled in the gangway. It carried a load of fir-branches that left no doubt from whose livery it hailed. The last touch was supplied by Savoy in the shape of a monkey on a yellow stick, that was not in the official bill of lading.

"I swiped it fer de Kid," he said briefly in explanation.

When it was all done the boys turned in, but not to sleep. It was long past midnight before the deep and regular breathing from the beds proclaimed that the last had succumbed.

The early dawn was tinging the frosty window-panes with red when from the Kid's cot there came a shriek that roused the house with a start of very genuine surprise.

"Hello!" shouted Stretch, sitting up with a jerk and rubbing his eyes. "Yes, sir! in a minute. Hello, Kid, what to—"

The Kid was standing barefooted in the passageway, with a base-ball bat in one hand and a trumpet and a pair of drumsticks in the other, viewing with shining eyes the wagon and its cargo, the gun and all the rest. From every cot necks were stretched, and grinning faces watched the show. In the excess of his joy the Kid let out a blast on the trumpet that fairly shook the building. As if it were a signal, the boys jumped out of bed and danced a breakdown about him in their shirt-tails, even Gimpy joining in.

"Holy Moses!" said Stretch, looking down, "if Santy Claus ain't been here an' forgot his hull kit, I 'm blamed!"

KING CHRISTMAS AND MASTER NEW YEAR.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL.

KING CHRISTMAS sat in his house of ice
And looked across the snow.
"Hallo, my little man!" he cried,
"Now whither dost thou go?"

"I go, my Lord, along the way
That all my kin have gone,
Where thou, my Lord, shalt follow me
Before another dawn."

"Right gaily," cried the Christmas King.
"Who ride to-night with thee?"
"The days of grief, the days of joy,
Are they who ride with me."

"God keep thee, merry little man;
Go whisper them that mourn
How surely comes again the day
When Christ the Lord was born.

"And be not sad, my little man,
But when thou too art old
And o'er the wintry wastes you come,
A weary man and cold,

"Right cheerily I pray thee then
To keep this gracious tryst,
And leave thy weary burden here
Where cares grow light, with Christ.

"Now bid thy gallant company
Ride onward without fear,
For I, the King of Christmas,
Have blessed the glad New Year."

THE PASSING OF THE KINGS.

A PROVENÇAL CHRISTMAS POSTSCRIPT.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.

IN a paper upon the Christmas customs of Provence, published in this magazine three years ago, I brought together the more important characteristics of that greatest of Provençal festivals. But within the limits of even an unreasonably long article it was impossible—as I quickly discovered when I had settled myself to the serious investigation of this rich subject—to make my account exhaustive.

Indeed, my subject so grew upon my hands that at times I was quite at my wits' end (I am the first to acknowledge that my wits are of the shortest) to know what to do with my constantly accumulating mass of material. One day it would be Mistral—who took a keen interest in my work, and was close at my elbow while I was doing it—who would flourish out some fresh piece of information which he would declare, with a characteristic vivacity, was absolutely of the first importance. Or the "*bon père* Marius," as we all lovingly call him because of the monkish look which his famous capuchin cloak gives him, would remember some custom, current in his long-past youth, the omission of which from my article, he would assure me, would make it a mere Dead Sea apple of an article, quite unfit to read. Or old Jan, or his wife Eliso, our farmer friends of the Mas Viret, would bring me a bit of peasant superstition, dug up out of the lore of the countryside, pregnant with curious suggestion of the drowsing paganism that so strangely is blended with the Provençal Christian faith of to-day. And all of this, to me, at least, was so fresh and so fascinating that I was hot for making a whole book about it—and chafed because I had to pick and choose.

Perhaps (though time a little has cooled my ambitious enthusiasm) my book-making project even yet may be realized. It is very alluring. But that, in any circumstances, is a far-away possibility, and, pending its doubtful accomplishment, I am glad to have this present chance to add a postscript to what I wrote three years ago about the Christmas Kalends of Provence.

THE PROPHETIC DAYS.

OLD Jan, in common with all the older Provençal farmer-folk, believes that the twelve days (called *coumtié*) immediately preceding Christmas day are sure foretellers of the weather that will characterize the new twelve months to come; that as these days are hot or cold or bright or rainy, so will be the correspondingly numbered months of the new year: and that these prophetic days are the days which precede the winter solstice puts their endowment with prophetic virtue very far back in pagan antiquity.

The farmers, too, have the saying that "when Christmas falls on a Friday you may sow in ashes"—meaning that the harvest of the ensuing year will be so abundant that seed sown anywhere will grow. In this saying there is an obvious survival of Venus-worship. Friday (*Divèndre* in Provençal) was the day sacred to the goddess of fertility; and the belief that a fruitful year is promised by the conjunction of this day and the solstice clearly comes down from the time when Aphrodite—a statue of the goddess was dug up in Marseilles but lately—was a Provençal deity. The *Pater de Calèndo*, the curious Christmas prayer for good harvests, just as clearly has a like derivation, being a pagan supplication that has been diverted, but by no means completely, into Christian ways; and the whole of the Yule-log ceremonial certainly is of pagan origin.

THE YULE LOG.

I HAVE written that the Yule log, the *cacho-fiò*, should be big enough to burn from Christmas eve until New Year's day. It is not expected, of course, that the log shall burn continuously. Each night it is smothered in ashes, and is not set a-blazing again until the next evening. But even when thus husbanded the log must be a big one to last the week out, and it is only in rich households that the rule can be observed. Per-

THE PROPHETIC DAYS.

PLANTING ST. BARBARA'S GRAIN TO FORETELL THE HARVEST.

sons of modest means are content if they can keep burning the sacred fire over Christmas day; and as to the very poor, their cacho-fiò is no more than the bit of a fruit-tree's branch, that barely, by cautious guarding, will burn until the midnight of Christmas eve. Yet this suffices: and it seems to me that there is something very tenderly touching about these Yule twigs which make, with all the loving ceremonial and rejoicing that might go with a whole tree-trunk, the poor man's Christmas fire.

In the country, the poorest man is sure of his cacho-fiò. The Provençaux are a kindly race, and the well-to-do farmers are not forgetful of their poorer neighbors at Christmas-time. An almond-branch always may be had for the asking; and often other friendly gifts go with it without any asking at all. In the cities, of course, the case is different; and, no doubt, on many a chill hearth no Yule fire burns. But even in the cities this gracious usage is not unknown. Among the boat-builders and shipwrights of the coast towns the custom long has obtained—being in force, even, in the government dockyard at Toulon—of permitting each workman to carry away a cacho-fiò from the refuse oak timber; and an equivalent present frequently is given at Christmas-time to the laborers in other trades.

Nor does the blessing which the Yule log brings upon a household end with its burning. Its ashes are potent for good. Infused into a much-esteemed country-side medicine, they add to its efficacy; sprinkled in the chicken-house and cow-stable, they ward off disease; placed in the linen-closet, they are a sure protection against fire. Probably this last property has its genesis in the belief that live coals from the Yule log may be set upon the linen cloth spread for the Great Supper without burning it—a belief, however, which prudent housewives always are shy of putting to a practical test. I should add that there is a hint of malignant power about the Yule log; or, at least, of a power which enables it to resent sharply any sacrilegious affront that may be put upon it. The belief is well rooted, Mistral told me, that any one who ventures to sit on a Yule log, after it has been cut and dedicated to its sacred purpose, will pay in his person for his temerity—either with a dreadful stomach-ache that will prevent him from eating his Christmas dinner, or with a pest of boils! And Mistral confessed that, much though he desired to prove or to disprove this superstition, he always had been afraid to put it to a practical test!

I laughed when Mistral made this confession; but after I had eaten my first Christmas dinner in Provence I sympathized with him in his dread of a retributive stomach-ache that would bar his enjoyment of that great feast. To miss, for any reason, a Provençal Christmas dinner would be a calamity great enough to sadden the whole of the coming year.

THE GREAT SUPPER.

NOWADAYS the turkey has the place of honor at this feast; but anciently the Christmas bird of Provence was the goose, who was roasted and eaten ('t was a backhanded compliment) in remembrance of her ancestral good deeds. For legend tells that when the Kings, led by the Star, arrived at the inn stable in Bethlehem, it was the goose, alone of all the animals assembled there, who came forward politely to make them her compliments: yet failed to express herself clearly because she had caught a cold in the chill and windy wintry weather and her voice was hoarse and harsh. The same voice ever since has remained to her; and as a further commemoration of her hospitable and courteous conduct it became the custom to spit her piously upon Christmas day.

I have come across the record of another Christmas roast that in medieval times now and then was served at the tables of the great lords of Provence. This was a huge cock, stuffed with chicken livers and forcemeat, and garnished with twelve roasted partridges and thirty eggs and thirty truffles, the whole making an alimentary allegory in which the cock represented the year, the partridges the months, the eggs the days of the month, and the truffles the nights. But this never was a common dish, and not until the turkey appeared was the goose rescued from her annual honorable martyrdom. Just when the turkey came is a matter of great uncertainty. Popular tradition declares that the crusaders brought him home with them from the Indies—a tradition that his name in French and in Provençal (and even, after a fashion, in English) preserves. Certainly he came a long while ago: probably very soon after Europe received him from America as a noble and perpetual Christmas present, and that occurred, I think, about thirty years after Columbus, with an admirable gastronomic perspicacity, discovered his primitive home.

Ordinarily the Provençal Christmas turkey is roasted with a stuffing of chestnuts, or of forcemeat and black olives, or of truffles, an

ascending scale of merit which seems to reach in the truffles an absolute climax. But culinary genius in Provence has a way of using what seems to be a climax as a mere base for higher achievements, and a *maître d'hôtel* whom I am privileged to know, M. Eugène Teston, *fils*, has taken the truffle motif and still more exquisitely has elaborated it. His method is to make a stuffing of veal and fillet of pork (one third of the former and two thirds of the latter) minced and then brayed in a mortar, to which he adds quartered truffles with a lavish hand. For the basting he uses a piece of salt-pork fat set a-blazing on a long fork, dripping the flaming juice judiciously over the roast, with resulting little puffings of brown skin which permit the savor of the salt to penetrate the flesh and which give at once delicious crispness and succulence. As to the flavor of a turkey thus cooked, no tongue can tell what any tongue privileged to taste of it may know.

Belonging to a different order of cooking is another very important feature of the Christmas feast: the *fougasso*, or *poumpo*. This is a flat cake, bigger than a dinner-plate, ingeniously reticulated,—a grating wrought in dough,—either plain or sweetened or salted, fried delicately in the best olive-oil of Aix or Maussanne. It is made throughout the winter, but its making at Christmas-time is of obligation; and the custom (come down, as has the name of poumpo, from Greek ancestors) obtains among the women, though less now than of old, of sending a fougasso as a Christmas gift to each of their intimates. Pretty though this custom seems to be, I regret to add that there is in it a touch of vainglorious-ness which does not make for harmony; for its underlying motive, I am credibly informed, is the desire on the part of each giver to prove that her fougasso is better than anybody else's: and, as the matter is one in which the personal equation is a determining factor, the outcome of these gifts is apt to be bickering and ill will. And so, unregretted, this nettle-like custom is dropping into disuse.

Indeed, the feeling is very strong in Provence that at Christmas-time there must be kindly feeling everywhere; and a beautiful rule of the Great Supper, the Christmas-eve feast, is that among those who eat it together all animosities must be healed. Fortunately the Provençaux, for all their excitability, are not quarrelsome, and the family differences to be adjusted before the Great Supper rarely are of a serious sort. At our supper at the Mas Viret, for instance, there was a hatchet to be buried between the daughter of the house and one of her sisters-in-law; but it was so small a hatchet, and the burial was over so quickly, —being but a vigorous hugging and an explosion of kisses,—that we should have known nothing about it had not Eliso felt called upon to make an explanation for our benefit.

Of all things in the world to quarrel about, this quarrel had grown out of a spirited difference of opinion as to how the heel of a knitted stocking should be turned! But the matter had come to be quite of a seriousness, and all the family breathed more freely when those resounding peace-kisses had been given and received. Actually, as I happened to learn later, the reconciliation was pushed to such an extreme that each of the young women incontinently adopted the other's knitting creed, with the curious result that they were in a fair way to have a fresh quarrel for the ensuing Christmas out of the same matter on inverted lines.

At the Great Supper—and this also makes for harmony—it is a point of honor that only wines from Provençal vineyards, or from the near-by vineyards of Languedoc, shall be served: rich and heavy Tavel; delicate Ledenon; heavy Frontignan (preferably the cloyingly sweet Mouscat de Maroussa); a home-made champagne called *clairette*, with a superabundance of pop and fizz, but undeniably cider-like; and at last, for a climax, old Châteauneuf du Pape, the dean of the Provençal vinous faculty, rich, smooth, delicate, with a slightly aromatic aftertaste that the dallying bees bring to the vine-blossoms from the blossoms of the wild thyme.

It was Châteauneuf du Pape that filled anciently the cups over which chirped the sprightly popes of Avignon; and in later times, only forty years back, this noble wine was the drink of the young Felibrien poets, Mistral, Roumanille, Aubanel, Mathieu, and the rest, while they tuned and set a-going their new-made lyres. But Châteauneuf du Pape is passing into a tradition now. The old vines, the primitive stock, were slain by the phylloxera; and the new vines, planted to replace them, do not produce a wine like that over which popes and poets once were gay. Only in rich old cellars still may be found a bin or two of dust-gray papal veterans, survivors of the brave army that has gurgled its life out in a happy past.

NOËLS.

It is while these rich wines are tickling the palates and warming the hearts of the company, after the substantial part of the Great Supper has been disposed of, that the singing of noëls begins, and is continued until the singers set forth to attend the celebration of the midnight mass. As I have written, Saboly is, and seems likely always to be, the favorite writer and composer of these naïve songs of the Nativity; but other noëls belonging to his period still are popular, and all Provence delights in Roumanille's beautiful noël, "The Blind Girl," which is of our own times.

In an introductory note to a general collection of noëls which he edited and published a dozen years or so ago, Roumanille wrote: "As organist of the Church of St. Pierre [in Avignon] Saboly soon won a great and a beautiful renown as a musician; but his fame and his glory have come to him because of the blessed thought that he had of composing his marvelous noëls. Yet it was not until the year 1658, when he himself was fifty-four years old, that he decided to tie together and to publish his first sheaf of them. From that time onward, every year until his end, a fresh sheaf of from six to a dozen appeared; and, although no name went with them, all of his townsfolk knew that it was their own Troubadour of the Nativity who made them so excellent a gift just as the nougat bells began to ring. The organ of St. Pierre, touched by his master hand, taught the gay airs to which the new noëls were cast. Presently all Avignon would be singing them; and soon the chorus would swell throughout the Comtat and Provence. The inimitable Troubadour of Bethlehem died just as he had tied together the eighth of his little sheaves. . . . His noëls have been reprinted many times; and, thanks be to God, they will be printed again and again forever!"

In addition to being a genius, Saboly had the good fortune to live in one of those periods of fusing and recasting which give to genius its opportunity. He was born at the very time that Claude Montiverde was taking those audacious liberties with harmony which cleared the way for the transition from the old tonality to the new; and he died before the great modern masters had set up those standards which composers of our own time must either accept or defy. He certainly was influenced by the then new Italian school; indeed, from the fourteenth century, when music began to be cultivated in Avignon, the relations between that city and Italy were so close that the first echoes of Italian musical innovations naturally would be heard there. Everywhere his work shows, as the Italian work shows, a searching for new methods in the domain of modulation, along with a defiance of the laws of transformation reverenced by the formal composers of his time. Yet he did his searching always on his own lines and in his own way. Nor was his original genius lessened by his willingness at times to appropriate the desirable property of other people, since his thefts received always a subtle touch which transformed them and made them his own. He knew well how to take the popular airs of the moment—the gavotte or minuet or vaudeville which every one was singing: the good old airs, as we call them now, which then were the newest of the new—and how to infuse into them his own personality and so fit them like a glove to his own noëls. Thus, his Twelfth Noël is set to an air composed by Lulli for the drinking-song, "Qu'ils sont doux, bouteille jolie," in Molière's "Médecin malgré lui"; and those who are familiar with the music of his time will be both scandalized and set a-laughing by finding the uses to which he has put airs which began life in far from seemly company. But his forays were made from choice, not from necessity, and the fact remains that the best of his noëls are wholly his own.

What has made, or has helped to make, his noëls lastingly popular in Provence is their strong local color. His background always is his own country; his characters—*Micoulau*, the big shepherd, gossip *Guihaumeto*, *Toni*, *Christou*, and the rest—always are Provençaux, wearing the old-time pink-broidered jackets and white hats bedizened with ribbons. Moreover, they always set off on their march to Bethlehem to the sound of the Provençal *galoubet* and *tambourin;* and it is from Avignon, out by the Porte St. Lazare, that the start for Bethlehem is made by his pilgrim company. The Provençal music plays to cheer them. They stamp their feet and swing their arms about, because the mistral is blowing and they are desperately cold. It all is of a simplicity half laughable and half pathetic: such as is found in those medieval pictures which represent the Apostles or the Holy Family in the garb of the artist's own time and country, and which show above the walls of Bethlehem the church spire of his own town.

Yet, in one way, there is nothing incon-

gruous in this naïve shifting of the scene of the Nativity from the hill-country of Judea to the hill-country of the south of France: for these two lands have many common characteristics, and in both the pastoral life is the same—a resemblance which is perceived most vividly by the wayfarer who by night, in the glowing starlight, follows one of the winding ways which lead upward through the olive-orchards, and so goes on across long reaches of upland, broken by outcropping rocks and trees and bushes, and sparsely thatched with short dry grass. Through the silence will come now and then the tinkle of sheep-bells. Sometimes a flock will be seen moving shadowy in the starlight. Keeping watch over it, from the overlooking standpoint of a rock or of a little upswelling hilltop, will be its shepherd, a tall cloaked figure showing black against the loom of the sky. And all this, seen in the star-haze of those austere and somber solitudes, is touched with the poetic realism of unreality; while its deeper meaning is aroused by the stone crosses, telling of Calvary, which are found at every parting of the ways. Told to a simple people living in such a land, the Bible story was neither vague nor remote. They knew its setting because their own surroundings were the same. They understood its allusions because they themselves were shepherds, and the ass was their own beast of burden, and the tending of fig-trees and of vines and of olive-orchards was a part of their daily lives. And so, naturally, the older noël-writers without any thought of anachronism, and the modern noël-writers by poetic instinct, made complete their translation of the story of the Nativity into their vernacular by transferring its scene to their own land.

Although every Provençal poet of the last four centuries probably has added from a brace to a dozen of noëls to the common stock of the country, none of them has scored in popular favor comparably with Saboly; and some of even the best of them are alive now in only a single song. Thus the Chanoine Puech, who died in Aix two hundred and fifty years ago, lives in the noël of the Christ-child and the three Gipsy fortune-tellers—which he stole, I am sorry to add, from Lope de Vega. The Abbé Doumergue, a curé of Aramon who flourished at about the same period, is alive because of his "March of the Kings," that has come ringing down through the ages set to Lulli's magnificent "March of Turenne"; and it is interesting to note that Lulli is said to have found his noble motive in a Provençal air. Antoine Peyrol, who lived only a little more than a century ago,—"who in our good city of Avignon was a carpenter and a wood-seller and a simple-hearted singer of Bethlehem," as Roumanille puts it,—has fared better than these dignitaries of the church. More than a dozen of his noëls are included in the popular collections, and these still are sung with good will every year when "the nougat bells" (as the Christmas chimes are called in Avignon) are ringing in his native town. On the other hand, as though to strike a balance between fame and forgottenness, there are some universally popular noëls, as "C'est le bon lever," of which the authorship absolutely is unknown; while there are still others, as the charming "Wild Nightingale," which belong to no one author, but have been built up by unknown farm-house poets, who have added fresh verses and so have passed on the amended song.

Gaiety is the dominant note of the Provençal noëls, and sometimes this note has been pushed so far that the so-called noëls are mere topical songs or roistering catches. At Aix, for instance, anciently the most popular noël of all that were sung in the cathedral was a satirical review of the events of the year. At its best this performance could not have been over-seemly; but as time went on it grew to be so burningly scandalous that at last, in the year 1653, the bishop had to put a stop to it with a strong hand.

CHRISTMAS CHARITY.

INDEED, not only in Marseilles but throughout the country generally, many of the charitable usages of Christmas have vanished because the need for them has vanished with the coming of better times. Save in the large cities, there are very few really poor people in Provence. It is a rich land, and it gives to its hard-working inhabitants a good living, with only a pinch now and then when a cold winter or a dry summer or a wet harvest puts things out of gear. But of old the conditions were sadly different, and there was need for all that charity could give. In those old days when in comfortable homes the Christmas feast was set there would be heard outside a plaintive voice calling, "Give something from your Yule log to the sorrowful poor!" and then the children would be encouraged to carry out to the calling poor one good portions of food. Pious families, also, were wont to ask some poor friend or

acquaintance, or even a poor passing stranger, to eat the Great Supper with them. And the portions thus given to the poor were called always "the share of the good God."

In many towns and villages the offerings of Christian bounty at Christmas-tide were collected in a curious way. A gigantic wickerwork figure—called Melchior, after one of the three Kings of the Epiphany—clothed in a grotesque fashion and having a huge pannier strapped to his back, was mounted upon an ass and so was taken from door to door to gather for the poor whatever the generous would give of food. Into the big basket charitable hands threw almonds and olives and cheese and bread and sausages; and when, by nightfall, the brave Melchior had finished his round, his basket was emptied upon a table set outside the church door. Then all the poor people of the parish were free to come there and to receive portions of those good things, while the church bells rang, and while there blazed beside the table a torch in representation of the Star which guided Melchior and his fellow-Kings to Bethlehem.

A survival of this ancient charity still is found at Solliès, a little town tucked away in the mountains not far from Toulon. There, at Christmas, thirteen poor people, inconsequently styled "the Apostles," receive at the town-house a dole of two pounds of meat, two loaves of bread, some figs and almonds, and a few sous. And throughout the country the custom still is observed that each well-to-do family shall send a portion of its Christmas loaf, the *pan Calendau*, to some friend or neighbor to whom Fortune has been less kind. Happily, nowadays, this gift often is a mere friendly compliment; for the time is past when weak-kneed and spasmodic charity dealt with real poverty in Provence.

The least practical, perhaps, but in some ways the most beautiful of the Christmas bounties given in this land of poetry is the dole to the birds. The custom is dying out, I am sorry to say, but still at well-regulated old-fashioned farm-houses the children hang little sheaves of wheat along the eaves of the dwelling, that God's little winged creatures, finding thus a table spread for them by Christian bounty, may descend from heaven and be partakers of the Christmas feast.

Above all else is it necessary in Provence that at Christmas the family circle shall be complete. Very serious must be the obstacle, or very long the distance, that then will keep a Provençal from his hearthstone. I have known farm-laborers, given leave for the holiday, who gladly walked twenty miles or more—with the same distance to cover in returning early on the ensuing morning—in order to eat the Great Supper in their own homes. But the most notable instance of this home-seeking trait that I have come across is a story that Mistral told me about his own grandfather, who journeyed across the half of France, and in war-time at that, that he might keep the Christmas festival with his own people in the big old farm-house that still is standing near Maillane.

MISTRAL'S STORY.

It was back in the Revolutionary times, and Mistral the grandfather—only he was not a grandfather then, but a mettlesome young soldier of two-and-twenty—was serving with the Army of the Pyrenees, down on the borders of Spain. December was well on, but the season was open—so open that he found one day a tree still bearing oranges. He filled a basket with the fruit and carried it to the captain of his company. It was a gift for a king, down there in that dry and hungry land, and the captain's eyes sparkled. "Ask what thou wilt, *mon brave*," he said, "and if I can give it to thee it shall be thine."

Quick as a flash the young fellow answered: "Before a cannon-ball cuts me in two, commandant, I should like to go home to Provence and help once more to lay the Yule log in my own home. Let me do that!"

Now this was a serious matter. But the captain had given his word, and the word of a soldier of the Republic was better than the oath of a king. Therefore he sat down at his camp-table and wrote:

ARMY OF THE EASTERN PYRENEES,
December 12, 1793.

We, Perrin, Captain of Military Transport, give leave to the citizen François Mistral, a brave Republican soldier, twenty-two years old, five feet six inches high, chestnut hair and eyebrows, ordinary nose, mouth the same, round chin, medium forehead, oval face, to go back into his province, to go all over the Republic, and, if he wants to, to go to the devil!

"With an order like that in his pocket," said Mistral, "you can fancy how my grandfather put the leagues behind him; and how joyfully he reached Maillane on the lovely Christmas eve; and how there was danger of rib-cracking from the hugging that went

on when he got there! But the next day it was another story! News of his coming had flown about the town, and the mayor sent for him.

"'In the name of the law, citizen,' the mayor demanded, 'why hast thou left the army?'

"Now my grandfather was a bit of a wag, and so, with never a word about his famous pass, he answered, 'Well, you see, I took a fancy to come and spend my Christmas here in Maillane.'

"At that the mayor was in a towering passion. 'Very good, citizen,' he cried. 'Other people also may take fancies—and mine is that thou shalt explain this fancy of thine before the Military Tribunal at Tarascon! Off with him there!'

"And then away went my grandfather between a brace of gendarmes, who brought him in no time before the district judge, a savage old fellow in a red cap, with a beard up to his eyes, who glared at him as he asked, 'Citizen, how is it that thou hast deserted thy flag?'

"Now my grandfather, who was a sensible man, knew that a joke might be carried too far; therefore he whipped out his pass and presented it, and so in a moment set everything right.

"'Good, very good, citizen!' said old Red Cap. 'This is as it should be. Thy captain says that thou art a brave soldier of the Republic, and that is the very best that the best of us can be. With a pass like that in thy pocket thou canst snap thy fingers at all the mayors in Provence; and the devil himself had best be careful, shouldst thou go down that way, as thy pass permits thee, how he ventures to give trouble to a brave soldier of France!'

"But my grandfather did not try the devil's temper," Mistral concluded. "He was satisfied to stay in his own dear home until the Day of the Kings was over, and then he went back to his command."

THE DAY OF THE KINGS.

"THE Day of the Kings." It is on that day, Epiphany, that the Provençal Christmas festival, which begins on December 4, when St. Barbara's grain is planted, comes at last to an end. They give a full month to Christmas rejoicing in gay Provence!

Then the figures of the Kings—the Magi, as we call them in English—are added to the group about the *Crèche*, along with their gallant train of servitors, and the humpbacked camels on which they have ridden westward to Bethlehem guided by the Star. The Provençal children believe that they come at sunset, in pomp and splendor, riding in from the outer country, and on through the street of the village, and in through the church door, to do homage before the manger in the transept where the Christ-child lies. And the children believe that it may be seen, this noble procession, if only they may have the good fortune to hit upon the road along which the royal progress to their village is to be made. But Mistral has told about all this far better than I can tell about it, and I shall quote here, by his permission, a page or two from the "Memoirs" which he is writing, slowly and lovingly, in the betweenwhiles of the making of his songs:

"To-morrow 's the festival of the Kings. This evening they arrive. If you want to see them, little ones, go quickly to meet them—and take presents for them, and for their pages, and for the poor camels who have come so far!"

That was what, in my time, the mothers used to say on the eve of Epiphany—and, *zòu!* all the children of the village would be off together to meet "les Rois Mages," who were coming with their pages and their camels and the whole of their glittering royal suite to adore the Christ-child in our church in Maillane! All of us together, little chaps with curly hair, pretty little girls, our sabots clacking, off we would go along the Arles road, our hearts thrilling with joy, our eyes full of visions. In our hands we would carry, as we had been bidden, our presents: fougasso for the Kings, figs for the pages, sweet hay for the tired camels who had come so far.

On we would go through the cold of dying day, the sun, over beyond the Rhône, dipping toward the Cévennes; leafless trees, red in low sun-rays; black lines of cypress; in the fields an old woman with a fagot on her head; beside the road an old man scratching under the hedge for snails.

"Where are you going, little ones?"

"We are going to meet the Kings!" And on we would run proudly along the white road, while the shrewd north wind blew sharp behind us, until our old church tower would drop away and be hidden behind the trees. We could see far, far down the wide straight road, but it would be bare! In the cold of the winter evening all would be dumb. Then we would meet a shepherd, wrapped in his long brown cloak and leaning

on his staff, a silhouette against the western sky.

"Where are you going, little ones?"

"We are going to meet the Kings! Can you tell us if they are far off?"

"Ah, the Kings. Certainly. They are over there behind the cypresses. They are coming. You will see them soon."

On we would run to meet the Kings so near, with our fougasso and our figs and our hay for the hungry camels. The day would be waning rapidly, the sun dropping down into a great cloud-bank above the mountains, the wind nipping us more shrewdly as it grew still more chill. Our hearts also would be chilling. Even the bravest of us would be doubting a little this adventure upon which we were bound.

Then, of a sudden, a flood of radiant glory would be about us, and from the dark cloud above the mountains would burst forth a splendor of glowing crimson and of royal purple and of glittering gold!

"Les Rois Mages! Les Rois Mages!" we would cry. "They are coming! They are here at last!"

But it would be only the last rich dazzle of the sunset. Presently it would vanish. The owls would be hooting. The chill night would be settling down upon us, out there in the bleak country, sorrowful, alone. Fear would take hold of us. To keep up our courage a little we would nibble at the figs which we had hoped to give to the pages, at the fougasso which we had hoped to present to the Kings. As for the hay for the hungry camels, we would throw it away. Shivering in the wintry dusk, we would return sadly to our homes.

And when we reached our homes again our mothers would ask, "Well, did you see them, the Kings?"

"No; they passed by on the other side of the Rhône, behind the mountains."

"But what road did you take?"

"The road to Arles."

"Ah, my poor child! The Kings don't come that way. They come from the East. You should have gone out to meet them on the road to Saint-Remy. And what a sight you have missed! Oh, how beautiful it was when they came marching into Maillane—the drums, the trumpets, the pages, the camels! *Mon Dieu*, what a commotion! What a sight it was! And now they are in the church, making their homage before the manger in which the little Christ-child lies. But never mind; after supper you shall see them all."

Then we would sup quickly, and so be off to the church, crowded with all Maillane. Barely would we be entered there when the organ would begin, at first softly and then bursting forth formidably, all our people singing with it, with the superb noël:

In the early morning
I met a train
Of three great Kings who were going on a journey!

High up before the altar, directly above the manger in which the Christ-child was lying, would be the glittering *bello estello;* and making their homage before the manger would be the Kings whom it had guided thither from the East: old white-bearded King Melchior with his gift of incense; gallant young King Gaspard with his gift of treasure; black King Balthazar the Moor with his gift of myrrh. How reverently we would gaze on them, and how we would admire the brave pages who carried the trains of their long mantles, and the hump-backed camels whose heads towered high above St. Mary and St. Joseph and the ox and the ass!

Yes, there they were at last—the Kings!

MANY and many a time in the after years have I gone a-walking on the Arles road at nightfall on the Eve of the Kings. It is the same—but not the same. The sun, over beyond the Rhône, is dipping toward the Cévennes; the leafless trees are red in the low sun-rays; across the fields stretch the black lines of cypress; even the old man, as long ago, is scratching in the hedge by the roadside for snails. And when darkness comes quickly, with the sun's setting, the owls hoot as of old.

But in the radiant glory of the sunset I no longer see the dazzle and the splendor of the Kings!

"Which way went they, the Kings?"

"Behind the mountains!"

THE ART OF SEEING THINGS.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

I.

I DO not purpose to attempt to tell my reader how to see things, but only to talk about the art of seeing things, as one might talk of any other art. One might discourse about the art of poetry, or of painting, or of oratory, without any hope of making his readers or hearers poets or painters or orators.

The science of anything may be taught or acquired by study; the art of it comes by practice or inspiration. The art of seeing things is not something that may be conveyed in rules and precepts; it is a matter vital in the eye and ear, yea, in the mind and soul, of which these are the organs. I have as little hope of being able to tell the reader how to see things as I would have in trying to tell him how to fall in love or to enjoy his dinner. Either he does or he does not, and that is about all there is of it. Some people seem born with eyes in their heads, and others with buttons or painted marbles, and no amount of science can make the one equal to the other in the art of seeing things. The great mass of mankind are, in this respect, like the rank and file of an army: they fire vaguely in the direction of the enemy, and if he is hit it is more a matter of chance than of accurate aim. But here and there is the keen-eyed observer; he is the sharp-shooter, his eye selects and discriminates, and his purpose goes to the mark.

Even the successful angler seems born, and not made; he appears to know instinctively the ways of trout. The secret is, no doubt, love of the sport. He puts something on his hook that attracts stronger than any essence or oil, namely, his heart. Love sharpens the eye, the ear, the touch; it quickens the feet, it steadies the hand, it arms against the wet and the cold. What we love to do, that we do well. To know is not all; it is only half. To love is the other half. Wordsworth's poet was contented if he might enjoy the things which others understood. This is generally the attitude of the young and of the poetic nature. The man of science, on the other hand, is contented if he may understand the things that others enjoy: that is his enjoyment. Contemplation and absorption for the one; investigation and classification for the other. We probably all have, in varying degrees, one or the other of these ways of enjoying nature: either the sympathetic and emotional enjoyment of her which the young and the artistic and the poetic temperament have, or the enjoyment through our knowing faculties afforded by natural science, or it may be the two combined, as they certainly were in such a man as Tyndall.

But nothing can take the place of love. Love is the measure of life: only so far as we love do we really live. The variety of our interests, the width of our sympathies, the susceptibilities of our hearts—if these do not measure our lives, what does? As the years go by, we are all of us more or less subject to two dangers, the danger of petrifaction and the danger of putrefaction; either that we will become hard and callous, crusted over with customs and conventions till no new ray of light or of joy can reach us, or that we will become lax and disorganized, losing our grip upon the real and vital sources of happiness and power. Now, there is no preservative and antiseptic, nothing that keeps one's heart young, like love, like sympathy, like giving one's self with enthusiasm to some worthy thing or cause.

If I were to name the three most precious resources of life I should say books, friends, and nature; and the greatest of these, at least the most constant and always at hand, is nature. Nature we have always with us, an inexhaustible storehouse of that which moves the heart, appeals to the mind, and fires the imagination—health to the body and joy to the soul. To the scientist nature is a storehouse of facts, laws, processes; to the artist she is a storehouse of pictures; to the poet she is a storehouse of images, fancies, a source of inspiration; to the moralist she is a storehouse of precepts and parables; to all she may be a source of knowledge and joy.

II.

THERE is nothing in which people differ more than in their powers of observation. Some are only half alive to what is going on without them and beside them. Others, again, are keenly alive; their intelligence, their powers of recognition, are in full force in eye and ear at all times. They see and hear everything, whether it directly concerns them or not. They never pass unseen a familiar face on the street; they are never oblivious of any interesting feature or sound or object in the earth or sky about them. Their power of attention is always on the alert, not by conscious effort, but by natural habit and disposition. Their perceptive faculties may be said to be always on duty. They turn to the outward world a more highly sensitivized mind than other people. The things that pass before them are caught and individualized instantly. If they visit new countries they see the characteristic features of the people and scenery at once. The impression is never blurred or confused. Their powers of observation suggest the sight and scent of wild animals; only, whereas it is fear that sharpens the one, it is love and curiosity that sharpen the other. The mother turkey with her brood sees the hawk when it is a mere speck against the sky; she is, in her solicitude for her young, thinking of hawks, and is on her guard against them. Fear makes keen her eye. The hunter does not see the hawk till his attention is thus called to it by the turkey, because his interests are not endangered; but he outsees the wild creatures of the plain and mountain,—the elk, the antelope, and the mountain-sheep,—he makes it his business to look for them, and his eye carries farther than do theirs.

We may see coarsely and vaguely, as most people do, noting only masses and unusual appearances, or we may see finely and discriminatingly, taking in the minute and the specific. In a collection of stuffed birds, the other day, I observed that a wood-thrush was mounted as in the act of song, its open beak pointing straight to the zenith. The taxidermist had not seen truly. The thrush sings with its beak but slightly elevated. Who has not seen a red squirrel or a gray squirrel running up and down the trunk of a tree? But probably very few have noticed that the position of the hind feet is the reverse in the one case from what it is in the other. In descending they are extended to the rear, the toe-nails hooking to the bark, checking and controlling the fall. In most pictures the feet are shown well drawn up under the body in both cases.

People who discourse pleasantly and accurately about the birds and flowers and external nature generally are not therefore good observers. In their walks do they see anything they did not come out to see? Is there any spontaneous or unpremeditated seeing? Do they make discoveries? Any bird or creature may be hunted down, any nest discovered if you lay siege to it; but to find what you are not looking for, to catch the shy winks and gestures on every side, to see all the by-play going on around you, missing no significant note or movement, penetrating every screen with your eye-beams—that is to be an observer; that is to have "an eye practised like a blind man's touch,"—a touch that can distinguish a white horse from a black,—a detective eye that reads the faintest signs. When Thoreau was at Cape Cod he noticed that the horses there had a certain muscle in their hips inordinately developed by reason of the insecure footing in the ever-yielding sand. Thoreau's vision at times fitted things closely. During some great fête in Paris, the Empress Eugénie and Queen Victoria were both present. A reporter noticed that when the royal personages came to sit down Eugénie looked behind her before doing so, to see that the chair was really there, but Victoria seated herself without the backward glance, knowing there must be a seat ready for her: there always had been and there always would be. The correspondent inferred that the incident showed the difference between born royalty and hastily made royalty. I wonder how many persons in that vast assembly made this observation; probably very few. It denoted a gift for seeing things.

If our powers of observation were quick and sure enough, no doubt we should see through most of the tricks of the sleight-of-hand man. He fools us because his hand is more dexterous than our eye. He captures our attention, and then commands us to see only what he wishes us to see.

In the field of natural history things escape us because the actors are small and the stage is very large and more or less veiled and obstructed. The movement is quick across a background that tends to conceal rather than expose it. In the printed page the white paper plays quite as important a part as the type and the ink; but the book of nature is on a different plan: the page rarely presents a contrast of black and white, or even black and brown, but only of

similar tints, gray upon gray, green upon green, or drab upon brown.

By a close observer I do not mean a minute, cold-blooded specialist,—

> a fingering slave,
> One that would peep and botanize
> Upon his mother's grave,—

but a man who looks closely and steadily at nature, and notes the individual features of tree and rock and field, and allows no subtile flavor of the night or day, of the place and the season, to escape him. His senses are so delicate that in his evening walk he feels the warm and the cool streaks in the air, his nose detects the most fugitive odors, his ears the most furtive sounds. As he stands musing in the April twilight he hears that fine, elusive stir and rustle made by the angle-worms reaching out from their holes for leaves and grasses; he hears the whistling wings of the woodcock as she goes swiftly by him in the dusk; he hears the call of the kill-dee come down out of the March sky; he hears far above him in the early morning the squeaking cackle of the arriving blackbirds pushing north; he hears the soft, prolonged, lulling call of the little owl in the cedars in the early spring twilight; he hears at night the roar of the distant waterfall, and the rumble of the train miles across the country when the air is "hollow"; before a storm he notes how distant objects stand out and are brought near on those brilliant days that we call "weather-breeders." When the mercury is at zero or lower, he notes how the passing trains hiss and simmer as if the rails or wheels were red-hot. He reads the subtile signs of the weather. The stars at night forecast the coming day to him; the clouds at evening and at morning are a sign. He knows there is the wet-weather diathesis and the dry-weather diathesis, or, as Goethe said, water affirmative and water negative, and he interprets the symptoms accordingly. He is keenly alive to all outward impressions. When he descends from the hill in the autumn twilight, he notes the cooler air of the valley like a lake about him; he notes how, at other seasons, the cooler air at times settles down between the mountains like a vast body of water, as shown by the level line of the fog or the frost upon the trees.

The modern man looks at nature with an eye of sympathy and love where the earlier man looked with an eye of fear and superstition. Hence he sees more closely and accurately; science has made his eye steady and clear. To a hasty traveler through the land the farms and country homes all seem much alike, but to the people born and reared there, what a difference! They have read the fine print that escapes the hurried eye and that is so full of meaning. Every horizon line, every curve in hill or valley, every tree and rock and spring run, every turn in the road and vista in the landscape, has its special features and makes its own impression.

Scott wrote in his journal: "Nothing is so tiresome as walking through some beautiful scene with a minute philosopher, a botanist, or pebble-gatherer, who is eternally calling your attention from the grand features of the natural picture to look at grasses and chuckie-stanes." No doubt Scott's large, generous way of looking at things kindles the imagination and touches the sentiments more than does this minute way of the specialist. The nature that Scott gives us is like the air and the water that all may absorb, while what the specialist gives us is more like some particular element or substance that only the few can appropriate. But Scott had his specialties, too, the specialties of the sportsman; he was the first to see the hare's eyes as she sat in her form, and he knew the ways of grouse and pheasants and trout. The ideal observer turns the enthusiasm of the sportsman into the channels of natural history, and brings home a finer game than ever fell to shot or bullet. He too has an eye for the fox and the rabbit and the migrating water-fowl, but he sees them with loving and not with murderous eyes.

III.

So far as seeing things is an art, it is the art of keeping your eyes and ears open. The art of nature is all in the direction of concealment. The birds, the animals, all the wild creatures, for the most part try to elude your observation. The art of the bird is to hide her nest; the art of the game you are in quest of is to make itself invisible. The flower seeks to attract the bee and the moth by its color and perfume, because they are of service to it; but I presume it would hide from the excursionists and the picnickers if it could, because they extirpate it. Power of attention and a mind sensitive to outward objects, in these lies the secret of seeing things. Can you bring all your faculties to the front, like a house with many faces at the doors and windows; or do you live retired within yourself, shut up in your own meditations? The thinker puts all the powers of

his mind in reflection: the observer puts all the powers of his mind in perception; every faculty is directed outward; the whole mind sees through the eye and hears through the ear. He has an objective turn of mind as opposed to a subjective. A person with the latter turn of mind sees little. If you are occupied with your own thoughts you may go through a museum of curiosities and observe nothing.

Of course one's powers of observation may be cultivated as well as anything else. The sense of seeing and hearing may be quickened and trained as well as the sense of touch. Blind persons come to be marvelously acute in their powers of touch. Their feet find the path and keep it. They come to know the lay of the land through this sense, and recognize the roads and surfaces they have once traveled over. Helen Keller reads your speech by putting her hand upon your lips, and is also thrilled by the music of an instrument by means of her touch. The perceptions of school-children should be trained as well as their powers of reflection and memory. A teacher in Connecticut, Miss Aiken,—whose work on mind-training I commend to all teachers,—has hit upon a simple and ingenious method of doing this. She has a revolving blackboard upon which she writes various figures, numbers, words, sentences, which she exposes to the view of the class for one or two or three seconds as the case may be, and then asks them to copy or repeat what was written. In time they become astonishingly quick, especially the girls, and can take in a multitude of things at a glance. Detectives, I am told, are trained after a similar method; a man is led quickly by a show-window, for instance, and asked to name and describe the objects he saw there. Life itself is of course more or less a school of this kind, but the power of concentrated attention in most persons needs stimulating. Here comes in the benefit of manual-training schools. To *do* a thing, to make something, the powers of the mind must be focused. A boy in building a boat will get something that all the books in the world cannot give him. The concrete, the definite, the discipline of real things, the educational values that lie here, are not enough appreciated.

IV.

THE book of nature is like a page written over or printed upon with different-sized characters and in many different languages, interlined and cross-lined, and with a great variety of marginal notes and references. There is coarse print and fine print; there are obscure signs and hieroglyphics. We all read the large type more or less appreciatively, but only the students and lovers of nature read the fine lines and the footnotes. It is a book which he reads best who goes most slowly or even tarries long by the way. He who runs may read some things. We may take in the general features of sky, plain, and river from the express-train, but only the pedestrian, the saunterer, with eyes in his head and love in his heart, turns every leaf and peruses every line. One man sees only the migrating water-fowls and the larger birds of the air; another sees the passing kinglets and hurrying warblers as well. For my part, my delight is to linger long over each page of this marvelous record, and to dwell fondly upon its most obscure text.

I take pleasure in noting the minute things about me. I am interested even in the ways of the wild bees and in all the little dramas and tragedies that occur in field and wood. One June day, in my walk, as I crossed a rather dry, high-lying field, my attention was attracted by small mounds of fresh earth all over the ground, scarcely more than a handful in each. On looking closely I saw that in the middle of each mound there was a hole not quite so large as a lead-pencil. Now, I had never observed these mounds before, and my curiosity was aroused. "Here is some fine print," I said, "that I have overlooked." So I set to work to try to read it; I waited for a sign of life. Presently I saw here and there a bee hovering about over the mounds. It looked like the honey-bee, only less pronounced in color and manner. One of them alighted on one of the mounds near me, and was about to disappear in the hole in the center when I caught it in my hand. Though it stung me, I retained it and looked it over, and in the process was stung several times; but the pain was slight. I saw it was one of our native wild bees, cousin to the leaf-rollers, that build their nests under stones and in decayed fence-rails. (In Packard I found it described under the name of *Andrena*.) Then I inserted a small weed-stalk into one of the holes, and, with a little trowel I carried, proceeded to dig out the nest. The hole was about a foot deep; at the bottom of it I found a little semi-transparent, membranous sac or cell, a little larger than that of the honey-bee; in this sac was a little pellet of

yellow pollen—a loaf of bread for the young grub when the egg should have hatched. I explored other nests and found them all the same. This discovery was not a great addition to my sum of natural knowledge, but it was something. Now when I see the signs in a field I know what they mean; they indicate the tiny earthen cradles of *Andrena*.

Near by I chanced to spy a large hole in the turf, with no mound of soil about it. I could put the end of my little finger into it. I peered down, and saw the gleam of two small, bead-like eyes. I knew it to be the den of the wolf-spider. Was she waiting for some blundering insect to tumble in? I say she, because the real ogre among the spiders is the female. The male is small and of little consequence. A few days later I paused by this den again and saw the members of the ogress scattered about her own door. Had some insect Jack the giant-killer been there, or had a still more formidable ogress, the sand-hornet, dragged her forth and carried away her limbless body to her den in the bank? What the wolf-spider does with the earth it excavates in making its den is a mystery. There is no sign of it anywhere about. Does it force its way down by pushing the soil to one side and packing it there firmly? The entrance to the hole usually has a slight rim or hem to keep the edge from crumbling in.

As it happened, I chanced upon another interesting foot-note that very day. I was on my way to a muck swamp in the woods to see if the showy lady's-slipper was in bloom. Just on the margin of the swamp, in the deep shade of the hemlocks, my eye took note of some small, unshapely creature crawling hurriedly over the ground. I stooped down, and saw it was some large species of moth just out of its case, and in a great hurry to find a suitable place in which to hang itself up and give its wings a chance to unfold before the air dried them. I thrust a small twig in its way, which it instantly seized upon. I lifted it gently, carried it to drier ground, and fixed the stick in the fork of a tree, so that the moth hung free a few feet from the ground. Its body was distended nearly to the size of one's little finger, surmounted by wings that were so crumpled and stubby that they seemed quite rudimentary. The creature evidently knew what it wanted, and knew the importance of haste. Instantly these rude, stubby wings began to grow. It was a slow process, but one could see the change from minute to minute. As the wings expanded, the body contracted. By some kind of pumping arrangement air was being forced from a reservoir in the one into the tubes of the other. The wings were not really growing, as they at first seemed to be, but they were unfolding and expanding under this pneumatic pressure from the body. In the course of about half an hour the process was completed, and the winged creature hung there in all its full-fledged beauty. Its color was checked black and white like a loon's back, but its name I know not. My chief interest in it, aside from the interest we feel in any new form of life, arose from the creature's extreme anxiety to reach a perch where it could unfold its wings. A little delay would doubtless have been fatal to it. I wonder how many human geniuses are hatched whose wings are blighted by some accident or untoward circumstance? Or do the wings of genius always unfold, no matter what the environment may be?

One seldom takes a walk without encountering some of this fine print on nature's page. Now it is a little yellowish-white moth that spreads itself upon the middle of a leaf and imitates the droppings of birds; or it is the young cicadas working up out of the ground, and in the damp, cool places building little chimneys or tubes above the surface to get more warmth and hasten their development; or it is a wood-newt gorging a tree-cricket, or a little snake gorging the newt, or a bird song with some striking peculiarity—a strange defect or a rare excellence. Now it is a shrike impaling his victim, or blue jays mocking and teasing a little hawk and dropping quickly into the branches to avoid his angry blows, or a robin hustling a cuckoo out of the tree where her nest is, or a vireo driving away a cow-bird, or the partridge blustering about your feet till her young are hidden. One October morning I was walking along the road on the edge of the woods, when I came into a gentle shower of butternuts; one of them struck my hat-brim. I paused and looked about me; here one fell, there another, yonder a third. There was no wind blowing, and I wondered what was loosening the butternuts. Turning my attention to the top of the tree, I soon saw the explanation: a red squirrel was at work gathering his harvest. He would seize a nut, give it a little twist, when down it would come; then he would dart to another and another. Farther along I found where he had covered the ground with chestnut-burs; he could not wait for the frost and the winds; he knew the burs would dry and

open upon the ground, and he knew the bitter covering of the butternuts would soon fall away from the nut.

There are three things that doubtless happen near me each season that I have never yet seen—the toad casting its skin, the snake swallowing its young, and the larvæ of the moth and butterfly constructing their abodes. It is a moot question whether or not the snake does swallow its young, but if there is no other good reason for it, may they not retreat into their mother's stomach to feed? How else are they to be nourished? That the moth larva can weave its own cocoon and attach it to a twig seems more incredible. Yesterday in my walk I found a firm silver-gray cocoon, about two inches long and shaped like an Egyptian mummy (probably *Cynthia*), suspended from a branch of a bush by a narrow, stout ribbon twice as long as itself. The fastening was woven around the limb, upon which it turned as if it grew there. I would have given something to have seen the creature perform this feat, and then incase itself so snugly in the silken shroud at the end of this tether. By swinging free, its firm, compact case was in no danger from woodpeckers, as it might have been if resting directly upon a branch or tree-trunk. Near by was the cocoon of another species (*Cecropia*) that was fastened directly to the limb; but this was vague, loose, and much more involved and net-like. I have seen the downy woodpecker assaulting one of these cocoons, but its yielding surface and webby interior seemed to puzzle and baffle him.

I am interested even in the way each climbing plant or vine goes up the pole, whether from right to left, or from left to right,—that is, with the hands of a clock or against them,—whether it is under the law of the great cyclonic storms of the northern hemisphere, which all move against the hands of a clock, or from west to east, or in the contrary direction, like the cyclones in the southern hemisphere. I take pleasure in noting every little dancing whirlwind of a summer day that catches up the dust or the leaves before me, and every little funnel-shaped whirlpool in the swollen stream or river, whether or not they spin from right to left or the reverse. If I were in the southern hemisphere I am sure I should note whether these things were under the law of its cyclones in this respect or under the law of ours. As a rule, our twining plants and toy whirlwinds copy our revolving storms and go against the hands of the clock. But there are exceptions. While the bean, the bittersweet, the morning-glory, and others go up from left to right, the hop, the wild buckwheat, and some others go up from right to left. Most of our forest-trees show a tendency to wind one way or the other, the hard woods going in one direction, and the hemlocks and pines and cedars and butternuts and chestnuts in another. In different localities, or on different geological formations, I find these directions reversed. I recall one instance in the case of a hemlock six or seven inches in diameter, where this tendency to twist had come out of the grain, as it were, and shaped the outward form of the tree, causing it to make, in an ascent of about thirty feet, one complete revolution about a larger tree close to which it grew. On a smaller scale I have seen the same thing in a pine.

Persons lost in the woods or on the plains, or traveling at night, tend, I believe, toward the left. The movements of men and women, it is said, differ in this respect, one sex turning to the right and the other to the left.

I had lived in the world more than fifty years before I noticed a peculiarity about the rays of light one often sees diverging from an opening, or a series of openings, in the clouds, namely, that they are like spokes in a wheel, the hub, or center, of which appears to be just there in the vapory masses, instead of being, as is really the case, nearly ninety-three millions of miles beyond. The beams of light that come through cracks or chinks in a wall do not converge in this way, but to the eye run parallel to one another. There is another fact: this fan-shaped display of converging rays is always immediately in front of the observer; that is, exactly between him and the sun, so that the central spoke or shaft in his front is always perpendicular. You cannot see this fan to the right or left of the sun, but only between you and it. Hence, as in the case of the rainbow, no two persons see exactly the same rays.

The eye sees what it has the means of seeing, and its means of seeing are in proportion to the love and desire behind it. The eye is informed and sharpened by the thought. My boy sees ducks on the river where and when I cannot, because at certain seasons he thinks ducks and dreams ducks. One season my neighbor asked me if the bees had injured my grapes. I said, "No; the bees never injure my grapes."

"They do mine," he replied; "they puncture the skin for the juice, and at times the clusters are covered with them."

"No," I said, "it is not the bees that puncture the skin; it is the birds."

"What birds?"

"The orioles."

"But I have n't seen any orioles," he rejoined.

"We have," I continued, "because at this season we think orioles; we have learned by experience how destructive these birds are in the vineyard, and we are on the lookout for them; our eyes and ears are ready for them."

If we think birds, we shall see birds wherever we go; if we think arrow-heads, as Thoreau did, we shall pick up arrow-heads in every field. Some people have an eye for four-leaved clovers; they see them as they walk hastily over the turf, for they already have them in their eyes. I once took a walk with the late Professor Eaton of Yale. He was just then specially interested in the mosses, and he found them, all kinds, everywhere. I can see him yet, every few minutes upon his knees, adjusting his eye-glasses before some rare specimen. The beauty he found in them, and pointed out to me, kindled my enthusiasm also. I once spent a summer day at the mountain home of a well-known literary woman and editor. She lamented the absence of birds about her house. I named a half-dozen or more I had heard or seen in her trees within an hour—the indigo-bird, the purple finch, the yellowbird, the veery thrush, the red-eyed vireo, the song-sparrow, etc.

"Do you mean to say you have seen or heard all these birds while sitting here on my porch?" she inquired.

"I really have," I said.

"I do not see them or hear them," she replied, "and yet I want to very much."

"No," said I; "you only *want to want to* see and hear them."

You must have the bird in your heart before you can find it in the bush.

I was sitting in front of a farm-house one day in company with the local Nimrod. In a maple-tree in front of us I saw the great-crested flycatcher. I called the hunter's attention to it, and asked him if he had ever seen that bird before. No, he had not; it was a new bird to him. But he had probably seen it scores of times—seen it without regarding it. It was not the game he was in quest of, and his eye heeded it not.

Human and artificial sounds and objects thrust themselves upon us; they are within our sphere, so to speak: but the life of nature we must meet half-way; it is shy, withdrawn, and blends itself with a vast neutral background. We must be initiated; it is an order the secrets of which are well guarded.

"I BELIEVE."

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

THERE is one story told of Mr. Lincoln which I have not been able to trace to any authoritative source, and which is now declared on authority to be highly improbable; yet it has its value for my purpose, and the fact remains that if the first narrator departed into fiction he did so according to the receipt of Erasmus, and "lied with circumstance." Mr. Lincoln, so the tale runs, was bent upon some war project that strongly commended itself to his judgment, and this project he laid before his portfolio-bearers, asking their separate opinions. To his amazement, the cabinet to a man objected to the whole proposition. The discussion ran high *pro* and *con*, the President setting forth his reasons convincingly and persuasively, the cabinet ready to follow him if individual judgment allowed. Finally, at the President's suggestion, the question was put to the vote. "All in favor of this proposition will please say 'Aye.'" Mr. Lincoln's "Aye" rang out stoutly and alone. "All opposed—" Every member of the cabinet recorded his "No." Mr. Lincoln looked about him at his counselors. "Well, gentlemen," he said dryly, "the ayes have it." Had his advisers agreed with him he would have welcomed their support. As they could not agree with him, the "ayes had it" without them.

"God give us men!" sang the poet of a later day, and in response to that same cry in the sixties came this man with his invaluable sense of humor, his high devotion to duty, his keen administrative mind, and, above all, his power to rise as a dictator at

the moment when dictatorship was needed. But this little side-light into a remarkable life was meant to be used as an illustration only, not as an introduction to a discourse on Lincoln. What the story illustrates seems to be a certain heroism of self-confidence. It takes a sufficient genius to create a wise policy, but all the genius in the world will not give that peculiar faith in one's self which makes it possible to impose an unsupported policy. This quality of belief in an ego seems something to itself, apart from all other qualities.

An artist, asked what he considered the secret of success in art, answered simply, "Instinct to see that something is wrong with your work, belief that you can make it right, doggedness to make it right." And if this is a true witness, it would seem that exactly the same quality of determined self-confidence which goes to make a successful president is equally needed in that other and seemingly far dissimilar profession of art; or perhaps it is that belief in ourselves and faithfulness to that creed is the secret of all successes of every kind.

Turgenieff touches directly on this creed when his hero in "Virgin Soil" writes to his friend: "Have faith, believe in what you say, and speak as you please. I had the chance to hear a sort of sermon delivered by a Raskolnik prophet. Heaven knows what a jumble of biblical phrases, quotations from books, and popular expressions, . . . and then he kept using the same words over and over again, like a grouse that 's calling his mate: 'The Spirit has seized me, the Spirit has seized me.' But his eyes were like glowing coals, his voice low and powerful, he clenched his fists, he was made of iron, that man! His hearers did not understand a single word, but what veneration, what enthusiasm! And they followed him." It is undoubtedly this kind of faith in one's self and in one's own convictions that creates the leaders which men follow, whither they know not, and it stands to reason that any leader must win first the confidence of his own judgment and approval, for lacking that following it is scarcely to be expected that others will flock to the banner. If nothing succeeds like success it is because success begets self-confidence, and self-confidence begets the confidence of others.

The confidential secretary of a certain great man of affairs once so far betrayed his trust as to say that his patron had one habit that always struck him as peculiar. On the busiest and most confusing days he would sit longest quietly at his desk thinking before he set to work, and in this matter of thinking he never hurried himself. Just as long as he wished to do so he thought, making up his mind slowly and patiently; then when he actually got to work it was with a rush, a devouring rapidity, with no changes of mind. His thinking was all done in a solid block, his accomplishments in a solid block. A policy once thought out and his own approval of it gained, it was doggedly adhered to, apparently not so much because the great man believed in any policy of his as absolutely infallible, as because it took precious time and tissue to make changes, and what went wrong he had perfect faith to believe he could correct later. What he accomplished by this method, and his accomplished yearly work was mountainous, amply atoned to his followers for any mistakes he might make.

Another rather curious and more abstract illustration of this quality of slow thought and close adherence to a perfected plan was to be followed in the history of a certain daily paper that flourished like a green bay-tree in its native town. It was one of those steady, conservative old papers that every citizen knew and read and admired in one way and laughed at in another. There was one individual characteristic of this sheet that distinguished it from all its contemporaries in the city. If any event of great significance, national or civic, occurred, when the readers turned eagerly to the editorial sheet for leading in thought, what they found (with few exceptions) was a long dissertation on "The Beauty of Cheerfulness" or some other theme equally remote from the burning subject. The next day, or perhaps the day after, the expected editorial calmly appeared, and from the position then taken there was never the swerving of a hair's-breadth. The few exceptions that marked this rule of slow and sure delivery also marked history in the city where the paper was published. If on the morning of any event this conservative organ appeared with a direct editorial *pro* or *con*, as the editorial voted so went the solid city, and that enterprise, civic or commercial, backed by this journal, was foreordained to success. Refusing to speak until satisfied of the solidity of its own judgments, then speaking with the voice of extreme authority, was the secret of this peculiar power, as later events were to prove. When a body of young and energetic managers laid hold of the journal its peculiar power immediately waned. These

new editors in a doubtful crisis scorned to take refuge in editorials on "The Beauty of Cheerfulness," and in place of such placid treatises—like Lothair, with his mind made up on every subject on earth at twenty-one—they set forth prompt, partly digested opinions, with that undue emphasis and certainty which in themselves betray uneasiness. Then, though the time-honored organ still tried to pipe with the authority of old, and often did excel in thought and brilliancy its former records, few danced as they were wont to dance under the old régime. The glory and prestige had departed with the loss of those calm and confident utterances.

Most of the world is obliged to arrive at wise conclusions by means of time and deliberation, but some have undoubtedly been granted a certain instinctive power of swift, wise judgment. There is as a matter of course a great saving of time in this instinctive power to leap at right conclusions without the price of labor, but the trouble is that these intuitions, to be valuable, must have the place and dignity of well-considered decisions in the mind of the one who leaps. Attained by deliberation or instinct, the power of wise decision is as the fruitless gift of the wicked fairy if self-confidence does not go with that power. Religious belief in one's ego—which can exist without egotism—alone gives the force which insures followers and success. From Socrates to President Lincoln on through a line of Raskolnik prophets, in all of the leaders of the earth, we can always detect the presence of this kind of loyal faith to an "ego" or to a "demon," or whatever each one has dubbed his self-confidence. Socrates chose to call his instinctive perceptions the prompting of his *demon*, and by the same kind of modest subterfuge thousands of others since his day have striven to disguise the fact that they were building their faith on a rock of self-confidence and asking others to do the same. It seems rather a large demand, and it seems fairly commendable in human nature that so many shrink from making it, modesty being in itself a cardinal virtue; but the fact remains that the self-confident are the successful and the helpful. It may not be true that Cassandra, warning the unheeding Trojans, had hidden doubts of her own inspiration, hence none believed in powers which she herself secretly discredited; but had this been true, the result would have been similar, and in this connection it seems impossible to close without commenting on the fact that, from Cassandra's time to this year of our Lord, women of yesterday and women of to-day, when stepping forward into the affairs of the world, have ever shown that their greatest weakness lay in their lack of this same calm self-confidence that alone begets the confidence of others. It has too often been said, and with apparent truth, that the new woman on her voyage of discovery into new provinces has shown no lack of self-confidence. Quite the contrary, she is overweeningly confident; but appearances are not always accurate, and wanderers in strange woods, as we are told, are sometimes found whistling, as they go, solely to keep up their own courage. Furthermore, as it is well known to both sexes that "good wine needs no bush," we may perhaps believe that those who have good wine and are very sure of its quality do not, as a rule, cry it in the market-place. When, therefore, you encounter in the woods or in the market-place the aggressive, the self-sufficient, or the boastful new woman, deal gently with her, oh, ye brothers, for the chances are ten to one that in her secret soul she is as tremulous of her own powers as you could wish her to be. Therefore she whistles, therefore she boastfully cries her wares.

Education, which assuredly gives power to think more logically and reliably than the untutored mind naturally thinks, has only lately been accorded to women, and they have relied in the past, and still do rely, largely on intuition for their conclusions. The great gift of intuition is, after all, preeminently feminine, but there is for the human mind something so mysterious in such a power that even the possessor will not blindly believe in it.

Our so-called new woman, if she is to be a factor in the affairs of the earth, must mark the parting of these ways and make her choice and abide by it. Either she must believe more loyally in her intuitions or she must depend on education and logical thought to give her that power of poise which must belong to those who would be leaders among men. That which is first demanded of every leader, man or woman, is a degree of self-confidence which gives the power to say to any opposing world, "Well, gentlemen, the ayes have it," and to say this exactly as Mr. Lincoln said it to his cabinet, neither aggressively nor dogmatically, but with a pleasant humor, or with some other such honey in the vinegar of decision. Such a stand taken with easy confidence proclaims a settled belief in one's self that is more contagious than disease.

(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.)

LADY DERBY (MISS FARREN). BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

FROM THE PAINTING OWNED BY LORD DE GREY WILTON.

FRENCH'S WASHINGTON.

DETAIL FROM THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH AND EDWARD CLARK POTTER (THE HORSE BY POTTER), MADE FOR THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN WOMEN FOR THE PRESENTATION OF A STATUE TO FRANCE, AND TO BE ERECTED ON THE 19TH OF APRIL, 1900, IN THE CITY OF PARIS.

"HE STRUCK ONE FEARFUL, CRUSHING BLOW." (SEE PAGE 202.)

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GRIZZLY.

BY ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON,
Author of "Wild Animals I have Known."

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

PART II. THE DAYS OF HIS STRENGTH.

I.

WAHB'S third summer had brought him the stature of a large-sized Bear, though not nearly the bulk and power that in time were his. He was very light-colored now, and this was why Spahwat, a Shoshone Indian who more than once hunted him, called him the Whitebear, or Wahb.

Spahwat was a good hunter, and as soon as he saw the rubbing-tree on the Upper Meteetsee he knew that he was on the range of a big Grizzly. He bushwhacked the whole valley, and spent many days before he found a chance to shoot; then Wahb got a stinging flesh-wound in the shoulder. He growled horribly, but it had seemed to take the fight out of him; he scrambled up the valley and over the lower hills till he reached a quiet haunt, where he lay down.

His knowledge of healing was wholly instinctive. He licked the wound and all around it, and sought to be quiet. The licking removed the dirt, and by massage reduced the inflammation, and it plastered the hair down as a sort of dressing over the wound to keep out the air, dirt, and microbes. There could be no better treatment.

But the Indian was on his trail. Before long the smell warned Wahb that a foe was coming, so he quietly climbed farther up the mountain to another resting-place. But again he sensed the Indian's approach, and made off. Several times this happened, and at length there was a second shot and another galling wound. Wahb was furious now. There was nothing that really frightened him but that horrible odor of man, iron, and guns, that he remembered from the day when he lost his Mother; but now all fear of these left him. He heaved painfully up the mountain again, and along under a six-foot ledge, then up and back to the top of the bank, where he lay flat. On came the Indian, armed with knife and gun; deftly, swiftly keeping on the trail; gloating joyfully over each bloody print that meant such anguish to the hunted Bear. Straight up the slide of broken rock he came,

where Wahb, ferocious now with pain, was waiting on the ledge. On sneaked the dogged hunter; his eye still scanned the bloody slots or swept the woods ahead, but never was raised to glance above the ledge. And Wahb, as he saw this shape of Death relentless on his track, and smelled the fearful smell, poised his bulk at heavy cost upon his quivering, mangled arm, there held until the proper instant came, then to his sound arm's matchless native force he added all the weight of desperate hate as down he struck one fearful, crushing blow. The Indian sank without a sound, and then dropped out of sight. Wahb rose, and sought again a quiet nook where he might nurse his wounds. Thus he learned that one must fight for peace; for he never saw that Indian again, and he had time to rest and recover.

II.

THE years went on as before, except that each winter Wahb slept less soundly, and each spring he came out earlier and was a bigger Grizzly, with fewer enemies that dared to face him. When his sixth year came he was a very big, strong, sullen Bear, with neither friendship nor love in his life since that evil day on the Lower Piney.

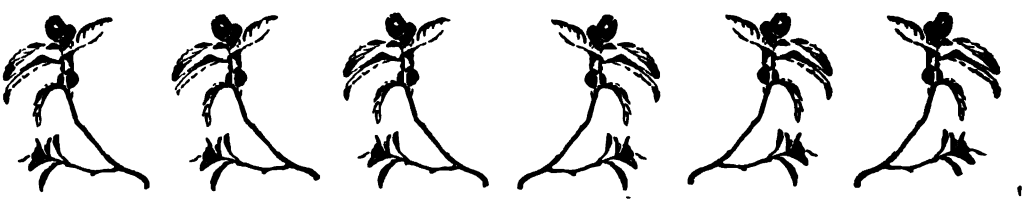
No one ever heard of Wahb's mate. No one believes that he ever had one. The love-season of Bears came and went year after year, but left him alone in his prime as he had been in his youth. It is not good for a Bear to be alone; it is bad for him in every way. His habitual moroseness grew with his strength, and any one chancing to meet him now would have called him a dangerous Grizzly.

He had lived in the Meteetsee Valley since first he betook himself there, and his character had been shaped by many little adventures with traps and his wild rivals of the mountains. But there was none of the latter that he now feared, and he knew enough to avoid the first, for that penetrating odor of man and iron was a never-failing warning, especially after an experience which befell him in his sixth year.

His ever-reliable nose told him that there was a dead Elk down among the timber.

He went up the wind, and there, sure enough, was the great delicious carcass, already torn open at the very best place. True, there was that terrible man-and-iron taint, but it was so slight and the feast so tempting that after circling around and inspecting the carcass from his eight feet of stature, as he stood erect, he went cautiously forward, and at once was caught by his left paw in an enormous Bear-trap. He roared with pain and slashed about in a fury. But this was no Beaver-trap; it was a big forty-pound Bear-catcher, and he was surely caught.

Wahb fairly foamed with rage, and madly grit his teeth upon



the trap. Then he remembered his former experiences. He placed the trap between his hind legs, with a hind paw on each spring, and pressed down with all his weight. But it was not enough. He dragged off the trap and its clog, and went clanking up the mountain. Again and again he tried to free his foot, but in vain, till he came where a great trunk crossed the trail a few feet from the ground. By chance or happy thought he reared again under this and made a new attempt. With a hind foot on each spring and his mighty shoulders underneath the tree, he bore down with his titanic strength: the great steel springs gave way, the jaws relaxed, and he tore out his foot. So Wahb was free again, though he left behind a great toe which had been nearly severed by the first snap of the steel.

Again Wahb had a painful wound to nurse, and as he was a left-handed Bear,—that is, when he wished to turn a rock over he stood on the right paw and turned with the left,—one result of this disablement was to rob him for a time of all those foods that are found under rocks or logs. The wound healed at last, but he never forgot that experience, and thenceforth the pungent smell of man and iron, even without the gun smell, never failed to enrage him.

Many experiences had taught him that it is better to run if he only smelled the hunter or heard him far away, but to fight desperately if the man was close at hand. And the cow-boys soon came to know that the Upper Meteetsee was the range of a Bear that was better let alone.

III.

ONE day after a long absence Wahb came into the lower part of his range, and saw to his surprise one of the wooden dens that men make for themselves. As he came around to get the wind, he sensed the taint that never failed to infuriate him now, and a moment later he heard a loud *bang* and felt a stinging shock in his left hind leg, the old stiff leg. He wheeled about, in time to see a man running toward the new-made shanty. Had the shot been in his shoulder Wahb would have been helpless, but it was not.

MIGHTY arms that could toss pine logs like broomsticks, paws that with one tap could crush the biggest Bull upon the range, claws that could tear huge slabs of rock from the mountain-side—what was even the deadly rifle to them!

WHEN the man's partner came home that night he found him on the reddened shanty floor. The bloody trail from outside and a shaky, scribbled note on the back of a paper novel told the tale.

It was Wahb done it. I seen him by the spring and wounded him. I tried to git on the shanty, but he ketched me. My God, how I suffer!

JACK.

It was all fair. The man had invaded the Bear's country, had tried to take the Bear's life, and had lost his own. But Jack's partner swore he would kill that Bear.

He took up the trail and followed it up the cañon, and there bushwhacked and hunted day after day. He put out baits and traps, and at length one day he heard a *crash*, *clatter*, *thump*, and a huge rock bounded down a bank into a wood, scaring out a couple of deer that floated away like thistle-down. Miller thought at first that it was a land-slide; but he soon knew that it was Wahb that had rolled the boulder over merely for the sake of two or three ants beneath it.

The wind had not betrayed him, so on peering through the bush Miller saw the great Bear as he fed, favoring his left hind leg and growling sullenly to himself at a fresh twinge of pain. Miller steadied himself, and thought, "Here goes a finisher or a dead miss." He gave a sharp whistle, the Bear stopped every move, and, as he stood with ears acock, the man fired at his head.

But at that moment the great shaggy head moved, only an infuriating scratch was given, the smoke betrayed the man's place, and the Grizzly made savage, three-legged haste to catch his foe.

Miller dropped his gun and swung lightly into a tree, the only large one near. Wahb raged in vain against the trunk. He tore off the bark with his teeth and claws; but Miller was safe beyond his reach. For fully four hours the Grizzly watched, then gave it up, and slowly went off into the bushes till lost to view. Miller watched him from the tree, and afterward waited nearly an hour to be sure that the Bear was gone. He then slipped to the ground, got his gun, and set out for camp. But Wahb was cunning; he had only seemed to go away, and then had sneaked back quietly to watch. As soon as the man was away from the tree, too far to return, Wahb dashed after him. In spite of his wounds the Bear could move the fastest. Within a quarter of a mile—well, Wahb did just what the man had sworn to do to him.

Long afterward his friends found the gun and enough to tell the tale.

The claim-shanty on the Meteetsee fell to pieces. It never again was used, for no man cared to enter a country that had but few allurements to offset its evident curse of ill luck, and where such a terrible Grizzly was always on the war-path.

IV.

THEN they found good gold on the Upper Meteetsee. Miners came in pairs and wandered through the peaks, rooting up the

ground and spoiling the little streams—grizzly old men mostly, that had lived their lives in the mountain and were themselves slowly turning into Grizzly Bears; digging and grubbing everywhere, not for good, wholesome roots, but for that shiny yellow sand that they could not eat; living the lives of Grizzlies, asking nothing but to be let alone to dig.

They seemed to understand Grizzly Wahb. The first time they met, Wahb reared up on his hind legs, and the wicked green lightning began to twinkle in his small eyes. The elder man said to his mate:

"Let him alone, and he won't bother you."

"Ain't he an awful size, though?" replied the other, nervously.

Wahb was about to charge, but something held him back—a something that had no reference to his senses, that was felt only when they were still; a something that in Bear and Man is wiser than his wisdom, and that points the way at every doubtful fork in the dim and winding trail.

Of course Wahb did not understand what the men said, but he did feel that there was something different here. The smell of man and iron was there, but not of that maddening kind, and he missed the pungent odor that even yet brought back the dark days of his cubhood.

The men did not move, so Wahb rumbled a subterranean growl, dropped down on his four feet, and went on.

Late the same year Wahb ran across the red-nosed Blackbear. How that Bear did keep on shrinking! Wahb could have hurled him across the Graybull with one tap now.

But the Blackbear did not mean to let him try. He hustled his fat, podgy body up a tree at a rate that made him puff. Wahb reached up nine feet from the ground, and with one rake of his huge claws tore off the bark clear to the shining white wood and down nearly to the ground; and the Blackbear shivered and whimpered with terror as the scraping of those awful claws ran up the trunk and up his spine in a way that was horribly suggestive.

What was it that the sight of that Blackbear stirred in Wahb? Was it memories of the Upper Piney, long forgotten; thoughts of a woodland rich in food?

Wahb left him trembling up there as high as he could get, and without any very clear purpose swung along the upper benches of the Meteetsee down to the Graybull, around the foot of the Rimrock Mountain; on, till hours later he found himself in the timber-tangle of the Lower Piney, and among the berries and ants of the old times.

He had forgotten what a fine land the Piney was: plenty of food, no miners to spoil the streams, no hunters to keep an eye on, and no mosquitos or flies, but plenty of open, sunny glades and sheltering woods, backed up by high, straight cliffs to turn the colder winds.

There were, moreover, no resident Grizzlies, no signs even of passing travelers, and the Blackbears that were in possession did not count.

Wahb was well pleased. He rolled his vast bulk in an old Buffalo-wallow, and rearing up against a tree where the Piney Cañon quits the Graybull Cañon, he left on it his mark fully eight feet from the ground.

In the days that followed he wandered farther and farther up among the rugged spurs of the Shoshones, and took possession as he went. He found the sign-boards of several Blackbears, and if they were small dead trees he sent them crashing to earth with a drive of his giant paw. If they were green, he put his own mark over the other mark, and made it clearer by slashing the bark with the great pickaxes that grew on his paws.

The Upper Piney had so long been a Blackbear range that the Squirrels had ceased storing their harvest in hollow trees, and were now using the spaces under flat rocks, where the Blackbears could not get at them; so Wahb found this a land of plenty: every fourth or fifth rock in the pine woods was the roof of a Squirrel or Chipmunk granary, and when he turned it over, if the little owner were there, Wahb did not scruple to flatten him with his paw and devour him as an agreeable relish to his own provisions.

And wherever Wahb went he put up his sign-board:

Trespassers beware!

It was written on the trees as high up as he could reach, and every one that came by understood that the scent of it and the hair in it were those of the great Grizzly Wahb.

If his Mother had lived to train him, Wahb would have known that a good range in spring may be a bad one in summer. Wahb found out by years of experience that a total change with the seasons is best. In the early spring the Cattle and Elk ranges, with their winter-killed carcasses, offer a bountiful feast. In early summer the best forage is on the warm hillsides where the quamash and the Indian turnip grow. In late summer the berry-bushes along the river-flat are laden with fruit, and in autumn the pine woods gave good chances to fatten for the winter. So he added to his range each year. He not only cleared out the Blackbears from the Piney and the Meteetsee, but he went over the Divide and killed that old fellow that had once chased him out of the Warbonnet Valley. And, more than that, he held what he had won, for he broke up a camp of tenderfeet that were looking for a ranch location on the Middle Meteetsee; he stampeded their horses, and made general smash of the camp. And so all the animals, including man, came to know that the whole range from Frank's Peak to the Shoshone spurs was the proper domain of a

"'AIN'T HE AN AWFUL SIZE, THOUGH?'" (SEE PAGE 205.)

king well able to defend it, and the name of that king was Meteetsee Wahb.

Any creature whose strength puts him beyond danger of open attack is apt to lose in cunning. Yet Wahb never forgot his early experience with the traps. He made it a rule never to go near that smell of man and iron, and that was the reason that he never again was caught.

So he led his lonely life and slouched around on the mountains, throwing boulders about like pebbles, and huge trunks like match-wood, as he sought for his daily food; or he hulked across the sage-covered river-flat and sent the scared Antelope skimming like birds before him; or if, perchance, he was faced by some burly Range-bull, too young to be wise or too big to be afraid, Wahb struck him down with a blow of his paw, and ate as much as he wished, then buried the rest for when he should need it, though indeed it was usually the Coyotes that picked the bones. So he lived on year after year, unsoftened by mate or companions, sullen and morose, ready to fight, but asking only to be let alone—quite alone.

V.

EVERYTHING has a smell of its own for those that have noses to smell. Wahb had been learning smells all his life, and knew the

meaning of most of those in the mountains. It was as though each and every thing had a voice of its own for him; and yet it was far better than a voice, for every one knows that a good nose

is better than eyes and ears together. And each of these myriads of voices kept on crying, "Here and such am I."

The juniper-berries, the rose-hips, the strawberries, each had a soft, sweet little voice, calling, "Here we are—Berries, Berries."

The great pine woods had a loud, far-reaching voice, "Here are we, the Pine-trees," but when he got right up to them Wahb would hear the low, sweet call of the piñon-nuts, "Here are we, the Piñon-nuts."

And the quamash beds in May sang a perfect chorus when the wind was right: "Quamash beds, Quamash beds."

And when he got among them he made out each single voice. Each root had its own little piece to say to his nose: "Here am I, a big Quamash, rich and ripe," or a tiny, sharp voice, "Here am I, a good-for-nothing, stringy little root."

And the broad, rich russulas in the autumn called aloud, "I am a fat, wholesome Mushroom," and the deadly amanita cried, "I am an Amanita. Let me alone, or you 'll be a sick Bear." And the fairy harebell of the cañon-banks sang a song too, as fine as its thread-like stem, and as soft as its dainty blue; but the warden of the smells had learned to report it not, for this, and a million other such, were of no interest to Wahb.

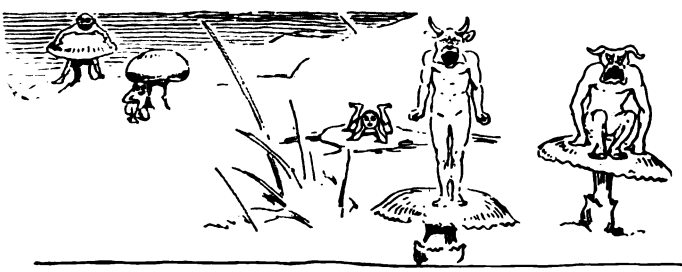
So every living thing that moved, and every flower that grew, and every rock and stone and shape on earth told out its tale and sang its little story to his nose. Day or night, fog or bright, that great, moist nose told him most of the things he needed to know, or passed unnoticed those of no concern, and he depended on it more and more. If his eyes and ears together reported so and so, he would not even then believe it until his nose said, "Yes; that is right."

But this is something that man cannot understand, for he has sold the birthright of his nose for the privilege of living in towns.

While thousands of smells were indifferent to Wahb, and hundreds were agreeable, a good many were unpleasant, and some actually put him in a rage.

He had often noticed that if a west wind were blowing when he was at the head of the Piney Cañon there was an odd, new scent. Some days it was indifferent to him, and some days it disgusted him; but he never followed it up. On other days a north wind from the high Divide brought a most awful smell, something unlike any other, a smell that he wanted only to get away from.

HE was getting well past his youth now, and he began to have pains in the hind leg that had been wounded so often. After a



cold night or a long time of wet weather he could scarcely use that leg, and one day, while thus crippled, the west wind came down the cañon with an odd message to his nose. Wahb could not read the message, but it seemed to say, "Come," and something within him said, "Go." The smell of food will draw a hungry creature and disgust a gorged one. We do not know why, and all that any one can learn is that the desire springs from a need of the body. So Wahb felt drawn by what had long disgusted him, and he slouched up the mountain path, grumbling to himself and slapping savagely back at branches that chanced to switch his face.

The odd odor grew very strong; it led him where he had never been before—up a bank of whitish sand to a bench of the same color, where there was unhealthy-looking water running down and a kind of fog coming out of a hole. Wahb threw up his nose suspiciously—such a peculiar smell! He climbed the bench.

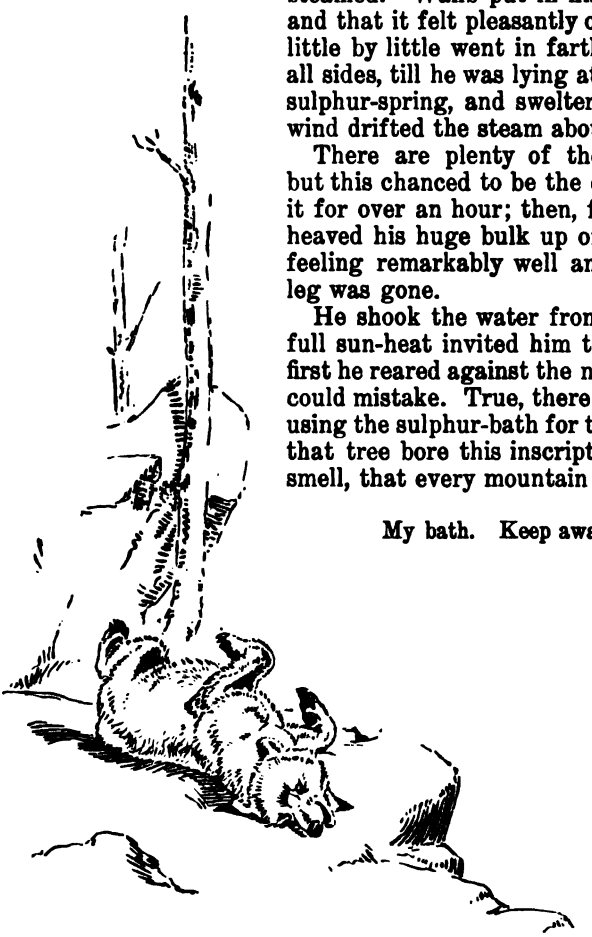
A snake wriggled across the sand in front. Wahb crushed it with a blow that made the near trees shiver and sent a balanced boulder toppling down, and he growled a growl that rumbled up the valley like distant thunder. Then he came to the foggy hole. It was full of water that moved gently and steamed. Wahb put in his foot, and found it was quite warm and that it felt pleasantly on his skin. He put in both feet, and little by little went in farther, causing the pool to overflow on all sides, till he was lying at full length in the warm, almost hot, sulphur-spring, and sweltering in the greenish water, while the wind drifted the steam about overhead.

There are plenty of these sulphur-springs in the Rockies, but this chanced to be the only one on Wahb's range. He lay in it for over an hour; then, feeling that he had had enough, he heaved his huge bulk up on the bank, and realized that he was feeling remarkably well and supple. The stiffness of his hind leg was gone.

He shook the water from his shaggy coat. A broad ledge in full sun-heat invited him to stretch himself out and dry. But first he reared against the nearest tree and left a mark that none could mistake. True, there were plenty of signs of other animals using the sulphur-bath for their ills; but what of it? Thenceforth that tree bore this inscription, in a language of mud, hair, and smell, that every mountain creature could read:

My bath. Keep away!

(Signed) WAHB.



Wahb lay on his belly till his back was dry, then turned on his broad back and squirmed about in a ponderous way till the broiling sun had wholly dried him. He realized that, thanks to the bath, he was really feeling very well now. He did not say to himself, "I am troubled with that unpleasant disease called rheumatism, and sulphur-bath treatment is the thing to cure it." But what he did know was, "I have dreadful pains; I feel better when I am in this stinking bath." So thenceforth he came back whenever the pains began again, and each time he was cured.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

WAHB IN THE SULPHUR-BATH. (SEE PAGE 210.)

OUT OF THE FOG.

BY EDWARD MARSHALL.

THE dozen or so of passengers who had been attracted to the bow of the great ocean steamship by hearing the regular reports of a minute-gun half muffled by the fog dwindled away after the first officer had explained that these concussions were not distress-calls from a sinking ship, but signals from an eager pilot-boat. Two people only had remained standing by the rail aft of the triangular anchor-deck, despite the dripping of the condensing fog, which was almost rain. The bellowing of the ship's fog-whistle answered the guns of the pilot-boat.

When the voyage which was now nearing its end had begun, each of these two had secretly wondered whether their conversation would or would not reach a certain point before they left the ship. Now they knew that it would reach that point, and quickly. It was an important point—very important, more important than they would admit, even in their own quivering, questioning minds. It really meant more than life or death to them.

The prospect from which they turned, when from time to time they gave quick glances into each other's eyes, was like the interior of a dirty gray snow-drift. The little machinery-huddled point of deck, and beyond that the dull yellow projection of the vessel's bowsprit, hazed and dimmed at its extremity by the vapor, and the double black lines of cordage obliquing upward and backward from it, were the only markings in front of them on the monotony of the fog's opaque gray. The people sprawled in steamer-chairs under the awnings at the sides of the deck-house behind them were as puzzlingly obscured from them by this fog as their old daily lives in New York had been by the dreamy, indolent, pleasure-filled year of European travel, which had, accidentally at first, thrown them so much together. They could hear the little waves slapping the slow-moving bows of the cautious steamship, but, unseeing, they forgot the keen joys and poignant sorrows, high loves and strong dislikes, of their old associations.

In the intervals of intense silence between the strident screams of the fog-whistle, their conversation, with its dreadful but unrecognized significance, went on. He said tender words, hesitatingly; she did not resent them. Presently she extended along the rail a round, pretty hand, in a damp gray glove, and his bigger one caressed it. She permitted this for a moment. Neither had ever so openly acknowledged their intimacy of thought before, but there was no look of surprise on either face. It was as if something very ordinary, wholly expected, had happened. But suddenly she withdrew her hand with a little jerk. He turned.

"Why did you take your hand away?" he demanded.

"I suppose I must tell you," she answered, "but—it humiliates me. I have found that my first guess was right about that mysterious Mrs. Campbell who is on the passenger-list for deck-cabin No. 11. She appeared today. She has been so seasick that I scarcely recognized her,—and she never was pretty,—but when she smiled faintly and tottered toward me I knew that she was *our* Mrs. Campbell after all—two or three years older, two or three shades uglier, and probably two or three degrees sillier of gossiping tongue, than she was when we had to endure her for seven days on the ocean going over. We must be very careful now. We were immensely lucky to have had five days on board"—she threw her head back with a little toss of defiant admission to him—"without being bothered by any one we know; but now that she has left her seclusion, we must be very careful."

"It 's good of you to say that we have been lucky," he declared smilingly, but his tones were rebellious as he added, "although I don't see why we should mind her now. By the time that she can begin to talk, everybody will be talking, and we shall have—" He stopped like a man whose pistol has gone off unexpectedly in his hand. The dreadful conversation had begun and had reached its climax—its momentous climax—with mad rapidity.

He turned slowly and looked at her. She was gazing off into the fog, but he could see

the dying heave of a long breath which was letting her bodice fall slowly. It was an anti-climax for him to finish.

"Everybody will be talking," he repeated slowly, "and we shall have gone."

The fog-whistle bellowed. During the succeeding interval of silence she turned toward him; brought her face about slowly, almost painfully, as if something in the fog had been holding her by the eyes. His were waiting for her with a steady gaze. His face was intensely set, and hers was pale. She opened her lips, but her tongue did not form words.

"We shall have gone," he repeated needlessly.

Another blast of the whistle, another silence, broken by the boom of the pilot-boat's gun, now louder, and another blast came before she spoke. When words came to her they were still reluctant and hesitating.

"So soon?" she faltered weakly.

This plaint of her woman's weakness seemed to harden his man's will.

"It cannot be too soon," he said, still slowly, but with clear-cut enunciation. "There is no reason why we should delay. Is it too soon for you?"

He still held her eyes. The whistle drowned her answer, but he saw that her lips formed "No."

"You will go, then—surely?" he queried intensely.

She had withdrawn her eyes at last, as they were turned downward. She had stepped a few inches away from the rail, and her arms had fallen limp at her sides. She looked almost helpless.

"Yes, I will go—surely," she said softly. Then she looked up. The color had begun to come back to her face. The excitement, which had at first made her pallid, was now flushing her. "How?" she demanded almost sharply.

"If we land before ten, we can take the outgoing Cunard boat," he replied. "I learned their sailing-hour before we left Southampton." It was plain that the latter sentence was an admission. He watched her furtively as he made it.

"Then you have been thinking of this, and making plans," she said quickly, but without any expression of offense.

"Yes. Why not? I loved you, and I hoped." He paused while the whistle brayed. "Two things may delay us. The fog may prevent us from landing in time to get the other ship, for one thing, and for another thing, if *he*—" he caught himself hastily at the definite little pronoun, and went back—"if any one meets you at the steamer, you could not go anyway. I suppose you cabled—you asked me for cable blanks in Southampton. That is what I fear most."

"You need not," she murmured almost shyly. "No one will meet me. I did not send any cablegram; I did not really intend to. I could not tell you then. He—they—expect me to sail next week with the rest of the party."

He raised his eyes as if some one had given him a gift.

"You did not intend to send it? Then you have been thinking of this, and making plans, too!"

"Yes. Why not? I loved you, and I—I hoped also," she repeated recklessly.

"If I had only spoken then, we need not have come over at all," he commented.

It was over. The crisis in their lives, which they had feared and hoped for at the same time, had come and gone. The horror of taking the plunge had been great for them both. Each had dreaded the revelation to the other of what each had thought. But now that it was over they reveled in it. Somehow they could now forget the things which had made them shrink and dread. Their minds were freed, and while the fog-whistle's blasts grew more frequent and changed from single to double, while the guns of the pilot-boat sounded louder and louder as the vessels approached, they gloried in their determination to cast a whole world aside and take instead—each other.

The passengers, wearied by the six days of sea monotony, began to gather again at the bow, anxious not to miss the episode of picking up the pilot. American business men, wearied by their long holiday, crowded about, eager to get the first hint of the commercial fray which they would begin again when they landed on the morrow, and were ready to pay fabulous prices for the late newspapers which the pilot was sure to bring on board with him. The members of one group, fresh from the smoking-room, where they had been drinking too much champagne, were futilely but fervidly speculating as to each other's chances of winning the pilot-boat pool, and as futilely peering into the fog, hoping to get the first glimpse of the big black number on her sail. That number would settle the ownership of nearly five hundred dollars. A maudlin philosopher among them exclaimed thickly at intervals:

"There 's no tellin'; maybe I 'll win an' maybe I won't. We 're all playthings of circumstance."

Slowly, still weak and trembling from the effects of seasickness, Mrs. Campbell was among the last to move forward. Just after she had joined the two who had been talking, the pilot-boat, still unseen, but now near enough to make herself heard without resort to gunpowder, stopped firing her gun, and began to blow a horn.

"How long before we shall sight her?" shouted one of the gamblers to the officer who had crossed the rail and taken up his position in the steamship's extreme bow.

"Oh, it 'll be a good ten minutes yet," was the answer.

Mrs. Campbell, whose greetings had been effusive, quite bubbled over at this.

"Just think," she exclaimed enthusiastically, "in ten minutes he 'll be coming aboard, and when the pilot comes aboard, I feel as if we were really beginning to get home. Is n't it just too charming, Mr. Maltby?"

"Oh, very," he responded, without enthusiasm.

"Everybody is always so glad to see one, and one is always so glad to see everybody, when one gets back from Europe. Does it seem possible that it has been a whole *year* since we left New York? Fancy our happening to come back on the same ship! *Such* an agreeable coincidence!"

No one offered to help keep the conversation going, so Mrs. Campbell took it up again.

"While we are away I think we forget a little, don't you? And our new life—the life we are living in new scenes and new places—seems so real that the old life and the old places get dim in our minds. The past is so much like a dream anyway, is n't it? But within a week after we have landed we have gathered up all the threads again. America and the folks there develop into the only realities for us, and it is Europe which is the dream. Don't you think so, Mrs. Percival?"

The damp gray glove which had a few moments before stretched along the rail to meet Maltby's advance seemed to hold a rather nervous hand now. It seemed to protest against Mrs. Campbell as it tapped the wood.

"This is my first experience, Mrs. Campbell," its owner replied, with a smile which was not very encouraging.

"Oh, I 'm sure you 'll find it to be just as I say," Mrs. Campbell rattled on. "I am so delighted to be nearing home again. There 'll be a lot of people I know on the dock. I always like to be met by a lot of people. And Mr. Campbell writes me that he has let his beard grow. I do hope he won't look horrid. I shall be so glad to see him! And I am an old traveler, too. I can just *imagine* how you will rush into *your* husband's arms. What an *age* it must seem since you saw him!"

Mrs. Percival's hand drummed harder on the rail. The smile with which she answered seemed a little forced.

"Yes, indeed; of course."

"And, Mr. Maltby, you are away so much that I suppose that both you and your wife must be quite accustomed to it; but, poor dear, she must have felt so badly to have you stay so long. You did n't intend to be away more than three months when we went over together, did you?"

Maltby replied somewhat uneasily to the good-natured, inconsequential little gossip.

"No; I was delayed," he said.

"Well, that was hard for both of you at the time, but you 'll forget it to-morrow—you 'll be so much gladder to see each other. Oh, coming home is so delightful when there are people you really *love* to meet you! You don't know how happy you 'll be to-morrow.

"If I did not know that I shall not have eyes or ears for any one but Mr. Campbell," she rattled on, turning to Mrs. Percival, "I should just stand and watch you two. I know just how you 'll feel after the *first* separation. It 'll be almost like a new *wedding*. And you have both always been *so* devoted!

"I 've often thought about this meeting of people who love each other. I enjoy it so much. I 've sometimes played a little game with myself over Mr. Campbell—tried to make myself believe that he would not be waiting for me, just so that I could enjoy really seeing him the more. And I 've often tried to imagine how I would feel if he should die or desert me or—anything ridiculous, just so that I could feel jollier when I actually grabbed his face between my hands and kissed him.

"I 've studied it all out in my foolish way. I should n't *mind* death so much,—you know what I mean,—but when I 've played that he *deserted* me, why, I 've been just ideally miserable. What an awful thing that would be, would n't it, Mrs. Percival? Just imagine how you 'd feel if Mr. Percival had run away with some one else while you were in Europe."

There was very little enthusiasm in Mrs. Campbell's listeners. Perhaps Mrs. Percival and Maltby were thinking of the difference a year really had made in their lives; how very much like a dream that past did seem to them. Perhaps Mrs. Percival went over in her mind the substance of a letter

which she had long ago decided to send to one of the characters in that dream, and it may be that the wording of it seemed to grow harder as she reflected. Perhaps Maltby, too, found food for new thought about matters which he had dismissed from his mind as already settled. He had a letter to write, too, which may have seemed, just then, to present new difficulties, and it is possible that the neatly arranged bundle of legal papers which he had had prepared by his lawyer in America, which he had signed in Europe, and which were now all ready for delivery, seemed for the moment to be a somewhat inadequate sop to throw to the wraith which arose out of his past—the past which he had made up his mind should be the dead past.

At any rate, neither Mrs. Percival nor Maltby attempted to keep up the conversation, and Mrs. Campbell was too much interested in immediate events to look into the motives of their silence.

The loud blasts from the pilot-boat's horn now showed that she was close at hand. Passengers disagreed as to which side she would first appear on. A little group of officers had gathered in the bow and were straining their eyes in an effort to pierce the fog. The gamblers took advantage of the new element of chance in the situation, and laid wagers as to whether the pilot-boat would be first seen to port or to starboard. Her horn, in the meantime, appeared puzzlingly to be blown first on one side, then on the other, then dead ahead. The sound was deceptive as to direction.

"We 're all creatures of circumstance," babbled the maudlin one, as he bet on the port bow.

To the questions showered on them the officers turned deaf ears.

"I believe they 're puzzled themselves," remarked a cynic.

The horn now seemed to be close at hand.

One of the officers turned and waved his hand to a dim figure on the bridge. A moment later the vibrations which had constantly shaken the ship for more than a hundred hours ceased. The passengers, missing the accustomed jar, looked at one another with surprise. The screw, which during the search in the fog had been turning at only half-speed, had stopped altogether, and the great mass of steel, now inert, glided through the water from her own momentum only.

"We 're close on 'er now," called some wise one. "She 'll show in a minute on the port bow"; and all eyes were turned in that direction.

An instant later, a wailing, frightened screech from the pilot-boat's horn, mingled with hoarse, desperate shouts, made them quickly turn again. The officers in the bow suddenly became intensely excited. The passengers stared wonderingly. Then, as sharply as a toy giant jumps out of its red box, the pilot-boat popped out of the white fog, dead ahead and broadside on. The big ship seemed to advance on her with the speed of fast fate. Orders were hurriedly shouted, and the vibrations began again, this time caused by reversed propellers. Twenty people screamed. The great yellow bowsprit thrust itself mercilessly through one of the low-lying schooner's sails, and the rasping tear of the canvas seemed like the voice of tragedy.

"My God! Nothing can save her—nothing!" some one screamed. "My God!"

The bowsprit, like a giant finger, swept away a topmast. The schooner heeled. Her sails dipped, dipped, until most of the watchers thought she would capsize.

"Now we 'll strike!" the excited one screamed. "My God! Now—now—"

But slowly the schooner swung around. There was some crash of rending wood, but the final, awful crunch with which the sharp steel bow of the steamship would have riven the smaller boat, and then borne her down, even at the low speed which was left in her, did not come. Instead, the schooner, with useless sails flapping, and cordage, as it strained at the great bowsprit, still snapping, turned as if on a pivot and swept alongside the port side of the steamer, scraping her great plates with suffering gunwales.

The passengers rushed to that side. Maltby, Mrs. Percival, and Mrs. Campbell were among those close to the rail. They peered down excitedly at the deck of the smaller vessel, where the crew, who had saved their boat by literally pushing with their hands, were still trying to fend her away from the cruel plates which ripped and tore her side. One poor fellow, with both forearms torn and bleeding, was writhing on the deck.

Very quickly the pilot-boat had rubbed along the big ship's length and vanished in the fog behind.

The gamblers had almost forgotten in the excitement to note the number. It was the maudlin philosopher who called it out. "She was No. 21," he piped bitterly. "That 's it! That 's it! That 's it! That 's s'm' other

feller's number. Mine was 'leven. I did n't win. We 're creatures of circumstance."

"Did you see their faces gazing up at us as they went by, with the desperation of dread still on them?" Mrs. Campbell asked of her companions. "They were fresh from the valley of the shadow of death. They had been thinking that never again would they know the privilege that will be ours to-morrow. Imagine the fervent prayers to God, the heart-breathed farewells to wives and babies, that rose from that pilot-boat in the instant of terror. I can fancy how they felt—they looked like brave men, and bravery is unselfish. I don't believe that they thought of their own tragedy so much; they thought more of the pain and horror that it would mean to their loved ones—to the ones who are waiting on land, ignorant of what is happening away out here at sea—ignorant, and happy in their ignorance. That is the awful part of it: the ones at home are ignorant, unsuspecting, while we who are away are crushed by or escape from the most imminent peril."

Then Mrs. Campbell hastened back to her cabin for her vinaigrette.

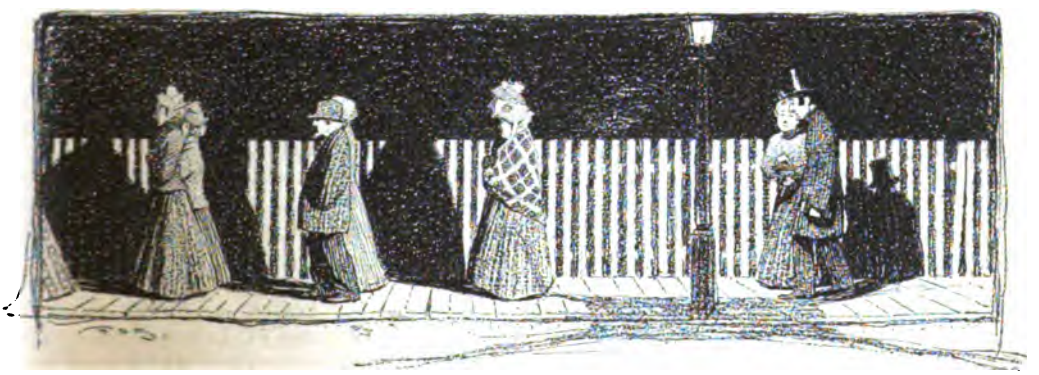
The other two, left alone again now, stood silently. The fog had done its work and was vanishing. The pilot, who had been safe in a small boat, was clambering up a rope-ladder toward the center of a waiting crowd amidships. The steamship was slowly putting about to learn the extent of the pilot-boat's injuries.

At last Mrs. Percival lifted her face. There were tears on her cheeks and in her eyes.

"That is it," she repeated slowly. "Bravery is unselfish. It is the ones who are waiting on land, ignorant, and happy in their ignorance. The past has seemed a dream to us; to-morrow it will be the reality, and this will be the dream. That is the awful part of it: the ones who are at home are ignorant, unsuspecting, while we who are away are crushed—or escape—"

She stopped, weeping.

"From the most imminent peril!" said Maltby, slowly, dropping his head.



THE MATRIMONIAL OPPORTUNITIES OF MARIA PRATT.

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

I USED to be a great hand for making matches, and for thinking that marrying was the only thing a body was made for. Of course it 's a good thing, but folks are apt to think that because a thing 's good you can't have too much of it. I believe what opened my eyes was the way I labored over that Maria Pratt.

After my husband died I took guests in Monahawk City, and Maria Pratt boarded with me as a permanent. Maria was what folks call a fine woman. There was n't anything she could n't do, and she got to be a regular prophet wherever she lived. When we wanted to know a thing we just asked Maria. When it came to wars or politics Mr. Pfett, the preacher, asked Maria the same as we did. She was given to reading, and had graduated at the high school, and had read an essay, and had a letter printed in the county paper. She could talk business with any man, and ships with any sea-captain.

So, as Maria was all alone, and lived with me, I thought to do something real nice and motherly by her. What put it in my mind

was the sight of Maria and Lawyer Keiler sitting side by side at the table. It just seemed made to hand. He was a likable man, and smart, too; he had come on business for the Improvement Company; so I just set to work to smooth matters along between him and Maria Pratt, and the first few days they went as smooth as sailing. I talked about what a fine woman Maria was; how she ran a farm and taught school, and belonged to a woman's club up in town, and had made a speech at the Woman's Protective League, and could write verses, too; and what a strong sense of duty she had, and—all the rest.

Well, to show you the natural-born contrariness of man, after that Lawyer Keiler hardly opened his lips to Maria. He looked like he was afraid of her, and a day afterward he took board at the hotel. So that night I said to Maria:

"How is it you and Mr. Keiler did n't have much to say yesterday?"

"Because I found out all he knew," said she, cool as a cucumber.

"My gracious, Maria, you must never do that!" said I.

"Do what, Mis' Marrow?" said she.

"Why, find out all a man knows," said I.

"But how can a body help it when she knows more than he does?" said Maria.

I cast around in my mind to remember how I helped finding out all Samuel knew before I married him, but I could n't.

"Maybe a body does n't always know more," said I; "at least, she 'd better not."

"Indeed, I did, then," said Maria. "I told him right out about the new street-building down on the island. I told him it was a political deal and a crying shame. I told him about the way the system was worked here, and about the fraud of the day-labor, and the advantage of local workmen over the Italians—"

"Maria," said I, "you told him a heap too much. It was Lawyer Keiler himself who planned that street-building system at Deal's, and he introduced the Italian workmen. He knows more about it than all the rest of us put together, only he don't tell all he knows. I guess the next time you talk to a man you 'd better let him tell you something."

"At any rate, I did my duty," said Maria.

I thought that maybe Maria Pratt had been too long queen of her company, and just wanted a little mothering down, as it were. So when Larry Downs came along to see about the new wharf, I told him first thing what a nice young lady was boarding in the house, and he was real pleased. He caught cold, though, the first day, down on the wharf in the wet, and the very first words Maria Pratt ever said to him were:

"Well, if you went and stood deliberately in the rain, with no umbrella or overcoat, you have to take the consequences. Persons who don't take care of themselves don't need much sympathy, to my thinking. But it is your duty to try and break it up. You must take—"

"Never mind," said I; "I 'll nurse Mr. Downs, and you play the piano for him. I guess that 'll do him a heap of good."

So after supper Maria played the piano; she was always a steady hand to do her duty. She played "The Battle of Waterloo," and "Napoleon's March," and "The Cannon of Perth," and hearing the noise, I went in and found Larry looking real sick and miserable. Then he excused himself and went to bed.

"I told that boy he must take some flaxseed tea," said Maria.

"Now, Maria," said I, "you leave me to do the mothering, and you do the prettifying. Men like the prettifying best. And I would n't call him a boy if I were you; he 's as old as you are."

"Men are always younger," said she.

"It does n't matter a mite about the age; they must always be older," said I.

"Well, it 's his Christian duty to take care of himself," said she. "Men don't seem to have any sense of duty."

"That 's only when they 're told right out to go do it," said I. "I see a heap of men around me doing their duty and not talking about it."

But there was no use talking to Maria Pratt when she got set on doing her duty. She just took hold of Larry Downs after that, and made him wrap up and wear rubbers and stop smoking,—as far as she knew, that is,—and I never saw a young man look more miserable. Mind, I ain't saying a thing against duty. We 're born to it with our first breath. But to my thinking, and having taken boarders, there are three ways of doing it. There are those who take their duty natural, because they know where they stand from the first, and the state of life they 're born to; and they are the most comfortable kind to have in the house. There are those who do their duty so hard that everybody knows about it; they are bound to be first, too; but I 've noticed the weight of the wagon does n't always fall on the lead horse. And there are those who act like they had n't any right to be called upon to do it at all, so somebody else mostly does it

for them; they get a heap of sympathy in the world, and are the longest lived, and I guess the most trying to the system.

Well, as weeks went by, and Maria went on managing Larry Downs, they saw a good deal of each other. She sent Larry here and there like he belonged to her, and he seemed to get used to it, till I 'most expected Maria to tell me up and out that she was going to marry him. Larry being an orphan, too, I thought he might do worse than to have Maria take care of him, so one evening I said:

"Maria, it 's better for a young man to settle down. Larry ought to marry."

"He 's too settled now," said she; "he 's so meek a woman can do anything with him she chooses. He needs some one to fire him with ambition and to rouse him to enterprise. He ought to marry a woman who would inspire him to action and keep him up to her standard."

"Like you, Maria," said I, thinking what a fine flow of words she 'd got.

"Well," said she, walking up and down, for all the world like a man, "I 've been considering my duty in the matter, and I could marry him as a vocation, of course, and I might make a prominent politician of him yet. I 've a mind to try it."

"My gracious, Maria! He has n't spoken, has he?" said I, for Larry seemed such a mild young man to be taken as a vocation.

"Of course not," said she; "I could not permit that until I decide my duty, which way my duty lies."

This sounded so nice and proper that I felt real set back. Besides, I knew that Maria was bound to be right mostly. So the next day I threw in a friendly word to Larry. We were in my sitting-room, before the stove, talking about the new cottages, and how small they were.

"But they 're big enough for two, Larry," said I. "Is n't it time you were marrying some nice, fine young woman, and living in one of them?"

He got red and looked at his boots.

"Maybe she would n't have me, Mis' Marrow," said he.

"Don't ever be a faint heart, Larry," said I.

"I 've been wanting to speak to you, Mis' Marrow," said he; "you 've been so good to me. I have n't said a word to her yet, because I care so much. I care so much that if she said no to me I don't believe I could stand it."

"Then don't let her say it," said I. "You just go ahead and ask her like you had a right to, and don't lose any time, either."

At that he fairly beamed.

"I 'll do it this very evening," said he, "and thank you, Mis' Marrow."

Then he ran up-stairs, and by and by I heard him go out whistling. Then I sat studying about the difference in people. There was Maria Pratt talking about her duty and vocation, and there was Larry showing all in a minute how much he loved her. I was wondering, too, if some folks might not be born without the real part of love in them, just as some are born color-blind, and others can't turn a tune.

Well, I dropped a sort of hint that day to Maria Pratt, and I know she took it, for she put her hair up in curl-papers until supper-time. I had the parlor fire made early, and at supper Larry was all spruced up, too. Anybody would have known there was something in the wind. He did n't know which way to look. As for Maria, her head was high, and her color, too, like somebody that had got the reins in her hands and knew which way to drive.

After supper we naturally walked into the parlor together, and inside the door I turned to go leave them; but Larry stopped me, saying:

"Wait a minute, Mis' Marrow; you 've been so good to me,"—and I caught Maria smiling like she agreed with him,—"I want to tell you first thing, I 've taken your advice, I 've asked her! I 'm the happiest man in the world!"

"Asked her!" said I, looking from one to the other.

"Yes; little Lucy Miles down at Deal's. I 'm back there now. Thank you both!" and with that he shook our hands and was off like a flash, looking a foot taller.

When the door slammed Maria Pratt says:

"Well, a little mealy-mouthed thing like Lucy Miles! Ain't all men alike!"

"Indeed, Maria," said I, sorrowfully, "I 'm afraid most of them are."

AFTER that Maria took right hold of church work. It did seem like she was just cut out to run a parish and all the meetings and everything, and it put a new idea in my head. It seemed like Maria had too many good qualities to be wasted—at least, most of us thought that if a woman was n't married her qualities were wasted.

Mrs. Pfett had been dead ten years, and it was natural that Mr. Pfett should look out for a second. He was a real good and sen-

sible man, and being the preacher, it seemed like he ought to marry a fine woman. So I thought he could n't do better than to see a heap of Maria Pratt unbeknown to himself. Therefore I invited Mr. Pfett to tea now and then, and he would stop in of an evening right often. I had the singing-class meet sometimes, too, and he used to walk home from the week meetings off and on with Maria, and it began to look like the thought of Maria as a second had struck him. More than once he told me what a fine, thoroughgoing woman Miss Pratt was, and I would tell Maria, knowing it would please her.

"It 's a woman's duty to be thoroughgoing," said she. "I have tried to impress that upon the Dorcas Society. I told them they could never run things upon such old, slipshod lines. They need reform."

"My gracious, Maria," said I. "What did Mis' Price say, and she president for so long?"

"Oh, she resigned," said Maria. "People never like to hear of their failings, but I did my duty, anyhow."

There was no use telling Maria that sometimes our duty 's got to be hid under a bushel and done on the sly, as it were. So I just said:

"You and Mr. Pfett seem to work together pretty well."

"You know I always do get along with men," said Maria. I had n't just noticed it, but I 've marked that most women think they get along with men better than other women do. "Men are so easy to manage. Now, if I were the head of this parish I 'd reform matters in a short time."

"Well, I guess there 's nothing to hinder you from being head of it, if you want to," said I.

"I know what you 're driving at, Mis' Marrow," said she; "I 'm not blind. Mr. Pfett 's a good man, but old-fashioned. He needs a woman at the helm who can manage the women of this congregation. Now, I know that a woman can do anything with a man that she sets out to do—"

"Stop right there, Maria!" said I. "There are a heap of old sayings that are like old vessels: they don't always hold water."

"Nevertheless," said Maria, "I believe it, and if I thought my duty lay in that direction—" That was all I wanted to hear. When Maria began to talk along the lines of conscience I was pretty certain she meant to make a duty of Mr. Pfett. It seemed to fit so well that I set to work to smooth matters along, and it fell right into my hands this way:

I gave up my house for a church oyster-supper and sale. Maria Pratt ran it, and was head of most committees, and certainly did make everybody else do a heap of work. She sold tickets, too, and when it came to telling every one what must be done, Maria could n't be beat.

The night of the supper she was flying around with money-boxes and change, ordering suppers, and talking to every one at once. I caught Mr. Pfett's eyes watching her, as much as to say, "That 's the woman for me!" So I grew pretty certain that it was going to be settled that night. I told Maria that at ten o'clock I would send Mr. Pfett to go over the change with her, so about ten o'clock I asked Mr. Pfett to walk into my private sitting-room, which was n't in use, and I would send Miss Pratt to count over the change with him. He looked pleased, but inside the door he says:

"First, Mis' Marrow, I must tell you what is on my mind, and hope for your approval—"

"I think I know, Mr. Pfett," said I; "you are thinking of marrying."

Then he looked like the sun had shone on him.

"Do you think me very foolish, Mis' Marrow?" said he.

"I think it is the most sensible thing you can do," said I, "and when the woman of your choice is a good manager—"

"And one who loves me," said he.

I was n't over-sure about Maria's lovingness, but I said:

"And one who means well, Mr. Pfett. Then, if you love her—"

"I do! I do!" said he; "she is everything a woman should be!"

"Then up and tell her so," said I, real kindly; "ask her to-night!"

"I will! I will!" said he. "Mis' Marrow, *will* you have me?"

I DID N'T marry Mr. Pfett, because I loved my Samuel, and always shall, but we remained the best of friends. Soon after that Maria Pratt went West, city missionarying, and the last I heard of her she was president of the Woman's Protective League and lecturing on the Duties of Parents. It was a disappointment to me not to marry her off, as I had earnestly tried to do. But it taught me better than anything else could that marrying 's mighty like preaching—a body better have a talent for it. Maria Pratt was a fine woman, but maybe she was spared from making some good man real miserable.

A HILL PRAYER

BY MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN.

WITH DESIGNS BY MAXFIELD PARRISH.

HERE where the light falls shimmering on the grass,
Whose long green blades are bending to the breeze;
Here with the flowers and butterflies and bees;
Here with the fair, slow-drifting clouds that pass
And change the wavering light to wavering shade;

Here, where my ancient oak-trees, rising, yield
Their organ musings to the strong, soft wind—
Here, O thou Soul my soul has tried to find
In man-made temples, in the open field,
Down the hushed forest's leafy colonnade;

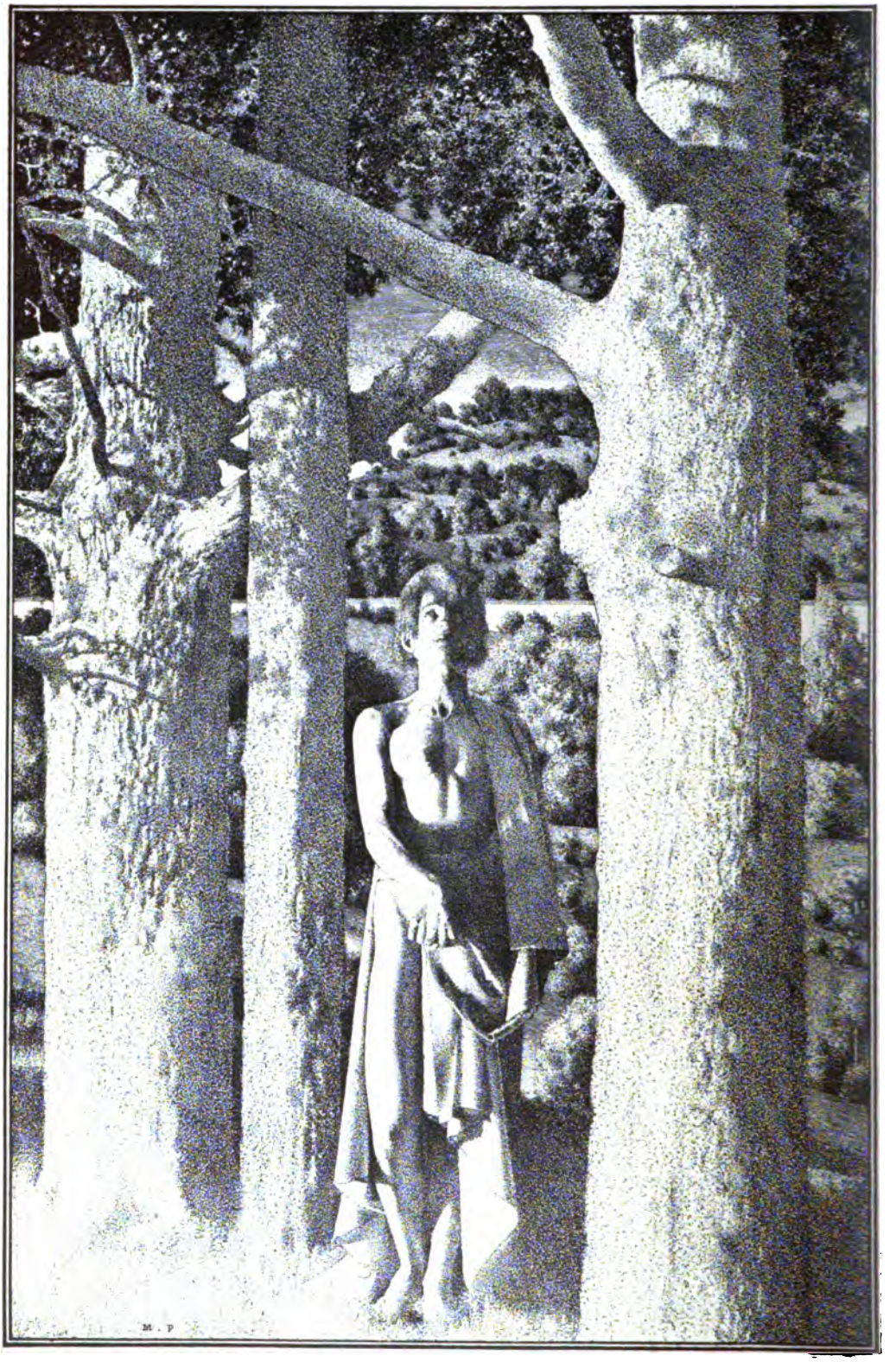
Thou for whose footprints I have searched the shore
That lies along the ever-calling sea;
O Thou to whom I prayed that I might see
But once Thy truth's Truth, know what I adore—

Here with Thy creatures, flower and leaf and bird,
That share with me this holy hillside peace,
Grant me from my long questioning release,
And hear my new prayer—leave the rest unheard.

Forgive the boldness of a heart that sought
To know Thy name, or see Thine unveiled face;
Forgive me that I tried to find a place
To worship Thee, O Thou from out whose thought

This perfect bud came, and the whispering leaves
That bid me, "Be of comfort: Some One knows
And cherishes the smallest flower that grows,
And feels the trouble if a bird heart grieves."

Forget my old presumption, for I dared
To question Thy great purpose; dared to doubt
If God dwelt in my fancy or without,
Or if there were or were not One who cared.


M . P

And even while I prayed, I feared to see,
  Lest lifted veil should show an empty shrine;
  I dared to call my dreams of beauty mine,
And half believed they were too fair to be.

My dreams too fair to be? The redwing's notes
  Up from the marsh in breezy freshness ring;
  Among the willow-trees the vireos sing
Their sweet, repeated warblings; yonder floats
  A snow of petals from a hawthorn-tree;

Subtile and sweet the wild grape-blossoms throw
  Their meed of perfume to the breath of May,
  And every sluggish little bud that lay
Inert and joyless through the night of snow
  Bursts, like my heart, with springtime ecstasy.

My dreams too fair to be? O Thou whose love
  Dreams beauty into being, makes it true,—
  Those far white clouds that float across the blue,
The sweet spring day here, and that hidden dove,—

I ask no more to see, to understand;
  Not yet, O God, not yet the unveiled face!
  Let me through many springtimes search the grace
In one of these the marvels of Thy hand.

What Thou art, I may never comprehend,
  Or whether Love or Law or God or Power;
  What I am, in the passing of this hour
Has ceased to matter: here my strivings end,
  And here, in blessing Thee, my soul is blest.

Not for some far-off heaven's higher bliss,
  Not for some destiny that waits for me,
  Not for dream-gloried worlds that are to be,
But for the simple loveliness of this,
  Close to this throbbing hillside's fragrant breast,

I love Thee, with a beauty-broken heart,
And worship Thee, be whatsoe'er Thou art.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE. BY J. ALDEN WEIR.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF.

ONE OF TWO MILLIONS IN EAST LONDON.

BY SIR WALTER BESANT,
Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL AND PHIL MAY.

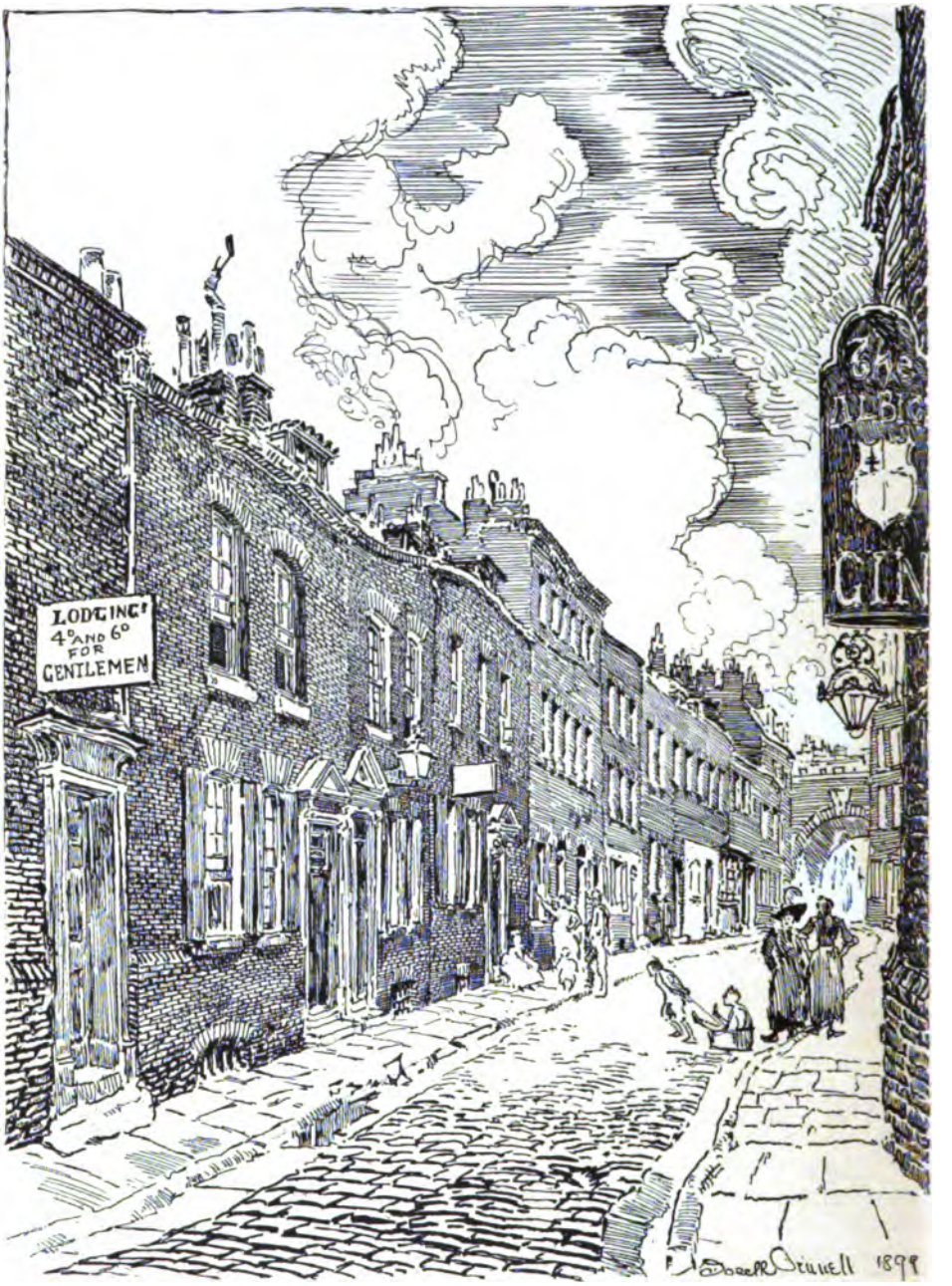
WE are to speak of East London. I will presently offer a geographical definition of East London, though it is a city whose boundaries change from day to day. We shall, however, have little to do with geography or politics or governments; we shall have to do wholly with humanity; we must study to produce on the subject before us a document altogether human.

The dominant note of East London is that it is a hive of working bees. There are, it is true, a few drones in it. They are not the fat and luxurious drones of the other London, those who live in luxury without labor, and are down-laden with the curse of idleness. Our drones, the East London drones, are the residuum, the lees of humanity, who cannot and will not work; they are miserable, half-starved, skulking drones. They beg, they thieve, they do anything with a willing mind so long as it is not work. They dwell in the slums; they are, in the language of the day, the "submerged," but all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot drag them out of the slough, nor can any river—not Abana or Pharpar, or even the Jordan itself—cleanse the Augean stable of their mind. The Helping Hand grows tired of pulling and tugging at them; they will not come; they sink back into their Male-bolge; the black mud closes over their heads. Let them be.

It is a city of working bees. As we linger and loiter among the streets multitudinous, we hear, as from a hive, the low, contented murmur of continuous and patient work. There are two millions of working-people in this city. The children work at school; the girls and boys, the men and women, work in factory, in shop, and at home; in dock and in wharf and in warehouse, all day long and all the year round, these millions work. They are clerks, accountants, managers, foremen, engineers, stokers, porters, stevedores, dockers, smiths, craftsmen of all kinds. They are girls who make things, girls who sew things, girls who sell things. There are among them many poor, driven, sweated creatures, and the sweaters themselves are poor, driven, sweated creatures; for sweating once begun is handed on from one to the other as carefully and as religiously as any holy lamp of learning. They work from early morning till welcome evening. The music of this murmur, rightly understood, is like the soft and distant singing of a hymn of praise. For the curse of labor has been misunderstood; without work man would be even as the beasts of the field. It is the necessity of work that makes him human: because he must, he devises and discovers and invents; because he would die if he did not work, he has to subdue the animal within him. The animal is solitary; the man must be gregarious. He must make a friend of his brother; he must obey the stronger; he must make laws; he must fight with nature, and compel her to give up her secrets. It is only by means of work that man can rise; it is his ladder; in the sweat of his face he eats his bread—yea, the bread of life. It is not with any pity that we should listen to this murmur. It should be with pure contentment and gratitude; for the murmur, though it speaks partly of the whir of ten thousand wheels and partly of those who stand and serve those wheels, speaks also of this blessed quality of work, that it enables men to use the body for the sake of the soul. Men must work.

Imagine, if you can, what would follow if you held up your hand and said: "Listen, all. There will be no more work. You may stop the engines, or they may run down of their own accord. You may take off your aprons and wash your hands. You may sit down for the rest of your lives. Your food will be waiting for you when you want it. Eat, drink, and be happy if you can." If they can! But can they, with nothing to do—no work to do, only, like the sheep in the field, to browse, or, like the wolves of the forest, to rend and tear and slay?

If you can use your eyes as well as your ears, look about you. It is like looking at



LONDON STREET, LIMEHOUSE.

the hive of bees, is it not? There are thousands of them, and they are all alike; they are all doing the same thing; they are all living the same lives; they wake and work and rest and sleep, and so life passes by. If you look more closely you will observe differences. No two human creatures are alike. More closely still, and you will discover that in the greatest crowd, where the people are like sheep in a fold, huddled together, every one is as much for himself, there is as much individuality here, as in the places where every one stands by himself and has room to move in and a choice to make.

Let us take a single creature out of these millions. Perhaps if we learn how one lives, how one regards the world, we may understand, in some degree, this agitated, confused, restless, incoherent, inarticulate mass.

I introduce you to a baby. Her name is Liz. She has as yet but a few days of life behind her. She is hardly conscious of hunger, cold, or uneasiness, or any of the things with which life first makes its beginning apparent to the half-awakened brain. She opens eyes that understand nothing—neither form, nor distance, nor color, nor any differences; she sees men like trees, walking. When she is hungry she wails; when she is not hungry she sleeps. We will leave the child with her mother, and we will stand aside and watch while the springs and summers pass, and while she grows from an infant to a child, a girl, a woman.

The room where the baby lies is a first floor front in a house of four rooms and a ruinous garret, belonging to a street which is occupied, like all the streets in this quarter, wholly by the people of the lower working-class. This is London street, Ratcliffe. It is a real street, with a real name, and it is in a way typical of East London of the lower kind. The aristocracy of labor, the foremen and engineers of shipyards and works, live about Stepney Church, half a mile to the north. Their streets are well kept, their door-steps are white, their windows are clean, there are things displayed in the front windows of their houses. Here you will see a big Bible; here a rosewood desk; here a vase full of artificial flowers; here a bird-cage with foreign birds—Avvadavats, Bengalees, love-birds, or even a canary; here a glass case containing coral, or "Venus's fan," from the Philippines; here something from India carved in fragrant wood; here a piece of brasswork from Benares. There is always something to show the position and superiority of the tenant. It is the distinctive mark of the lower grades of labor that they have none of these ornaments. Indeed, if by any chance such possessions fell in their way, they would next week be in the custody of the pawnbroker; they would be "in."

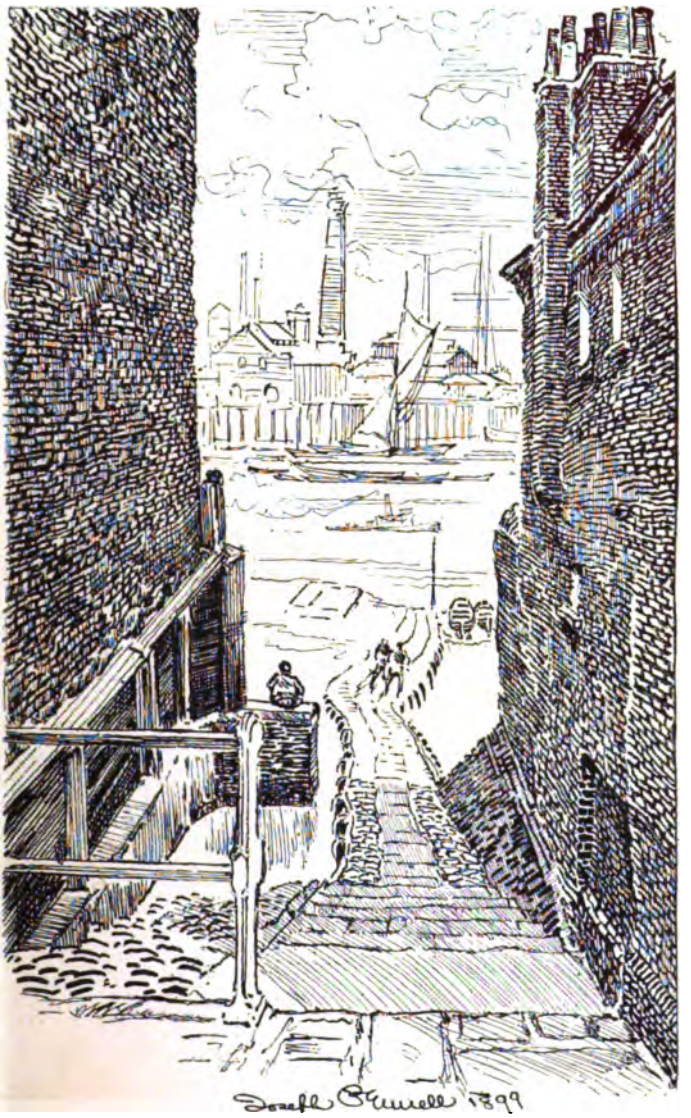
BROOK STREET, LIMEHOUSE.

We are in a first floor front. Look out of the window upon the street below while the baby grows. The street contains forty houses. Each house has four rooms; two or three have six; most of the people have two rooms. There are therefore, roughly speaking, about one hundred families residing in this street. The door-steps, the pavement, and the roadway are swarming with children; this is their only playground. Here the little girl of six bears about in her arms, staggering under the weight, but a careful nurse, her little sister of a twelvemonth; here the children

EAST LONDON LOAFERS.

take their breakfast and their dinner; here they run and play in summer and in winter. It seems to be never too hot or too cold for them. They are ragged, they are bareheaded, they are barefooted and barelegged; their toys are bits of wood and bones and oyster-shells, transformed by the imagination of childhood into Heaven knows what of things precious and splendid. Of what they have not they know nothing; but, then, they mind nothing; therefore our pity is thrown away. It is the only world they know; they are happy in their ignorance; they are feeling the first joy of life. By their ruddy faces and sturdy limbs you can see that the air they breathe is wholesome and that they have enough to eat. We shall see them again presently.

The room is furnished sufficiently, according to the standards of the family. There is a table, with two chairs; there is a chest of drawers with large glass handles. On this chest stands a structure of artificial flowers under a glass shade. This is the sacred symbol of respectability. It is for the tenement what the Bible or the coral in the window is for the house. So long as we have our glass shade with its flowers we are in steady work, and beyond the reach of want. On each side of the glass shade are arranged the cups and saucers, plates and drinking-glasses, belonging to the family. There are also exhibited with pride all the bottles of medicine recently taken by the various members. It is a strange pride, but one has observed it among people of a more exalted station. There are also set out with the bottles certain heart-shaped velvet pincushions, made by the sailors, and considered as decorations of the highest esthetic value. The chest of drawers is used for the clothes of the family —the slender supplement of what is on the family back. It is also the storehouse for everything that belongs to the daily life.



RATCLIFFE-CROSS STAIRS.

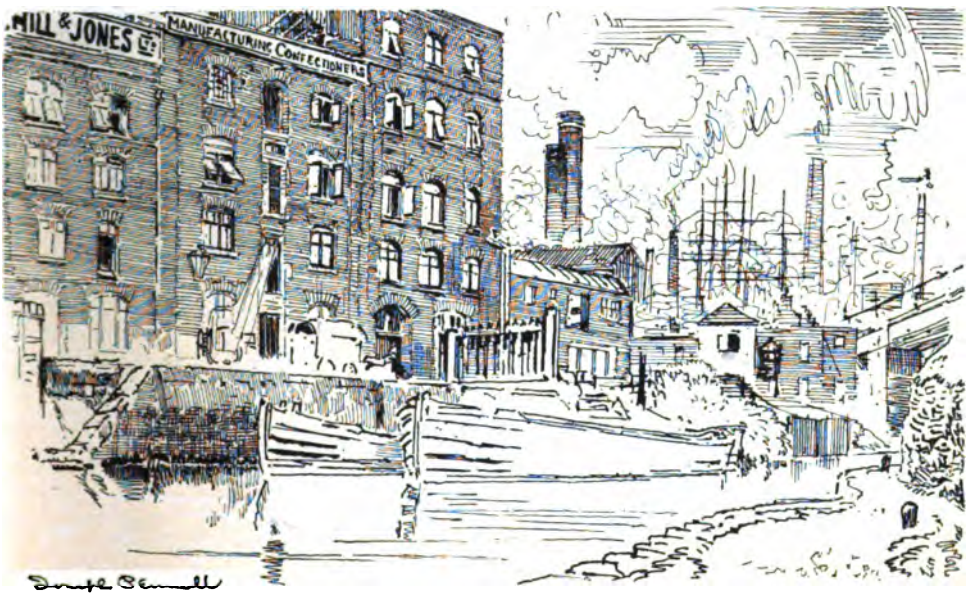
LIMEHOUSE BASIN AND CHURCH.

There is a cupboard beside the chimney, with two shelves. Any food that may be left over, and the small supplies of tea and sugar, are placed on the upper shelf; coals on the lower. On the table stands, always ready, a tea-pot, and beside it a half-cut loaf and a plate with margarin, the substitute for butter. Margarin is not an unwholesome compound. It is perhaps better than bad butter; it is made of beef fat clarified and colored to resemble butter. I am told that other people eat it in comfortable assurance that it is butter.

When the child grows old enough to observe things she will remark, from time to time, the absence of the chest of drawers. At other times she will discover that the drawers are empty. These vacuities she will presently connect with times of tightness. When money is scarce and work is not to be got, things go "in" of their own accord; the pawnbroker receives them.

She will learn more than this; she will learn the great virtue of the poor, the virtue that redeems so many bad habits—generosity. For the chest of drawers and the best clothes are more often "in" to oblige a neighbor in difficulties than to relieve their own embarrassments. The people of Ratcliffe are all neighbors and all friends; to be sure, they are frequently enemies, otherwise life would be monotonous. Always some one is in trouble, always some of the children are hungry, always there is rent to pay, always there is some one out of work. Liz will learn that if one can help, one must. She will learn this law without any formula or written code, not out of books, not in church, not in school; she will learn it from the daily life around her. Generosity will become part of her very nature.

You will perceive, however, that this child is not born of the very poor; her parents are not in destitution; her father is, in fact, a docker, and being a big, burly fellow, born and brought up in the country, he gets tolerably regular employment and very fair wages. If he would spend less than the third or the half of his wages in drink his wife might have a four-roomed cottage. But we must take him as he is. His children suffer no serious privation. They are clothed and fed; they have the chance of living respectably, and with such decencies as belong to their ideals and their standards. In a word, Liz will be quite a commonplace, average girl of the lower working-class.



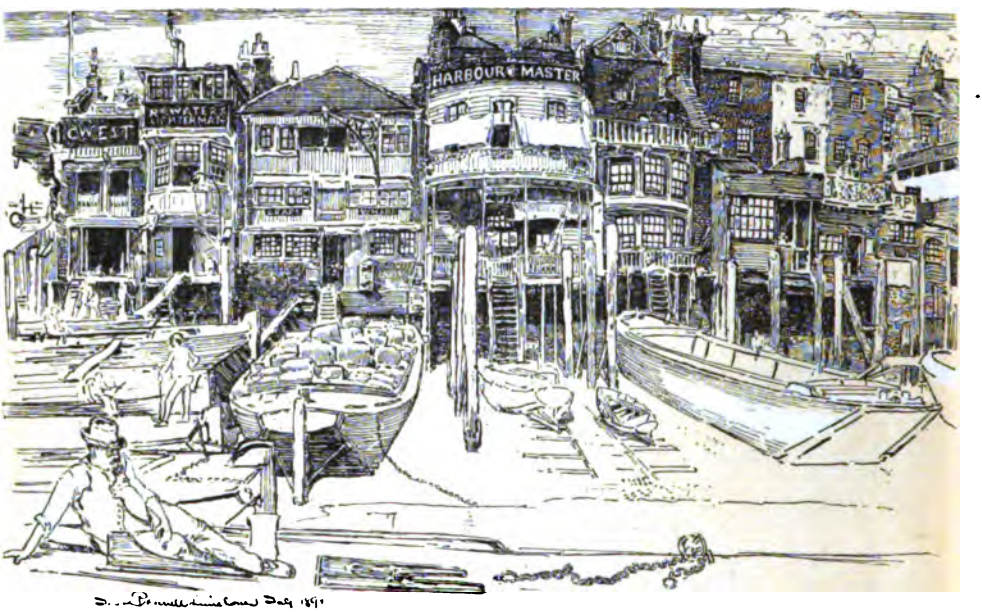
AN EAST END FACTORY.

The first duty of a mother is to "harden" the baby. With this view, Liz was fed, while still a tiny infant, on rusks soaked in warm water, and when she was a year old her mother began to give her scraps of beefsteak, slightly fried, to suck; she also administered fish fried in oil—the incense and fragrance of this delicacy fills the whole neighborhood, and hangs about the streets day and night like a cloud. For drink she gave the baby the water in which whiting had been boiled; this is considered a sovereign specific for building up a child's constitution. Sometimes, it is true, this treatment leads to unforeseen results. Another child, for instance, about the same age as Liz, and belonging to the same street, was fed by its mother on red herring, and, oddly enough, refused to get any nourishment out of that delightful form of food. They carried it to

the Children's Hospital, where the doctor said it was being starved to death, and made the most unkind remarks about the mother —most unjust as well, for the poor woman had no other thought or intention than to "harden the inside" of her child, and all the friends and neighbors were called in to prove that plenty of herring had been administered.

As soon as Liz was three years of age she had the same food as her parents and elder sisters. You shall dine with the family presently. For breakfast and tea and supper, and for any occasional "bever" or snack, she had a slice of bread and margarin, which she cut for herself when, like Mrs. Gamp, so disposed. It was indeed terrifying to see the small child wielding a bread-knife nearly as big as herself. She got plenty of pennies when work was regular: nobody is so generous with his pennies as the man who needs them most. She spent these casual windfalls in sweets and apples, passing the latter round among her friends for friendly bites, and dividing the former in equal portions. This cheap confectionery for the children of the curb and the door-step supplies the place of sweet puddings; for the mystery of the pudding is unfortunately little known or understood by the mothers of Ratcliffe.

In the matter of beer, Liz became very early in life acquainted with its taste. There is a kind of cheap porter, sold at three farthings a pint, considered grateful and comforting by the feminine mind of Ratcliffe. What more natural than that the child should be invited to finish what her mother has left of the pint? It would not be much. What more motherly, when one is taking a little refreshment in a public house, than to give a taste to the children playing on the pavement outside? And what more natural than for the children to look for these windfalls, and to gather round the public house expectant? It seems rough on the little ones to begin so early: it is contrary to modern use and custom; but we need not suppose that much harm is done to a child by giving it beer occasionally. Formerly all children had beer for breakfast, beer for dinner, and beer for supper. In Belgium little children have their bock for dinner. The mischief in the case of our Liz and her friends was that she got into the habit of looking for drink more stimulating than tea, and that the habit remained with her and grew with her.



THE THAMES SIDE AT LIMEHOUSE.

At three years of age Liz passed, so to speak, out of the nursery, which was the door-step and the curb, into the school-room. She was sent to the nearest board school, where she remained under instruction for eleven long years. She began by learning certain highly important lessons: first, that she had to obey; next, that she had to be

AN AUGUST BANK-HOLIDAY IN THE EAST END.

quiet; and, thirdly, that she had to be clean. As regards the first and second, obedience and order were not enforced in the nursery of London street. They were, it is true, sometimes enjoined with accompaniment of a cuff and a slap, not unkindly meant, in the home. As for cleanliness, one wash a week, namely, on Sunday morning, had hitherto been considered sufficient. It was, however, a thorough wash. The unkempt locks, brown with the dust and grime of a week's street play, came out of the tub a lovely mass of light-brown, silky curls; the child's fair skin emerged from its coating of mud; her rosy cheeks showed their natural color; her round white arms fairly shone and glowed in the sunshine. On Sunday morning Liz presented the appearance of a very pretty child, clean and fair and winsome. As soon as she went to school, however, she had to undergo the same process every morning except Saturday. If she appeared in school unwashed she had to go home again; not only that, but there was even unpleasantness in the matter of pinafore. Saturday is a school holiday; therefore no one washes on Saturday, and face and hands and pinafore may all go grimy together.

Liz remained at school from three to fourteen years of age. What she learned I do not exactly know. Some years ago I looked through some "readers" for board schools, and came to the conclusion that nothing at all could be learned from them, counting scraps as nothing. But they have altered their readers. Still, if you remember that no one has any books at all in London street, that even a halfpenny paper is not often seen there, that no talk goes on which can instruct a child in anything, you will own that even in eleven years a child may be at school all the time and yet learn very little. And since she found no means of carrying on her education after she left school, no free libraries, no encouragement from her companions, you will not be surprised to hear that all she had learned from books presently dropped from her like a cloak or wrapper for which she had no further use. Let us be reasonable. The board school taught her, besides a certain small amount of temporary and short-lived book-lore, some kind of ele-

WADE STREET, LIMEHOUSE.

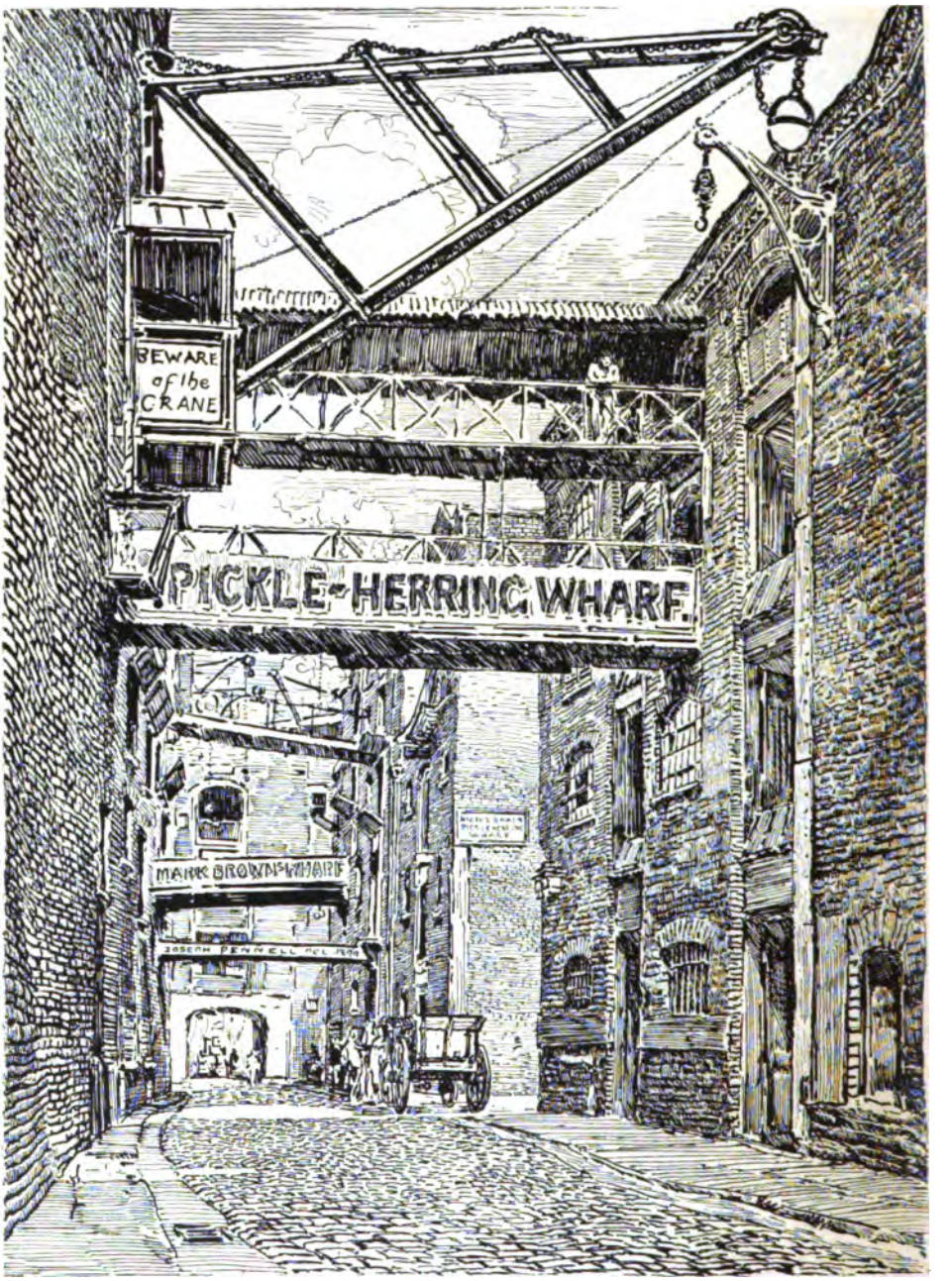
mentary manners, a respect, at least, for manners, the knowledge of what manners may mean. The clergy and the machinery of the parish cannot teach these things. It can be done only at the board school. It is the school, and not the church, which softens manners and banishes some of the old brutality; because, you see, they do not go to church and they must go to school. How rough, how rude, the average girl of Ratcliffe was before the board schools were opened Liz herself neither knows nor comprehends. These schools have caused the disappearance of old characteristics once thought to be ingrained habits. Their civilizing influence during the last thirty years has been enormous. They have not only added millions to the numbers of those who read a great deal and perhaps—but this is doubtful—think a little, but they have abolished much of the old savagery. I declare that the life of this street as it was thirty or forty years ago could not be written down with any approach to truth in the pages of this magazine.

Let me only quote the words of Professor Huxley, who began life by practising as a medical man in this quarter. "I have seen the Polynesian savage," I once heard him say in a speech, "in his primitive condition before the missionary or the blackbirder or the beach-comber got at him. With all his savagery he was not half so savage, so unclean, so irreclaimable as the tenant of a tenement in an East London slum." These words open the door to unbounded flights of imagination. Leave that vanished world, leave the savage slum of Huxley's early manhood, to the region of poetry and fancy, to the unwritten, to the suggested, to the half whispered.

Liz passed through school, then, from one standard to the next. We have seen that she learned manners, order, obedience, and the duty of cleanly clothes and cleanly language. She learned also to love teacher and school. Teacher came to see her when she was ill, and brought her nice things. Teacher kissed her. There were others, however, who took a mean advantage of her affectionate nature, and used it as a means of keeping her out of mischief—ladies who went in and out of the streets and houses, not afraid of anything; who gathered the children together on Sundays, and sang with them and talked to them, and gave them oranges. These ladies knew all the children. When they walked down the streets the very little ones ran after them, clinging to their skirts, catching at their hands, in the hope of a word and a kiss. Liz, among the rest, was early softened by kindness. She had two schools—that provided by the country and that provided by these ladies, who taught her more than books can teach—and both schools, if you please, for nothing. Whatever might happen to Liz in after life, her respect for manners and for the life of order remained. And sometimes, when things look very black, and there is real cause for sadness and repentance, this respect may be the poor girl's most valuable asset.

At the age of fourteen, when she had to leave school, she was a sturdy, well-built girl, square-shouldered, rather short, but of a better frame than most of her companions, because her father was country-born; her features were sharp; her face was plain, but not unpleasing; her gray eyes were quick and restless; her lips were mobile; her cheek was somewhat pale, but not worn and sunken. She looked abounding in life and health; she was full of fun, and quick to laugh on the smallest provocation; she was ready-witted and prompt with repartee and retort; she danced as she went along the street, because she could not walk sedately; if a barrel-organ came that way, she danced in the road, knowing half a dozen really pretty steps and figures. She had something in her quick movements, in the restlessness of her eyes, in the half-suspicious turn of the head, of the street sparrow, the only bird which she knew. If you grow up among street sparrows there is every reason for the adoption of some of their manners; the same resemblance to the sparrow, which is an impudent, saucy bird, always hungry, always on the lookout for something more, may be observed in other street children. She was affectionate with her companions, but always watchful for her own chance. In her views of the conduct of life she was no strict moralist.

She was ready to condone some things which more rigid maidens condemn. She would not, for instance, bear malice because her brother, for one of the smaller crimes, such as gambling on the pavement, got into trouble; nor would she judge him harshly if he was found in the possession of things "picked up"—unconsidered trifles; nor would she resent being knocked down by her brother when in drink. She had too often seen her mother cuffed by her father when he came home drunk to feel any resentment about such a trifle. In sober moments her brother did not use his fist upon her; nor did her father, except under the provocation of



AN EAST END WHARF.

drink, drive the family flying into the street by "taking the strap" to everybody.

What did she know about the outer world? From her books and her school little enough. Her own country, like every other country, was to her a geographical expression. Even of London she knew nothing, though from the river stairs and foreshore she could see a good deal of it. Once a year, however, she had been taken for a day in the country, either by train to the nearest seaside place, or by brakes and wagonettes to Epping For-

est. She was therefore by no means ignorant of green fields. Why, there was the "Island Garden" in the Isle of Dogs, close at hand. But of trees and flowers and birds, individually, she knew nothing, and she never would know anything. A bird was a bird, a tree was a tree to her. On the whole of nature her mind was a blank. About her own country, its history, its position, its achievements, she had learned something, but it was rapidly becoming a vague and dim memory; of literature she knew nothing. She had learned a little singing and had an ear for melody. She never read either newspapers or books, not even penny story-books; therefore she added nothing to her scanty knowledge.

What did she think about and what did she talk about? When one lives in a crowded street where every family lives in one room, or in two at the most, there is an unfailing, perennial stream of interest in the fortune and the conduct, the good luck and the bad luck, of the neighbors. Liz and her companions did exactly what other people do in country towns much duller than London street: they talked about one another and the people about them. They talked also of the time when they, like their elder sisters, would go about as they pleased—to the Queen's Music-hall and to the Pavilion Theater; when they could enjoy the delights of walking up and down their favorite boulevard—it is called Brook street—all the long winter evening each with her young man. The young girls always talk about the life before them. They know perfectly what it is going to be; they see it all round them. Who are they that they should expect anything but the common round, the common lot? They also, like their elder sisters, talk of dress. Already they plan and contrive for some extra bit of finery. Let us not believe that Liz was ever troubled with vanity of mind or with lack of interest in her thoughts and conversation. There is in London street even too much incident. Where there are always in the street men out of work, families whose "sticks" are all "in," children who are kept alive by the generosity of other people only not quite so poor as themselves; where there is always sickness, always violence, always drunkenness, always lads taken away by the man in blue, and always the joy of youth and the animation of children and young girls—why, Piccadilly is a waste by comparison, and Berkeley Square is like unto Tadmor in the desert.

In the case of Liz and her friends there was an additional interest in the river and the craft of all kinds. The children would stand on Ratcliffe-Cross Stairs and gaze out upon the rushing tide and upon the ships that passed up and down. At low tide they ran out upon the mud with bare feet and picked up apronfuls of coal to carry home. Needs must that a child who lives within sight of ships should imagine strange things and get a sense of distance and of mystery. And sometimes a sailor would find his way to London street—a sailor full of stories of strange lands across the seas, such as would make even the dullest of Ratcliffe girls launch out in imagination beyond the dim and dusty street.

Once, for instance, a cousin came. It was at Christmas. Never was such a Christmas. He was a sailor. He came from the West India Docks, or was it from Limehouse Basin? It was the only time; he never came again. But could any one privileged to be present ever forget the celebration of that home-coming? He had money in the pocket—lots of money. He threw it all upon the table—nine pounds in gold, Liz remembered, and a heap of silver and copper. On Christmas eve the feast began. Relatives and far-off cousins were found and invited. The family had two rooms. The company, with the guests, numbered twenty-one. A barrel of beer and any quantity of whisky and gin were laid in for the occasion. No more joyful family reunion was ever known. Outside there were the usual Christmas rejoicings. In the street the drunken men reeled about; there was an occasional fight or two; the houses were all lighted up: but nowhere was a nobler spread or a longer feast or a more joyous Christmas known than in those two rooms. It took three days and three nights. From Friday, which was Christmas eve, till Monday, which was boxing-day, this feast continued. During all this time not one among them, man, woman, or child, took off his clothes or went to bed. The children fell asleep with flushed faces and heavy heads in corners, on the landing—anywhere; the others feasted and drank, danced and sang, for three days and three nights. Now and then one would drop out and fall prone upon the floor; the others went on, regardless. Presently the sleeper awoke, sat up, recovered his wandering wits, and joined the revelers again.

For plenty and profusion it was like unto the wedding-feast of Camacho. There were roast geese and roast ducks, roast turkey and

roast beef, roast pork and sausages and ham, and everything else that the shops at this festive season could supply.

On the third day, toward three in the afternoon of Monday, lo, a miracle! For the money was all gone, and the barrel of beer was empty, and the bottles were empty, and the bones of the geese and the turkeys were all that was left of the feast. The company broke up, the cousin departed, the family threw themselves upon the beds and slept the clock twice round. Who could forget this noble Christmas? Who could forget a feast that lasted for three whole days and three long nights?

Liz had got through her school-time; she must go to work.

Of course she knew all along what awaited her. She must do as the others did: she must enter a factory. She contemplated the necessity without any misgiving. Why should she not go into a factory? It was all in the natural order of things, like getting hungry or waking up in the morning. Every girl had to be cuffed, every girl had to get out of the way when father was drunk, every girl had to go to work as soon as she left school.

There is apparently a choice of work. There are many industries which employ girls. There is the match-making, there is the bottle-washing, there is the box-making, there is the paper-sorting, there is the jam-making, the fancy confectionery, the cracker industry, the making of ornaments for wedding-cakes, stockings for Christmas, and many others. There are many kinds of sewing. Virtually, however, this child had no choice; her sisters were in the jam-factory, her mother had been in the jam-factory, she too went to the jam-factory.

There are many branches of work more disagreeable than the jam-factory. Liz found herself at half-past seven in the morning in a huge building, where she was one among a thousand working women and girls, men and boys, but chiefly girls. The place was heavily laden with an overpowering fragrance of fruit and sugar. In some rooms the fruit was boiling in great copper pots; in some, girls were stirring the fruit after it had been boiled to get the steam out of it; in some, machinery crushed and ground the sugar till it became as fine as flour. The place was like a mill. The flour of sugar hung about the room in a cloud of dust; it lay in such dust on the tables and the casks; it got into the girls' hair, so that they were fain to tie up their heads with white caps; it covered their clothes and made them sticky; it made tables, benches, floor all alike sticky. There were other developments of sugar: sometimes it lay on tables in huge, flat cakes of soft gray stuff like gelatin; they turned this mass by their craft and subtlety into innumerable threads of fine white silk; they drew it through machines and sent it on in all the shapes that children love. Then there were rooms full of cocoanut. They treated casks full of this desiccated cocoanut till that also became like flour. There were other rooms full of almonds, which they stripped and bleached and converted also into fine flour; or they turned boxes of gelatin into Turkish delight and jujubes. All day long and all the year round they made crackers, they made ornaments for wedding-cakes, they made favors, they made caramels, they made acidulated drops, they made things unnamed except by children. In all these rooms girls worked by hundreds, some sitting at long tables, some boiling the sugar, filling the pots with jam, stirring the boiling fruit, feeding machinery, filling molds; all were as busy as bees and as mute as mice. Some of them wore white caps to cover their hair, some wore white aprons, some wore coarse sacking tied all round for a skirt to keep off stickiness. And all day long the machinery whirred and pulsed an accompaniment to the activity and industry of the place.

"I like the smell," said Liz. First impressions are the best; she continued to like the smell and the factory and the work.

She was stouter and stronger than most girls. They gave her a skirt of sacking, and put her where her strength would be of use. She liked the movement, she liked the exercise of her strong arms, she liked the noise of the place, she liked the dinner-hour with its talking and laughing, she liked the factory better than the school, she liked the pay-day and the money which she kept for herself.

I say that she liked the work and the sense of society and animation. About a year afterward, however, a strange and distressing restlessness seized her. Whether she was attracted by the talk of the other girls, or whether it was an instinctive yearning for change and fresh air, I know not. The thing was infectious. Many other girls compared their symptoms and found them the same. Finally, the restlessness proving altogether too much for these children, they took hands, thirty of them, and one Saturday afternoon, without bag or baggage, they ran away.

They ran through Wapping and along Thames street, which is empty on Saturday afternoon; they ran across London Bridge, they poured into London Bridge Station. One of the girls knew the name of the station they wanted; it was in Kent. They took tickets, and they went off.

They had gone hopping.

Thousands of Londoners in the season go hopping. I wish I could dwell upon the delights of the work. Unfortunately, like the summer, it is too soon over. While it lasts the hoppers sleep in barns; they work in the open; they breathe fresh air; they get good pay; they enjoy every evening a singsong and a free-and-easy. The beer flows like a rivulet; everybody is thirsty, everybody is cheerful, everybody is friendly.

When it was over Liz returned, browned and refreshed and strengthened, but fearful of the consequences because she had deserted her work. But she was fortunate. They took her back into the factory, and so she went on as before.

Let us follow her through a single day. She had to be at the factory at half-past seven in the morning, and, with an hour off for dinner, to work till six. She made her breakfast on tea, bread and margarin, and a "relish." The relish included many possibilities. It depended mainly on the day of the week. It is obvious that what one can afford on a Monday is unattainable on a Friday. On Monday it might be a herring or a haddock, an egg or a rasher of bacon. On Friday and Saturday it would be a sprig of water-cress or a pickle.

With all factory girls dinner is a continual source of anxiety and disappointment; for the ambitions of youth are lofty, the yearnings of youth are strong, and the resources of youth are scanty. Within the factory there were, for those who chose to use them, frying-pans and a gas-stove. The girls might cook their food for themselves. There was also hot water for making tea; but the factory girl detests cooking, and may be trusted to spoil and make unfit for human food whatever cooking is intrusted to her. Besides, there were the eating-houses. Here, if you please, were offered to the longing eyes of Liz, always hungry at half-past twelve, daily temptations to extravagance. Just think what the bill of fare every day offered to a girl of discernment in the matter of dinner.

Saveloy and Pease Pudding.
German Sausages and Black Pudding.
Fried Fish and Pickles.
Meat-Pie.
Pie Crust and Potatoes.
Fagots and Mustard Pickle.
Beans. Potatoes. Greens. Currant Pudding.
Jam Pudding.

The mere choice between these delicacies was bewildering, and alas! on many days only the cheapest were attainable. Every day Liz pondered over the list and calculated the price. The meat-pie at twopence—glorious! But could she afford twopence? The jam pudding at one halfpenny! It seems little, and a good lump, too, with a thick slab of red jam—plum jam—laid all over the top. But yet, even a halfpenny is sometimes dear. You see that a dinner is wanted on seven days in the week. It was impossible to afford jam pudding every day. Fagots, again. They are only a penny hot and three farthings cold. A fagot is a really toothsome preparation. In appearance it is a square cake. In composition it contains the remnants and odd bits of a butcher's shop—beef, veal, mutton, lamb, with fat and gristle contributed by all the animals concerned. The whole is minced or triturated. It is treated with spices and shreds of onion, and is then turned out in shapes and baked. No one in the position of our Liz can withstand the temptation of a fagot. The rich people who keep the shops, she believed, live exclusively on fagots. Wealth cannot purchase anything better than a fagot.

To begin with, she had only five shillings a week. When we consider the Sunday dinner, her clothes and her boots, her share of the rent, her breakfast, her amusements, her clubs, of which we shall speak immediately, I do not think that she was justified in laying out more than twopence, or at the most twopence halfpenny, on her daily dinner. A meat-pie with potatoes, a fagot with mustard pickle and greens and a jam pudding, would absorb the whole of her daily allowance. It left this growing girl hungry after eating all of it.

Meantime, the factory people are as careful about their girls as can be expected. They insist on their making a respectable appearance and wearing a hat. In many other ways they look after them. There is a good deal of paternal kindliness in the London employer, especially when he is in a large way.

The factory girls of East London have shown a remarkable power of looking after themselves. Once or twice they have even

had a strike. On one occasion they made a demonstration which made the government give in. It is old history now. Once there was a certain statesman named Lowe—Bob Lowe, he was irreverently named. He made a considerable stir in his day, which was about five-and-twenty years ago. He was even Chancellor of the Exchequer. To-day I doubt if there are many young people in England under five-and-twenty who could pass an examination in the political career of Bob Lowe. He was a very fine scholar. He had been a fellow and lecturer of his college at Oxford; he had been a barrister practising in Australia; and he was believed to hold in contempt our colonial empire, and to hunger after the time when Great Britain would become a second Holland. Once he conceived the idea of a tax on matches. His scholarship supplied him with a punning motto, "Ex luce lucellum" ("From light a little profit"). The match-makers rallied. They marched down to Westminster in their thousands. They demonstrated, they stated their grievance. Bob Lowe quailed, and the government withdrew the bill.

Our young friend Liz had nothing to do with this prenatal business, which, had it been in her time, she would have greatly enjoyed. Where she showed her native ability was in the establishment of clubs. They were practical clubs; they were organized upon an entirely new and original method. I can best explain it by giving an illustration. Thus, there is the one pound club. Twenty girls agree to get up a one pound club. For twenty weeks they have to subscribe each a shilling. To determine the order of taking the money they draw numbered tickets. The girl who draws No. 1 receives twenty shillings in a lump the first week; the girl who draws No. 2 takes the second week's money, and so on. It is obvious that this method can be applied to anything, provided the girls who draw the earlier numbers play fair. It seems that they generally do. Should they shirk their duty there are "ructions." The girl Liz could not, at first, aspire to the one pound club. But there were humbler clubs—sixpenny, even penny, clubs. Thus, there were boot clubs, calico clubs, petticoat clubs, tea-fight clubs, jewelry clubs, and, but secretly and among the older girls who had sweethearts to consider and to please, there were spirit clubs—for gin and whisky, not for supernatural manifestations. A girl cannot belong to all these clubs at once, but the convenience of belonging to two or three at a time is very great. It enables a provident girl to keep her wardrobe in order by small weekly savings which are not much felt. In the matter of boots, now: if one draws No. 1 there is a new pair at once; suppose the pair lasts for three months, after six weeks another boot club might give the same girl the last number instead of the first, and so on.

Her days were not spent wholly in the factory. At seven in the winter and at six in the summer she was free; she had also her Saturday afternoons and her Sundays. In other words, she had a fair five hours of freedom every day, ten hours of freedom on Saturday, and the whole of Sunday. Now, five hours a day of continuous freedom from work is as much as, in any working community, can be expected. It is a third of the waking day. How did Liz get through that time?

She very soon got out of her mother's control. It is not, indeed, the custom with many mothers to exercise authority over a girl at work. Liz did what other girls did. She therefore spent most of her evenings in the boulevard of her quarter, a place called Brook street. Here she walked about, or ran about, or danced, arm in arm with other girls, chaffing the lads, whom she treated, if she had the money, to a drink. She went sometimes to a music-hall where some of the factory girls "did a turn" or danced in the ballet. She wore no hat or bonnet in the street, and she retained the apron which is the badge of her class. She looked on with interest when there was a fight. She listened with a critical mind when there was an exchange of reproaches between two women.

Then a girls' club got hold of her and persuaded her to come in. The club was run by some of those ladies of whom I have spoken, the same who trade on the affection of the children for their own purposes, which may be described as a mean and underhand attempt to make the little ones learn to prefer good to evil. At this club there was singing every night, there was dancing with one another, there was reading, there was talking; everybody behaved nicely, and for two or three hours it was a restful time, even though young girls do not feel the need of rest or understand its use.

When the club closed the girls went away. If it was a fine night and not too cold, they went back for a while to Brook street, where there was neither rest nor quiet nor godly talk.

Besides her evenings the girl had the four bank-holidays and the holidays of Christmas and Easter. Nobody in London does any work between Thursday in Passion Week and Easter Tuesday, nor does any one work much between Christmas eve, when that falls on Thursday or Friday, and the following Tuesday.

These days and seasons are not only holidays, they are days reserved for weddings and christenings. It is necessary, of course, that a girl who respects herself should make a creditable appearance at such a time. She must therefore save, and save with zeal. Saving up for bank-holiday becomes a passion. Dinner is reduced to the lowest possible dimensions, even to a halfpenny lump of currant pudding, which is as heavy as lead, and the most satisfying thing for the money that can be procured.

Bank-holiday demands a complete change of clothes, from the hat to the boots. Everything must be new. There must not be an old frock with a new hat, nor an old pair of boots with a new frock. This means a great deal of saving. It must also be accompanied by a general cleaning up of the windows, the door-steps, the stairs, the rooms. All over London street before bank-holiday there is unusual movement. Chairs are brought out, and girls stand upon them to clean the ground-floor windows.

I have already spoken of the change that has come over this quarter. Formerly a holiday was celebrated after the manner of the ancient Danes, by long and barbaric drinks. Early in the morning girls would be seen lying helpless on the pavement. Lads ran about carrying bottles of gin, which they offered to every one. These are customs of the past, though complete soberness is not yet achieved.

Yet the Ratcliffe girl likes to keep her bank-holiday at home among her own people, in her beloved Brook street. She cheerfully saves up all she can so that there may be a good sum for bank-holiday, enough for new clothes and something over, something to treat her friends with. And when bank-holiday is over she must go back to her work with an empty purse. Well for her if it is not also with an aching head.

When Liz was approaching the age of seventeen she had learned, from every point of view, all that she would ever learn; she had risen as high as she could rise in the factory; she made as good wages as she would ever make; she lived at home, sharing a room with two sisters; she paid her mother sixpence a week for board and lodging; her character was formed; her acquaintance with good and evil was deep, wide, and intimate; she was steady, as girls of her class go, thanks to those ladies; if she ever drank too much she was ashamed of herself; and as yet she had no sweetheart. She was affectionate and responded to kindness, but she was self-willed and would bear no thwarting. She was deficient on the side of imagination. She could not enter into the thoughts or the position of any one except herself; that was the natural result of her narrow, groove-like life. She had rules of conduct and of behavior; of religion she had little, if any, discoverable. She never went to church or chapel. She was fond of every kind of excitement, yet the emotional side of religion touched her not. The Irish girls, of whom there are many at Ratcliffe, were Catholics, and sometimes went to church. Once Liz went there, too, and seemed to like the music and the lights, but she did not repeat her visit.

This was her life all through the week. On Sunday, however, she made a difference.

On this morning she lay in bed till ten or eleven. She spent the time before dinner over her wardrobe; at one o'clock she sat down with the family to the most important ceremony of the week, the Sunday dinner. To other people besides the working-folk of Ratcliffe the Sunday dinner is an institution. Pope's retired citizen, on Sundays, had two puddings to smoke upon the board. To all people of the middle class the Sunday dinner is the occasion for a little indulgence, for a glass of wine after dinner. To the resident in Ratcliffe it means a big feed, as much as a man can eat, and that of a popular and favorite dish. There are many dishes dear to the heart of the working-man. He loves everything that is confected with, or accompanied by, things of strong taste. If he knew of the delicacy called lobscouse he would have it nearly every Sunday; if he knew of that other delicacy called potato-pot he would order it frequently. As it is, he relies for the most part upon some portion of pig —that creature of "fine miscellaneous feeding." He loves roast pork, boiled pork, fried pork, baked pork, but especially he loves pig's head. His wife buys this portion of the animal, stuffs the ears and eyes thereof with sage and onions,—a great deal of sage and much onion,—and sends it to the bakehouse. Pig's head thus treated and done to a turn hath no fellow. It is accompanied by beer, and beer in plenty. The family sit down to

this meal when it is brought in from the baker, and continue eating until they can eat no longer. So in Arabian deserts, if you would win the hearts of the Bedouin, you give them a sheep, and they will eat until they can eat no longer. It is part of the Sunday dinner that there is to be no hint or suspicion of any limit except that imposed by nature. They eat till they can eat no more.

When she was seventeen Liz found a sweetheart.

He was a young fellow of twenty or thereabout. He had come out of the village, some village in the quiet country, a dull village, to enjoy the life of London. He was a highly skilled agricultural laborer; there was nothing on the farm that he could not do. He knew the fields and the woods, the wild creatures and the birds; he knew how to plow and to reap; he could keep an allotment full of vegetables all the year round; he understood a stable and a dairy, a paddock and a sheepfold. Yet with all this knowledge he came to London, where it was of no earthly use to him. He threw over the best work that a country lad can have, and he became nothing but a pair of hands like this girl's father. He was a pair of hands, he was a strong back. His sturdy legs were fit to do the commonest, the heaviest, the most weary work in the world. One evening Liz was standing alone on the pavement, looking at something or other,—a barrel-organ, a cheap Jack, one of the common sights and sounds,—when this young fellow passed along, walking heavily as one who has walked chiefly over plowed fields. He looked at her. Something in her face,—it was an honest face,—something in her attitude of alertness and the sharp look of her eyes, struck his imagination. He hitched closer. In Brook street it is permissible, it is laudable, to introduce yourself. He said huskily: "I 've seen you here before. What 's your name? Mine is George."

That was the beginning of it. Presently the other girls met Liz walking proudly along Brook street with a big, well-set-up young fellow. They moved out of her way. Liz had got a chap. When would their turn come?

Next night they met again. On Sunday she walked with him along the Mile End Road without her apron and in her best hat. It was a parade and proclamation of an engagement. She told her mother, who was glad. "A man," she said, "is a better friend than a woman. He sticks." Liz did not tell the ladies of the club, but the other girls did, and the ladies looked grave and spoke seriously to her about responsibilities.

George did stick to her. He was an honest lad; he had chosen his sweetheart, and he stuck to her. When he had money he gave her treats. He took her by train to Epping Forest, to North Woolwich Gardens, to the theater, to the music-hall. In his way he loved the girl. She would not leave the club, but she gave him part of every evening. He talked to her about the country life he had left behind him. He told her the stories about poachers which belong to every village ale-house. It pleased him to recall the past he had thrown away. All day long he carried heavy bales and boxes and burdens backward and forward. It was monotonous work, cheered only by the striking of the hours and the thought of the coming evening. The poor lad's day was hallowed by his evening walk.

Six months later Liz was married. It was on the August bank-holiday. The wedding took place at St. James's Church, Ratcliffe. It was celebrated in a style which did honor to the quarter. The bride was dressed in heliotrope satin. She wore a large hat of purple plush. The bridesmaids were brilliantly attired in frocks of velveteen, green and crimson and blue. They too wore hats of plush. After the ceremony they adjourned to the residence of the bride, where a great feast was spread. The rejoicing lasted all day and all night. When the young couple began their wedded life it was with an empty purse and a week of borrowed food. I hope that George will not get drunk, will not knock his wife down, and will not take the strap to her. If he does we must comfort ourselves with the thought that to Liz it will be no new thing hitherto unknown in the land, not an unnatural thing when the drink is in a man, and, unless repeated in soberness, a trifle to be endured and forgotten and forgiven, even seventy times seven.

Here we must leave our girl. She is now a wife. For a little while she will go on at the factory, then she will stay at home. London street will be enriched by half a dozen children all her own. Like their mother, these children will play in the dust and the mud; like her, they will go to school and be happy; like her, they will go to work in the factory. Liz will be repeated in her children. As long as she lives she will know and enjoy the same life, with the same pleasures, the same anxieties, the same bad luck.

She will "do" for her girls when they grow up. Now and then she will be taken on as a casual at the old factory. London street will always be her whole world; she will have no interests outside; and when she dies it will be only the vanishing of one out of the multitudes which seem, as I said at the beginning, to be all alike, all living the same life, all enduring, hoping, loving, suffering, sinning, giving, helping, condoling, mourning, in the same kindly, cruel, beneficent, merciless, contradictory womanly fashion that makes up the life of London street.

SAILING ALONE AROUND THE WORLD.

BEING A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE EXPERIENCES OF THE SLOOP "SPRAY" ON HER SINGLE-HANDED VOYAGE OF 46,000 MILES.

BY CAPTAIN JOSHUA SLOCUM.

WITH PICTURES BY THOMAS FOGARTY AND GEORGE VARIAN.

PART IV. FROM SAMOA TO AUSTRALIA AND TASMANIA.

I WAS now visiting the village of Caini, whose chief, a tall and dignified Tonga man, could be approached only through an interpreter and talking man. It was perfectly natural for him to inquire the object of my visit, and I was sincere when I told him that my reason for casting anchor in Samoa was to see their fine men, and fine women, too. After a considerable pause the chief said: "The captain has come a long way to see so little; but," he added, "the tapo must sit nearer the captain." "Yack," said Taloa, who had so nearly learned to say yes in English, and suiting the action to the word, she hitched a peg nearer, all hands sitting in a circle upon mats. I was no less taken with the chief's eloquence than delighted with the simplicity of all he said. About him there was nothing pompous; he might have been taken for a great scholar or statesman, the least assuming of the men I met on the voyage. As for Taloa, a sort of Queen of the May, and the other tapo girls, well, it is wise to learn as soon as possible the manners and customs of these hospitable people, and meanwhile not to mistake for over-familiarity that which is intended as honor to a guest. I was fortunate in my travels in the islands, and saw nothing to shake one's faith in native virtue.

To the unconventional mind the punctilious etiquette of Samoa is perhaps a little painful. For instance, I found that in partaking of the social bowl of ava, I was supposed to toss a little of the beverage over my shoulder, or pretend to do so, and say, "Let the gods drink," and then drink it all myself; and the dish, invariably a cocoanut-shell, being empty, I might not pass it politely as we would do, but politely throw it twirling across the mats at the tapo.

My most grievous mistake was made on a nag, which, inspired by a bit of good road, must needs break into a smart trot through a village. I was instantly hailed by the chief's deputy, who in an angry voice brought me to a halt. Perceiving that I was in trouble, I made signs for pardon, the safest thing to do, though I did not know what offense I had committed. My interpreter coming up, however, put me right, but not until a long palaver had ensued. The deputy's hail liberally translated was: "Ahoy, there, on the frantic steed! Know you not that it is against the law to ride thus through the village of our fathers?" I made what apologies I could, and offered to dismount and, like my servant, lead my nag by the bridle. This, the interpreter told me, would also be a grievous wrong, and so I again begged for pardon. I was summoned to appear before a chief; but my interpreter, being a wit as well as a bit of a rogue, explained that I was myself something of a chief, and should not be detained, being on a most important mission. In my own behalf I could only say that I was a stranger, but, pleading all this, I knew I still deserved to be roasted, at which the chief showed a fine row of teeth and seemed pleased, but allowed me to pass on.

The chief of the Tongas and his family at Caini, returning my visit, brought presents

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

of tapa-cloth and fruits. Taloa, the princess, brought a bottle of cocoanut-oil for my hair, which almost any other bald man might have regarded as coming late.

It was impossible to entertain on the *Spray* after the royal manner in which I had been received by the chief. His fare had included all that the land could afford, fruits, fowl, fishes, and flesh, a hog having been roasted whole. I set before them boiled salt pork and salt beef, with which I was well supplied, and in the evening took them all to a new amusement in the town, a rocking-horse merry-go-round, which they called a "kee-kee," meaning theater; and in a spirit of justice they pulled off the horses' tails, for the proprietors of the show, two hard-fisted countrymen of mine, I grieve to say, unceremoniously hustled them off for a new set, almost at the first spin. I was not a little proud of my Tonga friends; the chief, finest of them all, carried a portentous club. As for the theater, through the greed of the proprietors it was becoming unpopular, and the representatives of the three great powers, in want of laws which they could enforce, adopted a vigorous foreign policy, taxing it twenty-five per cent. on the gate-money.

It was the fashion of the native visitors to the *Spray* to come over the bows, where they could reach the head-gear and climb aboard with ease, and on going ashore to jump off the stern and swim away; nothing could have been more delightfully simple. The modest natives wore lava-lava bathing-dresses, a native cloth from the bark of the mulberry-tree, and they did no harm to the *Spray*. In summer-land Samoa their coming and going was only a merry every-day scene.

One day the head teachers of Papauta College, Miss Schultze and Miss Moore, came on board with their ninety-seven young women students. They were all dressed in white, and each wore a red rose, and of course came in boats or canoes in the cold-climate style. A merrier bevy of girls it would be difficult to find. As soon as they got on deck, by request of one of the teachers, they sang "The Watch on the Rhine," which I had never heard before. "And now," said they all, "let 's up anchor and away." But I had no inclination to sail from Samoa so soon. On leaving the *Spray* these accomplished young women each seized a palm-branch or paddle, or whatever else would serve the purpose, and literally paddled her own canoe. Each could have swum as readily, and would have done so, I dare say, had it not been for the holiday muslin.

It was not uncommon at Apia to see a young woman swimming alongside a small canoe with a passenger for the *Spray*. Mr. Trood, an old Eton boy, came in this manner to see me, and he exclaimed, "Was ever king ferried in such state?" Then suiting his action to the sentiment, he gave the damsel pieces of silver till the natives watching on shore yelled with envy. My own canoe, a small dugout, which one day had rolled over with me, was seized by a party of fair bathers, and before I could get my breath, almost, was towed around and around the *Spray*, while I sat in the bottom of it, wondering what they would do next. But in this case there were six of them, three on a side, and I could not help myself. One of the sprites, I remember, was a young English lady, who made more sport of it than any of the others.

At Apia I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. A. Young, the father of the late Queen Margaret, who was Queen of Manua from 1891 to 1895. Her grandfather was an

English sailor who married a princess. Mr. Young is now the only survivor of the family, two of his children, the last of them all, having been lost in an island trader which a few months before had sailed, never to return. Mr. Young was a Christian gentleman, and his daughter Margaret was accomplished in graces that would become any lady. It was with pain that I saw in the newspapers a sensational account of her life and death, taken evidently from a paper in the supposed interest of a benevolent society, but without foundation in fact. And the startling head-lines saying, "Queen Margaret of Manua is dead," could hardly be called news in 1898, the queen having then been dead three years.

While hobnobbing, as it were, with royalty I called on the king himself, the late Malietoa. King Malietoa was a great ruler; he never got less than forty-five dollars a month for the job, as he told me himself, and this amount had lately been raised, so that he could live on the fat of the land and not any longer be called "Tin-of-salmon Malietoa" by graceless beach-combers.

As my interpreter and I entered the front door of the palace, the king's brother, who was viceroy, sneaked in through a taro-patch by the back way, and sat cowering by the door while I told my story to the king. Mr. W—— of New York, a gentleman interested in missionary work, had charged me, when I sailed, to give his remembrance to the king of the Cannibal Islands, other islands of course being meant; but the good King Malietoa, notwithstanding that his people have not eaten a missionary in a hundred years, received the message himself, and seemed greatly pleased to hear so direct from the publishers of the "Missionary Review," and wished me to make his compliments in return. His Majesty then excused himself, while I talked with his daughter, the beautiful Faamu-Sami (a name signifying "To make the sea burn"), and soon reappeared in the full-dress uniform of the German commander-in-chief, Emperor William himself; for, stupidly enough, I had not sent my credentials ahead that the king might be in full regalia to receive me. Calling a few days later to say good-by to Faamu-Sami, I saw King Malietoa for the last time.

Of the landmarks in the pleasant town of Apia, my memory rests first on the little school just back of the London Missionary Society coffee-house and reading-rooms, where Mrs. Bell taught English to about a hundred native children, boys and girls. Brighter children you will not find anywhere.

"Now, children," said Mrs. Bell, when I called one day, "let us show the captain that we know something about the Cape Horn he passed in the *Spray*," at which a lad of nine or ten years stepped nimbly forward and read Basil Hall's fine description of the great cape, and read it well. He afterward copied the essay for me in a clear hand.

Calling to say good-by to my friends at Vailima, I met Mrs. Stevenson in her Panama hat, and went over the estate with her. Men were at work clearing the land, and to one of them she gave an order to cut a couple of bamboo-trees for the *Spray* from a clump she had planted four years before, and which had grown to the height of sixty feet. I used them for spare spars, and the butt of one made a serviceable jib-boom on the homeward voyage. I had then only to take ava with the family and be ready for sea. This ceremony, important among Samoans, was conducted after the native fashion. A Triton horn was sounded to let us know when the beverage was ready,

SAMOAN SEA-NYMPHS AT PLAY.

and in response we all clapped hands. The bout being in honor of the *Spray*, it was my turn first, after the custom of the country, to spill a little over my shoulder; but having forgotten the Samoan for "Let the gods drink," I repeated the equivalent in Russian and Chinook, as I remembered a word in each, whereupon Mr. Osbourne pronounced me a confirmed Samoan. Then I said "Tofah!" to my good friends of Samoa, and all wishing the *Spray bon voyage*, she stood out of the harbor August 20, 1896, and continued on her course. A sense of loneliness seized upon me as the islands faded astern, and as a remedy for it I crowded on sail for lovely Australia, which was not a strange land to me; but for long days in my dreams Vailima stood before the prow.

The *Spray* had barely cleared the islands when a sudden burst of the trades brought her down to close reefs, and she reeled off one hundred and eighty-four miles the first day, of which I counted forty miles of current in her favor. Finding a rough sea, I swung her off free and sailed north of the Horn Islands, also north of Fiji instead of south, as I had intended, and coasted down the west side of the archipelago. Thence I sailed direct for New South Wales, passing south of New Caledonia, and arrived at Newcastle after a passage of forty-two days, mostly of storms and gales.

One particularly severe gale encountered near New Caledonia foundered the American clipper-ship *Patrician* farther south. Again, nearer the coast of Australia, when, however, I was not aware that the gale was extraordinary, a French mail-steamer from New Caledonia for Sydney, blown considerably out of her course, on her arrival reported it an awful storm, and to inquiring friends said: "Oh, my! we don't know what has become of the little sloop *Spray*. We saw her in the thick of the storm." The *Spray* was all right, lying to like a duck under a goose's wing mainsail, and had had a dry deck while the passengers on the great steamer, I heard afterward, were up to their knees in water in the saloon. When their ship arrived at Sydney they gave the captain a purse of gold for his skill and seamanship in bringing them safe into port. The captain of the *Spray* got nothing of this sort. In this gale I made the land about Seal Rocks, where the steamship *Catherton*, with many lives, was lost a short time before. I was many hours off the rocks, beating back and forth, but weathered them at last.

I arrived at Newcastle in the teeth of a gale of wind. It was a stormy season. The government pilot, Captain Cumming, met me at the bar, and with the assistance of a steamer carried my vessel to a safe berth. Many visitors came on board, the first being the United States consul, Mr. Brown. Nothing was too good for the *Spray* here. All government dues were remitted, and after I had rested a few days a port pilot with a tug carried her to sea again, and she made along the coast toward the harbor of Sydney, where she arrived on the following day, October 10, 1896.

I came to in a snug cove near Manly for the night, the Sydney harbor police-boat giving me a pluck into anchorage while they gathered data from an old scrap-book of mine, which seemed to interest them. Nothing escapes the vigilance of the New South Wales police; their reputation is known the world over. They made a shrewd guess that I could give them some useful information, and they were the first to meet me. Some one said they came to arrest me, and—well, let it go at that.

Summer was approaching, and the harbor of Sydney was blooming with yachts. Some of them came down to the weather-beaten *Spray* and sailed round her at Shelcote, where she took a berth for a few days. At Sydney I was at once among friends. The *Spray* remained at the various watering-places in the great port for several weeks, and was visited by many agreeable people, frequently by officers of H. M. S. *Orlando* and their friends. Captain Fisher, the commander, with a party of young ladies from the city and gentlemen belonging to his ship, came one day to pay me a visit in the midst of a deluge of rain. I never saw it rain harder even in Australia. But they were out for fun, and rain could not dampen their feelings however hard it poured. But, as ill luck would have it, a young gentleman of another party on board, in the full uniform of a very great yacht squadron, with brass buttons enough to sink him, stepping quickly to get out of the wet, tumbled holus-bolus, head and heels, into a barrel of water I had been coopering, and being a short man, was soon out of sight, and nearly drowned before he was rescued. It was the nearest to a casualty on the *Spray* in her whole course, so far as I know. The young man having come on board with compliments made the mishap most embarrassing. It had been decided by his club that the *Spray* could not be officially recognized, for the reason that she brought no letters from yacht clubs

THE ACCIDENT AT SYDNEY.

in America, and so I say it seemed all the more embarrassing and strange that I should have caught at least one of the members, in a barrel, and, too, when I was not fishing for yachtsmen.

The typical Sydney boat is a handy sloop of great beam and enormous sail-carrying power; but a capsize is not uncommon, for they carry sail like vikings. In Sydney I saw all manner of craft, from the smart steam-launch and sailing-cutter to the smaller sloop and canoe pleasuring on the bay. Everybody owned a boat. If a boy in Australia has not the means to buy him a boat he builds one, and it is usually one not to be ashamed of. The *Spray* shed her Joseph's coat, the Fuego mainsail, in Sydney, and wearing a new suit, the handsome present of Commodore Foy, she was flagship of the Johnstone's Bay Flying Squadron when the circumnavigators of Sydney harbor sailed in their annual regatta. They "recognized" the *Spray* as belonging to "a club of her own," and with more Australian sentiment than fastidiousness gave her credit for her record.

Time flew fast those days in Australia, and it was December 6, 1896, when the *Spray* sailed from Sydney. My intention was now to sail around Cape Leeuwin direct for Mauritius on my way home, and so I coasted along toward Bass Strait in that direction.

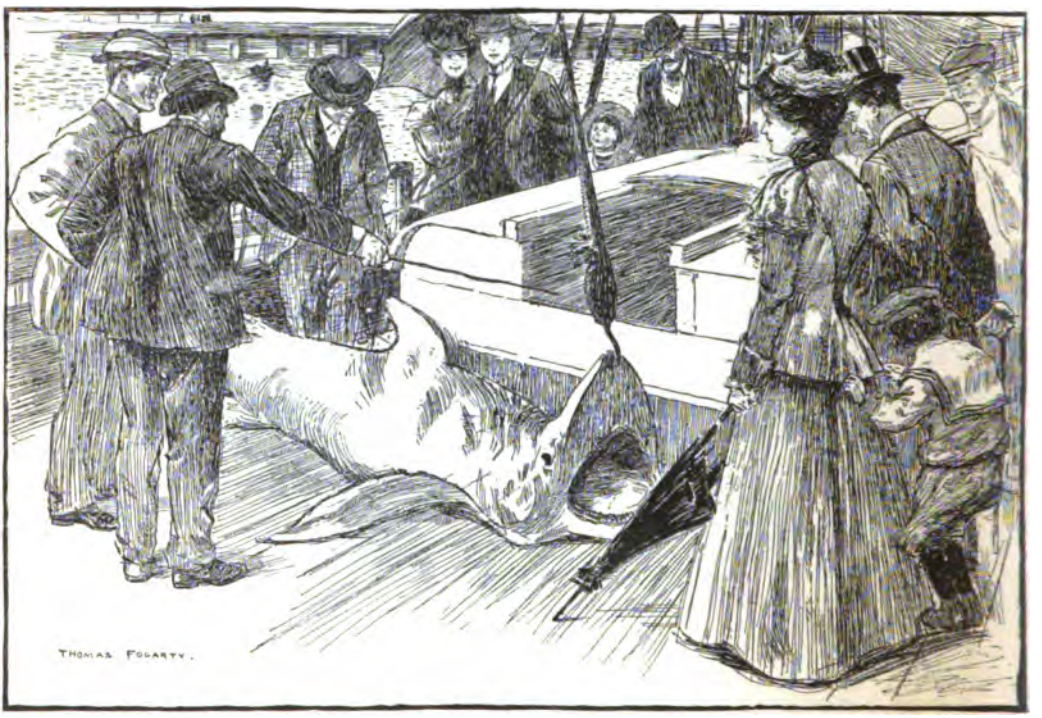
There was little to report on this part of the voyage, except changeable winds, "busters," and rough seas. The 12th of December, however, was an exceptional day, with a fine coast wind, northeast. The *Spray* early in the morning passed Twofold Bay and later Cape Bundooro in a smooth sea with land close aboard. The lighthouse on the cape dipped a flag to the *Spray's* flag, and children on the balconies of a cottage near the shore waved handkerchiefs as she passed by.

There were only a few people all told on the shore, but the scene was a happy one. I saw festoons of evergreen in token of Christmas, near at hand. I saluted the merrymakers, wishing them a "Merry Christmas," and could hear them say, "I wish you the same."

From Cape Bundooro I passed by Cliff Island in Bass Strait, and exchanged signals with the light-keepers while the *Spray* worked up under the island. The wind howled that day while the sea broke over their rocky home.

A few days later, December 17, the *Spray* came in close under Wilson's Promontory, again seeking shelter. The keeper of the light at that station, Mr. J. Clark, came on board and gave me directions for Waterloo Bay, about three miles to leeward, for which I bore up at once, finding good anchorage there in a sandy cove protected from all westerly and northerly winds.

Anchored here was the ketch *Secret*, a fisherman, and the *Mary* of Sydney, a steam ferry-boat fitted for whaling. The captain of the *Mary* was a genius, and an Australian genius at that, and smart. His crew, from a sawmill up the coast, had not one of them seen a live whale when they shipped; but they were boatmen after an Australian's own heart, and the captain had told them that to kill a whale was no more than to kill a rabbit. They believed him, and that settled it. As luck would have it, the very first one they saw on their cruise, although an ugly humpback, was a dead whale in no time, Captain Young killing the monster at a single thrust of a harpoon. It was taken in tow for Sydney, where they put it on exhibition. Nothing but whales interested the crew of the gallant *Mary*, and they spent most of their time gathering fuel on shore for a cruise on the grounds off Tasmania. Whenever the word "whale" was mentioned in the hearing of these men their eyes glistened with excitement.



THE SHARK ON THE DECK OF THE "SPRAY."

We spent three days in the quiet cove, listening to the wind outside. Meanwhile Captain Young and I explored the shores, visited abandoned miners' pits, and prospected for gold ourselves.

Our vessels, parting company the morning they sailed, stood away like seabirds each on its own course. The wind for a few days was moderate, and, with unusual luck of fine weather, the *Spray* made Melbourne Heads on the 22d of December, and, taken in tow by the steam-tug *Racer*, was brought into port.

Christmas day was spent at a berth in the

river Yarrow, but I lost little time in shifting to St. Kilda, where I spent nearly a month.

The *Spray* paid no port charges till she poked her nose into the custom-house, where, as in Pernambuco, she was charged tonnage dues, in this instance sixpence a ton on the gross. The collector exacted six shillings and sixpence, taking off nothing for the fraction under thirteen tons, her exact gross being 12.70 tons. I squared the matter by charging people sixpence each for coming on board, and when this business got dull I caught a shark and charged them sixpence each to look at that. The shark was twelve feet six inches in length, and carried a progeny of twenty-six, not one of them less than two feet in length. A slit of a knife let them out in a canoe full of water, which, changed constantly, kept them alive one whole day. In less than an hour from the time I heard of the ugly brute it was on deck and on exhibition, with rather more than the amount of the *Spray's* tonnage dues already collected. Then I hired a good Irishman, Tom Howard by name, who knew all about sharks, both on the land and in the sea, and could talk about them, to answer questions and lecture. When I found that I could not keep abreast of the questions I turned the responsibility over to him.

Returning from the bank, where I had been to deposit money early in the day, I found Howard in the midst of a very excited crowd, telling imaginary habits of the fish. It was a good show; the people wished to see it, and it was my wish that they should, but, owing to his over-stimulated enthusiasm, I was obliged to let Howard resign. The income from the show and the proceeds of the tallow I had gathered in the Strait of Magellan, the last of which I had disposed of to a German soap-boiler at Samoa, put me in ample funds.

January 24, 1897, found the *Spray* again in tow of the tug *Racer*, leaving Hobson's Bay after a pleasant time in Melbourne and St. Kilda, which had been protracted by a succession of southwest winds that seemed never-ending.

In the summer months, that is, December, January, February, and sometimes into March, east winds are prevalent through Bass Strait and round Cape Leeuwin; but owing to a vast amount of ice drifting up from the Antarctic, this was all changed now and emphasized with much bad weather, so much so that I considered it impracticable to pursue the course farther; therefore, instead of thrashing round cold and stormy Cape Leeuwin, I decided to spend a pleasanter and more profitable time in Tasmania, waiting for the season for favorable winds through Torres Strait, by the way of the Great Barrier Reef, the route I finally decided on. To sail this course would be taking advantage of anticyclones, which never fail, and besides it would give me the chance to put foot on the shores of Tasmania, round which I had sailed years before.

I should mention that while I was at Melbourne there occurred one of those extraordinary storms sometimes called "rain of blood," the first of the kind in many years about Australia. The "blood" came from a fine brick-dust matter afloat in the air from the deserts. A rain-storm setting in brought down this dust simply as mud; it fell in such quantities that a bucketful was collected from the sloop's awnings, which were spread at the time. When the wind blew hard and I was obliged to furl awnings, her sails, unprotected on the booms, got mud-stained from clue to earing.

The phenomena of dust-storms, well understood by scientists, are not uncommon on the coast of Africa. Reaching some distance out over the sea, they frequently cover the track of ships, as in the case of the one through which the *Spray* passed in the earlier part of her voyage. Sailors no longer regard them with superstitious fear, but our credulous brothers on the land cry out "Rain of blood!" at the first splash of the awful mud.

The rip off Port Phillip Heads, a wild place, was rough when the *Spray* entered Hobson's Bay from the sea, and was rougher when she stood out. But, with sea-room and under sail, she made good weather immediately after passing it. It was only a few hours' sail to Tasmania across the strait, the wind being fair and blowing hard. I carried the St. Kilda shark along, stuffed with hay, and disposed of it to Professor Porter, the curator of the Victoria Museum of Launceston, which is at the head of the Tamar; and for many a long day to come may be seen there the shark of St. Kilda. Alas! the good but mistaken people of St. Kilda, when the illustrated journals with pictures of my shark reached their news-stands, flew into a passion, and swept all papers containing mention of fish into the fire; for St. Kilda was a watering-place—and the idea of a shark *there!*

The *Spray* was berthed on the beach at a small jetty at Launceston while the tide driven in by the gale that brought her up the river was unusually high; and she lay there hard and fast, with not enough water

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

ON BOARD AT ST. KILDA. RETRACING ON THE CHART THE COURSE OF THE "SPRAY" FROM BOSTON.

around her at any time after to wet one's feet till she was ready to sail, and in order then to float her the ground was dug from under her keel.

In this snug place I left her in charge of three children, while I made journeys among the hills and rested my bones, for the coming voyage, on the moss-covered rocks at the gorge hard by, and among the ferns I found wherever I went. My vessel was well taken care of. I never returned without finding that the decks had been washed and that one of the children, my nearest neighbor's little girl from across the road, was at the gangway attending to visitors, while the others, a brother and sister, sold marine curios such as were in the cargo, on "ship's account." They were a bright, cheerful crew, and people came a long way to hear them tell the story of the voyage, and of the monsters of the deep "the captain had slain." I had only to keep myself away to be a hero of the first water; and it suited me very well to rusticate in the forests and among the streams while this went on.

February 1, 1897, on returning to my vessel I found waiting for me the letter of sympathy which I subjoin:

A lady sends Mr. Slocum the inclosed five-pound note as a token of her appreciation of his bravery in crossing the wide seas on so small a boat, and all alone, without human sympathy to help when danger threatened. All success to you.

To this day I do not know who wrote it or to whom I am indebted for the generous gift it contained. I could not refuse a thing so kindly meant, but promised myself to pass it on with interest at the first opportunity, and this I did before leaving Australia.

The season of fair weather around the north of Australia being yet a long way off, I sailed to other ports in Tasmania, where it is fine the year round, the first of these being Beauty Point, near which are Beaconsfield and the great Tasmania gold-mine, which I visited in turn. I saw much gray, uninteresting rock being hoisted out of the mine there, and hundreds of stamps crushing it into powder. People told me there was gold in it, and I believed what they said.

I remember Beauty Point for its shady forest and for the road among the tall gum-trees. While there the governor of New South Wales, Lord Hampden, and his family came in on a steam-yacht, sight-seeing. The *Spray*, anchored near the landing-pier, threw her bunting out, of course, and probably a more insignificant craft bearing the Stars and Stripes was never seen in those waters. However, the governor's party seemed to know why it floated there and all about the *Spray*, and when I heard his Excellency say, "Introduce me to the captain," or "In-

troduce the captain to me," whichever it was, I found myself at once in the presence of a gentleman and a friend, and one greatly interested in my voyage. If any one of the party was more interested than the governor himself, it was the Honorable Margaret, his daughter. On leaving, Lord and Lady Hampden decided to rendezvous with me on board of the *Spray* at the Paris Exposition in 1900. "If we live," they said, and I adding, for my part, "Dangers of the seas excepted."

From Beauty Point the *Spray* visited Georgetown, near the mouth of the river Tamar. This little settlement, I believe, marks the place where the first footprints were made by whites in Tasmania, though it never grew to be more than a hamlet.

Considering that I had seen something of the world, and finding people here interested in adventure, I talked the matter over before my first audience in a little hall by the country road. A piano having been brought in from a neighbor's, I was helped out by the severe thumping it got, and by a "Tommy Atkins" song from a strolling comedian. People came from a great distance, and the attendance all told netted the house about three pounds sterling. The owner of the hall, a kind lady from Scotland, would take no rent, and so my lecture from the start was a success.

From this snug little place I made sail for Devonport, a thriving place on the river Mersey, a few hours' sail westward along the coast, and fast becoming the most important port in Tasmania. Large steamers enter there now and carry away great cargoes of farm produce, but the *Spray* was the first vessel to bring the Stars and Stripes to the port, the harbor-master, Captain Murray, told me, and so it is written in the port records. For the great distinction the *Spray* enjoyed many civilities while she rode comfortably at anchor in her port-duster awning that covered her from stem to stern.

From the magistrate's house, "Malunnah," on the point, she was saluted by the Jack both on coming in and on going out, and dear Mrs. Aikenhead, the mistress of Malunnah, supplied the *Spray* with jams and jellies of all sorts, by the case, prepared from the fruits of her own rich garden—enough to last all the way home and to spare. Mrs. Wood, farther up the harbor, put up bottles of raspberry wine for me. At this point, more than ever before, I was in the land of good cheer. Mrs. Powell sent on board chutney prepared "as we prepare it in India." Fish and game were plentiful here, and the voice of the gobbler was heard, and from Pardo, farther up the country, came an enormous cheese; and yet people inquire: "What did you live on? What did you eat?"

I was haunted by the beauty of the landscape all about, of the natural ferneries then disappearing, and of the domed forest-trees on the slopes, and was fortunate in meeting a gentleman intent on preserving in art the beauties of his country. He presented me with many reproductions from his collection of pictures; also many originals to show my friends.

I was charged to tell the glories of Tasmania in every land and on every occasion. This was Dr. McCall, M. L. C. The doctor gave me useful hints on lecturing. It was not without misgivings, however, that I filled away on this new course, and I am free to say that it is only by the kindness of sympathetic audiences that my oratorical bark has been held on even keel. The kind doctor came to me soon after with words of approval, for, as in many other of my enterprises, I had gone about it at once and without second thought. "Man, man," said he, "great nervousness is only a sign of brain, and the more brain a man has the longer it takes him to get over the affliction; but," he added reflectively, "you will get over it." However, in my own behalf I think it only fair to say that I am not yet entirely cured.

The *Spray* was hauled out on the marine railway at Devonport and examined carefully top and bottom, but was found absolutely free from the destructive teredo, and sound in all respects. To protect her further against the ravage of these insects the bottom was coated once more with copper paint, for she would have to sail through the Coral and Arafura seas before refitting again. Everything was done to fit her for all the known dangers. But it was not without regret that I looked forward to the day of sailing from a country of so many pleasant associations. If there was a moment in my voyage when I could have given it up, it was there and then; but no vacancies for a better post being open, I weighed anchor April 16, 1897, and again put to sea.

The season of summer was then over; winter was rolling up from the south, with fair winds for the north. A foretaste of winter wind sent the *Spray* flying round Cape Howe and as far as Cape Bundooro farther along, which she passed on the following day, retracing her course northward. This was a fine run, and boded good for the long

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AIKENHEAD.

THE "SPRAY" IN HER PORT DUSTER AT DEVONPORT, TASMANIA, FEBRUARY 22, 1897.

voyage home from the antipodes. My old Christmas friends on Bundooro seemed to be up and moving when I came the second time by their cape, and we exchanged signals again, while the sloop sailed along as before in a smooth sea and close to the shore.

The weather was fine, with clear sky the rest of the passage to Port Jackson (Sydney), where the *Spray* arrived April 22, 1897, and anchored in Watson's Bay, near the heads, in eight fathoms of water. The harbor from the heads to Paramatta, up the river, was more than ever alive with boats and yachts of every class. It was, indeed, a scene of animation, hardly equaled in any part of the world.

A few days later the bay was flecked with tempestuous waves, and none but stout ships carried sail. I was in a neighboring hotel then, nursing a neuralgia which I had picked up alongshore, and had only that moment got a glance of just the stern of a large, unmanageable steamship passing the range of my window as she forged in by the point, when the bell-boy burst into my room shouting that the *Spray* had "gone bung." I tumbled out quickly, to learn that "bung" meant that a large steamship had run into her, and that it was the one of which I saw the stern; the other end of her hit the *Spray*. It turned out, however, that no damage was done beyond the loss of anchor and chain, which from the shock of the collision had parted at the hawse. I had nothing at all to complain of, though, in the end, for the captain, after he clubbed his ship, took the *Spray* in tow up the harbor, clear of all dangers, and sent her back again, in charge of an officer and three men, to her anchorage in the bay, with a polite note, saying he would repair any damages done. But what yawing about she made of it when she came with a stranger at the helm! Her old friend the pilot of the *Pinta* would not have been guilty of such lubberly work. But to my great delight they got her into a berth, and the neuralgia left me then, or was forgotten. The captain of the steamer, like a true seaman, kept his word, and his agent, Mr. Collishaw, handed me on the very next day the price of the lost anchor and chain, with something over, for anxiety of mind. I remember that he offered me twelve pounds at once; but my lucky number being thirteen, we made the amount thirteen pounds, which squared all accounts.

I sailed again, May 9, before a strong southwest wind, which sent the *Spray* gallantly on as far as Port Stevens, where it fell calm and then came up ahead; but the weather was fine, and so remained for many days, which was a great change from the state of the weather experienced here some months before.

Having a full set of admiralty sheet-charts of the coast and Barrier Reef, I felt easy in mind. Captain Fisher, R. N., who had steamed through the Barrier passages in H. M. S. *Orlando*, advised me from the first to take this route, and I did not regret coming back to it now.

The wind, for a few days after passing Port Stevens, Seal Rocks, and Cape Hawk, was light and dead ahead; but these points are photographed on my memory from the trial of beating round them some months before when bound the other way. But now, with

a good stock of books on board, I fell to reading day and night, leaving this pleasant occupation merely to trim sails or tack, or to lie down and rest, while the *Spray* nibbled at the miles. I tried to compare my state with that of old circumnavigators who sailed exactly over the route which I took from Cape Verde Islands or farther back to this point and beyond, but there was no comparison so far as I had got. Their hardships and romantic escapes—those of them who escaped death and worse sufferings—did not enter into my experience, sailing all alone around the world. For me is left to tell only of pleasant experiences, till finally my adventures are prosy and tame.

I had just finished reading some of the most interesting of the old voyages in woebegone ships, and was already near Port Macquarie, on my own cruise, when I made out, May 13, a modern dandy craft in distress, anchored on the coast. Standing in for her, I found that she was the cutter-yacht *Akbar*, which had sailed from Watson's Bay about three days ahead of the *Spray*, and that she had run at once into trouble. No wonder she did so. It was a case of babes in the wood or butterflies at sea. Her owner, on his maiden voyage, was all duck trousers; the captain, distinguished for the enormous yachtsman's cap he wore, was a Murrumbidgee[1] whaler before he took command of the *Akbar;* and the navigating officer, poor fellow, was as deaf as a post, and nearly as stiff and immovable as a post in the ground. These three jolly tars comprised the crew. None of them knew more about the sea or about a vessel than a newly born babe knows about another world. They were bound for New Guinea, so they said; perhaps it was as well that three tenderfeet, so tender as those, never reached that destination.

The owner, whom I had met before he sailed, wanted to race the poor old *Spray* to Thursday Island en route. I declined the challenge, naturally, on the ground of the unfairness of three young yachtsmen in a clipper against an old sailor all alone in a craft of coarse build; besides that, I would not on any account race in the Coral Sea.

"*Spray* ahoy!" they all hailed now. "What 's the weather goin' t' be, and don't you think we 'd better go back t' r-r-refit?"

I thought, "If ever you get back, don't refit," but I said: "Give me the end of a rope, and I 'll tow you into yon port farther along; and on your lives," I urged, "do not go back round Cape Hawk, for it 's winter to the south of it."

They purposed making for Newcastle under jury-sails; for their mainsail had been blown to ribbons, even the jigger had been blown away, and her rigging flew at loose ends. The *Akbar*, in a word, was a wreck.

"Up anchor," I shouted, "up anchor, and let me tow you into Port Macquarie, twelve miles north of this."

"No," cried the owner; "we 'll go back to Newcastle. We missed Newcastle on the way coming; we did n't see the light, and it was not thick, either." This he shouted very loud, and rather close, I thought, to the ear of the navigating officer, though ostensibly for my hearing. Again I tried to persuade them to be towed into the port of refuge so near at hand. It would have cost them only the trouble of weighing their anchor and passing me a rope; of this I assured them, but they declined even this, in sheer ignorance of a rational course.

"What is your depth of water?" I asked.

"Don't know; we lost our lead, but all the chain is out. We sounded with the anchor."

"Send your dinghy over, and I 'll give you a lead."

"We 've lost our dinghy, too," they cried.

"God is good, else you would have lost yourselves," and "Farewell," was all I could say.

The trifling service proffered by the *Spray* would have saved their vessel.

"Report us," they cried, as I stood on—"report us with sails blown away, and that we don't care a dash and are not afraid."

"Then there is no hope for you," and again "Farewell."

I promised I would report them, and did so at the first opportunity, and out of humane reasons I do so again. On the following day I spoke the steamship *Sherman*, bound down the coast, and reported the yacht in distress, and that it would be an act of humanity to tow her somewhere away from her exposed position on an open coast. That she did not get a tow from the steamer was from no lack of funds to pay the bill; for the owner, lately heir to a few hundred pounds, had the money with him. The proposed voyage to New Guinea was to look that island over with a view to its purchase. It was about eighteen days before I heard of the *Akbar* again, which was on the 31st of May, when I reached Cooktown, on the Endeavor River, where I found this news:

May 31, the yacht *Akbar*, from Sydney for New Guinea, three hands on board, lost at Crescent Head; the crew saved.

[1] The Murrumbidgee is a small river winding among the mountains of Australia, and would be the last place in which to look for a whale.

So it took them several days to lose the yacht, after all.

After speaking the distressed *Akbar* and the *Sherman*, the voyage for many days was uneventful save in the pleasant incident on May 16 of a chat by signal with the people on South Solitary Island, a dreary stone heap in the ocean just off the coast of New South Wales, in latitude 30° 12′ south.

"What vessel is that?" they asked, as the sloop came abreast of their island. For answer I tried them with the Stars and Stripes at the peak. Down came their signals at once, and up went the British ensign instead, which they dipped heartily. I understood from this that they made out my vessel and knew all about her, for they asked no more questions. They did n't even ask if the "voyage would pay," but they threw out this friendly message, "Wishing you a pleasant voyage," which at that very moment I was having.

May 19 the *Spray*, passing the Tweed River, was signaled from Danger Point, where those on shore seemed most anxious about the state of my health, for they asked if "all hands" were well, to which I could say, "Yes."

On the following day the *Spray* rounded Great Sandy Cape, and what is a notable event in every voyage, picked up the trade-winds, and these winds followed her now for many thousands of miles, never ceasing to blow from a moderate gale to a mild summer breeze, except at rare intervals.

From the pitch of the cape was a noble light seen twenty-seven miles; passing from this to Lady Elliott Light, which stands on an island as a sentinel at the gateway of the Barrier Reef, the *Spray* was at once in the fairway leading north. Poets have sung of beacon-light and of pharos, but did ever poet behold a great light flash up before his path on a dark night in the midst of a coral sea? If so, he knew the meaning of his song.

The *Spray* had sailed for hours in suspense, evidently stemming a current. Almost mad with doubt, I grasped the helm to throw her head off shore, when blazing out of the sea was the light ahead. "Excalabar!" cried "all hands," and rejoiced, and sailed on. The *Spray* was now in a protected sea and smooth water, the first she had dipped her keel into since leaving Gibraltar, and a change it was from the heaving of the misnamed "Pacific" Ocean.

The Pacific is perhaps, upon the whole, no more boisterous than other oceans, though

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

I feel quite safe in saying that it is not more pacific except in name. It is often wild enough in one part or another. I once knew a writer who, after saying beautiful things about the sea, passed through a Pacific hurricane, and became a changed man. But where, after all, would be the poetry of the sea were there no wild waves? At last here was the *Spray* in the midst of a sea of coral. The sea itself might be called smooth indeed, but coral rocks are always sharp and dangerous. I trusted now to the mercies of the Maker of all reefs, keeping a good lookout at the same time for perils on every hand.

But lo! the Barrier Reef, and the waters of many colors studded all about with enchanted islands! I behold among them many safe harbors, else my vision is astray. On the 24th of May, the sloop, having made one hundred and ten miles a day from Danger Point, now entered Whitsunday Pass, and that night sailed through among the islands. When the sun rose next morning I looked back and regretted having gone by while it

was dark, for the scenery far astern was varied and charming.

On the morning of the 26th Gloucester Island was close aboard, and the *Spray* anchored in the evening at Port Denison, where rests, on a hill, the sweet little town of Bowen, the future watering-place and health-resort of Queensland. The country all about here had a healthful appearance.

The harbor was easy of approach, spacious, and safe, and afforded excellent holding-ground. It was quiet in Bowen when the *Spray* arrived, and the good people with an hour to throw away on the second evening of her arrival came down to the School of Arts to talk about the voyage, it being the latest event. It was duly advertised in the two little papers, "Boomerang" and "Nully Nully," in the one the day before the affair came off, and in the other the day after, which was all the same to the editor, and, for that matter, it was the same to me.

Besides this, circulars were distributed with a flourish, and the "best bellman" in Australia was employed. But I could have keelhauled the wretch, bell and all, when he came to the door of the little hotel where my prospective audience and I were dining, and with his clattering bell and fiendish yell made noises that would awake the dead, all over the voyage of the *Spray* from "Boston to Bowen, the two Hubs in the cart-wheels of creation," so the "Boomerang" said.

Mr. Myles, magistrate, harbor master, land commissioner, gold warden, etc., was chairman, and introduced me, for what reason I never knew, except to embarrass me with a sense of vain ostentation and embitter my life, for Heaven knows I had met every person in town the first hour ashore. I knew them all by name now, and they all knew me. However, Mr. Myles was a good talker. Indeed, I tried to induce him to go on and tell the story while I showed the pictures, but this he refused to do. I may explain that it was a talk illustrated by stereopticon. The views were good, but the lantern, a thirty-shilling affair, was wretched, and had only an oil-lamp in it.

I sailed early the next morning before the papers came out, thinking it best to do so. They each appeared with a favorable column, however, of what they called a lecture, so I learned afterward, and they had a kind word for the bellman besides.

From Port Denison the sloop ran before the constant trade-wind, and made no stop at all, night or day, till she reached Cooktown, on the Endeavor River, where she arrived Monday, May 31, 1897, before a furious blast of wind encountered that day fifty miles down the coast. On this parallel of latitude is the high ridge and backbone of the trade-winds, which about Cooktown amount often to a hard gale.

I had been charged to navigate the route with extra care, and to feel my way over the ground. The skilled officer of the royal navy who advised me to take the Barrier Reef passage wrote me that H. M. S. *Orlando* steamed nights as well as days through it, but that I, under sail, would jeopardize my vessel on coral reefs if I undertook to do so.

Confidentially, it would have been no easy matter finding anchorage every night. The hard work, too, of getting the sloop under way every morning was finished, I had hoped, when she cleared the Strait of Magellan. Besides that, the best of admiralty charts made it possible to keep on sailing night and day. Indeed, with a fair wind, and in the clear weather of that season, the way through the Barrier Reef Channel, in all sincerity, was clearer than a highway in a busy city, and by all odds less dangerous. But to any one contemplating the voyage I would say, beware of reefs day or night, and on the land be wary still.

"The *Spray* came flying into port like a bird," said the longshore daily papers of Cooktown the morning after she arrived; "and it seemed strange," they added, "that only one man could be seen on board working the craft." The *Spray* was doing her best, to be sure, for it was near night, and she was in haste to find a perch before dark.

Tacking inside of all the craft in port, I moored the *Spray* at sunset nearly abreast the Captain Cook monument, and next morning went ashore to feast my eyes on the very stones the great navigator had seen, for I was now on a seaman's consecrated ground. But there seemed a question in Cooktown's mind as to the exact spot where his ship, the *Endeavor*, hove down for repairs on her memorable voyage round the world. Some said it was not at all at the place where the monument now stood. A discussion of the subject was going on one morning where I happened to be, and a young lady present turning to me as one of some authority in nautical matters, very flatteringly asked my opinion. Well, I could see no reason why Captain Cook, if he made up his mind to repair his ship inland, could n't have dredged out a channel to the place where the monument now stood, if he had a dredging-machine with him; for Captain Cook could do

'most anything, and nobody ever said that he had n't a dredger along. The young lady seemed to lean to my way of thinking, and following up the story of the historical voyage, asked if I had visited the point farther down the harbor where the great circumnavigator was murdered. This took my breath, but a bright school-boy coming along relieved my embarrassment, for, like all boys, seeing that information was wanted, he volunteered to supply it. Said he: "Captain Cook was n't murdered 'ere at all, ma'am; 'e was killed in Hafrica: a lion et 'im."

I think it was in 1866 that the old steamship *Soushay*, from Batavia for Sydney, put in at Cooktown for scurvy-grass, as I always thought, and "incidentally" to land mails. On her sick-list was my fevered self; and so I did n't see the place till I came back on the *Spray* thirty-one years later. And now I saw coming into port the physical wrecks of miners from New Guinea, destitute and dying. Many had died on the way and had been buried at sea. He would have been a hardened wretch who could look and not try to do something for them.

The sympathy of all went out to these sufferers, but the little town was already straitened from a long run on its benevolence. I thought of the matter, of the lady's gift to me at Tasmania, which I had promised myself I would keep only as a loan, but found now, to my embarrassment, that I had invested the money. However, the good Cooktown people wished to hear a story of the sea, and how the crew of the *Spray* fared when illness got aboard. Accordingly, the little Presbyterian church on the hill was opened for a conversation; everybody talked, and they made a roaring success of it. Judge Chester, the magistrate, was at the head of the gam, and so it was bound to succeed. He it was who annexed the island of New Guinea to Great Britain. "While I was about it," said he, "I annexed the blooming lot of it." There was a ring in the statement pleasant to the ear of an old voyager. However, the Germans made such a row over the judge's mainsail haul that they got a share in the venture.

Well, I was now indebted to the miners of Cooktown for the great privilege of adding a mite to a worthy cause, and to Judge Chester all the town was indebted for a general good time. The matter standing so, I sailed on June 6, 1897, heading away for the north as before.

Arrived at a very inviting anchorage about sundown, the 7th, I came to, for the night, abreast the Claremont light-ship. This was the only time throughout the passage of the Barrier Reef Channel that the *Spray* anchored, except at Port Denison and at Endeavor River. On the very night following this, however (the 8th), I regretted keenly, for an instant, that I had not anchored before dark, as I might have done easily under the lee of a coral reef. It happened in this way. The *Spray* had just passed M Reef light-ship, and left the light dipping astern, when, going at full speed, with sheets off, she hit the M Reef itself on the north end, where I expected to see a beacon.

She swung off quickly on her heel, however, and with one more bound on a swell cut across the shoal point so quickly that I hardly knew how it was done. The beacon was n't there. At least, I did n't see it. I had n't time to look for it after she struck, and certainly it did n't much matter then whether I saw it or not.

But this gave her a fine departure for Cape Greenville, the next point ahead. I saw the ugly boulders under the sloop's keel as she flashed over them, and I made a mental note of it that the letter M, for which the reef was named, was the thirteenth one in our alphabet, and that thirteen, as noted years before, was still my lucky number. The natives of Cape Greenville are notoriously bad, and I was advised to give them the go-by. Accordingly, from M Reef I steered outside of the adjacent islands, to be on the safe side. Skipping along now, the *Spray* passed Home Island, off the pitch of the cape, soon after midnight, and squared away on a westerly course. A short time later she fell in with a steamer bound south, groping her way in the dark and making the night dismal with her own black smoke.

(To be continued.)

OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

SECOND PAPER.

IV. PURITANISM AND THE DOUBLE ISSUE.

"THE greatest liberty of our kingdom is religion," said Pym, and Oliver Cromwell's place in history is due to the breadth with which he underwent this mastering impression of the time, and associated in his own person the double conditions, political and moral, of national advance. The conditions were twofold, but religion strikes the key-note. Like other movements, the course of the Reformation followed the inborn differences of human temperament, and in due time divided itself into a right wing and a left. Passion and logic, the two great working elements of revolutionary change, often over-hot the one, and narrow and sophistical the other, carry men along at different rates according to their natural composition, and drop them at different stages. Most go to fierce extremes; few hold on in the "quiet flow of truths that soften hatred, temper strife"; and for these chosen spirits there is no place in the hour of conflagration. In England the left wing of Protestantism was Puritanism, and Puritanism in its turn threw out an extreme left, with a hundred branches of its own. The history of Cromwell almost exactly covers this development from the steady-going doctrinal Puritanism that he found prevailing when he first emerged upon the public scene, down to the faiths of the hundred and seventy enthusiastic sects whom he left preaching and praying and warring behind him when his day was over.

In this long process, so extensive and so complicated,—an inter-related evolution of doctrine, discipline, manners, ritual, church polity, all closely linked with corresponding changes in affairs of civil government,—it is not easy to select a leading clue through the labyrinth. It is not easy to disentangle the double plot in church and state, nor to fix in a single formula that great twofold impulse, religious and political, under which Cromwell's age, and Cromwell the man of his age, marched toward their own ideals of purified life and higher citizenship. It is enough here to say in a word that in the Cromwellian period, when the ferment, at once so subtle and so tumultuous, had begun to clear, it was found that, though by no direct and far-sighted counsel of Cromwell's own, two new principles had struggled into recognized life upon English soil—the principle of toleration, and the principle of free or voluntary churches. These might both of them have seemed to be of the very essence of the Reformation, but, as everybody knows, free inquiry and free conscience, the twin pillars of Protestantism in its fundamental theory, were in practice hidden out of sight and memory, and, as we shall see, even Cromwell and his Independents shrank from the full acceptance of their own doctrines. The advance from the early to the later phases of Puritanism was not rapid. Heated as the effervescence was, its solid products were slow to disengage themselves. Only by steps did the new principles of toleration and the free church find a place even in the two most capacious understandings of the time—in the majestic reason of Milton and the vigorous and penetrating practical perceptions of Cromwell.

Puritanism meanwhile profited by the common tendency among men of all times to set down whatever goes amiss to something wrong in government. It is in vain for the most part that sage observers like Hooker try to persuade us that "these stains and blemishes, springing from the root of human frailty and corruption, will remain until the end of the world, what form of government soever take place." Mankind is by nature too restless, too readily indignant, too hopeful, too credulous of the unknown, ever to acquiesce in this. But the English Revolution of the seventeenth century was no mere ordinary case of a political opposition. The Puritans of the Cromwellian time were forced into a brave and energetic conflict against misgovernment in church and state. But it is to the honor of Puritanism in all its phases that it strove with unending constancy, by the same effort to pierce inward to those very roots of "human frailty and corruption" which are always the true cause of the worst mischiefs of an unregenerate

world. Puritanism came from the deeps. It was, like Stoicism, monasticism, Jansenism, even Mohammedanism, a manifestation of elements in human nature that are indestructible. It flowed from yearnings that make themselves felt in Eastern world and Western; it sprang from aspirations that breathe in men and women of many communions and faiths; it arose in instincts that seldom conquer for more than a brief season, and yet are never crushed. An ascetic and unworldly way of thinking about life, a rigorous moral strictness, the subjugation of sense and appetite, a coldness to every element in worship and ordinance external to the believer's own soul, a dogma unyielding as cast-iron—all these things satisfy moods and sensibilities in man that are often silent and fleeting, are easily drowned in reaction, but are readily responsive to the awakening voice.

History, as Döllinger has said, is no simple game of abstractions; men are more than doctrines. It is not a certain theory of grace that makes the Reformation: it is Luther, it is Calvin. Calvin shaped the mold in which the bronze of Puritanism was cast. That commanding figure, of such vast power, yet somehow with so little luster, by his unbending will, his pride, his severity, his French spirit of system, his gift for government, for legislation, for dialectic in every field, his incomparable industry and persistence, had conquered a more than pontifical ascendancy in the Protestant world. He meets us in England, as in Scotland, Holland, France, Switzerland, and the rising England across the Atlantic. He had died (1564) a generation before Cromwell was born, but his influence was still at its height. Nothing less than to create in man a new nature was his far-reaching aim, to regenerate character, to simplify and consolidate religious faith. His scheme comprehended a doctrine that went to the very root of man's relations with the scheme of universal things; a church order as closely compacted as that of Rome; a system of moral discipline as concise and as imperative as the code of Napoleon. He built it all upon a certain theory of the government of the universe, which by his agency has exerted an amazing influence upon the world. Such a theory might have been expected to sink men crouching and paralyzed into the blackest abysses of despair, and it has in fact been answerable for much anguish in many a human heart. Still Calvinism has proved itself a famous soil for rearing heroic natures. Founded on St. Paul and on Augustine, it was in a sentence this: that before the foundations of the world were laid, it was decreed by counsel secret to us that some should be chosen out of mankind to everlasting salvation, and others to curse and damnation; that, in the figure of the memorable passage of the Epistle to the Romans, as the potter has power over the clay, so men are fashioned by antemundane will, some to be vessels of honor and of mercy, others to be vessels of dishonor and of wrath; that the Potter has mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth. On this black granite of Fate, Predestination, and Foreknowledge absolute, the strongest of the Protestant fortresses all over the world were founded. Well might it have been anticipated that fatalism as unflinching as this would have driven men headlong into "desperation and wretchlessness of most unclean living." Yet that was no more the actual effect of the fatalism of St. Paul, Augustine, and Calvin than it was of the fatalism of the Stoics or of Mohammed. On the contrary, Calvinism exalted its votaries to a pitch of heroic moral energy that has never been surpassed; and men who were bound to suppose themselves moving in chains inexorably rivetted, along a track ordained by a despotic and unseen Will before time began, have yet exhibited an active courage, a resolute endurance, a cheerful self-restraint, an exulting self-sacrifice, that men count among the highest glories of the human conscience. It is interesting to think what is the secret of this strange effect of the doctrine of fatality; for that was the doctrine over which Cromwell brooded in his hours of spiritual gloom, and on which he nourished his fortitude in days of fierce duress, of endless traverses and toils. Is it, as some have said, that people embraced a rigorous doctrine because they were themselves by nature austere, absolute, stiff, just rather than merciful? Is it, in other words, character that fixes creed, or creed that fashions character? Or is there a bracing and an exalting effect in the unrewarded morality of Calvinism; in the doctrine that good works done in view of future recompense have no merit; in that obedience to duty for its own sake which, in Calvin as in Kant, has been called one of the noblest efforts of human conscience toward pure virtue? Or, again, is there something invigorating and inspiring in the thought of acting in harmony with eternal law, however grim; of being no mere link in a chain of

mechanical causation, but a chosen instrument in executing the sublime decrees of invincible power and infinite intelligence?

However we may answer all the insoluble practical enigmas that confronted the Calvinist, just as for that matter they confront the philosophic necessarian or determinist of to-day, Calvinism was the general theory through which Cromwell looked forth upon the world. That he ever argued it out, or was of a turn of mind for arguing it out, we need not suppose. Without ascending to those clouded and frowning heights, he established himself on the solid rock of Calvinistic faith that made their base.

In these metaphysics of belief the various sections of the Puritans were in the main agreed; but all through Cromwell's time we are also to think of a large group of very different questions floating through men's minds, sometimes vaguely, sometimes with precision, rising into prominence one day, dwindling away the next. At the heart of them all was the acceptance of the Bible as the sole authority, the one repository of all authentic tests, sources, and standards of doctrine, discipline, and ritual. No tradition, no early fathers, no official intermediaries, no human handiwork, to come between. This substitution of the book for the church was the essence of the Protestant revolt, and it was the essence of Cromwell's whole intellectual being. Like "the Christian Cicero," twelve centuries before, he said: "We who are instructed in the science of truth by the Holy Scriptures know the beginning of the world and its end."

Simplification is the key-word to the Reformation, as it is to every other revolution with a moral core. The vast fabric of belief, practice, and worship which the hosts of popes, doctors, schoolmen, founders of orders, the saints and sages in all their classes and degrees, had with strong brains and devout hearts built up in the life and imagination of so many centuries, was brought back to the ideal of a single simplified relation—God, the Bible, the conscience of the individual man, and nothing more nor beyond.

Cromwell's Bible was not what the Bible is to-day. Criticism, comparative, chronological, philological, historical, had not impaired its position as the direct word of God, a single book, one and whole, one page as inspired as another, one text as binding as another. Faith in the literal construction of the word was pushed to an excess as much resembling a true superstition or over-belief as anything imputed to the Catholics. Science had set up no reign of law, nor hinted a doubt on the probabilities of miraculous intervention. No physical theories had dimmed faith in acts of specific creation; the aërial perspective and vistas of time were very primitive. Whatever happened, great or small, was due to wrath or favor from above. They were tormented by no misgiving, as Ranke says, how "the secrets of divine things could be brought into such direct connection with the complications of human affairs." The God to whom Cromwell in heart as in speech appealed was no "stream of tendency," no "supernaturalistic hypothesis," but the Lord of Hosts of the Old Testament. The saints and Puritans were the chosen people. All the denunciations of the prophets against the oppressors of Israel were applied to the letter against bishops and princes. And Moses and Joshua, Gideon and Barak, Samson and Jephthah, were the antitypes of those who now in a Christian world thought themselves called, like those heroes of old time, to stop the mouths of lions and turn to flight the armies of the aliens.

Cromwell is never weary of proclaiming that the things that have come to pass have been the wonderful works of God, breaking the rod of the oppressor. Great place and business in the world, he says, is not worth looking after; he does not seek such things; he is called to them, and is not without assurance that the Lord will enable his poor worm to do his will and fulfil his generation. The vital thing is to fear unbelief, self-seeking, confidence in the arm of flesh, and opinion of any instruments that they are other than as dry bones. Of dogma he rarely speaks. Religion to him is not dogma, but communion with a Being apart from dogma. "Seek the Lord and his face continually," he writes to Richard Cromwell, his son; "let this be the business of your life and strength, and let all things be subservient and in order to this." To Richard Mayor, the father of his son's wife, he says: "Truly our work is neither from our own brains nor from our courage and strength; but we follow the Lord who goeth before, and gather what he scattereth, that so all may appear to be from him." "Bid your wife," he says to Fleetwood, the second husband of his daughter Bridget, "beware of a bondage spirit. Fear is the natural issue of such a spirit; the antidote is Love. The voice of Fear is: If I had done this, if I had avoided that, how well it had been with me! . . . Love argueth in this wise: What a Christ

have I; what a Father in and through him! . . . What God hath done, what he is to us in Christ, is the root of our comfort: in this is stability; in us is weakness." Such is ever the refrain, incessantly repeated, to his family, to the Parliament, on the homely occasions of domestic life, in the time of public peril, in the day of battle, in the day of crowning victory; this is the spirit by which his soul is possessed. All work is done by a divine leading. He expresses lively indignation with the Scottish ministers, because they dared to speak of the battle of Dunbar, that marvelous dispensation, that mighty and strange appearance of God's, as a mere "event." He warns the Irish that if they resist they must expect what the providence of God will cast upon them, "in that which is falsely called the Chance of War."

To displace Calvinism, the aims of Laud and of wiser men than Laud, required a new spiritual basis, and this was found in the doctrines of the Dutch Arminius. They had arisen in Holland at the beginning of the century, marking there a liberal and rationalist reaction against Calvinistic rigor, and they were now welcomed by the Laudians as bringing a needed keystone to the quaking double arch of church and state. Arminianism had been condemned at the Synod of Dort (1618–19); but as a half-way house between Catholicism on the one hand and Calvinism on the other, it met a want in the minds of a rising generation in England who disliked Rome and Geneva equally, and sought to found an Anglo-Catholic school of their own. Laud concerned himself much less with the theology than with the latent politics of Arminianism, and in fact he usually denied that he was an Arminian. He said, as many others might have said, that the question was one beyond his faculties. It was as statesman rather than as keeper of the faith that he discerned the bearings of the great Dutch heresy, which was to permeate the Church of England for many a generation to come. In Arminianism Predestination was countered by Free Will; implacable Necessity by room for merciful Contingency; Man the Machine by Man the self-determining agent, using means, observing conditions. How it is that these strong currents and cross-currents of divinity land men at the two antipodes in politics, we need not here attempt to trace. Unseen, non-logical, fugitive, and subtle are the threads and fine filaments of air that draw opinion to opinion. They are like the occult affinities of the alchemist, the curious sympathies of old physicians, or the attraction of hidden magnets. All history shows us how theological ideas abound in political aspects to match, and Arminianism, which in Holland had itself sprung into vogue in connection with the political dispute between Barneveld and Prince Maurice, rapidly became in England the corner-stone of faith in a hierarchy, a ceremonial church, and a monarchy. This is not the less true because in time the course of events drew some of the Presbyterian phalanx further away from Calvinism than they would have thought possible in earlier days, when, like other Puritans, they deemed Arminianism no better than a forecourt of popery, atheism, Socinianism, and all the other unholy shrines. To the student of opinions viewing the theological controversy of Cromwell's time with impartial eye it is clear that, while Calvinism inspired incomparable energy, concentration, resolution, the rival doctrine covered a wider range of human nature, sounded more abiding depths, and comprehended better all the many varied conditions under which the "poor worm" of Calvin and of Cromwell strives to make the best of itself and to work out the destinies of its tiny day. "Truth," said Arminius, "even theological truth, has been sunk in a deep well, whence it cannot be drawn forth without much effort." But these pensive sayings are ill suited for a time when the naked sword is out of the sheath. Each side believed that it was at least the possessor of truth enough to fight for; and what is peculiar in the struggle is that each party and subdivision of a party, from King Charles down to the Leveler and the Fifth Monarchy Man, held his ideal of a church inseparably bound up with his ideal of the rightly ordered state.

V. THE INTERIM.

WENTWORTH said in his early days that it was ill contending with the king outside of Parliament. Acting on this maxim, the popular leaders, with the famous exception of Hampden, watched the king's despotic courses for eleven years without much public question. Duties were levied by royal authority alone. Monopolies were extended over all the articles of most universal consumption. The same sort of inquisition into title that Wentworth had practised in Ireland was applied in England, under circumstances of less enormity, yet so oppressively that the

DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

SIGNING THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL COVENANT IN GREYFRIARS CHURCHYARD, EDINBURGH.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY S. G. PUTNAM FROM THE PAINTING BY SEYMOUR LUCAS.

THE KING'S MESSENGER.

people of quality and honor, as Clarendon calls them, upon whom the burden of such proceedings mainly fell, did not forget it when the day of reckoning came. The Star Chamber, the Council, and the Court of High Commission, whose province affected affairs ecclesiastical, widened the area of their arbitrary jurisdiction, invaded the province of the regular courts, and inflicted barbarous punishments. Everybody knows the cases of Leighton, of Lilburne, of Prynne, Burton, and Bastwick; how for writing books against prelacy, or play-acting, or Romish innovations by church dignitaries, men of education and learned professions were set in the pillory, had their ears cut off, their noses

slit, their cheeks branded, were heavily fined, and flung into prison for so long as the king chose to keep them there.

Even these gross outrages on personal right did less to rouse indignation than the exaction of ship-money; nor did the exaction of the impost itself create so much alarm as the doctrines advanced by servile judges in its vindication, using "a logic that left no man anything that he might call his own." The famous Italian who has earned so bad a name in the world for lowering the standards of public virtue and human self-esteem said that men sooner forget the slaying of a father than the taking of their property. But Charles, with the best will to play the Machiavellian if he had only known how, never more than half learned the lessons of the part. But he believed, indeed, that he had found in ship-money not only a source of supply for the navy, of which he had a special care, but what Clarendon calls "a spring and magazine that should have no bottom, and an everlasting supply of all occasions." This would have rid him once for all of the mastery of parliaments.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALKER & BOUTALL OF THE PORTRAIT BY C. JANSSEN IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SIR EDWARD COKE.

The general alarms led to passive resistance in Essex, Devonshire, Oxfordshire. A stout-hearted merchant of the City of London brought the matter on a suit for false imprisonment before the King's Bench. Here one of the judges actually laid down the doctrine that there is a rule of law and a rule of government, and that many things which might not be done by the rule of law may be done by the rule of government. In other words, law must be tempered by reason of state, which is as good as to say no law. With more solemnity the lawfulness of the tax was argued in the famous case of John Hampden for a fortnight (1637) before the twelve judges in the Exchequer Chamber. The result was equally fatal to that principle of no taxation without assent of Parliament to which the king had formally subscribed in passing the Petition of Right. The decision against Hampden contained the startling propositions that no statute can bar a king of his regality; that statutes taking away his royal power in defense of his kingdom are void; that the king has an absolute authority to dispense with any law in cases of necessity, and of this necessity he alone must be the judge. This decision has been truly called one of the great events of English history.

All this was manifestly nothing less than revolution. Such decisions, as Strafford argued, made the king absolute at home and very formidable abroad. For if he could impose a tax for a navy, why should he not impose one for the army; and if he could levy an army to resist invasion, why should he not carry the army abroad to prevent invasion? So completely was the despotic scheme worked out, if not in the mind of the king, at least in the stronger will of his powerful adviser. Both the system of government and its temper were designated by Strafford and Laud under the cant watchword of Thorough. As a system it meant personal rule in the state and an authority beyond the law-courts in the church. As denoting political temper it meant the prosecution of the system through thick and thin, without fainting or flinching, without half-measures or timorous stumbling; it meant vigilance, dexterity, and, above all, relentless energy. Such was Thorough. The counter-

SIR HARRY VANE.
AFTER A PORTRAIT BY SIR PETER LELY.

GEORGE DIGBY, EARL OF BRISTOL.
AFTER A PORTRAIT BY VAN DYCK.

PORTRAIT OF LORD FALKLAND.
FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING AT CHEQUERS COURT, BY PERMISSION OF MRS. RUSSELL-ASTLEY.

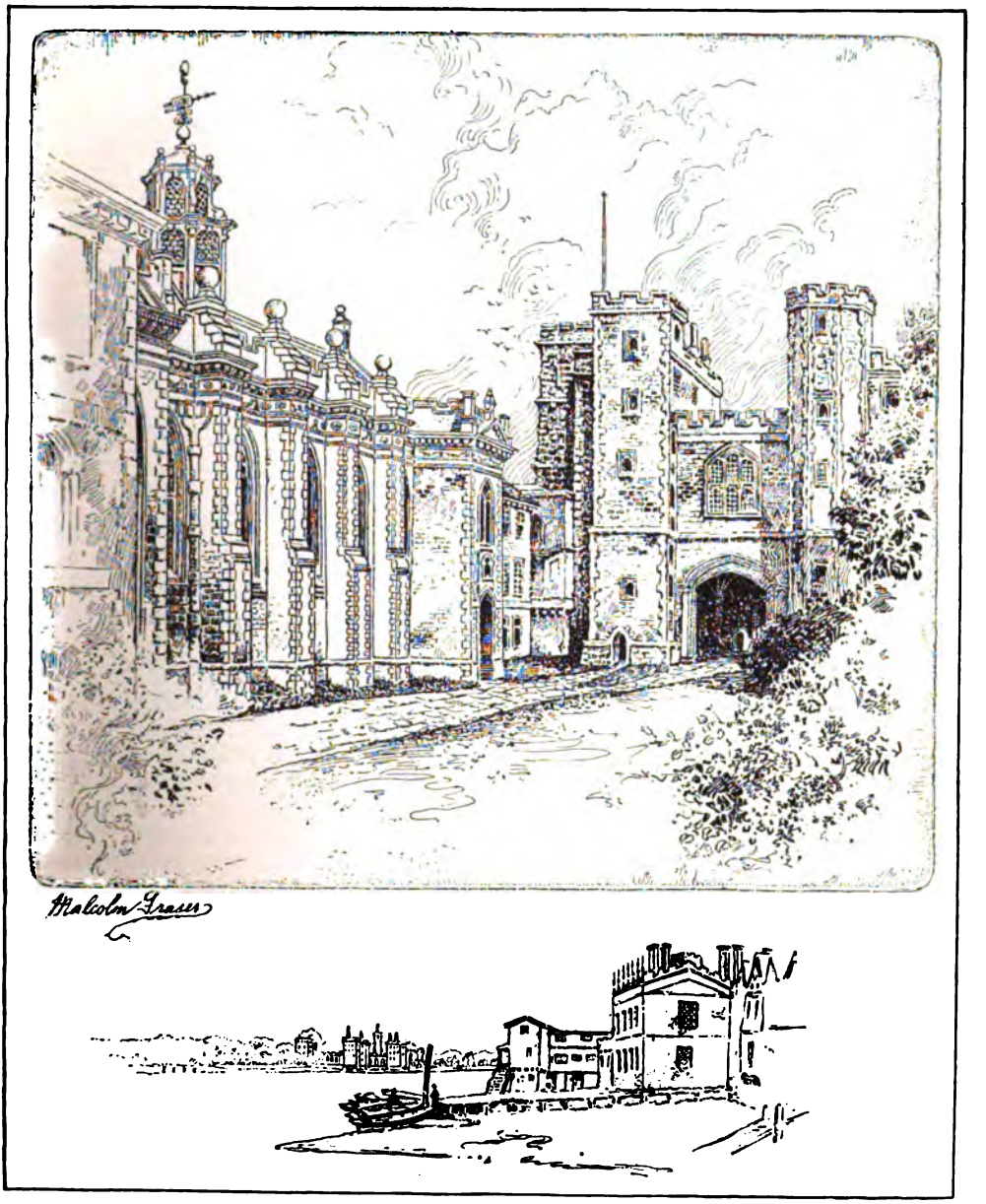
JOHN HAMPDEN.
AFTER AN OLD PRINT IN THE COLLECTION OF THE ART FOR SCHOOLS ASSOCIATION, LONDON.

EDWARD HYDE, FIRST EARL OF CLARENDON.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALKER & BOUTALL OF THE PORTRAIT BY GERARD SOEST IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

JOHN PYM.
AFTER A PORTRAIT BY C. JANSSEN IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

JOHN SELDEN.
AFTER A PORTRAIT BY LELY, ENGRAVED BY VERTUE.

watchword was as good. If this was the battle-cry of the court, Root-and-Branch gradually became the inspiring principle of unbroken silence. Of Cromwell we have hardly a glimpse, and he seems to have taken the long years of interregnum as



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

1. THE COURTYARD OF LAMBETH PALACE, WITH THE HALL GATEWAY. FROM A PRINT OF 1806.
2. PART OF THE OLD WHITEHALL PALACE AND WHITEHALL STAIRS, WITH LAMBETH PALACE ACROSS THE THAMES. FROM AN ENGRAVING BY HOLLAR.

reform as it unconsciously drifted into revolution. But things went very slowly.

It is a remarkable fact that the country in the face of this conspiracy against law and usage lay still. No active resistance was attempted or even whispered. Pym kept patiently as most of his neighbors. After some short unquietness of the people, says Clarendon, and some forward and obstinate disturbances in trade upon the dissolution in 1629, "there quickly followed so excellent a composure throughout the whole kingdom

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

PRESENT ASPECT OF WESTMINSTER HALL, WHERE PARLIAMENT SAT IN THE TIME OF CROMWELL.

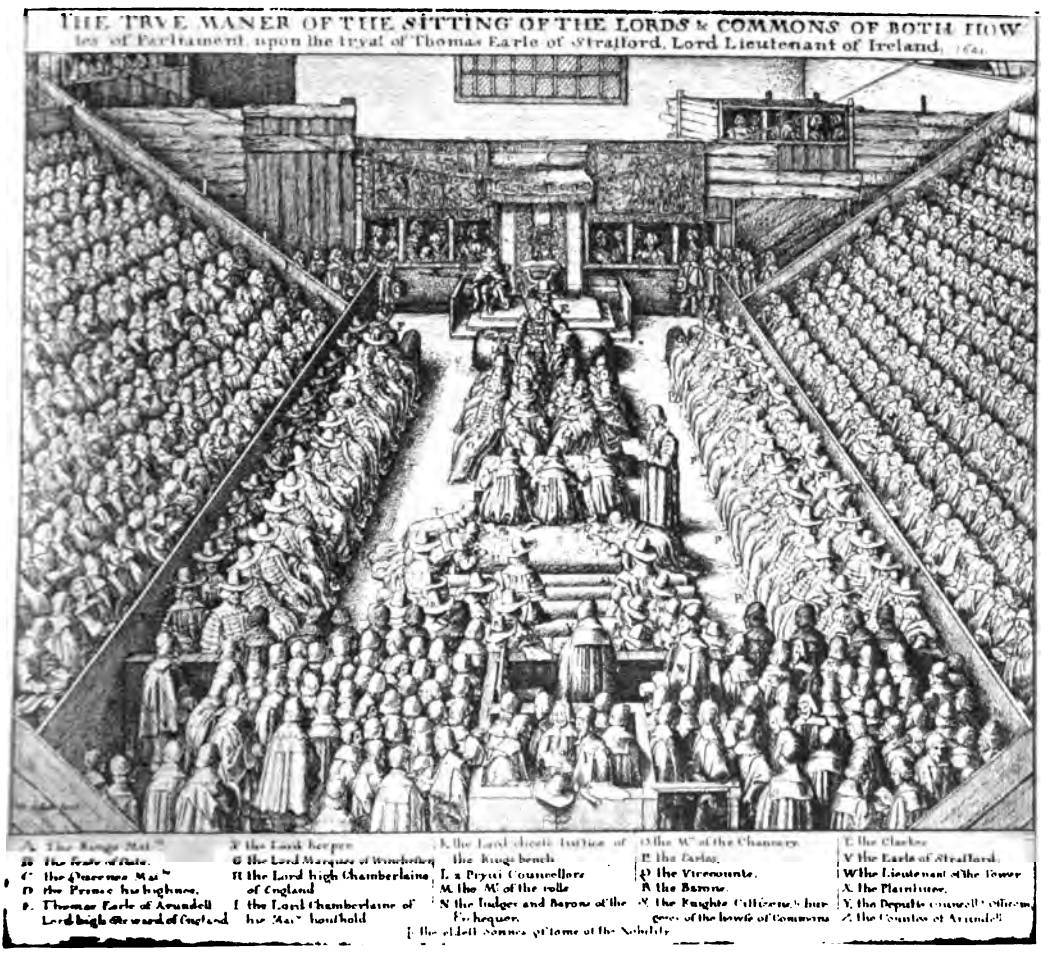
that the like peace and tranquillity for ten years was never enjoyed by any nation. During the whole time that these pressures were exercised, and those new and extraordinary ways were run, this kingdom enjoyed the greatest calm and the fullest measure of felicity that any people in any age for so long time together have been blessed with, to the wonder and envy of all the parts of Christendom." All the facts, as we follow them year by year, support this view. In truth the notion that Englishmen have ever been restlessly inclined to change, though often favored by conservatives to awaken what they think salutary alarms, and by liberals to keep their own spirits up, has no foundation. As we shall see, when, after eleven years of misgovernment, a Parliament was chosen, it was found too moderate for its work.

It was in his native country that Charles first came into direct conflict with the religious fervor that was to destroy him. It only needed a spark to set in flames the fabric that king and archbishop strove to rear. This spark flew over the border from Scotland, where Charles and Laud played with fire. John Knox had persuaded his countrymen in the previous century to accept the doctrines of Calvin and to organize their Reformed church on the model of Geneva. In Scotland the Reformation had been a popular movement, springing from new and deepened religious experience and sense of individual responsibility in the hearts and minds of the common people. Bishops had not ceased to exist, but their authority was little more than shadow. By the most fatal of the many infatuations of his life, Charles tried (1637) to make the shadow substance, and to introduce canons and a service-book framed by Laud and his friends in England. Infatuation as it was, policy was the prompter. Charles, Strafford, and Laud all felt that the bonds between the three kingdoms were dangerously loose, slender, troublesome, and uncertain. As Cromwell, too, perceived when his time came, these three understood the need for union on closer terms between England, Scotland, and Ireland, and, in accordance with the mental fashion of the time, they regarded ecclesiastical uniformity as the key to political unity. Some Scottish historians have held that the royal innovations might have secured silent and gradual acquiescence in time, if no compulsion had been used. "What an open and determined line of conduct so signally failed to accomplish might perhaps too easily have been secured by

passive forbearance" (D. Laing). Patience is the last lesson that statesmen and rulers can be brought to learn. The rugged Scots, as it was, broke out in violent revolt, and it spread like flame through their kingdom. Almost the whole nation hastened to subscribe that famous National Covenant (February 27, 1638), which, even as we read it in these cool and far-off days, is still vibrating and alive with all the passion, the faithfulness, the wrath that inspired the thousands of stern fanatics who set their hands to it. Its fierce enumeration of the abhorred doctrines and practices of Rome, its scornful maledictions on them, are hot with the same lurid flames as glow in the retaliatory lists of heresy issued from Rome itself. It is in this National Covenant of 1638 that we find ourselves at the heart and central fire of militant Puritanism of the seventeenth century.

It is a curious thing that people in England were so little alive to what was going on in Scotland until the storm broke. Nobody cared to know anything about Scotland, and they were both more interested and better informed as to what was passing in Germany or Poland than what happened across the border. The king handled Scotch affairs himself, with two or three of the Scotch nobles, and things had come to extremities before he opened them either to his counselors or to the public in England. Meanwhile, the clause in the Covenant against intending any diminution of the king's power speedily received qualifications that were easy to foresee. An armed force was set in motion toward the border.

The king had advanced to York, and there heard such news of the obstinacy of the rebels, of the disaffection of his own men to the quarrel, and of mischief that might follow from too close intercourse between Scots and English, that in his bewilderment he sanctioned the pacification of Berwick (June,



FROM A CONTEMPORARY PRINT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM OF A COPPERPLATE DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY HOLLAR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALKER & BOUTALL OF THE COPY IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY OF THE ORIGINAL BY VAN DYCK.

THOMAS WENTWORTH, EARL OF STRAFFORD.

1639). Disputes arose upon its terms; the Scots stubbornly extended their demands; Richelieu secretly promised help. Charles summoned Strafford to his side from Ireland, and that haughty counselor told him that the Scots must be whipped into their senses again. Then (March, 1640) he crossed back to Ireland for money and troops. War between the king and his Scots was now certain, and it was the necessities of this war that led to the first step in saving the freedom of England.

VI. THE SHORT PARLIAMENT.

In 1640 the king, in straits that left him no choice, sought aid from Parliament. The Short Parliament, that now assembled, definitely opens the first great chapter of the Rebellion. After twenty years the Restoration closed it. Eighteen of these years are the public life of Cromwell. The movement, it is true, that seemed to begin in 1640, itself flowed from forces that had been slowly gathering since the death of Elizabeth, just as the Restoration, closing one chapter, prepared another that ended in 1688. But the twenty years from 1640 to 1660 mark a continuous journey, with definite beginning and end. The first act of the revolutionary play cannot be judged or understood until the curtain has fallen on the fifth. France, a century and more after, marched along a blood-stained road in a period that likewise extended not very much over twenty years, from the calling of the States-General, in 1789, through consulate and empire, to Moscow and to Leipsic. Only time tells all.

In a fine figure the greatest of Roman poets paints the struggle of warrior hosts upon the plain, the gleam of burnished arms, the fiery wheeling of the horse, the charges that thunder on the ground. But yet, he says, there is a tranquil spot on the far-off heights whence all the scouring legions seem as if they stood still, and all the glancing flash and confusion of battle as if it were blended in a sheet of steady flame.[1] So history makes the shifting things seem fixed. Posterity sees a whole. With the statesman in revolutionary times it is not so. Through decisive moments that seemed only trivial, and by important turns that seemed indifferent, he explores dark and untried paths, groping his way through a jungle of vicissitude, ambush, stratagem, expedient; a match for fortune in all her moods, lucky if now and again he catches a glimpse of the polar star.

[1] Lucretius, ii. 323-332.

Such is the case of Cromwell. It is well to cherish what has been rightly called history's "serene and soothing touch"; but we may not forget the torrid air of revolutionary times, the blinding sand-storms of faction, the suspicions, jealousies, and hatreds, the distortions of mood and aim, the fierce play of living passions, that put an hourly strain of untold intensity on the constancy, the prudence, and the valor of a revolutionary leader.

Cromwell was chosen one of the two members for the borough of Cambridge, "the greatest part of the burgesses being present in the hall." The Short Parliament sat only for three weeks (April 13–May 5), and its first proceeding disclosed that eleven years had not cooled the quarrel. But the new Parliament was essentially moderate and loyal, and this, as I have said, is another proof how little of general exasperation the eleven years of misrule without a Parliament had produced. The veteran Coke was dead. Wentworth, from firm friend, had turned fierce enemy. Sir John Eliot was gone. The rigors of his prison-house in the Tower could not break his dauntless spirit, but they killed him. The king knew well what he was doing, and even carried his vindictiveness beyond death. Eliot's young son petitioned the king that he might carry the remains to Cornwall to lie with those of his ancestors. Charles wrote on the petition: "Let Sir John Eliot's body be buried in the parish of that church where he died." His ashes lay unmarked in the chapel of the Tower.

Eliot's comrades were left with Pym at their head, and before long they warned the king, in words destined to bear a terrible meaning, that Eliot's blood still cried for vengeance or for repentance. The case had to some extent passed out of the hands of the lawyers, like Selden, and antiquaries, like Cotton. Burke, in dealing with the American Revolution, makes some weighty comments upon the fact that the greater number of the deputies sent to the first Revolutionary Congress were lawyers; and the legal character of the vindication of civil freedom, from the accession of James I or earlier, was not wholly lost at Westminster until the death of Charles I. But just as the lawyers had eclipsed the authority of the churchmen, so now they were themselves displaced by country gentlemen with gifts of parliamentary statesmanship. Of this new type Pym was a commanding instance. Pym was not below Eliot in zeal, and he was better than Eliot in measure, in judg-

ment, and in sagacious instinct for action. He instantly sounded the note. The redress of grievances must go before the grant of a penny either for the Scotch war or anything else. The claim of Parliament over prerogative was raised in louder tones than had ever been heard in English constitutional history before. The king supposed that his proof that the Scots were trying to secure aid from France would kindle the flame of old national antipathies. England loved neither Frenchmen nor Scots. Nations, for that matter, do not often love one another. But the English leaders knew the emergency, knew that the cause of the Scots was their own, and were as ready to seek aid from Frenchmen as their successors, a generation later, were to seek aid from Dutchmen.[1] The perception every hour became clearer that the cause of the Scots was the cause of England, and with wise courage they resolved to address the king against a war with his Scottish subjects. When this intention reached his ears, though he must have foreseen a move so certain to fit the Parliamentary tactics of the hour, Charles flew into a passion, called a council for six o'clock the next morning, and, apparently with not more than the hesitating approval of Strafford, hurriedly determined to dissolve the Parliament. As usual with him, this important decision was due to levity, and not to calculation. Before night he found out his mistake, and was impatiently asking whether he could not recall the body that he had just dismissed.

The spirits of his opponents rose. Things, they argued, must be worse before they could be better. This Parliament, they said, would never have done what was necessary to be done. Another Parliament was inevitable; then their turn at last would come; then they would meet the king and his ministers with their own daring watchword; then in good earnest they would press on for Thorough in another and an unexpected sense. Meanwhile for six months the king's position became every day more desperate. All the wheels of prerogative were set in motion to grind out gold. The sheriffs and the bailiffs squeezed only driblets of ship-money. Even the judges grew uneasy. Charles urged the City for loans, and threw aldermen into prison for refusing; but the City was the Puritan stronghold, and was not to be frightened. He begged from France, from Spain, from the moneyed men of Genoa, and even from the Pope of Rome. But neither pope nor king nor banker would lend to a borrower who had no security, financial, military, or political. He tried to debase the coinage, but people refused in fury to take copper for silver or threepence for a shilling.

It was idle for Strafford to tell either the London citizens or the Privy Council of the unsparing devices by which the King of France filled his treasury. Whether, if Charles had either himself possessed the iron will, the capacious grasp, the deep craft and policy of Richelieu, or had committed himself wholly into the hands of Strafford, who was endowed with some of Richelieu's essentials of mastery, the final event would have been different, is an interesting problem for historic rumination. As it was, the whole policy of Thorough fell into ruins. The trained bands were called out, and commissions of array were issued, but they only spread distraction. The Convocation of the clergy heightened the general irritation, not only by continuing, against the constitution, to sit after the Parliament had disappeared, but by framing new canons about the eastern position and other vexed points of ceremony; by proclaiming the order of kings to be sacred and of divine right; and finally by winding up their unlawful labors with the imposition upon large orders of important laymen of an oath never to assent to alter the government of the church "by archbishops, bishops, deans, etc."—an unhappy and random conclusion that provoked much rude anger and derision. This proceeding raised in its most direct form the central question whether, under cover of the royal supremacy, the clergy were to bear rule independent of Parliament. Even Laud never carried impolicy further. Rioters threatened the palace at Lambeth, and the archbishop, though he was no coward, was forced to flee for refuge to Whitehall. Meanwhile the king's military force, disaffected, ill disciplined, ill paid, and ill accoutred, was no match for the invaders. The Scots crossed the Tyne, beat the English at Newburn, occupied Newcastle, and pushed on to Durham and the Tees. There seemed to be nothing to hinder their march to London. In London, wrote an observer, people were as distracted as if the day of judgment were hourly expected.

Charles again recalled Strafford from Ireland, and that courageous genius acquired as much ascendancy as the levity of the king could allow. Never came any man, he says,

[1] Pym protested to the French minister in London his zeal for the interests of France, just as Sydney did later (Cousin, "Mme. de Chevreuse," p. 167 n.).

to so lost a business: the army altogether unexercised and unprovided of all necessaries, the horse all cowardly, a universal affright in all, a general disaffection to the king's service, none sensible of his dishonor. Nothing could be gloomier. "I had the honor," said Strafford, in his caustic style, "to be of his Majesty's Privy Council; yet I was not of the Almighty's, to undertake to bespeak the event of war beforehand." A Parliament could not be avoided, as Pym and his friends had foreseen, and they brought to bear, both through their allies among the peers and by great popular petitions, a pressure that Charles was powerless to resist. On the very eve of the great resolve, the king had some reason to suspect that what had already happened in Scotland might easily happen in England, and if he did not himself call a Parliament, one would be held without him.

The calling of the Parliament marked for the king his first great humiliation. The depth of the humiliation made future conflict only more certain. Everybody knew that, even without any deep-laid or sinister design, Charles's own instability of nature, the secret convictions of his conscience, the intrinsic plausibilities of ancestral kingship, and the temptation of accident, would surely draw him on to try his fortune again. What was in appearance a step toward harmonious coöperation for the good government of the three kingdoms was in truth the set opening of a desperate pitched battle, and it is certain that neither king nor Parliament had ever counted up the chances of the future. Probably most of the political contests of history have been undertaken upon the like uncalculating terms.

VII. THE LONG PARLIAMENT—CROMWELL IN HIS FORTY-SECOND YEAR.

THE elections showed how Charles had failed to gage the humor of his people. Nearly three hundred of the four hundred and ninety members who had sat in the Short Parliament were chosen over again. Not one of those who had then made a mark in opposition was rejected, and the new members were believed almost to a man to belong in one degree or another to the popular party. Of the five hundred names that made up the roll of the House of Commons at the beginning of the Long Parliament, the counties returned only ninety-one, while the boroughs returned four hundred and five, and it was in the boroughs that hostility to the policy of the court was sharpest. Yet few of the Commons belonged to the trading class. It could not be otherwise when more than four fifths of the population lived in the country, when there were only four considerable towns outside of London, and when the rural classes were supreme. A glance at the list shows us Widdringtons and Fenwicks from Northumberland; Curzons from Derbyshire; Curwens from Cumberland; Ashtons, Leighs, Shuttleworths, Bridgmans, from Lancashire; Lyttons and Cecils from Herts; Derings and Knatchbulls from Kent; Ingrams, Wentworths, Cholmeleys, Danbys, Fairfaxes, from the thirty seats in Yorkshire; Grenvilles, Edgcombes, Bullers, Rolles, Godolphins, Vyvyans, Northcotes, Trevors, Carews, from the four-and-forty boroughs of Cornwall. These and many another historic name make the list to-day read like a catalogue of the existing county families, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the House of Lords now contains a smaller proportion of ancient blood than the famous lineages that figure in the roll of the great revolutionary House of Commons. It was essentially an aristocratic and not a popular house, as became only too clear five or six years later, when Levelers and Soldiers came into the field of politics. It must not be forgotten that the old baronage had been reduced below fifty at the accession of James I; he doubled their number, partly for money and partly with a view of strengthening the crown against the advancing invasion of the Commons. But there seems to have been no difference between old baronage and new in antagonism to the designs of the king and his two chief counselors.

The Long Parliament was made up of the very flower of the English gentry and the educated laity. It is curious how many of the leaders came from that ancient seat of learning which was so soon to become, as it for so long remained, the center of all who held for church and king. Selden was a member for the University of Oxford, and Pym, Fiennes, Marten, Vane, were all of them Oxford men, as well as Hyde, Falkland, Digby, and others who in time passed over to the royal camp. A student of our day has remarked that these men collectively represented a larger relative proportion of the best intellect of the country, of its energy and talents, than is looked for now in the House of Commons. It is, at any rate, true that of Englishmen then alive and of mature powers only two famous names are missing,

Milton and Hobbes. When the Parliament opened, Dryden was a boy at Westminster School; the future author of "Pilgrim's Progress," a lad of twelve, was mending pots and kettles in Bedfordshire; and Locke, the future defender of the emancipating principles that now put on practical shape and power, was a boy of eight. Newton was not born until 1642, a couple of months after the first clash of arms at Edgehill.

In the early days of the Rebellion, the peers had work to do not any less important than the Commons, and for a time, though they had none of the spirit of the old barons at Runnymede, they were in tolerable agreement with the views and temper of the lower house. The temporal peers were a hundred and twenty-three, and the lords spiritual twenty-six, of whom, however, when the Parliament got really to business, no more than eighteen remained. Alike in public spirit and in attainments the average of the House of Lords was undoubtedly high. Like other aristocracies in the seventeenth century, the English nobles were no friends to high-flying ecclesiastical pretensions, and, like other aristocrats, they were not without many jealousies and grievances of their own against the power of the crown. Another remark is worth making. Either history or knowledge of human nature might teach us that great nobles often take the popular side without dropping the pretensions of class in their hearts, and it is not mere peevishness when the Royalist historian says that Lord Say and Sele was as proud of his quality and as pleased to be distinguished from others by his title as any man alive.

CROMWELL had been again returned for the borough of Cambridge. The extraordinary circumstance has been brought out that at the meeting of the Long Parliament Cromwell and Hampden between them could count no fewer than seventeen relatives and connections; and by 1647 the figure had risen from seventeen to twenty-three. When the day of retribution came, eight years later, out of the fifty-nine names on the king's death-warrant, ten were kinsmen of Oliver, and out of the hundred and forty of the king's judges sixteen were more or less closely allied to him. Oliver was now in the middle of his forty-second year, and his days of homely peace had come once for all to an end. Everybody knows the picture of him drawn by a young Royalist; how one morning he "perceived a gentleman speaking, very ordinarily appareled in a plain cloth suit ill made by a country tailor, with plain linen, not very clean, and a speck or two of blood upon his little band; his stature of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his voice sharp and untunable, his eloquence full of fervor," says this too fastidious observer, "that I sincerely profess it lessened much my reverence unto that great council, for this gentleman was very much harkened unto."

Another recorder of the time describes "his body as well compact and strong; his stature of the average height; his head so shaped as you might see in it both a storehouse and shop of a vast treasury of natural parts. His temper exceeding fiery; but the flame of it, kept down for the most part, is soon allayed with these moral endowments he had. He was naturally compassionate toward objects in distress, even to an effeminate measure; though God had made him a heart wherein was left little room for any fear but what was due to Himself, of which there was a large proportion, yet did he exceed in tenderness toward sufferers."

"When he delivered his mind in the House," says a third, going beyond the things that catch the visual eye, "it was with a strong and masculine excellence, more able to persuade than to be persuaded. His expressions were hardy, opinions resolute, asseverations grave and vehement, always intermixed (Andronicus-like) with sentences of Scripture, to give them the greater weight, and the better to insinuate into the affections of the people. He expressed himself with some kind of passion, but with such a commanding, wise deportment till, at his pleasure, he governed and swayed the House, as he had most times the leading voice. Those who find no such wonders in his speeches may find it in the effect of them."

We have yet another picture of the inner qualities of the formidable man, drawn by the skilled pencil of Clarendon. In the early days of the Parliament, Cromwell sat on a committee to examine a case of inclosure of waste in his native county. The townsmen, it was allowed, had come in a riotous and warlike manner with sound of drum, and had beaten down the obnoxious fences. Such doings have been often heard of, but perhaps not half so often as they should have been, even down to our own day. Lord Manchester, the purchaser of the lands inclosed, issued writs against the offenders, and at the same time both he and the aggrieved commoners presented petitions to Parliament.

Cromwell moved for a reference to a committee. Hyde was chairman, and afterward was often heard to describe the demeanor of his turbulent colleague. The scene brings Oliver too vividly before us ever to be omitted. "Cromwell," says Hyde, "ordered the witnesses and petitioners in the method of the proceeding, and seconded and enlarged upon what they said with great passion; and the witnesses and persons concerned, who were a very rude kind of people, interrupted the counsel and witnesses on the other side with great clamor when they said anything that did not please them; so that Mr. Hyde was compelled to use even sharp reproofs and threats to reduce them to such a temper that the business might be quietly heard. Cromwell in great fury reproached the chairman for being partial, and that he discountenanced the witnesses by threatening them; the other appealed to the committee, which justified him, and declared that he behaved himself as he ought to do; which more inflamed him, Cromwell, who was already much too angry. When upon any mention of matter of fact, or of the proceeding before and at the inclosure, the Lord Mandevil desired to be heard, and with great modesty related what had been done, Mr. Cromwell did answer and reply upon him with so much indecency and rudeness, and in language so contrary and offensive, that every man would have thought that, as their natures and their manners were as opposite as it is possible, so their interest could never have been the same. In the end, his whole carriage was so tempestuous, and his behavior so insolent, that the chairman found himself obliged to reprehend him, and tell him that if he, Mr. Cromwell, proceeded in the same manner, he, Mr. Hyde, would presently adjourn the committee, and the next morning complain to the House of him." Such was the outer Cromwell.

The twofold impulse of the times has been already indicated, and here is Cromwell's exposition of it: "Of the two greatest concernments that God hath in the world, the one is that of religion and of the preservation of the professors of it; to give them all due and just liberty; and to assert the truth of God: the other thing cared for is the civic liberty and interest of the nation. Which, though it is, and I think it ought to be, subordinate to the more peculiar interest of God, yet it is the next best God hath given men in this world; and if well cared for, it is better than any rock to fence men in their other interests. Besides, if any whosoever think the interests of Christians and the interest of the nation inconsistent, I wish my soul may never enter into their secrets."

Firm in his belief in direct communion with God, a sovereign Power unseen; harkening for the divine voice, his steps guided by the divine hand, yet he moved full in the world and in the life of the world. Of books, as we have seen, he knew little. Of the yet more invigorating education of responsible contact with large affairs, he had as yet had none. Into men and the ways of men, he had enjoyed no opportunity of seeing far. Destined to be the most famous soldier of his time, he had completed two thirds of his allotted span, and yet he had never drilled a troop, or seen a movement in a fight, or the leaguer of a stronghold or a town. He was both cautious and daring; both patient and swift; both tender and fierce; both sober and yet willing to face tremendous risks; both cool in head and yet with a flame of passion in his heart. His exterior rough and unpolished, and with an odd turn for rustic buffooneries, he had the quality of directing a steady, penetrating gaze into the center of a thing. Nature had endowed him with a power of keeping his own counsel that was sometimes to pass for dissimulation; a keen eye for adjusting means to ends that was often taken for craft; and a high-hearted insistence on determined ends that by those who love to think the worst was counted as guilty ambition. The foundation of the whole was a temperament of energy, vigor, resolution. Cromwell was one of the men who are born to force great causes to the proof.

VIII. THE FALL OF STRAFFORD.

BEFORE this famous Parliament had been many days assembled, occurred one of the most dramatic moments in the history of English freedom. Strafford was at the head of the army at York. When a motion for a grand committee on Irish affairs had been carried, his friends in London felt that it was he who was struck at, and by an express they sent him peremptory warning. His friends at York urged him to stay where he was. The king and queen, however, both pressed him to come, and both assured him that if he came he should not suffer in his person, his honor, or his fortune. Strafford, well knowing his peril, but undaunted, quickly posted up to London, resolved to impeach his enemies of high treason for

inviting the Scots into the kingdom. Historians may argue forever about the legalities of what had happened, but the two great actors were under no illusions. The only question was who should draw his sword first and get home the swiftest thrust. The game was a terrible one, with fierce stakes, *My head or thy head;* and Pym and Strafford knew it.

The king received his minister with favor, and again swore that he would protect him. No king's word was ever worse kept. Strafford next morning went down to the House of Lords, and was received with expressions of honor and observance. Unluckily for him, he was not ready with his articles of charge, and in a few hours it was too late. That afternoon the blow was struck. Pym, who had as marked a genius for quick and intrepid action as any man who ever sat in the House of Commons, rose and said there was matter of weight to be imparted. The lobby without was quickly cleared, the door was locked, and the key laid upon the table. The discussion on Strafford's misdeeds in Ireland and in his government as president of the Council of the North went on until between four and five in the afternoon. Then Pym, with some three hundred members behind him, passed through a throng who had been gathered by the tidings that new things were on foot, and on reaching the bar of the House of Lords he told them that by virtue of a command from the Commons in Parliament, and in the name of all the Commons of England, he accused Thomas, Earl of Strafford, of high treason, and desired his committal to prison for a very few days until they produced the articles and grounds of their accusation. Strafford was in the palace at Whitehall during these proceedings. The news fell like a thunderbolt upon his friends around him, but he kept a composed and confident demeanor. "I will go," he said, "and look mine accusers in the face." "With speed he comes to the House; he calls rudely at the door; the keeper of the black rod opens; his lordship, with a proud, glooming countenance, makes toward his place at the board-head; but at once many bid him rid the House." When the Lords had settled their course, he was recalled, commanded to kneel at the bar, and informed of the nature of his delinquency. He went away in custody. "Thus he, whose greatness in the morning owned a power over two kingdoms, in the evening straitened his person betwixt two walls." From the Tower, whither he was soon conveyed, he wrote to his wife: "Albeit all be done against me that art and malice can devise, with all the rigor possible, yet I am in great inward quietness, and a strong belief God will deliver me out of all these troubles. The more I look into my case, the more hope I have, and sure if there be any honor and justice left, my life will not be in danger; and for anything else, time, I trust, will salve any other hurt which can be done me. Therefore hold up your heart, look to the children and your house, let me have your prayers, and at last, by God's good pleasure, we shall have our deliverance when we may as little look for it as we did for this blow of misfortune, which, I trust, will make us better to God and man."

The business lasted for some five months. The actual trial began on March 22 (1641), and went on for fourteen days. The memorable scene was the assertion on the grandest scale of the deep-reaching principle of the responsibility of ministers, and it was the opening of the last and greatest of the civil wars within the kingdom. A shrewd eye-witness has told us how people began to assemble at five in the morning, and filled the hall by seven; how the august culprit came at eight, sometimes excusing delay by contrariety of wind and tide, in a barge from the Tower, with a guard of musketeers and halberdiers, and he usually found the king half an hour before him in an unofficial box, by the side of the queen. "It was daily," says the Covenanter, "the most glorious assembly the Isle could afford; yet the gravity not such as I expected; oft great clamor without about the doors; in the intervals while Strafford was making ready for answers, the Lords got always to their feet, walked and clattered; the lower house men too loud chattering; after ten hours, much public eating, not only of confections but of flesh and bread, bottles of beer and wine going thick from mouth to mouth without cups, and all this in the king's eye."

With the impeachment of Strafford the whole position comes directly into view. Strafford divided universal hatred with his confederate the archbishop, who had been impeached a few days after himself. He was the symbol and impersonation of all that the realm had for many long years suffered under. In England the name of Strafford stood for lawless exactions, arbitrary courts, the free quartering of troops, the standing menace of a papist enemy from the other side of St. George's Channel. The Scots execrated him as the instigator of energetic

war against their country and their church. Ireland, in all its ranks and classes, having through its Parliament applauded him as a benefactor, now with strange versatility cursed him as a tyrant. It was the weight of all these converging animosities that destroyed him. "Three whole kingdoms," says a historian of the time, "were his accusers, and eagerly sought in one death a recompense of all their sufferings."

VIEWED as a strictly judicial proceeding, the trial of Strafford was as hollow as the yet more memorable trial in the same historic hall eight years later. The expedients for a conviction that satisfied our Lords and Commons were little better than the expedients of the Revolutionary Tribunal in Jacobin Paris at the close of the next century. The charges were vague, general, and saturated with questionable inference. The evidence, on any rational interpretation of the facts, was defective at almost every point.

That Strafford had been guilty of treason in any sense in which a sound tribunal going upon strict law could have convicted him, nobody now maintains, or perhaps even then maintained.

Oliver St. John, in arguing the attainder before the Lords, put the real point. "Why should he have law himself who would not that others should have any? We indeed give laws to hares and deer, because they are beasts of chase; but we give none to wolves and foxes, but knock them on the head wherever they are found, because they are beasts of prey." This was the whole issue—not law, but *my head or thy head.* In revolutions it has often been that there is nothing else for it; and there was nothing else for it here. But the revolutionary ax is double-edged, and so men found it when the Restoration came.

Meanwhile, the one thing for Pym was to make sure. That Strafford designed to subvert what, in the opinion of the vast majority of Englishmen, were the fundamental liberties of the realm, there was no moral doubt, though there was little legal proof. That he had earned the title of a public enemy; that his continued eligibility for a place in the counsels of the king would have been a public danger, and his escape from punishment a public disaster; and that if he had not been himself struck down, he would have been the first to strike down the champions of free government against absolute monarchy,—these are the propositions that are the political justification of the step taken by the Commons when, after fourteen sittings, they began to fear that impeachment might fail them. They resorted to the more drastic proceeding of a bill of attainder. They were surrounded by imminent danger. They knew of plots to bring the royal army down upon the Parliament. They heard whispers of the intention of the French king to send over a force to help his sister, and of money coming from the Prince of Orange, the king's new son-in-law. Tales came of designs for Strafford's escape from the Tower. Above all was the peril that the king, in his desperation and in spite of the new difficulties in which such a step would land him, might suddenly dissolve them. It was this pressure that carried the bill of attainder through Parliament, though Pym and Hampden at first opposed it, and though Selden, going beyond Hyde and Falkland, who abstained, actually voted against it. Men's apprehensions were on their sharpest edge. Then it was that the Earl of Essex, rejecting Hyde's arguments for merely banishing Strafford, gave him the pithy reply, "Stone-dead hath no fellow."

Only one man could defeat the bill, and this was Strafford's master. The king's assent was as necessary for a bill of attainder as for any other bill, and if there was one man who might have been expected to refuse assent, it was the king. The bill was passed on a Saturday (May 8). Charles took a day to consider. He sent for various advisers, lay and episcopal. Archbishop Usher and Juxon told him, like honest men, that if his conscience did not consent, he ought not to act, and that he knew Strafford to be innocent. In truth, Charles a few days before had appealed to the Lords not to press upon his conscience, and told them that on his conscience he could not condemn his minister of treason. Williams, sharper than his two brother prelates, invented a distinction between the king's public conscience and his private conscience, not unlike that which was pressed upon George III on a famous occasion in 1800. He urged that, though the king's private conscience might acquit Strafford, his public conscience ought to yield to the opinion of the judges. Strafford had written to him a week before and begged him to pass the bill. "Sir, my consent shall more acquit you herein to God than all the world can do besides. To a willing man there is no injury done; and as, by God's grace, I forgive all the world with calmness and meekness of infinite contentment to my dislodging soul, so, sir, to you

I can give the life of this world with all the cheerfulness imaginable, in the just acknowledgment of your exceeding favors." Little worthy was Charles of so magnanimous a servant. Attempts have been made at palliation. The queen, it is said, might have been in danger from the anger of the multitude. "Let him," it is gravely enjoined upon us, "who has seen wife and child and all that he holds dear exposed to imminent peril, and has refused to save them by an act of baseness, cast the first stone at Charles." The equity of history is both a noble and a scientific doctrine, but its decrees cannot be settled by the domestic affections. Time has stamped the abandonment of Strafford with an ignominy that cannot be washed out. It is the one act of his life for which Charles himself professed remorse. "Put not your trust in princes," exclaimed Strafford when he learned the facts. "I dare look death in the face," he said stoically, as he passed out of the Tower gate to the block; "I thank God I am not afraid of death, but do as cheerfully put off my doublet at this time as ever I did when I went to my bed." A Puritan lady wrote at the time that he died like Seneca, but not like one that had tasted the mystery of godliness. In truth, Strafford had ever been of the Roman type. "His mishaps," said his confederate, Laud, "were that he groaned under the public envy of the nobles, and served a mild and gracious prince who knew not how to be nor to be made great."

IX. THE EVE OF THE WAR.

WHEN Mary Stuart in 1567 rode away a captive from Carbery Hill, she seized the hand of her foe, Lord Lindsay, and holding it aloft in her grasp, she swore by it, "I will have your head for this, so assure you." This was in Guise-Tudor blood, and her grandson's passion for revenge, if less loud, was not less deep. The destruction of Strafford, and the humiliation that his own share in that bitter deed had left in the heart of the king, darkened whatever prospect there might at any time have been of peace between Charles and the Parliamentary leaders. Charles was one of the men vindictive in proportion to their impotence, who are never beaten with impunity. His thirst for retaliation was unquenchable. Of this the popular leaders were well aware, as they were well aware, too, of the rising sources of weakness in their own ranks. Seeing no means of escape, the king assented to a series of reforming bills, which swept away the Star Chamber, the Court of High Commission, the assumed right to levy ship-money, and the other more flagrant civil grievances of the reign. These were all measures obviously necessary for the restoration or renovation of the constitution, and they stood the test of altered times. He went further and into a new region in agreeing to a law that guaranteed the assembly of a Parliament at least once in three years, whether with the king's consent or without. Further still he went when he assented to an act for prolonging the life of the sitting Parliament until it should vote for its own dissolution (May 1, 1641). Here it was that reform became revolution. To deprive the monarch of the right of taking the sense of his people at his own time, and to make dissolution depend upon an act of Parliament passed for the occasion, was to go on to ground that had never been trodden before. It convinced the king more strongly than ever that to save his crown, in the only sense in which he thought a crown worth wearing, he would have to fight for it. Yet it was he who had forced the quarrel to this pitch. Pym, Cromwell, and the rest were not the men to forget his lawless persecution of Eliot; nor that Charles had extinguished Parliaments for eleven years; nor how, even after his return to the constitution only the year before, he had petulantly broken the Short Parliament after a session of no more than three weeks. It would have been judicial blindness to mistake what was actually passing before their eyes. They knew of plot upon plot. In April Pym had come upon one design among the courtiers to bring up the northern army to overawe the Parliament. Almost before this was exposed, a second conspiracy of court and officers was known to be on foot. It was the Scots who now, as so often, held the key of the position. Charles's design was manifestly to win such popularity and influence in Scotland that he might be allowed to use the army of that kingdom in concert with his own army in the north of England to terrify his mutinous Parliament and destroy its leaders. Such a policy was futile from its foundation: as if the Scots, who cared for their church far more than they cared for his crown, were likely to lend themselves to the overthrow of the only power that could secure what they cherished most, against an unmasked enmity bent on its destruction. The defeat of the English Parliament must bring with it the discomfiture of Christ's kirk in Scot-

land. In the month of August Charles left London to visit his northern kingdom. The vigilance of the Parliament men was not for an instant deceived. They promptly guessed that the purpose of his journey must be to seek support for reaction, and his rejection of their remonstrances against his absence deepened their suspicion.

They had indeed more reasons than this for uneasiness. The first of those moments of fatigue had come that attend all revolutions. At the beginning of civil discord, boldness carries all before it; but a settled community, especially one composed of Englishmen, soon craves repose. Hopes are seen to be tinged with illusion, the pulse slackens, and the fever cools. The nation was, after all, still Royalist, and had not the king redressed their wrongs? Why not rest? This was the question of the indolent, the short-sighted, and the fearful. Worse than fatigue, the spirit of party now raised its questionable crest. Philosophers have hardly explained how it comes that faction is one of the inborn propensities of man; nor why it should always be that, even where solid reasons are absent, almost any distinctions, however slender, fleeting, fanciful, or frivolous, will yet serve to found a party difference upon. "Zeal for different opinions as to religion or government, whether those opinions be practical or speculative; attachment to different leaders ambitiously contending for preëminence and power; devotion to persons whose fortunes have kindled human interests and passions,—these things have at all times so inflamed men as to render them far more disposed to vex and oppress each other than to work together for the common good." Such is the language of Madison about a singular and melancholy law of human things that has made the spirit of sect and party the master-key of so many in the long catalogue of the perversities of human history.

It was on the church and its reforms that the strenuous phalanx of constitutional freedom began to scatter. The Long Parliament had barely been a month in session before those religious questions that were then most alive in the most vigorous minds of the time, and that were destined to lead by so many divisions and subdivisions to distraction in counsel and chaos in act, began rapidly to work. Cromwell did not hold the helmsman's place so long as Pym survived. Clarendon said of Oliver that his parts seemed to be raised by the demands of great station, "as if he had concealed his faculties until he had occasion to use them." In other words, Cromwell fixed his eyes upon the need of the hour, used all his energy and devotion in meeting it, and let that suffice. In men of action there are few better marks of a superior mind. But that Cromwell was "much harkened to from the first" is indicated by the fact that he was specially placed upon eighteen of the committees into which the House divided itself for the consideration of the multitude of grievances that clamored for attention from all the shires and boroughs in the land. He moved the second reading of the bill for a sitting of Parliament every year, and he took a prominent part in the further enactment that a Parliament should meet at least once in three years, with or without the crown.

Going deeper, he was one of the secret instigators of the first Parliamentary move of the Root-and-Branch men against the bishops, and that move was the first step in the development of party and party spirit within ranks that had hitherto been stanchly of one mind. Everybody was in favor of church reform, but nobody at this stage, and certainly not Cromwell, had any clear ideas either of the principle on which reform should proceed, or of the system that ought to be adopted. Indeed, we do no injustice to the stout hearts of the Long Parliament when we say that no assembly so famous ever showed itself so barren of creative ideas, or so little capable of the arduous work of political construction. Unluckily, this was the very work that events were imperiously to demand. On those ecclesiastical institutions that were what mattered most they were most at sea. Neither Root-and-Branch nor moderate Episcopacy reached an effective stage in either house, but the action taken upon them split the Parliament in two, one side for Episcopacy, and the other against it. Such were the two policies before men on the eve of the civil war. Then, by and by, this division gradually adjusted itself with disastrous aptness to the other and parallel conflict between crown and Parliament; the partizans of bishops slowly turned into partizans of the king, and Episcopalians became one with Royalists. For none of the temperate and healing ideals proposed by Usher, Baxter, Leighton, and others was the time ripe. Their journey had brought men into a torrid zone. The Commons (September) resolved that communion-tables should be removed from the east end of churches, that chancels should be leveled, that scandalous picutres of any of the per-

sons of the Trinity should be taken away, and all images of the Virgin Mary demolished. The consequence was a bleak and hideous defacement of beautiful or comely things in most of the cathedrals and great churches all over England. Altar-rails and screens were destroyed, painted windows were broken, figures of stone and marble ground to powder, and pictures cut into shreds. Such rude doings shocked both reverential sentiment and the police feeling for good order, and they widened the alienation of Parliamentary parties. Before the end of the autumn, Hyde and Falkland had become king's friends.

Hyde, more familiarly known by his later style of Lord Clarendon, stands among the leading figures of the time, though, in the modern reaction against that view of the Rebellion which the pages of his great history stamped so firmly for so many generations in the English mind, he has now fallen into a secondary rank. Yet he had a strong and direct judgment, much independence of character, and ideas of policy that were coherent and his own. His intellectual horizons were wide; he had good knowledge of the motives of men, and understood the handling of large affairs. Even where he does not carry us with him, there is nobody of the time whose opinion is much better worth knowing. We may even give him the praise that is due to the Clarendonian type of conservative in all times and places, that if things could only have been different, he would not have been in the wrong. His ideal in church and state, viewed in the light of the event, did not ultimately miscarry. The settlement of 1688 would have suited him well enough, and in his best days he had much of the temper of Somers. But he and Falkland had either too little nerve, or too refining a conscience, or too unstable a grasp, for the navigation of the racing floods before them. They were doubtless unwilling converts to the court party, but when a convert has taken the plunge he must endure all the unsuspected foolishness and all the unteachable zealotry of his new comrades—a want of foresight that has perhaps in all ages given many a bitter hour to generous natures.

They had many with them. It was now that a majority with a policy found itself confronted by an opposition fluctuating in numbers, still making itself felt, in the fashion that has since become the familiar essence of parliamentary life all the world over. As we shall see, a second and deeper line of party demarcation was soon to follow. Meanwhile the division between parties in the Commons was speedily attended by disagreement between Commons and Lords, and this widened as the rush of events became more pressing. Among the Lords, too, Charles now found friends. It was his own fault if he did not discover in the differences among his enemies upon the church a chance of recovering his own shattered authority in the state. To profit by these differences was his persistent game for seven years to come. Seldom has any game in political manœuver been more unskilfully played.

The Parliament had adjourned early in September, the king still absent in Scotland. The superintendence of affairs was carried on by a committee, a sort of provisional government, of which Pym was the mainspring. Hampden had gone to Edinburgh as a Parliamentary commissioner to watch the king. The two houses reassembled a few days before the end of October, amid intense disquiet. The growing tension made the popular leaders at once more energetic and more deliberate. Shortly before the adjournment the Prayer-book had been attacked, and Cromwell supported the attack. Bishops still furnished the occasion, if they were not the cause, of political action. Half of the fathers of the church were at the moment objects of impeachment in the Lords for sanctioning the unlawful canons made by Convocation in the previous year; the only question was whether the shaft should not be barbed with the formidable point of high treason. Root-and-Branch was dropped, and a bill was renewed for excluding the clergy from temporal authority and depriving the bishops of their seats among the Lords. Then followed a bill for suspending the bishops from parliamentary powers in the meantime. Cromwell, by the side of Pym, spoke keenly for it, on the ground that the bishops by their six-and-twenty votes should not be suffered to obstruct the legislative purposes of a majority of the two houses. The suspension was of course unconstitutional, but that fatal hour had struck, signal for the incurable change from old mischiefs to new, when law and constitution are only for the pedant.

Charles, writing from Scotland (October), had announced a momentous resolution. "I command you," he said to his Secretary of State, "to assure all my servants that I am constant to the discipline and doctrine of the Church of England established by Queen

Elizabeth and my father, and that I resolve by the grace of God to die in the maintenance of it." The pledge was more tragic than perhaps he knew, but when the time came he redeemed it to the letter. As a sign that he was in earnest, he proceeded to fill up five bishoprics that happened to be vacant, and in four of them he planted divines who had in Convocation been parties to the unlawful canons on which the Commons were at the moment founding an impeachment of treason. This was either one of his many random imprudences or else a calculated challenge. Cromwell blazed out instantly against a step that proclaimed the king's intention of upholding Episcopacy just as it stood. Suddenly an earthquake shook the ground on which they were standing, and threw the combatants into unexpected postures.

An event now happened which inflamed the public mind in England with such horror as had in Europe followed the Sicilian Vespers, or the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or the slaughter of the Protestants in the passes of the Valtelline by the Spanish faction only twenty-one years before. In November the news reached London that the Irish had broken out in bloody rebellion. The story of this dreadful rising has been the subject of vehement dispute among historians ever since, and has been discussed with unhistoric heat even in our own day. Yet the broad facts are sufficiently clear to any one capable of weighing the testimony of the time without prejudice of race or faith; and they stand out in cardinal importance in respect both to leading episodes in the career of Cromwell, and to the general politics of the Rebellion.

The causes of rebellion in Ireland lay deep. Confiscations and exterminations had followed in deadly succession, and ever since the merciless suppression of the rising of the Ulster chieftains in the reign of Elizabeth the elements of another violent outbreak had been sullenly and surely gathering. Besides the great sweeping forfeitures, rapacious adventurers set busily to work with eagle eyes to find out flaws in men's title to their estates, and either the adventurer himself acquired the estate, or forced the possessor to take a new grant at an extortionate rent. People were turned off their land without compensation and without means of subsistence. Active men, left with nothing to do, and nothing of their own to live upon, wandered about the country, apt upon the least occasion of insurrection or disturbance to be heads and leaders of outlaws and rebels. Strafford (1632–40), in spite of his success upon the surface, had aggravated the evil at its source. He had brought the finances into good order, introduced discipline into the army, driven pirates out of the Channel, imported flaxseed from Holland and linen-weavers from France. But nobody blessed or thanked him, everybody dreaded the weight of his hand, and in such circumstances dread is but another word for hate. The genius of fear had perfected the work of fear; but the whole structure of imperial power rested on shaking bog. In no direction would the ground hold. The great inquisition into titles had alarmed and exasperated the old English. The northern Presbyterians resented his proceedings for religious uniformity. The Catholics were at heart in little better humor; for though Strafford was too deep a statesman to attack them in full front, he undoubtedly intended in the fullness of time to force them as well as the Presbyterians into the same uniformity that his master had designed for Scotland. He would, however, have moved slowly, and in the meantime he both practised connivance with the Catholic evasion of the law, and encouraged hopes of complete toleration. So did the king. But after Strafford had gone to his doom in England, Puritan influences grew more powerful, and the Catholics perceived that all the royal promises of complete toleration, like those for setting a limit to the time for inquisition into titles of land, were no better than so many lies. No Irish conspirator could have laid the train for rebellion more effectively.

While these grievances were rankling all over Ireland, and the undying animosities of the dispossessed chieftains of Ulster were ready to break into flame, priests and friars from Spain had swarmed into the land, and kindled fresh excitement. No papist conspiracy was needed to account for what soon happened. When one deep spring of discontent mounts to a head and overflows, every other source becomes a tributary. Maddened as they were by wholesale rapine, driven forth from land and homes, outraged in every sentiment belonging to their old rude organization, it is no wonder if the native Irish and their leaders of ancient and familiar name found an added impulse in passion for their religious faith.

At last that happened which wiser heads had long foreseen. After many weeks of strange stillness, in an instant the storm burst. The Irish in Ulster suddenly (October

23, 1641) fell upon the English colonists, the invaders of their lands. The fury soon spread, and the country was enveloped in the flames of a conflagration fed by concentrated sense of ancient wrong and all the savage passions of an oppressed people suddenly broken loose upon its oppressors. Agrarian wrong, religious wrong, insolence of race, now brought forth their poisonous fruit. A thousand murderous atrocities were perpetrated on one side, and they were avenged by atrocities as hideous on the other. Every tale of horror in the insurgents can be matched by horror as diabolic in the soldiery. What happened in 1641 was in general features very like what happened in 1798, for the same things come to pass in every conflict where ferocious hatred in a persecuted caste meets the ferocious pride and contempt of its persecutors. The main points are reasonably plain. There is no question by whom the sanguinary work was first begun. There is little question that it was not part of a premeditated and organized design of indiscriminate massacre, but was inevitably attendant upon a violent rising against foreign despoilers. There is no question that though in the beginning agrarian or territorial, the rising soon drew after it a fierce struggle between the two rival Christian factions. There is little question that, after the first shock, Parsons and his allies in authority acted on the cynical anticipation that the worse the rebellion, the richer would be the forfeitures. There is no question that the enormity of crime was the subject of exaggeration, partly natural and inevitable, partly incendiary and deliberate. Nor is there any question that, even without exaggeration, it is the most barbarous and inhuman chapter that stains the domestic history of the kingdom. The total number of Protestants slain in cold blood at the outbreak of the rebellion has been fixed at various figures from four thousand to forty, and the latest serious estimate puts it at five-and-twenty thousand during the first three or four years. The victims of the retaliatory slaughter by Protestants upon Catholics were countless, but Sir William Petty thinks that more than half a million Irish perished between 1641 and 1652.

The fated international antipathy between English and Irish, that like a volcano is sometimes active, sometimes smoldering and sullen, now burst forth in liquid fire. The news threw England into frenzy. It has been compared to the fury with which the American colonists regarded the use of Red Indians by the government of King George. It was like the rage and horror that swept over the country for a moment when the tidings of Cawnpore arrived, and I need not describe it. The air was thick, as is the way in revolutions, with frantic and irrational suspicion. The catastrophe in Ireland fitted in with the governing moods of the hour, and we know only too well how simple and summary are the syllogisms of a rooted distrust. Ireland was papist, and this was a papist rising. The queen was a papist, surrounded at Somerset House by the same black brood as those priests of Baal who on the other side of St. George's Channel were described as standing by while their barbarous flock slew old men and women wholesale and in cold blood, dashed out the brains of infants against the walls in sight of their wretched parents, ran their skeans like Red Indians into the flesh of little children, and flung helpless Protestants by scores at a time over the bridge at Portadown. Such was the reasoning, and the damning conclusion was clear. This was the queen's rebellion, and the king must be her accomplice. Sir Phelim O'Neil, the first leader of the Ulster rebellion, declared that he held a commission from the king himself, and the story took quick root. It is now manifest that Charles was at least as much dismayed as any of his subjects; yet for the rest of his life he could not wipe out the fatal theory of his guilt.

That Catholic Ireland should prefer the king to the Parliament for a master was to be expected. Puritanism, with the Old Testament in its hand, was never an instrument for the government of a community predominantly Catholic, and never can be. Nor was it ever at any time so ill fitted for such a task as now, when it was passionately struggling for its own life within the Protestant island. The most energetic element at Westminster was just as determined to root out popery in Ireland as Philip II had been to root out Lutheran or Calvinistic heresy in the United Provinces.

Meanwhile we have to think of Ireland as weltering in bottomless confusion. Parliamentarian Protestants were in the field, and Royalist Protestants, Anglicans and Presbyterians; the Scots settlers, to-day standing for the Parliament, to-morrow fighting along with Ormond for the king; the confederate Catholics, the Catholic gentry of the Pale, all inextricably entangled. Thus we shall see going on for nine desperate years the sowing of the awful harvest which it fell to

Cromwell after his manner to gather in. Meanwhile it added bitter elements to the great contention in England. The Parliament dreaded lest an army raised for the subjugation of Ireland should be used by the king for his purposes in England. The king justified such dread by trying to buy military support from the rebel confederates by promises that would have gone near to turning Ireland into a separate Catholic state.

X. THE FIVE MEMBERS—THE CALL TO ARMS.

THE king returned from Scotland in the latter part of November (1641), baffled in his hopes of aid from the Scots, but cheered by the prospect of quarrels among his enemies at Westminster, expecting to fish in the troubled waters in Ireland, and bent on using the new strength that the converts of reaction were bringing him for the destruction of the popular leaders. The city gave him a great feast, the crowd shouted long life to King Charles and Queen Mary, the church bells rang, wine was set flowing in the conduits in Cornhill and Cheapside, and he went to Whitehall in high elation at what he took for counter-revolution. He instantly began a quarrel by withdrawing the guard that had been appointed for the houses under the command of Essex. Long ago alive to their danger, the popular leaders had framed that famous exposition of the whole dark case against the monarch which is known to history as the Grand Remonstrance. They now with characteristic energy resumed it.

The Remonstrance was a bold manifesto to the public, setting out in manly terms the story of the Parliament, its past gains, its future hopes, the standing perils with which it had to wrestle. The most important of its single clauses—and to this we shall return—was the declaration for church conformity. As a whole, it marked a decisive step. It was a direct challenge not merely to the king, but to the new party of Episcopalian Royalists. These were not slow to take up the challenge, and the fight was hard. So deep had the division now become within the walls of the Commons that the Remonstrance was passed only after violent scenes and by a narrow majority of eleven (November 22). When it was taken to the King at Hampton Court, he listened to it with a critical mien, and asked whether it was to be published. The deputation said they had no authority to answer questions. "Well, you do not expect an instant reply," said the king; "I will send for you as soon as the weightiness of the affair allows."

Meanwhile the leaders in the Commons pressed forward with bill upon bill. The Impressment Bill limited the king's right to enforce military service beyond the borders of a man's own county. Early in November Cromwell made the first proposal for placing military force in the hands of Parliament. All was seen to hang on the power of the sword, for the army plots brought the nearness of the peril home to the breasts of the popular leaders. A month later the proposal, which soon became the occasion of resort to arms, though not the cause, took defined shape. By the Militia Bill the control and organization of the trained bands of the counties was taken out of the king's hands, and transferred to a lord general nominated by Parliament. The Lords demurred, and the Commons met their demurrer with the assertion, savoring more of the nineteenth century than of the seventeenth, that they were the only representative body of the whole kingdom, whereas the Lords were no more than particular persons coming in a particular capacity, and if the Lords should not be pleased to consent to bills thought necessary by the Commons, then the Commons, together with such Lords as agreed with them about the safety of the kingdom, might join together and represent the same to the king. Next the two houses joined in a declaration that no religion should be tolerated in either England or Ireland except the religion established by law. But as the whirlpool became more angry, bills and declarations mattered less and less. Each side knew that the other now intended force. Tumultuous mobs found their way day after day to hoot the bishops at Westminster. Partizans of the king began to flock to Whitehall; they were ordered to wear their swords, and an armed guard was posted ostentatiously at the palace gate. Angry frays followed between these swordsmen of the king and the mob armed with clubs and staves, crying out against the bishops and the popish lords. The bishops themselves were violently hustled, and had their gowns torn from their backs as they went into the House of Lords. Infuriated by these outrages, they issued a foolish notification that all done by the Lords in their absence would be null and void. This incensed both Lords and Commons, and added fuel to the general flame, and the unlucky prelates were impeached and sent to prison. More and more the air became what is called electric. The king tried to change

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. PHOTOGRAPHED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

LETTER OF INSTRUCTION FROM CHARLES I TO SIR EDWARD HERBERT, ATTORNEY-GENERAL, RELATING TO THE IMPEACHMENT OF LORD KIMBOLTON (VISCOUNT MANDEVILLE) AND THE FIVE MEMBERS, JANUARY 3, 1642.

the governor of the Tower and to install a reckless swash-buckler of his own. The outcry was so shrill that in a few hours the swash-buckler was withdrawn. Then, by mysterious changes of tack, he turned first to Pym, next to the heads of the moderate Royalists, Hyde, Falkland, and Culpeper. The short history of the overtures to Pym is as obscure as the relations between Mirabeau and Marie Antoinette. Things had in truth gone too far for such an alliance to be either desirable or fruitful. Events immediately showed that with Charles honest coöperation was impossible. No sooner had he established Falkland and Culpeper in his council than suddenly, without disclosing a word of his design, he took a step which alienated friends, turned back the stream that in the country was running in his favor, handed over the strong fortress of legality to his enemies, and made a war inevitable.

Pym had been too quick for Strafford the autumn before, and Charles resolved that this time his own blow should be struck first. It did not fall upon men caught unawares. For many weeks suspicion had been deepening that some act of violence upon the popular leaders was coming. Suspicion on one side went with suspicion on the other. Rumors were in the air that Pym and his friends were actually revolving in their minds the impeachment of the queen. That there was a solid case in her dealings with Irish rebels and foreign friends her husband knew as well as anybody else. It was a Royalist cue afterward to hint that news of Pym's imputed purpose was privily conveyed to the queen by those "who exactly knew her nature, passions, and infirmities, that the disdain of it might transport her to somewhat which might give them advantage." However all this may be, and whether the king was misled by the perversity of his wife and the folly of the courtiers, or by his own too ample share of these unhappy qualities, he perpetrated the most irretrievable of all his blunders. A day or two before, he had promised the Commons that the security of every one of them from violence should be as much his care as the preservation of his own children. He had also assured his new advisers that no step should be taken without their knowledge. Now suddenly he sent the Attorney-General to the House of Lords, there at the table (January 3, 1642) to impeach one of their own number and five members of the other house, including Pym and Hampden, of high treason. The charge was the subversion of the fundamental laws of the realm, and was technically as good or as bad as the same charge brought a few months before by the five members and their friends against Strafford. No stroke of state in history was ever more firmly and manfully countered. News came that officers had invaded the chambers of the five members and were sealing up their papers. The House ordered the immediate arrest of the officers. A messenger arrived from the king to require and seize the five gentlemen. The House sent a deputation boldly to inform the king that they would take care that the five members should be ready to answer any legal charge against them.

The next day a still more startling thing was done. After the midday adjournment, the benches were again crowded, and the five members were in their place. Suddenly the news ran like lightning among them that the king was on his way from Whitehall with some hundreds of armed retainers. The five members were hurried down to the river, and they had hardly gained a boat before the king and a band of rufflers, with swords and pistols, entered Westminster Hall. Passing through them, and accompanied by his nephew, the elector palatine, the king crossed the inviolable threshold, advanced uncovered up the floor of the House of Commons to the step of the chair, and demanded the five accused members. He asked the Speaker whether they were there. The Speaker replied, in words that will never be forgotten, that he had neither eyes nor ears nor tongue in that place, but as the House might be pleased to direct. "'T is no matter," the king said. "I think my eyes are as good as another's." After looking round, he said he saw that all his birds were flown, but he would take his own course to find them; then he stammered out a few

apologetic sentences, and stepping down from the chair, marched away in anger and shame through the grim ranks, and amid deep murmurs of privilege out at the door. His band of baffled cutthroats followed him down the hall with sullen curses at the loss of their sport. When next he entered Westminster Hall, he was a prisoner doomed to violent death. Cromwell was doubtless present, little foreseeing his own part in another rough and lawless performance in the same place eleven years hence.

The five members had found safe refuge in the city, whither the king himself proceeded the next day. A terrible change had taken place in feeling and sentiment since the glorious festivities a month before, and his enthusiastic friends were turned to frowning foes. He speedily perceived that the birds were out of his reach. As he drove back in humiliation of heart to Whitehall, he knew that his stroke had missed, and that his own act had armed Pym both with irresistible power and with the strongest motives to use it without mercy or truce. Never has so deep and universal a shock thrilled England. The stanchest friends of the king were in despair. The Puritans were divided between dismay, rage, consternation, and passionate resolution. One of them, writing in after years of his old home in distant Lancashire, says: "I remember upon the occasion of King Charles I demanding the five members of the House of Commons. Such a night of prayers, tears, and groans I was never present at in all my life: the case was extraordinary, and the work was extraordinary." It was the same in thousands of households all over the land. The five members a few days later returned in triumph to Westminster. The river was alive with boats decked with gay pennons, and the air resounded with joyful shouts and loud volleys from the primitive firearms of the time. Charles was not there to see or hear. Exactly a week after the Attorney-General had brought up the impeachment of the five members, he quitted Whitehall (January 10), and saw it no more until all had come to an end seven years later.

THIS daring outrage on law, faith, and honor was a provocation to civil war, and the beginning of it. After such an exploit, the defenders of the Parliament would have been guilty of a criminal betrayal if they had faltered in facing the issue so decisively raised. Pym (January 14) moved that the House should go into committee on the state of the kingdom, and Cromwell then moved the consideration of means to put the kingdom into a posture of defense. Hampden by and by introduced a motion to desire the king to put the Tower of London and other parts of the kingdom, with the militia, into such hands as the Parliament might confide in. In this way they came to the very essence of the dispute of the hour. Was the king to retain the sword? For some weeks debate went on. It was suggested to the king that the militia might be granted for a time. "By God, not for an hour!" cried Charles. "You have asked that of me in this which was never asked of a king, and with which I will not trust my wife and children."

As the call to arms was every day more plainly felt to be inevitable, it is no wonder that many men on the popular side recoiled. The prospect was dreadful, and even good patriots may well have asked themselves in anguish whether moderation, temper, good will, compromise, might not even now avert it. Pym showed now, as always, a consummate mastery of all the better arts of parliamentary leadership. It is not easy to tell exactly at what moment he first felt that peace with the king was hopeless, but, at any rate, he was well assured that it was so now. As they neared the edge of the cataract, his instincts of action at once braced and steadied him. He was bold, prompt, a man of initiative and resource, of energy without fever, open and cogent in argument, with a true statesman's eye to the demand of the instant, to the nearest antecedent, to the

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF THE ENTRY IN THE JOURNAL OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS REGARDING THE ARREST OF THE FIVE MEMBERS.

King Charls sitts in ye Speakers Chaire and speaketh to ye Comons

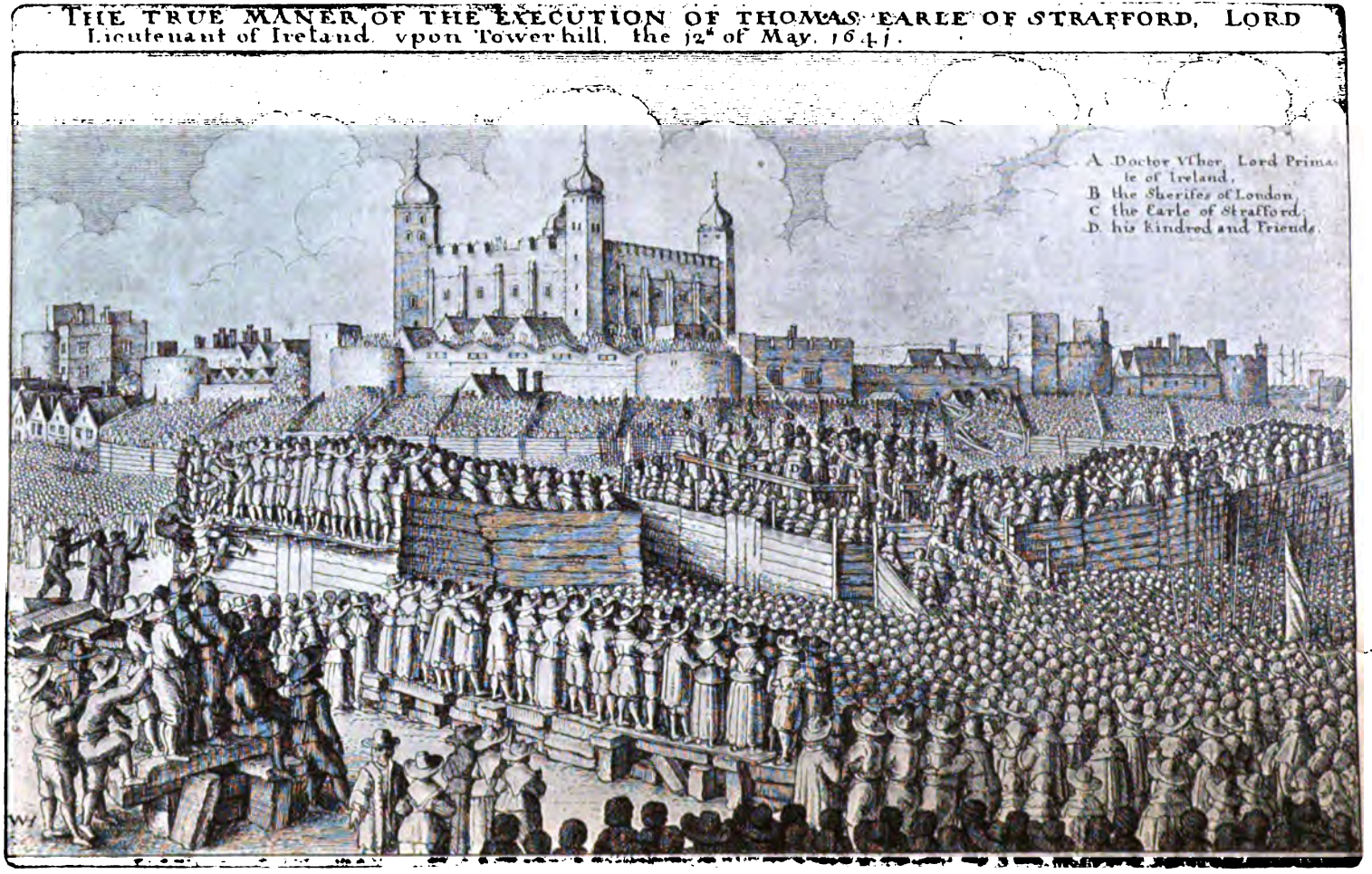
His Ma'tie came into the House & took Mr Sp chaire Gents I am sorry to have this occasion come unto you

next step; willing to be moderate when moderation did not sacrifice the root of the matter; vigorous and uncompromising when essentials were in danger. Cromwell, too, was active both in the House and the country, little of an orator, but a doer. Things moved fast. In April the king, with an armed force, demanded admission into Hull. The governor shut the gates and drew up the bridge. The king proclaimed him a traitor. This proceeding has always been accounted the actual beginning of the great civil war. In July the Parliament formally resolved to raise an army "for the safety of the king's person, the defense of both houses of Parliament and of those who obeyed their orders and commands, and for the preservation of the true religion, the laws, liberties, and peace of the kingdom." On August 22, 1642, one of the memorable dates in English history, on the evening of a stormy day, Charles raised the royal standard in the courtyard at the top of the castle hill at Nottingham. This was the solemn symbol that the king called upon his vassals for their duty and service. Drums and trumpets sounded, and the courtiers and a scanty crowd of onlookers threw up their caps, and cried, "God save King Charles and hang up the Roundheads!" But a general sadness, says Clarendon, covered the whole town. Melancholy men observed many ill presages, and the king himself appeared more melancholy than his wont. The standard itself was blown down by an unruly wind within a week after it had been set up. This was not the first time that omens had been against the king. At his coronation he wore white instead of purple, and "some looked on it as an ill presage that the king, laying aside his purple, the robe of majesty, should clothe himself in white, the robe of innocence, as if thereby it were foresignified that he should divest himself of that royal majesty which would keep him safe from affront and scorn, to rely wholly on the innocence of a virtuous life which did expose him finally to calamitous ruin." Still worse was the court preacher's text on the same august occasion, chosen from the Book of Revelation (ii. 10): "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," "more like his funeral sermon when he was alive, as if he were to have none when he was to be buried."

A day or two after raising the standard, Charles appointed to be general of the horse Prince Rupert, the third son of his sister the Queen of Bohemia, now in his twenty-fourth year. The boldness, energy, and military capacity of the young adventurer were destined to prove one of the most formidable of all the elements in the struggle of the next three years. Luckily, the intrepid soldier had none of Cromwell's sagacity, caution, and patience, or else that "providence which men call the fortune of war" might have turned out differently.

THE Earl of Essex, son of Queen Elizabeth's favorite, was named general of the Parliamentary forces, less for any military reputation than from his social influence. "He was the man," said the preacher of his funeral sermon (1646), "to break the ice and set his first footing in the Red Sea. No proclamation of treason could cry him down, nor threatening standard daunt him that in that misty morning, when men knew not each other, whether friend or foe, by his arising dispelled the fog, and by his very name commanded thousands into your service." Opinion in most of the country was pretty firm on one side or the other, but it was slow in mounting to the heat of war. The affair was grave, and men went about it with argument and conscience. In every manor-house and rectory and college, across the counters of shops in the towns, on the ale-bench in the villages, and on the roads, men plied one another with precedents and analogies, with Bible texts, with endless points of justice and of expediency, thus illustrating in this high historic instance all the strength and all the weakness of human reasoning, all the grandeur and all the levity of civil and ecclesiastic passion. Many, no doubt, shared the mind of Hutchinson's father, who was stanch to the Parliamentary cause, but desirous that the quarrel should come to a compromise, and not to the catastrophe of war. Savile said: "I love religion so well, I would not have it put to the hazard of a battle. I love liberty so much, I would not trust it in the hands of a conqueror; for, much as I love the king, I should not be glad that he should beat the Parliament, even though they were in the wrong. My desires are to have no conquests of either side." Savile was no edifying character, but a politician who would fain say both yes and no stands in a crisis for a numerous host. On the other hand, human nature being constant in its fundamental colors, we may be sure that in both camps were many who proclaimed that the dispute must be fought out, and the sooner the fight began, the sooner would it end.

Enthusiasts for the rights and religion of



FROM A CONTEMPORARY PRINT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM OF A COPPERPLATE DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY HOLLAR

their country could not believe, says one of them, that a work so good and necessary would be attended with so much difficulty, and they went into it in the faith that the true cause must quickly win. On the other side, deep-rooted interests and ancient sentiment gathered round the crown, their natural center. Selfish men who depended upon the crown for honors or substance, and unselfish men who were by habit and connection unalterably attached to an idealized church, united according to their diverse kinds in twofold zeal for the king and the bishops, in the profound assurance that Providence would speedily lay their persecutors low. Families were divided, close kinsmen became violent foes, and brother even slew brother. Some counties were almost wholly for the king, while others went almost wholly for the Parliament. In either case, the remnant of a minority, whether the godly or the ungodly, found it best to seek shelter outside. In some counties the two sides paired and tried to play neutral. The line of social cleavage between the combatants was not definite, but what we are told of Notts was probably true of other counties, that most of the nobles and upper gentry were stout for the king, while most of the middle sort, the able, substantial freeholders, and commoners not dependent on the malignants above them, stood for the Parliament.

Speaking broadly, the feeling for Parliament was strongest in London and the east; the king was strongest in the west and north. Wherever the Celtic element prevailed, as in Wales and Cornwall, the king had most friends, and the same is true with qualifica-

WILLIAM JUXON, D. C. L.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALKER & BOUTALL OF THE PORTRAIT IN [illegible] NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

JAMES USSHER, D. D. (AGE 74).

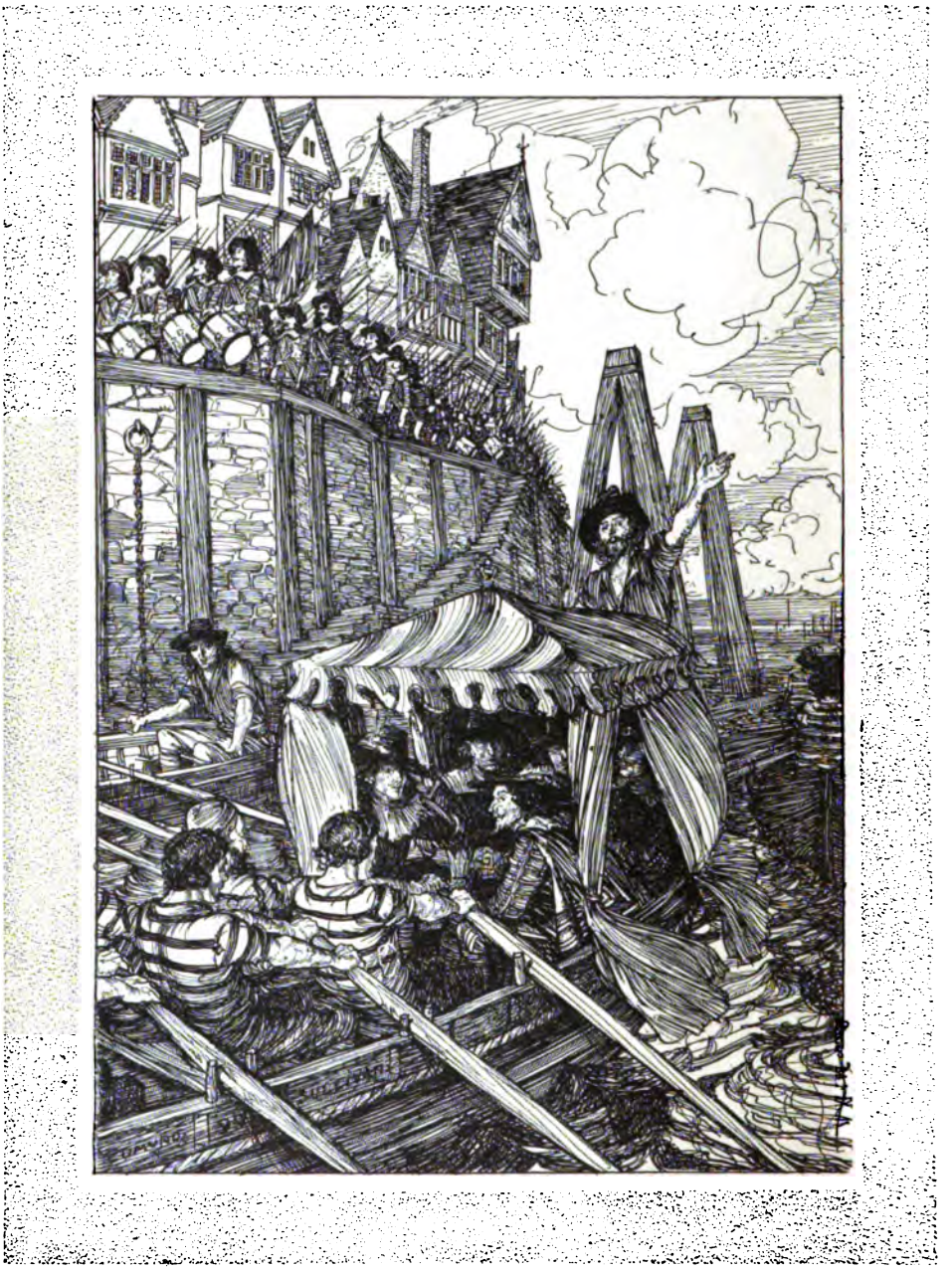
[illegible] HOTOGRAPH BY WALKER & BOUTALL OF THE PORTRAIT BY SIR PETER LELY IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

[illegible] two other kingdoms of Scotland [illegible] Where the population was t[illegible] t in trade and manufacture, an[illegible] they leaned with various degr[illegible] toward the Parliament. Yorks[illegible] ed, the cloth towns south of the [illegible] Parliamentary. Lancashire, to[illegible] d, the east for the Parliament, t[illegible] r the king. The historians draw a [illegible] Flamborough Head to Plymouth, a [illegible] me undulations and indentations [illegible] e separates Royalist from Par[illegible] England. In East Anglia opinio[illegible] dfast through the struggle, but [illegible] it fluctuated with the fortunes of [illegible] with the wavering inclinations of [illegible] gentry, and with the various politic[illegible] es that rose in bewildering succes[illegible] r the military fight was over.

The temper of [illegible] time was hard, men were ready to s[illegible] by blows, and life, as in the midd[illegible] was still held cheap.

AFTER A PANEL BY SOLOMON I. SOLOMON, A. R. A., IN THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

CHARLES I DEMANDING THE FIVE MEMBERS AT THE GUILDHALL.



DRAWN BY EDMUND SULLIVAN.

THE RETURN OF THE FIVE MEMBERS.

The Cavalier was hot, unruly, scornful, with all the feudal readiness for bloodshed. The Roundhead was keen, stubborn, dogged, sustained by the thought of the heroes of the Old Testament, who avenged upon Canaanite and Amalekite the cause of Jehovah. Here, as always, we perceive that men lived and fought in the spirit of the Old Testament, and not of the New. A less fierce instance of the high and manly temper in which the best men entered upon the struggle is to be found in the words used by Sir William Waller to the brave Hopton. "God, who is the searcher of my heart," Waller wrote, "knows with what a sad sense I go upon this service, and with what a perfect hatred

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALKER & BOUTALL OF THE PORTRAIT IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WILLIAM LENTHALL, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

I detest this war without an enemy; but I look upon it as sent by God, and that is enough to silence all passion in me. We are both upon the stage, and must act such parts as are assigned us in this tragedy. Let us do it in a way of honor and without personal animosities."

To men of the mild and reflecting temper of Chillingworth the choice was no more cheerful than between publicans and sinners on one side, and scribes and Pharisees on the other.

On the whole, the contest in England was stained by few of the barbarities that usually mark a civil war, especially war with a religious color upon it. But cruelty, brutality, and squalor are the essence of all war, and here, too, there was much rough work and some atrocity. Prisoners were sometimes badly used; and the Parliamentary generals sent great batches of them, like gangs of slaves, to toil under the burning sun in the West Indies, or to compulsory service in Venice or an American colony. Men were killed in cold blood after quarter promised, and the shooting of Lucas and Lisle after the surrender of Colchester in 1648 was a piece of savagery for which Fairfax and Ireton must divide the blame. When the king stormed Leicester in 1645, his own partizan admits that the conquerors "pursued their advantage with the usual license of rapine and plunder, and miserably sacked the whole town, without any distinction of persons or places, churches and hospitals being made a prey to the enraged and greedy soldier." All this is the ruffianism of war, but it was ruffianism without the diabolic ferocity of Spaniards in the sixteenth century, or Germans in the seventeenth, or French sansculottes in the eighteenth.

(To be continued.)

"'SIT DOWN,' HE SAID. 'WHAT A FOOL YOU ARE!'"

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A QUACK.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL,
Author of "Hugh Wynne," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR J. KELLER.

PART II.

MEANWHILE money became scarce once more, and I was driven to my wit's end to devise how I should continue to live as I had done. I tried, among other plans, that of keeping certain pills and other medicines, which I sold to my patients; but on the whole I found it better to send all my prescriptions to one druggist, who charged the patient ten or twenty cents over the correct price, and handed this amount to me.

In some cases I am told the percentage is supposed to be a donation on the part of the apothecary; but I rather fancy the patient pays for it in the end. It is one of the absurd vagaries of the profession to discountenance the practice I have described, but I wish, for my part, I had never done anything more foolish or more dangerous. Of course it inclines a doctor to change his medicines a good deal, and to order them in large quantities, which is occasionally annoying to the poor; yet, as I have always observed, there is no poverty as painful as your own, so that I prefer to distribute pecuniary suffering among many rather than to concentrate it on myself. That 's a rather neat phrase.

About six months after the date of this annoying adventure, an incident occurred which altered somewhat, and for a time improved, my professional position. During my morning office-hour an old woman came in, and putting down a large basket, wiped her face with a yellow-cotton handkerchief, and afterwards with the corner of her apron. Then she looked around uneasily, got up, settled her basket on her arm with a jerk which decided the future of an egg or two, and remarked briskly: "Don't see no little bottles about; got the wrong stall, I guess. You ain't no homeopath doctor, are you?"

With great presence of mind, I replied: "Well, ma'am, that depends upon what you want. Some of my patients like one, and some like the other." I was about to add, "You pay your money and you take your choice," but thought better of it, and held my peace, refraining from classical quotation.

"Being as that 's the case," said the old lady, "I 'll just tell you my symptoms. You said you give either kind of medicine, did n't you?"

"Just so," replied I.

"Clams or oysters, whichever opens most lively, as my old Joe says—tends the oyster-stand at stall No. 9. Happen to know Joe?"

No, I did not know Joe; but what were the symptoms?

They proved to be numerous, and included a stunning in the head and a misery in the side, with bokin after victuals.

I proceeded, of course, to apply a stethoscope over her ample bosom, though what I heard on this and similar occasions I should find it rather difficult to state. I remember well my astonishment in one instance where, having unconsciously applied my instrument over a clamorous silver watch in the watch-fob of a sea-captain, I concluded for a moment that he was suffering from a rather remarkable displacement of the heart. As to my old lady, whose name was Checkers, and who kept an apple-stand near by, I told her that I was out of pills just then, but would have plenty next day. Accordingly, I proceeded to invest a small amount at a place called a homeopathic pharmacy, which I remember amused me immensely.

A stout little German, with great silver spectacles, sat behind a counter containing numerous jars of white powders labeled concisely, "Lac.," "Led.," "Onis.," "Op.," "Puls.," etc., while behind him were shelves filled with bottles of what looked like minute white shot.

"I want some homeopathic medicine," said I.

"Vat kindt?" said my friend. "Vat you vants to cure?"

I explained at random that I wished to treat diseases in general.

"Vell, ve gifs you a case, mit a pook," and thereon produced a large box containing bottles of small pills and powders, labeled variously with the names of the diseases, so that all you required was to use the headache or colic bottle in order to meet the needs of those particular maladies.

I was struck at first with the exquisite simplicity of this arrangement; but before purchasing, I happened luckily to turn over the leaves of a book, in two volumes, which lay on the counter; it was called "Jahr's Manual." Opening at page 310, vol. i, I lit upon "Lachesis" which proved to my amazement to be snake-venom. This Mr. Jahr stated to be indicated for use in upward of a hundred symptoms. At once it occurred to me that "Lach." was the medicine for my money, and that it was quite needless to waste cash on the box. I therefore bought a small jar of

"'ANY OF YOU BEEN SCALPED, GENTLEMEN?'"

"Lach." and a lot of little pills, and started for home.

My old woman proved a fast friend; and as she sent me numerous patients, I by and by altered my sign to "Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon," whatever that may mean, and was regarded by my medical brothers as a lost sheep, and by the little-pill doctors as one who had seen the error of his ways.

In point of fact, my new practice had decided advantages. All pills looked and tasted alike, and the same might be said of the powders, so that I was never troubled by these absurd investigations into the nature of remedies which some patients are prone to make. Of course I desired to get business, and it was therefore obviously unwise to give little pills of "Lac.," or "Puls.," or "Sep.," when a man distinctly needed a dose of oil, or a white-faced girl iron, or the like. I soon made the useful discovery that it was only necessary to describe cod-liver oil, for instance, as a diet, in order to make use of it where required. When a man got impatient over an ancient ague, I usually found, too, that I could persuade him to let me try a good dose of quinine; while, on the other hand, there was a distinct pecuniary advantage in those cases of the shakes which could be made to believe that it "was best not to interfere with nature." I ought to add that this kind of faith is uncommon among folks who carry hods or build walls.

For women who are hysterical, and go heart and soul into the business of being sick, I have found the little pills a most charming resort, because you cannot carry the refinement of symptoms beyond what my friend Jahr has done in the way of fitting medicines to them, so that if I had taken seriously to practising this double form of therapeutics, it had, as I saw, certain conveniences.

Another year went by, and I was beginning to prosper in my new mode of life. My medicines (being chiefly milk-sugar, with variations as to the labels) cost next to nothing; and as I charged pretty well for both these and my advice, I was now able to start a gig.

I solemnly believe that I should have continued to succeed in the practice of my profession if it had not happened that fate was once more unkind to me, by throwing in my path one of my old acquaintances. I had a consultation one day with the famous homeopath Dr. Zwanzig. As we walked away we were busily discussing the case of a poor consumptive fellow who previously had lost a leg. In consequence of this defect, Dr. Zwanzig considered that the ten-thousandth of a grain of aurum would be an overdose, and that it must be fractioned so as to allow for the departed leg, otherwise the rest of the man would be getting a leg-dose too much. I was particularly struck with this view of the case, but I was still more, and less pleasingly, impressed at the sight of my former patient Stagers, who nodded to me familiarly from the opposite pavement.

I was not at all surprised when, that evening quite late, I found this worthy waiting in my office. I looked around uneasily, which was clearly understood by my friend, who retorted: "Ain't took nothin' of yours, doc. You don't seem right awful glad to see me. You need n't be afraid—I 've only fetched you a job, and a right good one, too."

I replied that I had my regular business, that I preferred he should get some one else, and pretty generally made Mr. Stagers aware that I had had enough of him. I did not ask him to sit down, and, just as I supposed him about to leave, he seated himself with a grin, remarking, "No use, doc; got to go into it this one time."

At this I, naturally enough, grew angry and used several rather violent phrases.

"No use, doc," says Stagers.

Then I softened down, and laughed a little, and treated the thing as a joke, whatever it was, for I dreaded to hear.

But Stagers was fate. Stagers was inevitable. "Won't do, doc—not even money would n't get you off."

"No?" said I, interrogatively, and as coolly as I could, contriving at the same time to move toward the window. It was summer, the sashes were up, the shutters half drawn in, and a policeman whom I knew was lounging opposite, as I had noticed when I entered. I would give Stagers a scare, charge him with theft—anything but get mixed up with his kind again. It was the folly of a moment, and I should have paid dear for it.

He must have understood me, the scoundrel, for in an instant I felt a cold ring of steel against my ear, and a tiger clutch on my cravat. "Sit down," he said. "What a fool you are! Guess you forgot that there coroner's business and the rest." Needless to say that I obeyed. "Best not try that again," continued my guest. "Wait a moment"; and rising, he closed the window.

There was no resource left but to listen; and what followed I shall condense rather than relate it in the language employed by my friend Mr. Stagers.

It appeared that my other acquaintance Mr. File had been guilty of a cold-blooded and long-premeditated murder, for which he had been tried and convicted. He now lay in jail awaiting his execution, which was to take place at Carsonville, Ohio. It seemed that with Stagers and others he had formed a band of expert counterfeiters in the West. Their business lay in the manufacture of South American currencies. File had thus acquired a fortune so considerable that I was amazed at his having allowed his passion to seduce him into unprofitable crime. In his agony he unfortunately thought of me, and had bribed Stagers largely in order that he might be induced to find me. When the narration had reached this stage, and I had been made fully to understand that I was now and hereafter under the sharp eye of Stagers and his friends, that, in a word, escape was out of the question, I turned on my tormentor.

"And what does all this mean?" I said. "What does File expect me to do?"

"Don't believe he exactly knows," said Stagers. "Something or other to get him clear of hemp."

"But what stuff!" I replied. "How can I help him? What possible influence could I exert?"

"Can't say," answered Stagers, imperturbably. "File has a notion you 're 'most cunning enough for anything. Best try something, doc."

"And what if I won't do it?" said I. "What does it matter to me if the rascal swings or no?"

"Keep cool, doc," returned Stagers. "I 'm only agent in this here business. My principal, that 's File, he says: 'Tell Sandcraft to find some way to get me clear. Once out, I give him ten thousand dollars. If he don't turn up something that will suit, I 'll blow about that coroner business and Lou Wilson, and break him up generally.'"

"You don't mean," said I, in a cold sweat—"you don't mean that, if I can't do this impossible thing, he will inform on me?"

"Just so," returned Stagers. "Got a cigar, doc?"

I only half heard him. What a frightful position! I had been leading a happy and an increasingly profitable life—no scrapes and no dangers; and here, on a sudden, I had presented to me the alternative of saving a wretch from the gallows or of spending unlimited years in a State penitentiary. As for the money, it became as dead leaves for this once only in my life. My brain seemed to be spinning round. Lights came and went before my eyes. In my ears was the sound of waters. I grew weak all over.

"Cheer up a little," said Stagers. "Take a nip of whisky. Things ain't at the worst, by a good bit. You just get ready, and we 'll start by the morning train. Guess you 'll try out something smart enough as we travel along. Ain't got a heap of time to lose."

I was silent. A great anguish had me in its grip. I might squirm as I would, it was all in vain. Hideous plans rose to my mind, born of this agony of terror. I might murder Stagers, but what good would that do? As to File, he was safe from my hand. At last I became too confused to think any longer. "When do we leave?" I said feebly.

"At six to-morrow," he returned.

How I was watched and guarded, and how hurried over a thousand miles of rail to my fate, little concerns us now. I find it dreadful to recall it to memory. Above all, an aching eagerness for revenge upon the man who had caused me these sufferings predominated in my mind. Could I not fool the wretch and save myself? On a sudden an idea came into my consciousness, like a sketch on an artist's paper. Then it grew and formed itself, became possible, probable, it seemed to me sure. "Ah," said I, "Stagers, give me something to eat and drink." I had not tasted food for two days.

Within a day or two after my arrival, I was enabled to see File in his cell, on the plea of being a clergyman from his native place.

I found that I had not miscalculated my danger. The man did not appear to have the least idea as to how I was to help him. He only knew that I was in his power, and he used his control to insure that something more potent than friendship should be enlisted in his behalf. As the days went by, his behavior grew to be a frightful thing to witness. He threatened, flattered, implored, offered to double the sum he had promised if I would save him. My really reasonable first thought was to see the governor, and, as Stagers's former physician, make oath to his having had many attacks of epilepsy followed by brief periods of homicidal mania. He had, in fact, had fits of alcoholic epilepsy. Unluckily, the governor was in a distant city. The time was short, and the case against my man too clear. Stagers said it would not do. I was at my wit's end. "Got to do something," said File, "or I 'll attend to your case, doc."

"But," said I, "suppose there is really nothing."

"Well," said Stagers to me when we were alone, "you get him satisfied, anyhow. He 'll never let them hang him, and perhaps—well, I am going to give him these pills when I get a chance. He asked to have them. But what 's your other plan?"

Stagers knew as much about medicine as a pig knows about the opera. So I set to work to delude him, first asking if he could secure me, as a clergyman, an hour alone with File just before the execution. He said money would do it, and what was my plan?

"Well," said I, "there was once a man named Dr. Chovet. He lived in London. A gentleman who turned highwayman was to be hanged. You see," said I, "this was about 1760. Well, his friends bribed the jailer and the hangman. The doctor cut a hole in the man's windpipe, very low down where it could be partly hid by a loose cravat. So, as they hanged him only a little while, and the breath went in and out of the opening below the noose, he was only just insensible when his friends got him—"

"And he got well," cried Stagers, much pleased with my rather melodramatic tale.

"Yes," I said, "he got well and used to take purses, all dressed in white. People had known him well, and when he robbed his great-aunt, who was not in the secret, she swore she had seen his ghost."

Stagers said that was a fine story; guessed it would work; small town, new business, lots of money to use. In fact, the attempt thus to save a man is said to have been made, but, by ill luck, the man did not recover. It answered my purpose, but how any but an ass like this fellow could believe it possible to be done puzzles me to this day.

File became enthusiastic over my scheme, and I cordially assisted his credulity. The thing was to keep the wretch quiet until the business blew up or—and I shuddered—until File, in despair, took his pill. I should in any case find it wise to leave in haste.

My friend Stagers had naturally some absurd misgivings lest Mr. File's neck should be broken by the fall; but as to this I was able to reassure him upon the best scientific authority. There were certain other and minor questions, as to the effect of sudden, nearly complete cessation of the supply of blood to the brain; but with these physiological refinements I thought it needlessly cruel to distract a man in File's peculiar position. Perhaps I shall be doing injustice to my own intellect if I do not hasten to state again that I had not the remotest belief in the efficacy of my plan for any purpose except to get me out of a very uncomfortable position and give me, with time, a chance to escape.

Stagers and I were both disguised as clergymen, and were quite freely admitted to the condemned man's cell. In fact, there was a certain trustful simplicity about all their arrangements. The day but one before the execution Stagers informed me that File had the pills, which he, Stagers, had contrived to give him. Stagers continued trustfully pleased with our plan. I was not.

So far our plans, or rather mine, had worked to a marvel. Certain of File's old accomplices succeeded in bribing the hangman to shorten the time of suspension. Arrangements were made to secure me two hours alone with the prisoner, so that nothing seemed to be wanting to this tomfool business. I had assured Stagers that I would not need to see File again previous to the operation; but in the forenoon of the day before that set for the execution I was seized with a feverish impatience, which luckily prompted me to visit him once more. As usual, I was admitted readily, and nearly reached his cell when I became aware, from the sound of voices heard through the grating in the door, that there was a visitor in the cell. "Who is with him?" I inquired of the turnkey.

"The doctor," he replied.

"Doctor?" I said, pausing. "What doctor?"

"Oh, the jail physician," he returned. "I was to come back in half an hour to let him out; but he 's got a quarter to stay as yet. Shall I admit you, or will you wait?"

"No," I replied; "it is hardly right to interrupt them. I will walk in the corridor for ten minutes or so, and then you can come back to let me into the cell."

"Very good," he returned, and left me.

As soon as I was alone, I cautiously advanced until I stood alongside of the door, through the barred grating of which I was able readily to hear what went on within. The first words I caught were these:

"And you tell me, doctor, that, even if a man's windpipe was open, the hanging would kill him—are you sure?"

"Yes," returned the other, "I believe there would be no doubt of it. I cannot see how escape would be possible. But let me ask you," he went on more gravely, "why you have sent for me to ask these singular questions. You cannot have the faintest hope of escape, and least of all in such a manner as this. I advise you to think rather on the

fate which is inevitable. You must, I fear, have much to reflect upon."

"But," said File, "if I wanted to try this plan of mine, could n't some one be found to help me, say if he was to make twenty thousand or so by it? I mean a really good doctor." Evidently File cruelly mistrusted my skill, and meant to get some one to aid me.

"If you mean me," answered the doctor, "some one cannot be found, neither for twenty nor fifty thousand dollars. Besides, if any one were wicked enough to venture on such an attempt, he would only be deceiving you with a hope which would be utterly vain. You must be off your head."

I understood all this with an increasing fear in my mind. I had meant to get away that night at all risks.

After a pause he said: "Well, doctor, you know a poor devil in my fix will clutch at straws. Hope I have not offended you."

"Not the least," returned the doctor. "Shall I send you Mr. Smith?" This was my present name; in fact, I was known as the Rev. Eliphalet Smith.

"I would like it," answered File; "but as you go out, tell the warden I want to see him immediately about a matter of great importance."

At this stage I began to apprehend very distinctly that the time had arrived when it would be wiser for me to delay escape no longer. Accordingly, I waited until I heard the doctor rise, and at once stepped quietly away to the far end of the corridor. I had scarcely reached it when the door which closed it was opened by a turnkey who had come to relieve the doctor and let me into the cell. Of course my peril was imminent. If the turnkey mentioned my near presence to the prisoner, immediate disclosure would follow. If some lapse of time were secured before the warden obeyed the request from File that he should visit him, I might gain thus a much-needed hour, but hardly more. I therefore said to the officer: "Tell the warden that the doctor wishes to remain an hour longer with the prisoner, and that I shall return myself at the end of that time."

"Very good, sir," said the turnkey, allowing me to pass out, and, as he followed me, relocking the door of the corridor. "I 'll tell him," he said.

It is needless to repeat that I never had the least idea of carrying out the ridiculous scheme with which I had deluded File and Stagers, but so far Stagers's watchfulness had given me no chance to escape.

In a few moments I was outside of the jail gate, and saw my fellow-clergyman, Mr. Stagers, in full broadcloth and white tie, coming down the street toward me. As usual, he was on his guard; but this time he had to deal with a man grown perfectly desperate, with everything to win and nothing to lose. My plans were made, and, wild as they were, I thought them worth the trying. I must evade this man's terrible watch. How keen it was, you cannot imagine; but it was aided by three of the infamous gang to which File had belonged, for without these spies no one person could possibly have sustained so perfect a system.

I took Stagers's arm. "What time," said I, "does the first train start for Dayton?"

"At twelve," said the other; "what do you want?"

"How far is it?" I continued.

"About fifteen miles," he replied.

"Good. I can get back by eight o'clock to-night."

"Easily," said Stagers, "if you go. What do you want?"

"I want," said I, "a smaller tube to put in the windpipe—must have it, in fact."

"Well, I don't like it," said he, "but the thing 's got to go through somehow. If you must go, I will go along myself. Can't lose sight of you, doc, just at present. You 're monstrous precious. Did you tell File?"

"Yes," said I; "he 's all right. Come. We 've no time to lose."

Nor had we. Within twenty minutes we were seated in the last car of a long train, and running at the rate of twenty miles an hour toward Dayton. In about ten minutes I asked Stagers for a cigar.

"Can't smoke here," said he.

"No," I answered; "of course not. I 'll go forward into the smoking-car."

"Come along," said he, and we went through the train.

I was not sorry he had gone with me when I found in the smoking-car one of the spies who had been watching me so constantly. Stagers nodded to him and grinned at me, and we sat down together.

"Chut!" said I, "left my cigar on the window-ledge in the hindmost car. Be back in a moment."

This time, for a wonder, Stagers allowed me to leave unaccompanied. I hastened through to the nearer end of the hindmost car, and stood on the platform. I instantly cut the signal-cord. Then I knelt down, and, waiting until the two cars ran together, I tugged at the connecting-pin. As the cars came together, I could lift it a little, then as

the strain came on the coupling the pin held fast. At last I made a great effort, and out it came. The car I was on instantly lost speed, and there on the other platform, a hundred feet away, was Stagers shaking his fist at me. He was beaten, and he knew it. In the end few people have been able to get ahead of me.

The retreating train was half a mile away around the curve as I screwed up the brake on my car hard enough to bring it nearly to a stand. I did not wait for it to stop entirely before I slipped off the steps, leaving the other passengers to dispose of themselves as they might until their absence should be discovered and the rest of the train return.

As I wish rather to illustrate my very remarkable professional career than to amuse by describing its lesser incidents, I shall not linger to tell how I succeeded, at last, in reaching St. Louis. Fortunately, I had never ceased to anticipate a moment when escape from File and his friends would be possible, so that I always carried about with me the very small funds with which I had hastily provided myself upon leaving. The whole amount did not exceed sixty-five dollars, but with this, and a gold watch worth twice as much more, I hoped to be able to subsist until my own ingenuity enabled me to provide more liberally for the future. Naturally enough, I scanned the papers closely to discover some account of File's death and of the disclosures concerning myself which he was only too likely to have made.

I came at last on an account of how he had poisoned himself, and so escaped the hangman. I never learned what he had said about me, but I was quite sure he had not let me off easy. I felt that this failure to announce his confessions was probably due to a desire on the part of the police to avoid alarming me. Be this as it may, I remained long ignorant as to whether or not the villain betrayed my part in that unusual coroner's inquest.

Before many days I had resolved to make another and a bold venture. Accordingly appeared in the St. Louis papers an advertisement to the effect that Dr. von Ingenhoff, the well-known German physician, who had spent two years on the Plains acquiring a knowledge of Indian medicine, was prepared to treat all diseases by vegetable remedies alone. Dr. von Ingenhoff would remain in St. Louis for two weeks, and was to be found at the Grayson House every day from ten until two o'clock.

To my delight, I got two patients the first day. The next I had twice as many, when at once I hired two connecting rooms, and made a very useful arrangement, which I may describe dramatically in the following way:

There being two or three patients waiting while I finished my cigar and morning julep, there enters a respectable-looking old gentleman who inquires briskly of the patients if this is really Dr. von Ingenhoff's. He is told it is. My friend was apt to overact his part. I had often occasion to ask him to be less positive.

"Ah," says he, "I shall be delighted to see the doctor. Five years ago I was scalped on the Plains, and now"—exhibiting a well-covered head—"you see what the doctor did for me. 'T is n't any wonder I 've come fifty miles to see him. Any of you been scalped, gentlemen?"

To none of them had this misfortune arrived as yet; but, like most folks in the lower ranks of life and some in the upper ones, it was pleasant to find a genial person who would listen to their account of their own symptoms.

Presently, after hearing enough, the old gentleman pulls out a large watch. "Bless me! it 's late. I must call again. May I trouble you, sir, to say to the doctor that his old friend called to see him and will drop in again to-morrow? Don't forget: Governor Brown of Arkansas." A moment later the governor visited me by a side door, with his account of the symptoms of my patients.

Enter a tall Hoosier, the governor having retired. "Now, doc," says Hoosier, "I 've been handled awful these two years back." "Stop!" I exclaimed. "Open your eyes. There, now, let me see," taking his pulse as I speak. "Ah, you 've a pain there, and you can't sleep; cocktails don't agree any longer. Were n't you bit by a dog two years ago?" "I was," says the Hoosier, in amazement. "Sir," I reply, "you have chronic hydrophobia. It 's the water in the cocktails that disagrees with you. My bitters will cure you in a week, sir. No more whisky—drink milk."

The astonishment of my patient at these accurate revelations may be imagined. He is allowed to wait for his medicine in the anteroom, where the chances are in favor of his relating how wonderfully I had told all his symptoms at a glance.

Governor Brown of Arkansas was a small but clever actor, whom I met in the billiard-room, and who day after day, in varying disguises and modes, played off the same tricks, to our great common advantage.

At my friend's suggestion, we very soon added to our resources by the purchase of two electromagnetic batteries. This special means of treating all classes of maladies has advantages which are altogether peculiar. In the first place, you instruct your patient that the treatment is of necessity a long one. A striking mode of putting it is to say, "Sir, you have been six months getting ill; it will require six months for a cure." There is a correct sound about such a phrase, and it is sure to satisfy. Two sittings a week, at two dollars a sitting, will pay. In many cases the patient gets well while you are electrifying him. Whether or not the electricity cured him is a thing I shall never know. If, however, he began to show signs of impatience, I advised him that he would require a year's treatment, and suggested that it would be economical for him to buy a battery and use it at home. Thus advised, he pays you twenty dollars for an instrument which cost you ten, and you are rid of a troublesome case.

If the reader has followed me closely, he will have learned that I am a man of large and liberal views in my profession, and of a very justifiable ambition. The idea has often occurred to me of combining in one establishment all the various modes of practice which are known as irregular. This, as will be understood, is really only a wider application of the idea which prompted me to unite in my own business homeopathy and the ordinary practice of medicine. I proposed to my partner, accordingly, to combine with our present business that of spiritualism, which I knew had been very profitably turned to account in connection with medical practice. As soon as he agreed to this plan, which, by the way, I hoped to enlarge so as to include all the available isms, I set about making such preparations as were necessary. I remembered having read somewhere that a Dr. Schiff had shown that he could produce remarkable "knockings," so called, by voluntarily dislocating the great toe and then forcibly drawing it back into its socket. A still better noise could be made by throwing the tendon of the peroneus longus muscle out of the hollow in which it lies, alongside of the ankle. After some effort I was able to accomplish both feats quite readily, and could occasion a remarkable variety of sounds, according to the power which I employed or the positions which I occupied at the time. As to all other matters, I trusted to the suggestions of my own ingenuity, which, as a rule, has rarely failed me.

The largest success attended the novel plan which my lucky genius had devised, so that soon we actually began to divide large profits and to lay by a portion of our savings. It is, of course, not to be supposed that this desirable result was attained without many annoyances and some positive danger. My spiritual revelations, medical and other, were, as may be supposed, only more or less happy guesses; but in this, as in predictions as to the weather and other events, the rare successes always get more prominence in the minds of men than the numerous failures. Moreover, whenever a person has been fool enough to resort to folks like myself, he is always glad to be able to defend his conduct by bringing forward every possible proof of skill on the part of the men he has consulted. These considerations, and a certain love of mysterious or unusual means, I have commonly found sufficient to secure an ample share of gullible individuals. I may add, too, that, those who would be shrewd enough to understand and expose us are wise enough to keep away altogether. Such as did come were, as a rule, easy enough to manage, but now and then we hit upon some utterly exceptional patient who was both foolish enough to consult us and sharp enough to know he had been swindled. When such a fellow made a fuss, it was occasionally necessary to return his money if it was found impossible to bully him into silence. In one or two instances, where I had promised a cure upon prepayment of two or three hundred dollars, I was either sued or threatened with suit, and had to refund a part or the whole of the amount; but most people preferred to hold their tongues rather than expose to the world the extent of their own folly.

(To be continued.)

ZIONISM.

BY RICHARD GOTTHEIL, PH. D.,
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"AND it came to pass that the genius of the Jewish people appeared one day before the throne of grace, and said, 'O Lord, when wilt thou bring us redemption?' Then spake the Lord, 'I will redeem you only when you will have reached the lowest depths of misery. Have I not put these words in the prophet's mouth, "The children of Judah and the children of Israel shall gather together and appoint themselves one head, and they shall go up out of the land"?'"

These were the words of an old-fashioned Jewish sage. The time for which he looked seems now, in part, to have come; if not come, yet it is on the road. The rumbling of the wheels is heard. Far down in the depths of the Jewish people a strange ferment is rising, as of life creeping slowly into the dead bones. Suffering which had almost made them callous to repeated blows has joined hands with the upward longings of these latter days. A legitimate desire to rise and to throw off all that clogs free social and spiritual development is spreading with irresistible force in the great Jewish proletariate. Zionism is merely the expression of this desire. Love for his own land, hope for his own future, confidence in himself—these are the three watchwords of the modern Zionistic Jew.

For there is an ancient Zionism also. "How can we sing the songs of Zion in a strange land?" said the exiles in Babylon. And yet these Jews sang them. They continued to sing them even after the second dispersion. In every nook and corner of European Ghettos and African Mellas the Jew sang his "songs of Zion in a strange land." The echo of almost every prayer of this much-praying people rang out the refrain, "Bring us back once more to thy holy land." Waiting for God's time to come, for the heavens to open and the hosts of Jehovah to fight his battle, the Jew sang on and on. To "die in Jerusalem" was, perhaps, all he could hope for in the flesh. Our own century, so often wrongly called the century of materialism, has in its declining days seen the Jew make the attempt to put into deeds the songs and hopes and longings of two thousand years. To live in Jerusalem!

Several times during this long period the fire had seemed to start. Even an impostor like Sabbatai Zevi (1650) was able to gain thousands of believers in his Messianic mission. Jacob Frank (1750) had the same success. When Juan Migues, the Marrano, became Don Joseph, Duke of Naxos (1566), and virtually directed the policy of the Turkish empire at the height of its power, once more the hope glowed for a time. But Don Joseph passed away, and the hope smoldered into ashes. In the middle of this century Moses Hesse, a socialist and free-thinker in Austria, Barthélemy and Labaranne in France, pronounced strongly in favor of a national Jewish restoration. But the daughters of Jerusalem answered as of old they had been bidden, "Stir not up nor awake my love until he please." Johann Heinrich Dunant, the originator of the Red Cross Society and of the Geneva Convention, gave up years of toil toward the awaking of this love; and with him worked Lord Shaftesbury and the International Palestine Society in England. Smolenski, Gordon, and Kalischer in Russia sang anew the songs of Zion in the language of Zion.

The Russian atrocities in 1881 seemed to have brought the Jews to those lowest depths of misery of which the old rabbi spoke. But even then the burning words of Pinsker in his "Auto-Emancipation," of Rülf, and of Rosenfeld in the "Razswjet" ("Dawn"), fell to no effect upon the ears of the Jews in western Europe. They showed noble philanthropic spirit, but they did not see that philanthropy could only mitigate suffering, not prevent it. Of the ten millions of Jews in the world, one half that number are in the Russian empire. Like sheep into a pen, they have been gradually forced into the great Ghetto called the Pale, there to go to physical and moral ruin in the fight for the right to live. In Galicia nearly ninety per cent. of the million Jews are in constant misery and absolute want; in Rumania several hundred thousands are denied the fundamental rights of citizenship. It needed the so-called anti-Semitic movement in Germany and Austria to gain a readier response for

the eastern European cry for help. "Anti-Semitism is an exotic which will never take root in the generous soil of France," said M. Théodore Reinach, some fifteen years ago. When that strong bulwark of freedom went by the board, Jews began to think.

Some outlet must be found for these millions of human beings, whose only crime seems to be that they have been born Jews — some sure outlet, with no uncertainties, or possible recurrence of old evils. Baron de Hirsch thought of Argentina, as Dr. Friedman had thought of Midian. For, clearly, no country in Europe would or *could* grant them a home. *Some* outlet, said Theodor Herzl, at the first blush. One and only one outlet, said the national and religious genius of the Jew —Palestine. The thought struck a responsive chord which has vibrated and vibrated ever since. The Chovevei Zion ("Lovers of Zion") societies, the first of which had been founded in Odessa in the year 1882, and which were devoted to the practical work of founding Jewish colonies in Palestine, took new life and new inspiration. But colonization, without clearly defined rights and legally assured protection, was soon seen to be insufficient, and even dangerous to the new settlers.

Every race, every people, have the right to live. Shall the Jew be denied that right? Every race, every people, have the duty to work out to their finest fruition the gifts with which God has endowed them. Shall the Jew only be absolved from such duty? If the mission of the Jew is a religious one, he must, in the first place, be in a position to live a religious life in the manner in which he understands such a life. The ceremonies and observances with which his beliefs have been surrounded are of a racial and national character. To preserve them honestly he needs must choose between the cramped space of the Ghetto and the wide-open field of his own land. He cannot be a Jew in belief and a Christian in observance. He cannot be everything to everybody. He will miss being just that which nature has intended he should be—a Jew.

The Zionist movement is the Jew's struggle toward a larger and more complete expression of his individuality. For the Ghetto denizen it offers a permanent home, and frees him from the necessity of choosing between a life of restriction and the assumption of a faith which is forced upon him. For those who have been privileged to live in the great world outside it offers a common center from which "the law shall go forth," a unity of aim and of purpose, a rallying-point. Since the days of the Palestinian sanhedrim the Jew has had no such center. In place of a physical, he set up a spiritual one—the law: a sufficient center, perhaps, under certain conditions, and provided all are willing to follow one interpretation of that law, and one only. The diversity in belief and observance which is the signature of latter-day Judaism shows how much need there is for a physical center which shall act as a centripetal force. Only if this be found can the Jews, can Judaism, be preserved. The beginnings of such a recovered center are to be found in the three Basel congresses of 1897, 1898, and 1899. They were the first expression of Jewish solidarity. Radical and orthodox, religious and agnostic Jews met upon one and the same platform. They could meet in truth with their own convictions: that platform was a racial and national one.

For Zionism recognizes the principle of race distinctiveness. The tide of universalism which rose with the French Revolution, and which reached its height during the first half of the present century, received a rude check in the victory of Germany in 1871. Upon this high tide the Jew mounted highest. But the counter-tide of individualism in national politics rapidly set in. The world felt itself in need of strong color; it saw that powerful incentives were needed to bring out the best that lay in the nature of every people. The Jew has been the last to see and feel this. Slav and Magyar, Czech, Croatian, and Dalmatian, have long since turned and swum with the new tide. The Jew still clings to his universalism. He does not see that in trying to become a citizen of the world he becomes at home truly and really in no one country. He still tries to be everything to everybody. He fails to be himself.

The Jewish opponents of Zionism are the Jewish universalists. They fear that the Zionists will help to turn the tide, witting little that the tide has long since turned and has left them high and dry. They fear the bogy of anti-Judaism, which cloaks its real form under the meaningless title of "anti-Semitism." They forget that anti-Semitism is chiefly directed against themselves, the Jewish universalists. The Christian world will welcome the reconstruction of a nation which has done so much in the past. This welcome will be its debt of gratitude to the Jew. Its active help in the work will be an atonement for the many faults committed during hundreds of years.

Can the Jew work out his own salvation?

Many of us are filled with distrust. His resources have well-nigh run to the lees. His history is the log-book of a storm-tossed ship which has been pounded again and again upon the shores of destruction. Yet "the sons of Judah have to choose, in order that God may again choose them," as a Christian Zionist said many years ago. Can they, will they, choose? Though strangely supine and lost in the dream that they can still pray for Zion and the restoration, while refusing to lift a hand for Zion's sake, I cannot lose faith. The Basel Congress represented nine hundred Zionist societies. It is a sign that some, at least, are not paralyzed from acting.

The growing success of the Jewish colonies in Palestine is a warrant that a Jewish polity can be built up which shall have as its basis the normal connection of the people with the soil upon which they live. Is it indeed nothing but a vision when I see the sons of Israel wending their way once again to the land of their promise, bringing back to it all that they have gained in spiritual and intellectual strength during their long conflict with other forces? I cannot believe that the Jewish people have been preserved throughout all these centuries either for eternal misery or for total absorption at this period of the world's history. I cannot believe that my people have so far misunderstood their own purpose in life as now to give the lie to their own past and to every hope which has animated their suffering body.

I hesitate to write of that which has been already accomplished. I run the risk of magnifying unduly what is unimportant, or of making that which is great of little moment. But every step forward counts; the road is very long. It is not the work of one lifetime or of a few generations which we are now engendering. The pangs of the new childbirth have been long in coming, and Israel's patience is heavily laden. We have, at least, created a sentiment and a feeling, not for Zion only,—that has been ever present,—but that now is the time, or else never, to translate into courageous deed the longing hope of past generations.

Will the great American people misunderstand such sentiment? Will they forget how large a part sentiment has played in their own upbuilding to greatness? "My resources are what we ourselves can do," said Frederick the Great to his generals at one time. The resources of the Jews are what they are willing to do for the Zionist cause. The public announcement which has been made has compelled the respectful ear of all who see the advancement of the human race to be conditioned by the successful life of every one of its parts. No secrecy, no hiding, but a clear statement of legitimate demands is what we Zionists desire. For then the assurance will come to all nations that this work of ours is no lusting after larger power, no hankering after greater riches, but a tremendous yearning to be better Jews, in order to be better men.

Of other things done much cannot be brought to paper. Political action of such enormous weight and consequence cannot always take the public into its confidence. An organic growth demands careful preparation and deliberate tending. In moving slowly the leaders have gained the confidence of their followers that nothing rash and hasty will be attempted. Herzl and a committee of Zionist leaders have only lately been in Palestine, and there have had an interview with the German Emperor. Time will show the results of this action. The Jewish Colonial Bank is being gradually formed, not as a speculative institution, but to provide the solid basis upon which to rest any agreement which may be come to with the Turkish Sultan. To buy land and to rent ground have been thought by many to be unchivalric on the part of a people. But shall we be blamed by those who have been forward in the demand that arbitration and paction shall take the place of cannon and bloodshed? The world is sighing for universal peace. Shall that nation whose prophets were the first to envisage so lofty a hope prove false to that ideal?

It is not in vainglorious pride, but in courage born of a strong hope, that I repeat the words which Disraeli, the great Jewish Zionist, when quite spent in years, said to a Jewish boy, "Never forget that you and I belong to a race which can do everything but fail."

McCRIBBEN SUES THE CITY.

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS,
Author of "Two Runaways," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

"TAKE the stand, Mr. McCribben. Tell the court, sir, what you know of the case."

Mr. McCribben buttoned his short frock-coat at its lowest buttonhole, let the front swell out, and climbed into the witness-box. His collar was much younger than his shirt, the bond of sympathy a little green ribbon in lieu of a cravat and in memory of McCribben's native land. He was a small man, but defiant even toward his own counsel. He began with great calmness and a decided brogue, losing in one at certain stages of the trial and gaining in the other.

"'T was in th' month av May, sor, whin th' city come before me house an' began to build wan av its cimitery sewers—"

"Sanitary sewers."

"Sinitary, is it? Oi don't know whaat a sinitary sewer is, sor. I tho't it wor a cimitery sewer. They thried to bury me in it, to say northin' av a cow 'n' a pig th' wake!"

"Go on, Mr. McCribben."

"Oi was, sor, whin ye broke into me sthory."

"When was the sewer built, Mr. McCribben?"

"In th' month av May, sor; an' it wor iliven fate dape, an' two fate av wather standin' knay-dape in the same. An' theyre it sthood, sor—"

"The sewer, you mean?"

"Aye, th' sewer an' th' wather; an' bristworrks flung up beyant it, sor, loike th' Spanish haythins lay ag'inst beyant th' town av Sandyague in Juloy; an' no way t' git over on me block but wan bit av a plank, sor, that made a mon look loike a squirr'l on a fince-rail whin he crossed over th' same."

"How long did the ditch remain open?"

"Shure, till St. Pathrick's day, sor, whin McGinnis, me capt'n, was illicted to head th' new comp'ny av Limerick Toigers."

"Well, go on."

"'T was th' day whin McGinnis, me capt'n, was illicted, an' the comp'ny wor named, that abourt darrk Danny Croogan's widder, who had got her money av th' railroad that backed a shiftin' ingoin on 'is neck in the discharrge av 'is dooty,—God rist 'is souwl!—come t' me house an' paid for th' illegint parnts he wint to slape in—"

"How much was that, Mr. McCribben?"

"Six dollars an' a half, sor; an' all in wan-dollar bills but th' half. An' me wife, seein' me abourt to l'ave th' house for a brith av frish airr, avter me long day av sittin' wid me two legs loike fish-hooks, says t' me, 'Mac,' says she, 'whin ye come home, bring a bit av stheak for the brikfas', an' three yarrds av prints for th' childer's dress, an' two loaves av yistiddy bread for th' toast; they come ch'aper—'"

"Shure, an' 't is God's thruth!" said Mrs. McCribben, who had been a fascinated listener to her good man's testimony.

"Silence!" said the court.

McCribben waited for a moment, and whispered confidentially to the court:

"Faith, yer honor, 't is a moighty man ye arre to shut up Mrs. McCribben an' kape th' last worrd. Th' praist could n't do *that!* If Oi git me damage, Oi 'll stuthy th' lawr meself."

Mrs. McCribben drew her check shawl over her shoulders and settled her portly form in her chair, grasping her stick firmly.

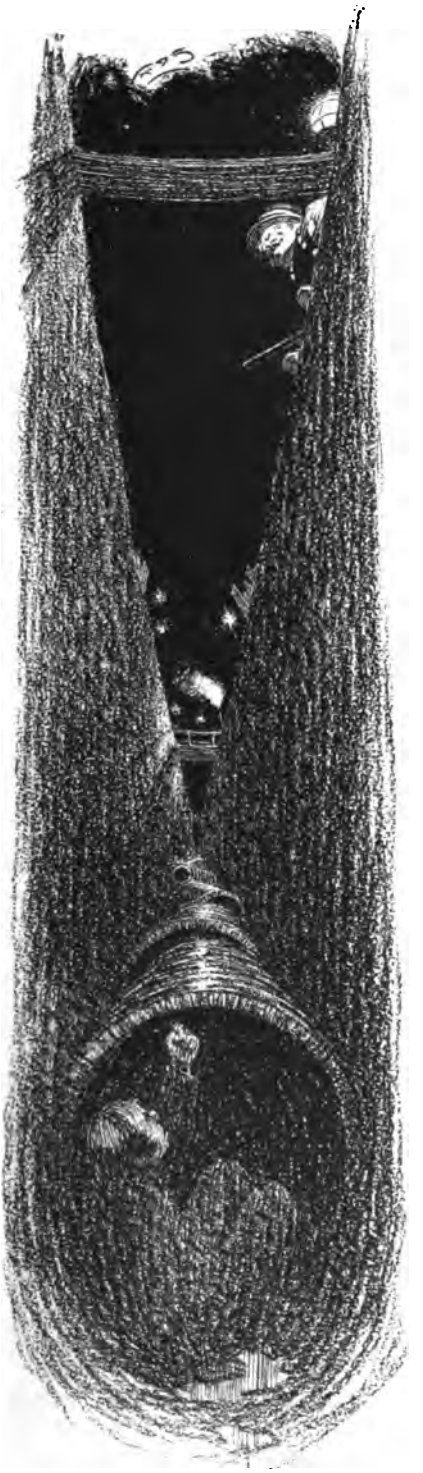
"Go on. What did you do then?"

"Oi wint forth an' Oi come t' wheyre th' cimitery ditch was waitin' for me; an' Oi crossed in th' airr loike a squirr'l instead av a free American citizin, sor,—on a plank,—an' wint down t' th' town. It was not more thin noine by th' clock—aye, we wull say noine an' a half—whin in th' p'aceful pursoot av me way Oi come back, sor; an' before Oi knew wheyre me home an' firresoide weyre, sor, Oi h' dhropped in th' dom cimitery ditch, sor, an' wor iliven fate ourt av soight, wid me loife hangin' by a thread, an' a place 'n me back th' soize av a soup-plate—'ixtravigince av th' blood,' th' docthors said, sor; an' nothin' betwix' me an' th' blissed starrs, sor, but two walls av solid

dirt an' th' face av Ossifer Noolan, who has th' bate by me house!"

"Well, go on."

"'Faith,' says he, 'arre ye doon theyre?' 'Am Oi doon here!' says Oi. 'An' if Oi was n't, why 'd ye be talkin' to yerself in th' noight up theyre?' 'Who is it?' says he. 'Oi don't know who 't is,' says Oi, 'but Oi was Tim McCribben whin it happened,' says Oi. 'What in th' name av th' saints arre ye doin' doon theyre, Tim?' says he. 'Oi 'm talkin' to a condem' fool,' says Oi. 'What else can Oi do?' 'But,' says he, 'why don't ye come ourt av th' earrth?' 'Because,' says Oi, 'Oi have n't any wings, begorra!' 'Cloimb ourt on ye brith,' says Noolan, who is proud av 'is sarrcasm. 'Brith, is it?' says Oi. 'Brith! Oi have n't any brith, an' what Oi have is wasted on a loonytic; an' that 's no sarrcasm!' 'Oi 'll arrist ye for interferin' wid an ossifer in th' discharrge av 'is solemn dooty,' says he. 'Wull ye?' says Oi. 'Come down, thin, an' Oi 'll give ye a black oiye along wid me bond!' 'Black oiye!' says Noolan, 'black oiye! Wull, wull, wull!'—laughin' alourd to himself,—'we 'll see abourt *that*, Mr. McCribben!' Oi don't know whither he hit th' wather before Oi hit 'im, but whin we took brith we were sthill in th' cimitery ditch, an' Noolan was blowin' 'is tin whistle to let th' worrld ourtside know that he was in th' corp'rate limits an' nadin' th' advoice av fri'nds.



"'AM OI DOON HERE!' SAYS OI."

An' thin come Ossifer Micky Hoonan, an' looked doon from th' rim av th' worrld above loike th' blissed angel that he was n't, an' he said, says he: 'Faith, arre ye doon theyre?' Noolan did th' talkin' back, for me secon' win' wor gone wid me first. 'Faith,' says he, 'am Oi doon here! An' if Oi was n't, why 'd ye be talkin' to yerself in th' noight up theyre?' 'Who is it?' says Hoonan. 'Oi don't know who 't is,' says me parrtner, 'but I was Ossifer Noolan whin it happened.' 'What in th' name av th' saints arre ye doin' doon theyre?' says Hoonan. 'Oi 'm talkin' to a condem' fool,' says Noolan. 'What else can Oi do?' 'But,' says Hoonan, 'why don't ye come ourt av th' earrth?' 'Because,' says Noolan, 'Oi have n't any wings, begorra!' 'Cloimb ourt on ye brith,' says Hoonan, who is proud av 'is sarrcasm. 'Brith, is it?' says Noolan. 'Oi have n't any brith, an' what Oi have is wasted on a loonytic; an' *that* 's no sarrcasm, Micky Hoonan!' 'Oi 'll arrist ye for interferin' wid an ossifer in th' discharrge av 'is solemn dooty,' says Hoonan. 'Oh, wull ye?' says Noolan. 'Come doon, thin, an' jist help me arrist meself, an' it 's a black oiye Oi 'll give ye along wid me thanks!' 'Black oiye!' says Hoonan. 'Wull, wull, wull!'—laughin' to himself alourd,—'we 'll see abourt *that*, Mr. Noolan!' Oi don't know whither he hit th' wather before we hit him, but whin we all took brith we were sthill in th' cimitery ditch, an' th' only diff'rence was, theyre was more av us, an' two was blowin' tin whistles loike callyhoopticons in th' elephant parade. An' Ossifer

Teddy O'Brien looked doon over th' rim av th' worrld, an' he said: 'Arre ye doon theyre?' 'Oh, will ye listen to that!' said Hoonan, 'an' 't was that blaggud shoved me in!' 'Faith, thin,' says Noolan, 'ye 're th' blaggud put me in!' an' they fell to worrk ag'in. Whin they risted, Teddy says, says he: 'Arre ye doon theyre?' 'Yis, indade,' we answered him, 'we are doon here.' 'Oi tho't so,' says Teddy, 'from th' noise. If ye foind ye are nadin' help, me fri'nds, come ourtsoide.' 'We can't come,' says Noolan. 'McCribben is doon here wid 'is back broke an' no wings, if ye 'll take his worrd for it!' 'Follow th' ditch,' says Teddy, who is a brilliant mon, sor. 'Which way is th' ditch goin'?' says Hoonan. 'Come doon, ye blaggud, an' show us.' Thin Teddy came. Oi don't know if he hit th' wather before we hit him, but whin we risted from our labors, sor, three av thim was blowin' tin whistles, an' a face looked over th' rim an' sphoke in a new languidge, besoides laughin'. 'Shure,' says Noolan, 'it is ole man Sooliv'n. Oi 'd know his chin-whiskers 'n th' darrk.' 'An' who,' said O'Brien, 'w'u'd have tho't th' ould hypercrit 'u'd be out playin' thricks on th' law?' An' he fired wan shot. 'By the saints av Oirreland,' said Hoonan, 'it 's a nimble fut he lays on th' plank!' An', sor, Oi laughed in me agony, for Oi knew me goat's warlk by heart, an' right proud was Oi that he took himself across th' ditch an' home! Where was Oi, sor?"

"In the ditch; and if you have any more policemen to bring in, Mr. McCribben—"

"No, sor. Oi have three to git out. Well, sor, an' simple it wor. We followed th' ditch till it come ourt on th' land ag'in, an' foun' meself foour squares from home, sor. How Oi got theyre, sor, Oi don't know, but Oi had bumps all over me, sor, an' an ixtravigince av th' blood on me back bigger nor a soup-plate."

"Shure, an' it 's God's thruth, sor!" said Mrs. McCribben. "An' Teddy said at th' door, whin they looked in, 'Wan av these gintlemin is McCribben, but if ye 're a vartuous 'oman, ma'am, make 'im shwear firrst!'"

"Silence, madam!" said the court, sternly.

"Oi only knew 'im, yer honor, by th' others denyin' it, an' th' way he sits on his lift leg, sor!"

"Madam, I will have to fine you for contempt if you do not keep quiet."

"Well, sor, Oi hope it won't be for th' contimpt Oi had thin, sor, or ye 'll give me another loife to pay it, on th' insthalment plan."

The court smothered a laugh, which gave McCribben a chance to say half aloud:

"Another loife, is it? Thin may St. Pathrick sind me back as a goat or a wanderin' cat av th' city!"

"Silence!" thundered the court. "Go on with the case!"

"And now, Mr. McCribben," said the attorney for the plaintiff, "how much do you consider yourself damaged by the city's negligence in leaving an open ditch in front of your house?"

"Well, sor, Oi 'd not take a cint liss than foive t'ousan' dollars, sor, for the ixtravigince av th' blood in me back, me p'ace av moind an' its anguish, th' foights wid th' polace, an' th' new hold Mrs. McCribben has on me. An' thin, sor, theyre is yez sinful feeay to come."

"The witness is with you," said the attorney, hurriedly, amid a ripple of laughter.

The city attorney *pro tem.* arose to his feet.

"May it pl'ase yer honor, Oi 'ave but wan or two quistions to put to th' gintleman, an' Oi am done, too." Mr. Sheehan had been selected to represent the city because of his influence with the Irish and to neutralize the race sentiment. "Mr. McCribben—"

"That 's me name, sor." The witness was in arms at once.

"What is yer thrade, Mr. McCribben?"

"An' ye ask me thot, sor, whin Oi made th' illegint Limerick uniform ye wore on yer back th' day they turned ourt!"

"Yes. Oi want ye to tell th' jury."

"It 's an intilligint jury, sor, an' Oi 'll not be avter castin' slurrs upon their good sense. Besoides, two av thim owe me for th' clothes they 're sittin' in this blissed minute, sor."

"Answer the question!" said the court. "What is your trade?"

"Oi am a tailor, sor; an' a Dimmocrat, besoide."

"Mr. McCribben, the noight ye lift home to go to town wid th' six dollars, what koind av loight was by th' plank? Aha, answer me that!"

"'T is an aisy wan. Faith, an' 't was a blue loight."

"A blue loight! a blue loight, was it?" Mr. Sheehan looked toward the jury, and smiled. "Now, Mr. McCribben, here 's another aisy wan: Don't ye know Micky O'Toole has th' ditch conthract, an' that he 'd niver 'ave put a blue loight by th' plank on th' noight av St. Pathrick's day? Aha, answer me *that!* Was n't it a grane loight, sor?"

"Well, sor," said McCribben, confused, "it must 'ave been a grane loight, sor."

"A grane loight! Don't ye know 't was a red loight or a foine av tin dollars? Did ye iver see any but a red loight on a open switch or a comin' ingoin? Aha, answer me that, ye spalpeen!"

McCribben rubbed his ear.

"Ye 're roight at last, sor. Oi do remimber 't was a red loight; but—"

"A red loight, thin, it was! Now, Mr. McCribben—"

"Yes, sor; Oi saw McGinnis. An' whaat av that, sor, whaat av that?"

"Whaat was it ye had wid McGinnis?"

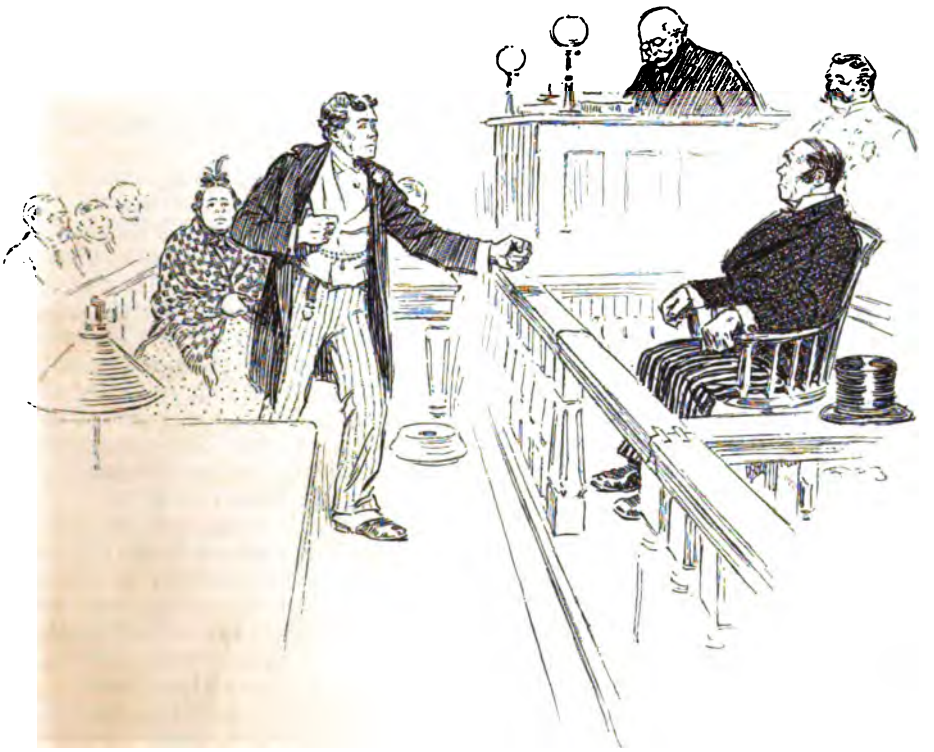
"Oh, Oi had a bit av fun wid McGinnis, an' a red limonade, Oi t'ink from th' smell av it—a few dhraps only."

"How many?"

"Shure, Oi don't count me dhraps, sor."

"Ye have 'im ag'in, Mac."

"Silence, madam!" said the court.



"'AHA, ANSWER ME THAT!'"

"Shure, 't is me name till yit!"

"Wheyre did ye go whin ye wint doon-town?"

"Well, sor,"—and McCribben stroked his chin and looked at the jury,—"as near as Oi can riccolict, Oi wint doon-town, sor."

"Ye have him theyre, Mac," said Mrs. McCribben, who had viewed her husband's *dilemma* with growing alarm. "Shure, he is a witty mon whin his blood 's up," she added, turning to his counsel.

Sheehan was imperturbable.

"Ye wint doon-town. Wheyre did ye go avter ye got theyre?"

"Dan Sweeny's, shure."

"Yes, av coourse; but before ye got to Sweeny's. Did n't ye see Capt'in McGinnis? *Aha*, answer me that!"

"How many red limonades? Answer me that!"

"Oh, a mather av two, Oi 'm thinkin'—Oi don't count dhrinks wid me fri'nds. Git down to th' case, mon, an' l'ave th' dhrinks alone!"

"Faith, Oi 'm thinkin' th' two arre so mixed ye can't siparate thim! An' thin ye wint to Sweeny's. Whaat did ye do theyre?"

"Northin'."

"Did ye dhrink a beer?"

"Come to think av it, sor, Oi did dhrink wan."

"Did n't ye dhrink two? Aha, answer me that, on yer oath!"

"Shure, it wor two."

"Three, was n't it? Aha, answer me quick before th' divil timpts ye!"

"It moight have been three," said McCribben, helplessly.

"Now, Mr. McCribben, on yer oath, sor, in th' prisince av th' law, did n't ye dhrink foour beers? Don't blot ye souwl wid a loie, mon—an' for one small beer!"

"Well, sor, an' whaat if Oi did, sor?" said McCribben, in a rage. "It 's a free country—an' they were ponies at that."

"Ponies! Aha, a pony is a little glass, I belave."

"An' that, sor, is th' only sinsible worrd from yer mouth this blissed day."

"Ye have 'im ag'in, Mac, an' Oi 'm proud av ye."

"Silence, madam!" said the court.

"An' is 't all ye dhrank?"

"Th' last blissed wan. An' Oi wint home thin."

"An' fell in th' sinitary sewer!"

"It 's disgracin' th' profission ye arre, sp'akin' th' thruth twoice."

"Ye have him wanst more, Mac!" shouted Mrs. McCribben, shaking her fat sides merrily.

"Take that woman out of here," said the court, "if she opens her mouth again!"

"She 'll be sthartin' home soon," said her husband, simply.

"Now, Mr. McCribben, whin ye fell into th' sewer—yis or no, mon—warr n't ye almos' dead dhrunk?"

"Yer honor," said McCribben, plaintively, "is it contimpt av th' coourrt to till a mon he 's loyin' whin he *is* loyin'? An' if Oi 'm to sphake th' whole thruth as Oi kissed th' book to do, how 'ill Oi be gittin' by callin' th' blaggud a loiar, sor?"

"Such language is not permissible before the court, Mr. McCribben. Stick to the plain facts of the case."

"Shure, that 's th' plainest fact av all, sor."

While the court was recovering gravity, Mr. Sheehan resumed:

"It is thrue that ye were almost dead dhrunk, thin, since it 's not denyin' it ye are!"

"No, sor, it 's but half th' thruth. Whin Oi fell in th' ditch Oi was almos' dead, an' not dhrunk at all."

"Whaat did Mrs. McCribben do to ye whin ye got home? Aha, answer me *that!*"

"Oh, Oi kape no dairy, sor. We convarsed on th' ivints av th' day, an' shwapped a few complimints as mon an' woife."

"Did ye bring home th' stheak an' th' prints an' th' bread?"

"No; Oi belave Oi did n't. Th' sthores were loikely shut, sor."

"You kape a goat?"

"Oh, Oi have a goat, an' he kapes himself. An' me goat is th' only mimber av th' family, sor, can foind his way over th' plank by th' cimitery ditch in th' noight. An' that 's a big parrt av th' whole thruth, too!"

"An' ye kape a tailor's goose?"

"Well, an' whaat av that? Is it layin' th' taxes ye arre?"

"Was n't th' goat by th' plank whin ye come home, an' was n't Mrs. McCribben pressin' clothes wid th' goose? Aha, answer me quick!"

"Oh, ye 're talkin' in foibles now! How 'd Oi be knowin' so much?"

"You can come down, Mr. McCribben. Oi 'm done wid ye!"

"But it 's not done wid ye that Oi am," said McCribben, as he took his seat. "Wait till ye see me ourtside. Ef Oi don't baste th' blaggud," he said aloud to his lawyer, "divil a cint nade th' city give me!"

Sheehan smiled and took his seat. He remained quiet through all the masterly presentation of the plaintiff's case by the plaintiff's lawyer, taking no notes, examining no law. For the greater part of the time he twirled his thumbs contentedly, his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, and a smile hovering around his Hibernian mouth.

"May it pl'ase yer honor, an' gintlemin av th' jury," he said, when the defense had finished, "Oi am moinded to say that this is no case for law, but for th' common sinse av honist men to pass on. Oi 'm not moinded to follow me illoquint brother through th' long stack av books he 's been handlin' theyre on th' table. Oi 'm goin' to sthick wid Mr. McCribben from th' toime 'e lift th' bosom av his family th' day Danny Croogan's widder, honist woman she is, paid him th' six dollars an' fo' bits for th' illegint throusers on Danny whin he wint to slape wid th' ingoin whale on his foine neck, till th' blissed bouquet av polace laid him in th' same bosom he had desarted."

The jury smiled and settled down in their chairs, while the indulgent court, straightening his legs, exchanged glances with the older members of the bar. Sheehan beamed genially upon the whole assembly.

"Whin McCribben lift his family that noight, me fri'nds, an' shook th' blissed hooks ourt av his legs which he 'd been campin' in all day, an' crossed th' plank over th' sewer-ditch which th' city was diggin' for his own convanience at last, an' to give all th' byes worrk to do th' whoile, a red loight looked him in the oiye on wan soide,

an' Mac's honest goat was chewin' av his cud, wid his blissed heart full av th' milk av koindness, on th' other; an' Mac wint abrroad wid no tho't but a sip wid th' byes, an' thin th' print an' th' stheak an' th' bread for Mrs. Mac, as she had tould him. But th' plans av th' best men, me fri'nds, as th' Scotch laddies have it, get mixed in th' shuffle, an' Mac had no more than rayched doon-town whin who is 't he mates but that rale gintleman, me fri'nd Capt'n McGinnis, by a fancy saloon. Says McGinnis: 'Come in, Mac, an' have wan wid me.' 'Shure, an' that Oi will,' says Mac. 'What 'll it be?' says McGinnis. 'A little dhrap av th' same,' says Mac. 'An' whaat is that, acushla?' says McGinnis. 'Whisky—nothin' liss,' says Mac."

"It 's a dom lie, yer honor," said McCribben, struggling angrily to his feet.

"Set down, McCribben!" said Mrs. McCribben, tugging at the short coat-tails of her liege lord. "Yer honor, will ye moind whaat th' spalpeen is swearin'?"

"Silence, madam!"

Sheehan was standing with his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, blinking at the ceiling. He continued:

"Nivertheliss, gintlemin av th' jury, he did n't dhrink th' whisky; for Mr. McGinnis he said: 'Oi have a dhrink av me own which th' same is called a Manatein cocktail'; and thereupon he give th' wink to th' king behoindst th' bar, an' th' king built two av thim in a flat glass. Whin McGinnis swallowed th' pizen, 'e winked ag'in at 'im, an' he said, bein' fond av chisnuts wid his dhrink: 'Shure, it 's nectar for th' gods.' An' Mac says, says he, 'Give us four more,' but McGinnis cut th' bid to wan."

"If yer honor pl'ase," began McCribben, rising again as if a hornet had stung him.

"Set down, McCribben!" said Mrs. McCribben; and with a hook of her umbrella-handle she landed him violently on his chair. "Let him puncture himself, mon! It 's th' pinitintiary—nothin' liss."

"But, gintlemin av th' jury, McGinnis l'aves him theyre because av his too fri'ndly disposition, an' Mac wanders around to Dan Sweeny's; an' l'anin' forninst th' counther wid his hat hangin' over his lift oiye, he fills th' bowl av his pipe, an' says: 'Micky, gimme th' roosther's tail in a flat glass, d' ye moind that!' 'An' whaat is that?' says Sweeny, his eyes swellin' loike a baytle. 'Is it chick'n-salad you be orderin'?' 'Gimme a necktoie for th' gods,' says Mac, scratchin' a match over his dudeen. 'Git ourt!' says Sweeny, who is a plain mon. 'You have it in th' neck already!' An' thereupon, gintlemin av th' jury, Sweeny jerks 'im th' first pony av beer. 'Necktoie for th' gods!' he says, lookin' up from his labor. 'We don't kape a cilistial haberdishory! No, nor a Choinayse landthry, aythe'r.' An' thereupon Mac harnessed himself koindly to th' first pony, gintlemin av th' jury, an' was roight glad whin th' laugh on 'im was done. An' thin, gintlemin, Moike O'Toole he comes up an' says: 'An' it 's a shame, my bye; th' city is thr'atin' Mrs. McCribben wid no respec', that it l'aves a cimitery sewer open by her house,' says he, 'an' a plank to cross th' same not th' width av Mrs. McCribben b' half.' An' thereupon Mac tells him av his grief touchin' th' same, an' hitches up another pony to make a tayme."

"An' where 'd ye git th' new loie, Mister Sheehan?" shouted McCribben, struggling with his helpmate, whose "Worra, worra, mon; l'ave him alone; it 's rank punctury!" arose above the confusion.

The court was speechless, and contented himself with heavy gavel work, while Sheehan blinked solemnly at the jury.

"An' thin, gintlemin av th' jury, it was not long before Mac harnessed another in honor of th' new Limerick Toigers an' St. Pathrick; an' whin he wanted airr from th' ourtsoide, not loikin' a spoike tayme for th' city, he hitched another pony for th' leader's mate, an' dhrove into th' noight wid a hurrah that woke ivery slapin' polaceman in th' warrd. Gintlemin, it is beyant me powers av illoquince to tell ye av th' way he wint home. It was loike th' passin' av a March wind, shure. He swung roun' th' corners an' up th' sthrates, his ponies tuggin' at their blissed bits an' strainin' 'im to death wid their pull. Av it was n't for th' hould he had wid his fish-hook legs, it 's dragged he 'd bin all th' way."

"Hush, me darlint!" said Mrs. McCribben, her powerful hand upon her good man's collar. "His loife is too shmall."

"Silence, madam!"

"An' so he come, gintlemin av th' jury, to th' plank wheyre th' red an' th' blue an' th' grane loights were shinin', av ye 'll belave him,—which two av thim was th' eyes av th' goat guardin' th' plank, av ye 'll belave *me*,—an' he remimbered thin that foour ponies naded more plank than wan, an' he jerked 'em to a setstill, an' looked to th' bottom av th' blissed sinitery sewer. An' seein' th' wather there, gintlemin, it come to 'im that th' foour ponies had turned to foour schooners! 'An' wull Oi be sailin' me schooners on

th' blissed river down theyre?' says he. 'Shure, an' Oi wull, if Oi can raych th' baych av th' same!' An' how, indade! Gintlemin av th' jury, 't was thin th' koind goat answered him wid a happy laugh av his own, an' Mac was down in th' wather, an' th' goat was pointin' his whiskers at th' stars. An' if it ain't thrue, me name ain't Sheehan!"

"Oh, yer name 'll be mud, boin-by, me lad!" shouted Mrs. McCribben.

"An', gintlemin, Mac's ponies was bein' chased by a *posse comitatus*—which is th' Spanish for a comet's tail av polace. An' wan by wan, as they held convarse wid him in th' blissed ditch, th' faithful goat sint thim in to help 'im, till all were theyre, an' a ball from O'Brien's gun started his royal nibs over th' plank to th' tune av 'Home, Swate Home'! Now, gintlemin, av it is n't thrue as Oi tell it, Oi 'm a loiar for ye not to belave."

"Acushla, Mac, th' gintlemin is at confession!" said Mrs. McCribben to her frantic captive. "Don't dishturb him, mavourneen!"

"Whin th' three polacemin landed Mac in th' front door av his house, an' Mrs. McCribben, who was pressin' sames, looked at him through his mud arrmor, she sthopped an' said: 'Wheyre is th' stheak, ye spalpeen?' 'Shure, an' Oi forgot it!' says he. 'An' wheyre is th' prints?' says she. 'Shure, an' Oi forgot it!' says he. 'An' wheyre is th' yistiddy bread, McCribben?' says she, th' gage on her voice risin' higher an' higher. 'Shure, Oi forgot it!' An' thereupon, gintlemin, she up an' let th' tailor's goose fly at him. An' th' polace shut th' door on thimsilves. An', gintlemin, whither 't was th' tailor's goose or McCribben's goat that gave him th' ixtravigince av th' blood in th' back, Oi don't know at all, at all; but as th' polace were off their bates nixt day an' bein' plastered for th' same ixtravigince in th' same place, th' ividence is forninst th' goat."

The city escaped with a verdict of one dollar and costs; and by the aid of three constables and a friendly juryman, Sheehan escaped with a whole skin.

GLASS HOUSES.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL COMEDY.

BY GELETT BURGESS.

SEVEN ties had been ruined in the knotting while Alden Brooks made himself ready for the Underhills' dinner. He had gone on abstractedly, taking another fresh tie as fast as one proved to be a hopeless failure, without realizing that the dinner-hour was dangerously near.

Whether Myrtle's photograph in the frame of the mirror, or his own image in the glass, more affected the trend of his soliloquy, it would be hard to say, but surely he *thought* he was thinking of Myrtle. The sight of the two faces so near together had sent him off into a reverie, however, that began and ended with the thought that she was decidedly pretty. There was no doubt whatever about that; she had, indeed, acknowledged it herself very candidly, for she had got into the way of calling the conventionally unconscious pose an affectation, and had made instead a fad of frankness.

Myrtle Leicester had, besides beauty, style and character, and at the fifth tie Alden had paused to class her mentally as between an "awfully nice girl" and a "thoroughbred," having neither the merely negative virtues of the one nor the supercivilized fiber of the other. She was the sort of girl that well became a divan and an after-dinner tête-à-tête. She was not "difficult"—that was one thing Alden thought he liked about her. She did not exhaust him in conversation, being rather a gentle tonic than a stimulant. She was agile enough, however, and always had an answer of the hit-or-miss sort ready, and she laughed merrily, if somewhat indiscriminately, at all his jokes.

They had got to be very good friends in the last few months, and had been together a great deal, indoors and out, for she was quite the sort of girl with whom a man—an Alden Brooks, at least—likes to be seen. And now he began to wonder where he was with her. The frontier between friendship and love, he thought, is a very dangerous and perplexing territory—a debatable land

of ambuscades and precipices. Into this border-land he had rashly wandered, and having been unobservant of the landmarks, it had been some time before he had discovered that he was lost, and in no small danger of being surrounded by the enemy, with all escape cut off.

To put it very plainly, Alden had begun to wonder if he was in love with Myrtle Leicester. The mere fact of his wondering about it, he thought, was a symptom of the beginning of the end—a sad commentary on his inexperience. By the time he had begun on his seventh tie he had confessed that he was in danger, seeing that she was seldom out of his thoughts for many hours at a time; and yet, despite her fascination for him, there was something lacking in her that he could not, nor did he try to, formulate. If she were not so pretty, he thought, he might settle it easier; for he was not willing to admit that that was her chief attraction, yet it was by certain poses of her head that he always recalled her. He tried to analyze her charms and to think of her objectively,—rather a hard thing for an Alden Brooks to do,—but he invariably ended by deciding that he *could* live without her, which, he considered, was tantamount to not being in love.

He put down his brush at last, and gave the photograph a careful inspection under the gaslight. His farewell look, however, was directed toward the mirror, and was unedged with the sharp criticism of the other. "She *is* pretty," he admitted, and that seemed to be the only definite thing he could say on the subject.

His reverie had taken so long that he was barely on time at the Underhills', and as soon as he arrived the company was complete. After a few introductions he was taken up to Miss Ringgold, whose partnership he had been promised for dinner. He had heard of Miss Ringgold before, and he had looked forward with some little curiosity to the meeting. He had even taken the pains to buy a copy of "The Forty-Eleventh Way" the day before, and had read it with a great deal of interest and amusement, quite forgetting that his original purpose had been merely to attempt to "get at" her through her work. He had not succeeded in "getting at" her as much as he had hoped, and save the general feeling that she must be very clever, he had secured little bait for the conversational fishing that he anticipated.

Miss Ringgold was, in appearance, extremely disappointing to Alden, who, without being much too handsome a man himself, was exacting in his requirements of female loveliness. She was, in fact, painfully plain. He could see that with half a glance, and thought to himself that he should have expected it in a woman writer; but he had also to confess to himself that her face lighted up interestingly when she spoke. There was time for but little conversation till the general table-talk broke up into little dialogues, and during that interval Alden was in no very amiable mood, impolitely regretting that he had not Miss Leicester for a partner, instead of the *bas bleu* by his side.

Miss Ringgold, however, was of no mind to let him off from his share of the entertainment, and began a running fire of talk. She had not said half a dozen words before Alden turned and looked her full in the face with astonishment. For a moment he had fancied it was Myrtle Leicester that was speaking, and it needed a visual denial of her presence at his side to remove the impression. It was with the greatest effort that he concealed his surprise as phrase after phrase came from Miss Ringgold's lips. There was every trick of Myrtle's accent and inflection, the same little hurried gasp with which she began, the same pitch and quality, and she even said "lenth" and "strenth"! There was something more than strange in this accidental resemblance, in that Alden discovered almost immediately that it gave him a distinctly pleasant sensation; for Miss Ringgold proved to be a very clever talker, and behind her talk he could see that she was a thinker. He had never thought of Myrtle as being a thinker, and yet it had not occurred to him to call her shallow. They were very fond of each other in a late-nineteenth-century way, and it had proved so interesting that he had never cared to go very far below that fact.

But now, to hear in Myrtle's voice replies and sallies so foreign to Myrtle's character gave him a queer feeling, the uncertainty of a masquerade. It began to amuse him hugely, and he turned the talk into the subjects he had frequently discussed with Myrtle, and he heard the most incongruous sentiments expressed with ingenuous vivacity. His double interest in sound and sense inspired him to exert himself, and he rose to the occasion. Miss Ringgold had, indeed, set a pretty swift pace, and he was forced to piece out his wit with audacity, though he found that somehow this did not serve as well as usual. Yet Miss Ringgold was not what he called difficult, though she certainly was stimulating. She treated his remarks

as if he and she were mentally on an equality, and his opinions were ripped open and turned inside out in a novel way.

As they went deeper below the surface of things, the fascination of the dual personality struck Alden as one of the most subtly flavored excitements he had ever felt. He could not resist the temptation to keep his eyes averted from her as she talked, and to hold mentally the image of Myrtle Leicester before him. Every time he glanced at Miss Ringgold's face he received a shock, as if there had been a sudden and unpleasant transformation. She was, indeed, positively rather than negatively homely, and the imperfections of her face were such as almost to anger him, as if she had been wilfully guilty of them, as one makes an unpleasant face in derision.

After the ladies had left the table Alden lighted a cigar, and discovered, to his amusement, that his hand was trembling. It was, he thought, the queerest hoax that had ever been played on him. He felt as if he had seen a ghost, and he proceeded to try to reason himself out of the delusion, persuading himself that it was all imagination. It certainly *could n't* be as strange as he remembered it. It must be like those times when one fancies that one must have been shouting almost at the top of one's voice, and yet has been guilty of no more than an ordinary tone.

He made directly for Miss Ringgold as soon as it was possible to leave the room, anxious to have his doubts dispelled or confirmed. He found her alone, looking over some music, and at the first word, as she looked around to speak to him, the charm reasserted itself. There was no doubt about it: the resemblance to Myrtle's voice was extraordinary. But what was stranger still was to hear the things she said. "Good for you, Myrtle!" Alden found himself thinking, for Miss Ringgold did not follow his talk so much as keep ahead of it. And when, flushed with the intelligence of her appreciation, he made bold to mention his latest hobby, it gave him a little physical thrill to find her still interested. It seemed almost like skating on thin ice to speak of hyperspace to a girl,—as if it were a subject a little *risqué*, —for it was a forbidden topic with Myrtle; the very name bored her almost to the point of slumber. Alden had got into the way of trying not to talk with Myrtle of the subjects in which he was most interested, and to find a girl with whom he could talk about his own favorite themes would at any time have been pleasant, but now to be led on to talk verbosely of himself and his theories by Myrtle's own voice was as stimulating as it was unusual.

He left the Underhills with a sense of having been very much waked up. He thought to himself that if Miss Ringgold had only been good-looking, if she had been even fairly presentable, she would have finished his uncertainty as to his sentiment for Myrtle. He thought he understood now what it was the latter lacked. No; Myrtle certainly was not brilliant, she was all flash-in-the-pan, and he could imagine very well the way in which she would have carried the dialogue that evening, more with her eyes than with her lips. But then she would have looked perfectly stunning, he thought, in her evening gown; she would have taken no second place in that company.

Miss Ringgold, on the other hand, was one of those frankly impossible women as far as looks go, he thought. She seemed to have given herself up in despair, and to have made no attempt to improve in any way upon what little nature had given her. There were some unpleasant things about her face, which Alden knew were there, though he was too much of a gentleman to particularize. They were too definite imperfections for her smile to hide, and yet he fancied that they gave to her face a strength that Myrtle's lacked.

It was all he could do to keep from telling Myrtle of the resemblance the next time he met her, for it was uppermost in his mind all the time he was with her, and he found himself studying her very critically and comparing her with Miss Ringgold point for point. But even if the knowledge that no woman likes to be told that she resembles another had not restrained him from confiding in her, the delicate criticism of her wit that would be involved in the comparison would have prevented him from speaking of the singular rencounter. Myrtle Leicester, however, was nobody's fool, and he was surprised to find that what struck him most at this meeting was, not how much the superior Miss Ringgold was intellectually, but how much the more beautiful was Miss Leicester physically.

It is true Myrtle's shafts of wit had not the force behind them to carry them to the mark, but they were fairly well aimed. She was skilful enough to get from him, against his will, the fact that he had met the clever Miss Ringgold, and that she had made a considerable impression on him. Perhaps

this was not a very difficult thing to do, after all, for Alden was not a little embarrassed by the cross-lights in which he was now forced to regard Myrtle. He could no longer treat her simply and naturally, but he was unconsciously weighing and measuring her by conflicting standards. If his situation with Miss Ringgold had been complicated, his relation toward Myrtle now was still more involved. Every remark she made was subjected by him to a mental dissection. He tried to imagine what Miss Ringgold would have said in its stead, and also how *her* remark would have sounded in Myrtle's voice. The same current of thought that had interested him so much at the Underhills' was now exactly reversed, and Myrtle's familiar opinions seemed incongruous even out of her own lips, for the thought of the widely different convictions Miss Ringgold would have expressed.

But his vagaries were dispelled as fast as they arose by sight of Myrtle's face. There was now small temptation to repeat his experiments at the dinner and to avoid looking at her, in order to fancy himself with Miss Ringgold. Myrtle was far too pretty for that. Indeed, the fact was rather that every time he glanced up he was relieved and delighted to find that it *was* Myrtle, and that Myrtle was lovely. He fell to associating, in his mind, particularly bright remarks with ugliness of feature, and if by chance Myrtle was guilty of a jest more subtle than usual, he was a little nonplussed to look up and find her face as fair as ever, and her smile as fascinating.

His habit of watching her in this way very soon developed the fact (which for some time he refused to admit, as being too surprising a complication) that there was also a certain similarity in the faces of the two girls. This was first suggested, perhaps, by the way that both used their lips more than by anything else. It was certainly not to be wondered at that if two spoke so much alike, their mouths should be somewhat the same; but at any rate he could not deny that the main lines of their faces showed the same model. He was interested, too, to notice that it was particularly in those points where Miss Ringgold failed that Myrtle was most satisfactory. He almost wondered at the evenness of her white teeth, at the grace of her hair as it swept back from her neck, and at the level line of her brows. There were times when Myrtle's face, though losing none of its beauty, fell into an expression so strongly resembling one he had seen on Miss Ringgold's as to give him the sensation of a double or mixed personality as strongly as did the familiar sound of their voices.

Time, which usually dissipates resemblances and allows individuality to assert itself, did not erase the impression that the two women had first made on him. While he was with Miss Ringgold he could not help feeling how much more clever and interesting she was than Miss Leicester, and while he was with Miss Leicester he could not help comparing her beauty with Miss Ringgold's manifest inferiority in that direction. There was thus always this subtle charm about each, this queer condition superimposed upon the normal interest that each intrinsically possessed. And this condition, curiously enough, always heightened the attractiveness of the one he found himself with, so that each profited in turn by the contrast with the absent one. When he was alone, however, and compared the mental portraits of the two girls, Alden was at a loss to choose, for each had a positive charm, as well as a positive defect. He had come to think of them together whenever he thought of either at all, and his interest in both persisted vigorously. He suddenly woke up to the conviction that if he was in love, he was in love with neither one, nor with both of them, but with a composite of the two! Here was a complication unprovided for in the books of romance.

Alden Brooks was, however, a practical man. With him, to be in love—his metaphorical definition for the state now being "capture by circumvesture"—meant to be shortly married. Many a maid has thought the same. He was ripe for the sacrifice,—which aspect marriage often takes to a happy and contented man of twenty-seven, used to having his own way,—but upon which altar to prostrate himself was a delicate question. This uncertainty, however, be it understood, formed no part of his attitude *en tête-à-tête*. It was a symptom only of his solitary analyses and introspection, if, indeed, that may be called introspection which consists in looking inward without really seeing one's true self. When Alden was with either of the girls he was, by this time, always upon the point of making up his mind. Perhaps these complications had gradually affected his powers of estimating his altitude, so to speak,—his intensity of passion,—but he assured himself on Saturday that he was in love with Myrtle, and on Tuesday he decided that Miss Ringgold would make

by far the better wife for him. She held the more delicate hold over him, a homely woman being always much more dangerous than a pretty one, on account of the additional weapons she has been forced to learn to use in self-defense (her word for rivalry), and he had invented and used fluently, without embarrassment, a pet name for her, "Fincko"—a fact which is, perhaps, as good a test as any of intimate acquaintanceship.

But with the ordinary conditions of life there was only one way for such indecision to end, and though wit may capture a man in the long chase, beauty must win in the dash, or when Fortune arranges the *mise en scène*. No young man is proof against a pretty girl whose hair curls in a salt breeze, whose color comes and goes rapidly, and who is game for a long walk by the shore. It was a stormy July afternoon when Alden found himself down at the Bay Beach for an over-Sunday outing and a visit with the Leicesters. There had been a wicked tumult overhead for three days, and now the surf was harrying the shore with vicious charges, the wind was loose in the west, the sky and the sea were masses of Payne's gray, and one could scarce tell which was which. It was a wild afternoon for a walk, for the wind was tearing at everything that was movable, and the spume flew with the sand, so that one had to fight for it to make any headway.

It was altogether the sort of weather for a girl like Myrtle to show at her best; for she was an outdoor creature, and the wind set her blood a-tingle. She proposed the tramp up the shore herself, and Alden, nothing loath after a muggy week in town, set out with her in high spirits. The wind had increased to a gale again, and it was all the two could do to stagger against it; but the exhilaration of the struggle and the sight of Myrtle's flagrant enthusiasm aroused all his primitive instincts. Well as he knew her, he had never seen her like this, and he felt a longing for her that seemed quite simple by comparison with his previous haggling. The foam rolled up the beach and was tossed into the air about them; the tide drove the breakers in and in, with unexpectedly violent charges upon the shore; the dunes shut off all the landscape, and the sea-view was blurred and thick with the mists. The two were alone in the storm, and fought it shoulder to shoulder.

They soon abandoned all attempt at conversation in the uproar, for the ocean boomed like an orchestra, and gave themselves up to the physical enjoyment of the gale, like two children. Myrtle's cheeks were in a fine glow with the exercise, and she bent forward, holding her hat on with one hand. As she looked up at him from under her brows, Alden caught her flashing smile, all her own now, for he could not think of Fincko with this expression of *sauvagerie*. Some women in the open air are really at one with nature, he thought, but others belong indoors. The efforts of their journeying seemed to him to draw them nearer together; it was all he could do himself to go freely, and he was proud of her energy and graceful strength. Even before they reached the West Cove he had made up his mind. Surely this was the girl for him; she would do him credit where another would be impossible, and fit into all his plans for the future. "My wife," he caught himself murmuring, "this is my wife!"

They made for the bath-house in the cove, and as they approached he took her hand to help her along. He kept it as they came into the lee of the building, where they could hear each other speak, and she made a small effort to withdraw it, and then abandoned it to him. They sat on the sand and were silent awhile from sheer fatigue; but Alden was well keyed up to his part, and resolved to end his doubts and suspicions, and making sure of Myrtle, make sure of himself also.

"You 're a girl after my own heart!" he said, admiring her frankly.

"Oh, no! Don't accuse me of that!" she said. This was the gage of Myrtle's subtlety; but if she always said the obvious thing, she could at least out with it so briskly that it often passed for wit, if one was not watching. Alden's eyes were, for once, too full of her to criticize.

"Seriously, Myrtle," he went on, "I feel as if we were both children again to-day, in this storm."

"Speak for yourself!" she protested.

"Indeed, that 's what I 'm going to do," he replied. "And you must listen, too. Will you promise?"

Myrtle glanced sharply at him, and saw what was coming. "Oh, dear, no!" she said quickly. "I guess we *are* mere children, after all, in this great, big storm, and it 's no time for grown-up discussions. Let 's just sit here and enjoy the rollers, or perhaps we 'd better be getting home. We 'll have the wind behind us, and we can simply *tear* back."

She rose to go, but he pulled her down,

too intent upon his own mood to notice that she had given him the hint in time. "Don't go yet," he urged her; "don't go till we can go back together, hand in hand all the way! Myrtle, I have never understood you, or loved you half as well as I have to-day, and I know I can't do without you."

"But we have hardly spoken a word. What nonsense! It 's impossible!" she said.

"Don't put me off, please; answer me now, dear," he pleaded. "Indeed, it is all true, and you must say yes." He stooped to kiss her as she looked at him with a queer look in her eyes, but she pushed him back firmly.

"No, Alden," she said slowly, submitting to the discussion he had forced on her; "no, dear. I was afraid of this, but not to-day, at such a glorious time as this, when we really *are* children, as you said. I have thought sometimes, when we were talking cozily at home, that you might be thinking things you should n't about me, but I am not really as clever as I know you think I am. Of course we have been awfully good chums, Alden, and all that, but I could n't marry you, dear." The strange look in her eyes still burned. She was looking across the sea as she went on, away off toward the horizon.

"But why not?" he insisted. He had nerved himself to this pitch without a thought that she too might have doubts and conflicting emotions. Indeed, he took no little credit of resolution to himself for having boldly cast Miss Ringgold out of his heart, and surrendering himself wholly and generously to Myrtle. "Why not?" he repeated weakly, for he could not quite believe her.

Myrtle had dropped his hand when he began to grow intense, but now she took it again simply. She was a young girl and a bit inexperienced, so that the situation hurt her not a little. She had not yet learned how unaccountably a man could bungle affairs of this kind, and she pitied Alden for his defeat.

"We 've been pretty good friends, Alden," she said; "and we shall be, I hope, whatever happens. But I made up my mind long ago, and if I had ever been conceited enough to suppose you could care in that way, I should have warned you. But I must marry a man who really *does* something, I don't exactly care what; perhaps one who writes, for instance, for I would like to help him in my way, as best I can, to accomplish something worth while with his genius; and to make a name for himself. I want to advise him and to plan with him, and to share all his work."

She had gone on, as if to herself, heedless of the irony of her words. It was an unconscious irony, and she did not feel the reflected criticism of Alden any more than did he, protected as he was by his conceit. He felt only that he had been refused, and his pride was very roughly jarred. The rest of her soliloquy only aroused his pity at her innocence.

"Surely it will always be true," he thought; "women have said, '*when* I marry,' and men, '*if* I marry,' since time began!"

The walk home was just a little uncomfortable for both of them; for Myrtle, because she had never refused any one before, and did n't know just how to manage it, and for Alden, who felt as if he had received a severe fall, and wanted time to feel if any bones were broken. He could conceive no adequate reason why Myrtle had rejected him, until, on thinking it over, the true significance of her words came painfully to him, and then her implied criticism of him angered him the more, because he had been too stupid to resent it at the time. He left her, feeling very uncomfortable at the change in their relations and at the childishness of her attitude.

There is nothing so sturdy as a good, healthy conceit, however, and its wounds are soon healed. Indeed, there were no bones broken. It was not two months from that day that Alden had succeeded in drowning in Miss Ringgold's society the memory of that unfortunate walk. He had soon realized how little beauty can do toward keeping a man contented, compared with the stimulus of an interesting mind. Myrtle Leicester once out of the running, he found an unalloyed delight in Fincko's society, and he indulged in it to excess. It came to the point at last when he could look her in the face without thinking of Myrtle, which, for a man of Alden Brooks's sensitive taste, meant that he was nearly "surrounded," to use his favorite metaphor. He had almost forgotten about the debatable ground until some involuntary criticism of Miss Ringgold's face came into his mind, and then finding that he forgave her misfortune very indulgently, he thought seriously that perhaps that meant that the "circumvesture" had begun, and he was to be really captured at last, falling into love.

He used to go out to her suburban place every week to discuss himself and a few other things with her, and there the end came on one starry night in September. It was too beautiful to remain indoors, so

Fincko and Alden had ensconced themselves in two East Indian wicker chairs in a corner of the veranda early in the evening. The night had come on slowly and fragrantly, a night for confidences—dark and balmy, expansive, inspiring. They had talked more intimately than ever before, for Fincko was in vein—whimsical, encouraging, tactful, and sympathetic. Their conversation ranged wide, following the three main tracks of conduct, love, and religion into many confidential little byways. At last, at the mention of ideals, Alden's long indecision gave way. On such a night, with such an esprit as Fincko's, it was only a question of time, for she held all the trumps, especially when one remembers that the night was so dark that he could not see her face.

He was calm enough; for the impulse came from a long series of tiny pleasures rather than, as before, from the cogent strength of mere physical beauty, and he thought to himself that if he had not attempted to carry Myrtle by storm, with passion, it was surely unnecessary now, with the artistic and delicately refined temperament of Miss Ringgold. It was not in his philosophy that the woman who least inspires an ardent proposal often desires it most, and that nothing would suit her better than to have her calm invaded by one worthy and bold enough to break down the walls of her impersonality. He had grown more wary now, besides, and chose to feel his way.

"Do you know what my ideal of friendship is?" he asked.

"Go on," said Fincko; "there are many definitions."

"It is quite simple. A friend may attract by no matter how many charms; a friend may be beautiful, wise, witty, or good: but the sole test is the feeling that one is willing to ask any favor in the power of one's friend to grant. One would help an enemy, but one would never ask a favor of an enemy. But there are few enough that one would feel perfectly free to ask anything of."

"Indeed! then I trust you hold me as a friend," said Fincko.

"I don't quite know," Alden replied. "There is something I don't quite know that I 'd dare ask of you."

"But is n't there a difference between love and friendship?" she said. "One surely expects all that, and a great deal more besides—women do, at least."

"If one could depend on one's emotions, yes," said Alden. "But how can a man do that? If you know anything of men, you have seen how diffuse they may be, even a very decent man. I think the best of them have come to rely on instinct rather than emotion. A man may persuade himself many times that he is in love, but there is not likely to be more than one of whom he is perfectly sure he will never tire, who will exactly supplement him and help him to live his life well."

"Oh, Alden, I can't, I won't believe that," said Fincko, with a touch on his arm. "You don't understand women if you dare say that; you don't understand me, at any rate. One must have all that, but oh, so much more! I must tell you one thing that I never expected to confess to you, nor indeed to any but to one person. Some day, perhaps, I shall tell him, for I have seen the man, the *only* man that I could ever marry. It was more than a year ago, but I can see his face now as distinctly as I did then. You men are no judge of masculine beauty, you know. Perhaps you can judge of a girl's looks better than can her own sex. I don't quite know what 'a pretty woman' means, though I fancy you all prefer a doll; but it takes a woman to judge of men. This man is the only one that ever attracted me physically. There was everything in his face that a woman could desire if she lived five lives. He was absolutely beautiful! Don't think I 'm a fool about it, for such a face must mean something more than beauty; it means everything that I have ever longed for, and that 's what it means to be in love, is n't it, Alden?"

So, as this stone fell, the last wall of Alden Brooks's glass house of pride crashed in, and the grim humor of his own fusillade entered his unwilling mind.

PUT UP THE SWORD.

BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE,

Author of "Her Majesty the King," "Ballads of Blue Water," etc.

I HAVE sung of the soldier's glory
  As I never shall sing again;
I have gazed on the shambles gory,
  I have smelled of the slaughter-pen.

There is blood in the ink-well clotted,
  There are stains on the laurel-leaf,
And the pages of Fame are blotted
  With the tears of a needless grief.

The bird is slaughtered for fashion,
  And the beast is killed for sport;
And never the word compassion
  Is whispered at Moloch's court.

For the parent seal in the water
  Is slain, and her child must die,
That some sister or wife or daughter
  Her beauty may beautify.

And the merciful thought we smother—
  For such is the way of man—
As we murder the useless mother
  For the "unborn astrakhan."

But a season of rest comes never
  For the rarest sport of all;
Will His patience endure forever,
  Who noteth a sparrow's fall?

When the volleys of hell are sweeping
  The sea and the battle plain,
Do you think that our God is sleeping,
  And never to wake again?

When hunger and ravenous fever
  Are slaying the wasted frame,
Shall we worship the red deceiver,
  The devil that men call Fame?

We may swing the censer to cover
  The odor of blood—in vain;
God asks us, over and over,
  "Where is thy brother, Cain?"

THE JUDGMENT OF PETER AND PAUL ON OLYMPUS.

A POEM IN PROSE.

BY HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ,
Author of "Quo Vadis," "With Fire and Sword," etc.

TRANSLATION, FROM THE POLISH, BY JEREMIAH CURTIN.[1]

IT was a night of spring, calm, silvery, and fragrant with dewy jasmine. The full moon was sailing above Olympus, and on the glittering, snowy summit of the mountain it shone with a clear, pensive, greenish light. Farther down in the Vale of Tempe was a dark thicket of thorn-bushes, shaken by the songs of nightingales—by entreaties, by complaints, by calls, by allurements, by languor, by sighs. These sounds flowed like the music of flutes, filling the night; they fell like a pouring rain, and rushed on like rivers. At moments they ceased; then such silence followed that one might almost hear the snow thawing on the heights under the warm breath of May. It was an ambrosial night.

ON that night came Peter and Paul, and sat on the highest grass-mound of the slope to pass judgment on the gods of antiquity. The heads of the Apostles were encircled by halos, which illuminated their gray hair, stern brows, and severe eyes. Below, in the deep shade of beeches, stood the assembly of gods, abandoned and in dread, awaiting their sentence.

PETER motioned with his hand, and at the sign Zeus stepped forth first from the assembly and approached the Apostles. The Cloud-Compeller was still mighty, and as huge as if cut out of marble by Phidias, but weakened and gloomy. His old eagle dragged along at his feet with broken wing, and the blue thunderbolt, grown reddish in places from rust, and partly quenched, seemed to be slipping from the stiffening right hand of the former father of gods and men. But when he stood before the Apostles the feeling of ancient supremacy filled his broad breast. He raised his head haughtily, and fixed on the face of the aged fisherman of Galilee his proud and glittering eyes, which were as angry and as terrible as lightnings.

Olympus, accustomed to tremble before its ruler, shook to its foundations. The beeches quivered with fear, the song of the nightingales ceased, and the moon sailing above the snows grew as white as the linen web of Arachne. The eagle screamed through his crooked beak for the last time, and the lightning, as if animated by its ancient force, flashed and began to roar terribly at the feet of its master; it reared, hissed, snapped, and raised its three-cornered, flaming forehead, like a serpent ready to stab with poisonous fang. But Peter pressed the fiery bolts with his foot and crushed them to the earth. Turning then to the Cloud-Compeller, he pronounced this sentence: "Thou art cursed and condemned through all eternity." At once Zeus was extinguished. Growing pale in the twinkle of an eye, he whispered, with blackening lips, "Ἀνάγκη" ("Necessity"), and vanished through the earth.

POSEIDON of the dark curls next stood before the Apostles, with night in his eyes, and in his hand the blunted trident. To him then spoke Peter:

"It is not thou who wilt rouse the billows. It is not thou who wilt lead the storm-tossed ships to a quiet haven, but she who is called the 'Star of the Sea.'"

When Poseidon heard this he screamed, as if pierced with sudden pain, and turned into vanishing mist.

NEXT rose Apollo, the Silver-bowed, with a hollow lute in his hand, and walked toward the holy men. Behind him moved slowly the nine Muses, looking like nine white pillars. Terror-stricken, they stood before the judgment-seat as if petrified, breathless, and without hope; but the radiant Apollo turned to Paul, and, in a voice which resembled wondrous music, said:

"Slay me not! Protect me, lord; for shouldst thou slay me, thou wouldst have to

[1] Copyright, 1899, by Jeremiah Curtin.

restore me to life again. I am the blossom of the soul of humanity; I am its gladness; I am light; I am the yearning for God. Thou knowest best that the song of earth will not reach heaven if thou break its wings. Hence I implore thee, O saint, not to smite down song."

A moment of silence came. Peter raised his eyes toward the stars. Paul placed his hands on his sword-hilt, rested his forehead on them, and for a time fell into deep thought. At last he rose, made the sign of the cross calmly above the radiant head of the god, and said:

"Let song live!"

Apollo sat down with his lute at the feet of the Apostle. The night became clearer, the jasmine gave out a stronger perfume, the glad fountains sounded, the Muses gathered together like a flock of white swans, and, with voices still quivering from fear, began to sing in low tones marvelous words never heard on the heights of Olympus till that hour:

To thy protection we flee, holy Mother of God.
We come with our prayers; deign thou not to reject us,
But be pleased to preserve us from every evil,
O thou, our Lady!

Thus they sang on the heather, raising their eyes like pious nuns with heads covered with white.

OTHER gods came now. Bacchus and his chorus dashed past, wild, unrestrained, crowned with ivy and grape-vine, and bearing the cithara and the thyrsus. They rushed on madly, with shouts of despair, and fell into the bottomless pit.

THEN before the Apostles stood a lofty, proud, sarcastic divinity, who, without waiting for question or sentence, spoke first. On her lips was a smile of derision.

"I am Pallas Athene. I do not beg life of you. I am an illusion, nothing more. Odysseus honored and obeyed me only when he had become senile. Telemachus listened to me only till hair covered his chin. Ye cannot take immortality from me, and I declare that I have been a shadow, that I am a shadow now, and shall remain a shadow forever."

AT last her turn came to the most beautiful, the most honored goddess. As she approached, sweet, marvelous, tearful, the heart under her snow-white breast beat like the heart in a bird, and her lips quivered like those of a child that fears cruel punishment. She fell at their feet, and stretching forth her divine arms, cried in fear and humility:

"I am sinful, I deserve blame, but I am Joy. Have mercy, forgive; I am the one happiness of mankind." Then sobbing and fear took away her voice.

But Peter looked at the goddess with compassion, and placed his aged palm on her golden hair, while Paul, bending toward a cluster of white field-lilies, broke off one blossom, and touching her with it, said:

"Joy, be henceforth like this flower, and live thou for mankind."

Then came dawn—the divine dawn that looked out from beyond a depression between two peaks. The nightingales stopped singing, and immediately finches, linnets, and wrens began to draw their sleepy little heads from under their moistened wings, shaking the dew from their feathers, and repeating in low voices, "*Svit! svit!*" ("Light! light!")

The earth awoke, smiled, and was delighted, because Song and Joy had not been taken from it.

[NOTE.—The manuscript of the original of the foregoing article was received from Mr. Sienkiewicz by Mr. Curtin in October. The sketch has not been published in Polish, and this translation is the only one that has been made.—EDITOR.]

FEAR AND DEATH.

(AN ARAB LEGEND.)

BY R. R. BOWKER.

THE Spirit of the Plague entered the gate.
One, watching, asked, "How many wilt thou slay?"
"A thousand," spake the Spirit, "is my quest."

The Plague made end. The Spirit left the gate.
The watcher cried, "Ten thousand didst thou slay."
"Nay, one," the Spirit said; "Fear killed the rest."

TOPICS OF THE TIME

December, 1799-1899.

"AT last the end came when he was ready. On the 12th of December, 1799, he was chilled through by the keen winds and cold rain and sleet that beat upon him as he went his round about the farms. . . . Physicians came almost at dawn, but the disease was already beyond their control. Nothing that they tried could stay it; and by the evening the end had come. . . . The country knew him when he was dead: knew the majesty, the nobility, the unsullied greatness of the man who was gone, and knew not whether to mourn or give praise. He could not serve them any more; but they saw his light shine already upon the future as upon the past, and were glad."

Most tender and beautiful was the passing of Washington from the earthly stage on which he had played such an unsurpassable part, an event now brought strangely home to us by the centennial date. But scarcely less moving was his formal, final passing from public office to private life. Of this memorable scene says the same historian:

"When the day came on which he should resign his office to John Adams, the great civilian who was to succeed him, there was a scene which left no one in doubt—not even Washington himself—what the people thought of the leader they had trusted these twenty years. A great crowd was assembled to see the simple ceremonies of the inauguration, as on that April day in New York eight years ago; but very few in the throng watched Adams. All eyes were bent upon that great figure in black velvet, with a light sword slung at his side. No one stirred till he had left the room to follow and pay his respects to the new President. Then they and all the crowd in the streets moved after him, an immense company, going as one man, 'in total silence,' his escort all the way. He turned upon the threshold of the President's lodgings and looked, as if for the last time, upon this multitude of nameless friends. 'No man ever saw him so moved.' The tears rolled unchecked down his cheeks; and when at last he went within, a great smothered common voice went through the stirred throng, as if they sobbed to see their hero go from their sight forever."[1]

It can be said that not only the fame of Washington has greatened during the century that has flown since his death, but the knowledge and understanding of him have likewise largely increased. The sculptor Daniel French, in the Washington that he has modeled for the Paris monument (see page 199 of this number of THE CENTURY), has expressed the grandeur of his fame. Here, with sword and brow lifted toward heaven, he appears as a world-hero; there is something of the demigod, of the creature of tradition, of myth, in attitude and aspect.

To be sure, there was an unusual dignity about the person and reputation of this hero, both during the time of his greatest activity and later in his career. There are none now living who can make direct report of the effect of his presence upon beholders, but there are many who have had from those who saw him an account, at first-hand, of this effect. The present writer can never forget a description of his appearance, from the lips of an old gentlewoman who had been one of the band of children who strewed flowers before him at Trenton, on his way to his inauguration at New York. And, besides, there are many printed records of the dignity of his bearing, and the impression of majesty produced upon individuals and the multitude.

As this country has grown, and as the importance of his work is more and more appreciated, and, too, as he recedes in distance, Washington's true proportions are appreciated, and he looms ever more grandly. Compared, indeed, with the unselfishness of his actions and the nobility of his aims, most of the world's conquering heroes and makers of nations seem, in moral comparison, a herd of self-seeking vulgarians.

Yet, while he has joined the ranks of the world's demigods, he has, at the same time, become nearer and more human to us through a closer study of his personality. "The true Washington" is a no less dignified but much more sympathetic figure. If we know the fierceness of his anger, we honor all the more the power of his self-control. If we recognize the intensity of his love for country life (and something of a revival of the love for such a life makes the present generation more appreciative of this amiable trait), still the keener our sense of his sacrifice to duty in relinquishing that life for the camp and the halls of government.

In order to exalt the wisdom of Washington, and to insist upon the importance of his farewell advice to his people, it is not necessary to impute to him supernatural enlightenment. And yet, so clear and right was his thinking on themes of government, and so valuable have proved his principles in operation, that he would be a rash counselor who would call for the utter disregard of any one of these principles. Certainly as to the conditions to which his advice directly applied, events have proved that he saw not only deeply but far. At what point any one of his specific views may cease to be of service as a present

[1] Woodrow Wilson's "George Washington."

guide, it will be difficult, indeed, to determine; and there will always be danger that a wave of sentiment may at any time drive a not phlegmatic people from moorings afterward found to be the safest.

But who can speak of Washington without using the words of Lowell, who has so well praised the two Presidents greatest in fame:

> High-poised example of great duties done
> Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
> As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
> Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
> But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
> Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
> Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
> Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
> Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
> Never seduced through show of present good
> By other than unsetting lights to steer
> New-trimmed in Heaven, nor than his steadfast mood
> More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear;
> Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still
> In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will;
> Not honored then or now because he wooed
> The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
> Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
> Who was all this and ours, and all men's,—WASHINGTON.

Green Fields and Piccadilly.

It is often the ungracious duty of those whose responsibilities to public opinion make them something more than "lookers-on in Vienna" to call attention to the less admirable or not at all admirable features of American city life. The degradation of the very poor, the sordidness of politics, the follies of social ambition, the gradual Europeanizing of the moral standards of literature and the drama, the hectic rush, the apathy of clean and quiet people to dirt and barbaric noises, the ignoble strife of the madding crowd —these are themes which press upon the thoughtful with a melancholy insistence. To be sure, the city in winter has its happy aspects,—the noble charities, preventive as well as remedial, the cheer of the holidays, the intellectual and musical stimulus and entertainment, and the sparkle of gaiety,—but, withal, the prevalent tones are somber. It is a delight to escape from them, as a multitude of our people do each year, to the contemplation as well as the enjoyment of the wholesome, natural, recreative life of the American summer. It is the great conservative period of the year, as Sunday is of the week—not merely because the body and mind are renewed, but because these pauses tend to restore a disturbed equilibrium in our judgment of what is really worth having. For one must possess an extraordinary individuality who, living the winter life of the city, can escape being affected, in more or less measure, by the artificial standards which are bred of luxury and of the unhealthy desire for cheap distinction which goes with large communities. And so, to go to the country is to find one's self, to reclaim one's youth, to rediscover the treasures of nature. The jarring notes of life are lost, and its complex elements dissolve in a transparent simplicity. Keats caught the tone of this rare joy in his sonnet:

> To one who has been long in city pent,
> 'T is very sweet to look into the fair
> And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
> Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
> Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
> Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
> Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
> And gentle tale of love and languishment?
> Returning home at evening, with an ear
> Catching the note of Philomel,—an eye
> Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
> He mourns that day so soon has glided by:
> E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
> That falls through the clear ether silently.

Time was when Americans were accused of taking their pleasures sadly. Pioneering and subduing the earth are sober employments, and the science of wisely spending what one has thus acquired is not come at save by long experience. But we are learning at last. Twenty-five years ago, a brief vacation at Long Branch, Newport, Saratoga, or the White Sulphur Springs, was in general the range of fashionable summer rest. Now—to say nothing of the exodus of travel to foreign countries—the whole Atlantic seacoast, from the middle of May till the first of October, is a chartered playground. Seekers for rest and strength are found on every hill and mountain. The shores of the higher lakes have passed from country hands to city hands. In brief, the return to nature has become part of the routine of city life.

And how wholesomely and freely we enjoy the country! Save a few misguided "fashionables" who are still playing the mournful little comedy of elaborate toilets and balls and formality, and with the aid of the "society reporter" making a pitiful Vanity Fair of it, our countrymen and -women are learning how to enjoy every day as it goes, instead of considering to-day solely as a means toward enjoying life ten or twenty years hence. A foreigner who wishes to see our institutions at their best must study the smaller summer resorts. We have in mind four such American communities—two by the shore, and two in the hills—where the life of our people is seen in freest play—happy, healthful, law-abiding, self-respecting, intelligent men and women, devoted to sports, outdoor life, reading, and informal social intercourse—the very ideal of the society which governments exist to secure. The saloon is not known within their precincts, the office of constable is a sinecure. The rights of all are respected by each, and, for the time, the word "don't" has fallen into desuetude. The young women need no chaperonage, and there is no anxiety concerning the whereabouts of the young men. Frankness and freedom are tempered by self-reliance and refinement. The homogeneity of these villages has not yet been invaded by the false distinctions of the vulgar rich, and one feels that they realize democracy working naturally and with the mini-

mum of friction. One is proud to exhibit them to the foreigner as an offset to the wretched municipal housekeeping which characterizes most of our large cities.

Naturally, the first impression of the citizen who returns in the fall from such scenes is apt to be a new realization of the misery of the poor. What can he do to lessen it? He wonders why it is that more of the happiness of the country cannot be transferred to the city, and, touched anew with pity, he throws himself energetically into benevolent work. Christmas finds his purse open and his hand ready. Alas! the trouble is deeper than any distribution of money can reach. It is in the maladministration of government, which is the supreme cruelty to the poor. Greed, masquerading as politics, gives bad public servants, and bad public servants give bad public work, and those who suffer most poignantly from bad public work are the poor. The cleaning of the streets of New York in Colonel Waring's time was worth to the poor many times what would have been accomplished in charities by the same amount of money. Giving over to politics the schools, police, tenements, parks, and courts, is a direct assault on the poor. The whole scheme of squandering the people's money by favoritism in politics means degradation for those whom it is the duty and good policy of the community to uplift. The difficulties of caring for a great population are not so great or complex intrinsically, but only as they are affected by incompetence and corruption. The task calls chiefly for honesty and common sense. The time, therefore, to help the poor is not merely at Christmas, with the good will and bounty enjoined by him who loveth a cheerful giver, but on election day, with the relentless scourge of him who cast the money-changers out of the temple.

"A Hill Prayer."

THE poem, "A Hill Prayer," by Marian Warner Wildman, in this number of THE CENTURY, is the poem to which was awarded the prize in THE CENTURY'S college competition for 1898–99. Miss Wildman is a resident of Norwalk, Ohio, and is a graduate of the College for Women of Western Reserve University, at Cleveland, Ohio.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A CHASE PICTURE.

Fakes and Fakirs.

IF a man is never a hero to his valet, neither is an artist a hero to art students. In fact, it is said that there is no severer critic of masters, old or modern, than a young art student. It may be to this spirit of junior criticism that the Society of American Fakirs owes its origin.

This is an association formed by students of the Art Students' League in New York. Its special purpose is to prey upon the Society of American Artists. The latter society holds its annual exhibitions in the building which the league occupies. No sooner is the exhibition open than the "morning antique," the "life," and the "costume" classes give up their devotees, who descend to the galleries and prowl through them, seeking what they may devour. If, as is usually the case, instructors in the league have pictures in the exhibition, these are most eagerly seized upon for purposes of burlesque or faking. Of course any other canvases characteristic enough to offer opportunity for exaggeration are also joyously welcomed. The Fakirs receive with open arms anything that suits their practices.

The fake exhibition which follows, and which is held in one of the galleries of the league, is the great art students' frolic of the year. Usually a flaming poster is displayed on the sidewalk in

A HERTER PICTURE.

front of the league. It shows a wild-looking youth with a pot of paint in one hand and a brush in the other, and announces the cheering fact that the Fake Show is "on" up-stairs.

As you ascend you observe that the Fakirs have thrown out skirmish-lines. The exhibition is usually held shortly after Easter, so you must n't be surprised to see an old, battered umbrella conspicuously labeled, "After Lent." Neither must you be startled if you find in place of the conventional fashionable decorations—"potted plants and cut flowers"—a conservatory the most interesting object in which is a "rubber plant" composed of a collection of old overshoes. Nor will you be apt to miss the meaning of the classic bust of Diana which is clad in a black shirt-waist and has suspended around its neck the sign, "Mourning Antique."

In every fake show there are numerous fakes on one or two paintings which seem to the students especially adapted to burlesque, though the exhibition, of course, is not confined to these. At one of the shows held in recent years there were several extremely funny fakes on a canvas by John S. Sargent—one of his best-known portrait groups. The two figures, a man and a woman, were very tall and were clad in summer costume, facts which at once recommended the canvas to the Fakirs. One fake showed the costumes draped on headless lay figures, such as are sometimes seen in show-windows, and bore the inscription, "These Stylish Suits $49.98." Another fake represented the two figures as seen in a convex glass. They were painted, curiously contorted, on a long, narrow strip of convex tin.

Other successful fakes in this same exhibition were based on John W. Alexander's "Pot of Basil." One of these consisted of a funnily elongated woman in classic costume. The "Basil" had become "Bass Ale."

Among the most successful fakes on the last exhibition of the Society of American Artists were those burlesquing Kenyon Cox's decorations for the new Criminal Court Building. A policeman occupied the throne of Justice. He had one hand extended toward a masked burglar who was dropping money in it. With the other hand the policeman was pushing away an accused man who apparently did not know the "ropes."

After the exhibition the fakes are auctioned off. The auctioneer and his attendants are in comic fancy costume, and the occasion is made one of great hilarity. Mr. Samuel T. Shaw, the donor of the Shaw prize to the Society of American Artists, also gives an annual prize to the Fakirs and is usually the principal buyer at the auction. His appearance in the room is always greeted with a fanfare from the Fake Orchestra, which, attired in weird costumes, produces equally weird music.

At the last auction, as a tribute to the many members of the gentler sex in the league, the orchestra played an original composition entitled the "Ear-muff Gavot." Its greatest success, however, was achieved with the "Tannhäuser" march orchestrated for shrieks, cockcrows, pistols, fish-horns, drums, and other implements for producing noise. Various signs were displayed about the room. One of these, behind the auctioneer, read: "The audience is requested not to bid too fast, as the auctioneer is from Philadelphia."

A SARGENT PICTURE.

Mr. Shaw owns many fakes from the show and others painted to order, and the accompanying pictures are from his collection. The Fake Show is not the only occasion when fakes are exhibited in New York. Exhibitions are sometimes held in artists' studios, and some capital fakes were seen last winter at the Twelfth-night Frolic of the Century Club. One of the most amusing fakes ever shown in New York was then exhibited. It was a burlesque on MacMonnies's statue of the Bacchante, and was the work of Harry S. Watrous and Francis C. Jones. A typical old maid's head was modeled by Mr. Jones on Mr. Watrous's manikin. The manikin was then clothed in green baize and its arms and legs so adjusted that the pose of the "Bacchante" was capitally reproduced. A doll, also clad in green baize, was placed in one arm, and with one hand the figure held a copy of Browning's poems (in place of the grapes) above the infant. Here and there the baize was touched up with bronzing, and when the work of art was finished it was difficult to distinguish it from a bronze statue. Messrs. Watrous and Jones dubbed their creation "The Back Bay Aunty, by Make Moneys." This is one of the cleverest fakes ever produced.

Gustav Kobbé.

SEAL OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN FAKIRS.

Old Maxims Reversed.

I.

WE 'RE reversing old maxims of late, or
We 're getting exceedingly near it.
To heroes in action we cater,
And this is the way that you hear it:
"He that taketh a city is greater
Than he who just ruleth his spirit."

II.

"Oh, make the most of what you yet may spend,"
So Omar wrote, "before your life shall end."
"Oh, spend the most of what you yet may make,"
Seems more the version that our youth would take.

Beatrice Hanscom.

Compulsory Collaboration.

LITERATURE is behind the age in not turning to the government for aid and management. It still holds to the doctrine of laissez-faire, which nobody dares mention nowadays in discussing educational or mercantile matters. Yet no branch of human activity has suffered more for lack of proper management than literature. All writers have some marked points of excellence, and equally marked deficiencies. Now it is obvious that a writer who is gifted with imagination, but poor in expression, ought to collaborate with one who has the opposite qualities; yet he is very rarely willing to do this of his own accord. It is probable that even moral suasion, such as inducing him to sign a pledge not to write without a proper collaborator, would fail. We see, then, that there is no other way than compulsory collaboration. Surely readers have a right to protect themselves against the ill-balanced and incomplete books now being printed. For if workingmen have the right to set the rate of their own wages, as, according to the "new political economy," they have, then readers certainly ought to be able to dictate what sort of books shall be written for their gratification.

The all-round man who can do low comedy and high tragedy, dialect and blank verse, is so rare that when a Shakspere does appear people insist upon assigning portions of his work to his contemporary specialists. The statement that one man in his time plays many parts is altogether too sweeping. Even a man of genius can usually play only two or three. Why not, then, let every man do what he can do best, and give him proper assistance? The age of the soloist is past; orchestral music is what is wanted now. Our modern progress is due to the discovery that a number of men of ordinary ability, by working together, can do what formerly could be done only by a great man. This has been proved in science, in manufacture, in government, and it should be tried in literature. It is distressing to see a right-handed man and a left-handed man going in circles, and making no progress because each insists on paddling his own canoe, when if they were in the same boat they might go ahead. A very fair catamaran can be made from two cranky canoes.

No doubt our fortunate posterity will wonder why an obstinate individualism was so long permitted to mar literary productions, and will mourn over the lost opportunities of the past. Why, for example, did not the Brownings marry their brains? Instead, they remained through life intellectual strangers, and each developed his own defects. If Carlyle's fuliginous tempests had been tempered by his friend Emerson's sunny haze, it would have made a pleasant climate for ordinary people to live in. The loss by lack of coöperation is also great in other arts than literature. Two easels stand side by side in the same studio. At one works a man who can draw, but cannot paint; at the other easel one who has an eye for color, but none for form. They do not think of helping each other, yet they would call

him a mean fellow who would not lend a tube of vermilion to a neighbor who had nothing but burnt umber and sienna. "God made us to help each other so, lending our minds out." What a gain to the world if Michelangelo and Raphael had been collaborators instead of rivals, and if Botticelli, the originator of the Poster Girl,—she of the swirling draperies, I mean,—had been compelled to work with the tediously correct Da Vinci! A perfectly satisfactory "Last Judgment" would have been obtained if Fra Angelico had painted the saints and angels, and reserved the left half of his canvas blank for Teniers to put in the sinners and the devils some centuries later. Giotto was an expert on circles, but he could not draw feet. It is evident that he realized this, for he exercised great ingenuity in getting the feet of his figures behind furniture and drapery, even at the risk of dislocating their limbs. Of course he should have taken as a junior partner some young man who was a good pedographer, but who could not do the more important parts of a Madonna. We see the same waste of talent every day.

I should like to discuss here the advantages of an International Literary Syndicate, in which a people like the French, whose critical faculty is developed so far beyond the creative, could work in conjunction with our American writers, who have so many good themes, without the ability to use them properly. But I wish to avoid anything in the least visionary, so I will confine myself to the few practicable suggestions already given. When these have been acted upon, it will be time to extend the scheme.

E. E. Slosson.

A Song of Return.

SHE 's left the mountains lonely,
  Forlorn she 's left the shore;
The meadows miss her—only
  Her going they deplore.
The country-side I pity,
  Its leaves are dry and brown;
'T is Maytime in the city,
  For Betty 's back in town.

Where tumbling salt sea water
  Alluring coolness made
She 's dived like Neptune's daughter,
  Or like a Naiad played.
The country-side I pity
  Beneath November's frown;
'T is summer in the city,
  For Betty 's back in town.

Through dim, romantic byways
  She 's often slowly strolled;
Her wheel has on the highways
  Its ribbon-track unrolled.
The country-side I pity,
  Its fields the raindrops drown;
There 's sunshine in the city,
  For Betty 's back in town.

She 's sailed the briny billow,
  And where the streamlet ran
Beneath a drooping willow
  She 's fished, and landed—*man.*
The country-side I pity
  In gray and hodden gown;
There 's beauty in the city,
  For Betty 's back in town.

The hammock is deserted
  Where late she oft reposed;
The nooks wherein she flirted
  Are for the season closed.
The country-side I pity—
  Where now its wide renown?
Its charm is in the city,
  For Betty 's back in town.

Once more upon the pavement
  Her dainty form I meet,
Thus making my enslavement
  A trifle more complete.
The country-side I pity;
  Her smiles my waiting crown,
My joy is in the city,
  For Betty 's back in town.

She loves, like Alexander,
  Her conquests to recount,
But ah, I understand her,
  To nothing they amount!
Those hapless swains I pity—
  While Betty's eyes looked down,
Her thoughts were in the city,
  Her heart was in the town.

Jennie Betts Hartswick.

Motifs.

HER own fair robe immaculate, she turned away with scorn and loathing from her whose mud-stained garment trailed upon the earth. For in her pride she saw only the difference between the other woman and herself, and not in the roads which they had trod.

To be free a man broke the chain of love that bound him to his fellow-men, and found that of hate he had forged another.

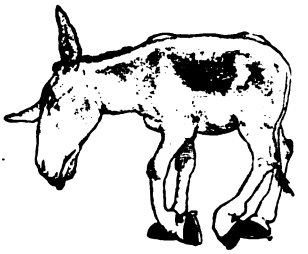
FROM youth and love to love and o'd age they passed hand in hand, and through these long years each found that the pain hardest to bear was that borne by the other.

A MAN sacrificed himself for a woman and asked for love. To have her sacrifice herself for him would be to get it.

AN old warrior reëntered life's combat with his son. "Alone you can vanquish your foes," he said, "but you need help to withstand your friends."

E. Scott O'Connor.

The Automobile Dray.



SHE 's er-waitin' in de cornder,
Lookin' at de t'ings dat pass,
'Ca'se dey 's opined wide de stable,
An' dey 's tu'ned her out ter grass,

Wid de harness scars all healin',
Wid de lame foot soun' an' well;
But dar 's er sorrer at 'er heart
Ole Jinny nebber tell.

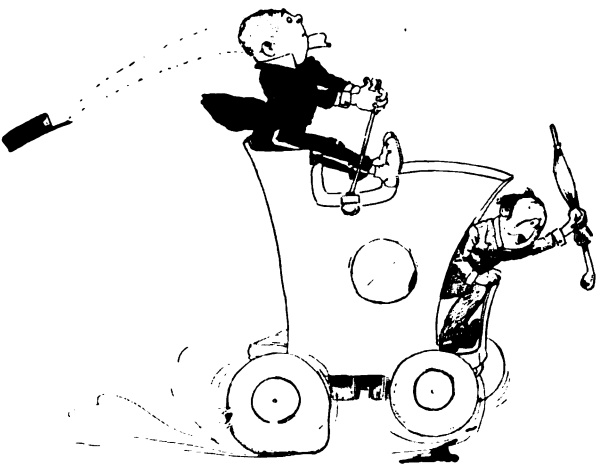
Dough she hain't er proud-bred creeter,
Dough she 's des er ole muel mar',
De mizry tuggin' in her chist
Is mo' 'n she kin b'ar,

'Ca'se she feel de life erbout her,
An' she hear de bells dat ring,
An' see de drays an' kyarts dat go
'Dout any livin' t'ing.

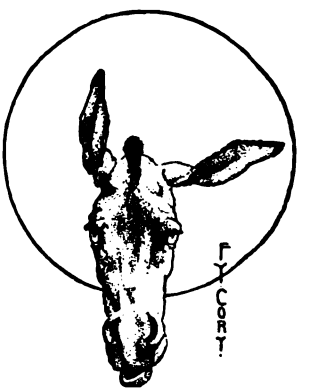
An' she wait dar in de cornder,
Wid de peart worl' passin' by;
She 'd drap er tear fer sorrer
If er Jinny muel could cry.

Men done git too smart fer Jinny,
Er de Jinny git too slow;
An' dey git some debil notion
Fer ter mek de wagins go.

Wid er herry an' er skerry
Hatter sen' gray ha'rs ter school;
Des er-leabin' in de dirt road
Des er nigger an' er muel.



Dey done gone an' lef' you, Jinny,
Gone an' lef' you sho 'nough now,
An' hit hain't no easin' ter you
Fer ter hitch you ter er plow;



'Ca'se dey shove an' keep er shovin',
Hain't er gwine ter leabe *dat* long,
An' de ole fiel' gwine ter miss you,
Wid de nigger an' de song.

Virginia Frazer Boyle.

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THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.)

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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"ONLY THE MASTER SHALL PRAISE."

THE PRIZE STORY IN "THE CENTURY'S" COMPETITION FOR COLLEGE GRADUATES OF 1898.

BY JOHN M. OSKISON, B. A.,
Leland Stanford Junior University.

ON the cattle ranges of the Indian Territory ten years ago he was known as "the Runt," because he was several inches shorter than the average puncher. His other title of "Hanner" had been fastened upon him by a ludicrous incident in his youth. "Hanner the Runt" was a half-breed Cherokee cow-boy, who combined with the stoicism of the Indian something of the physical energy and mental weakness of his white father. One of his shoulders was knocked down a quarter of a foot lower than the other, two ribs had been "caved in" on his left side, and a scar high up on his cheek-bone indicated a stormy life. It was a matter of speculation in the cow-camps as to the number of times Hanner had been thrown from horses and discharged by his employers; he would have been called the foot-ball of fate had these cow-boys been modern and college-bred.

No trick that was ever perpetrated upon him, no service that another imposed upon him, no jeer flung straight in his face, could destroy the innocent trust he felt in humanity. Bill Seymour had caused him to break his ribs by falling from a wild pony, and had then thrashed the puncher who laughed at the fall. In this way Hanner had become the slave of Seymour.

The two, Seymour and Hanner, now rode for Colonel Clarke, and were generally together. It was convenient for Seymour to have his "vallet" to do his work, and it was the chief joy of Hanner's uncolored existence to do something for the man who had fought for him. The grotesque little figure never stopped to ask whether his friend were worthy of his devotion. Bill Seymour was a short, athletic fellow, and good to look upon, but he bore in his nature a too large share of the devil to be dependable. Silent, gruff, and capable when sober, he became a laughing, steel-hearted fury when drunk, and he got drunk as often as he could reach liquor. More than Hanner had felt the sting of his quirt as Bill reeled laughing and jesting on the streets, and had feared to show the anger that rose in their hearts. He made enemies when drunk, and gravely apologized to them in his sober days. One man, a traveling cattle-buyer, braver than most, and not knowing his man, had drawn a small pistol and shot the puncher in the

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body. Bill, who was not hurt at all seriously, laughingly strode up to the shooter, seized the weapon, and pointing at his feet, said:

"Now dance for me, you impident son of a mosquito! Dance till you drop! Tryin' to plug me with a toy like that—a cursed little thirty-two!" He flung the pistol noisily into the street, caught the man by one ear, and slapped his face.

There is one time in the year when the cow-puncher feels that he must get away from his work and indulge in a "good time." He does not know the significance of the Fourth of July except in a hazy way, but he does know that on that day he may have abundant whisky for the buying, even though its sale be prohibited by law. He knows, too, that he will find at the big celebrations in the Territory all his friends and enemies worth meeting and fighting; and this meeting of friends and fighting of enemies gives the spice of variety to his life.

As the two companions rode to the largest town in the Territory on the morning of the Fourth, one could see that their outfits were typical of themselves. Bill Seymour rode the best and fastest horse on the ranch; his saddle was new and modern in make, his spurs rare and shanked long—only a leader of cow-boy fashions had dared to wear them; his hat was a Stetson, and hardly discolored by the weather. Hanner might have fitted himself up from the ranch dump-heap. Two old, unmated spurs dangled from a pair of "run-over" boot-heels, the patched corduroy trousers he wore had been traded to him long ago by his champion, and between the bottom of a dirty waistcoat and the top of his trousers there showed a greasy cartridge-belt, with scattering cartridges stuck in it. A "floppy" black hat, which almost concealed his dark, pinched features, completed the queer figure. The pony he rode was called "Pignuts," and was knotty and scrubby and tough enough to deserve the title.

"Bill, ye ain't a-goin' to git drunk to-day, are ye? They say they 's goin' to be a lot of extra marshals 'at ain't lettin' any drunk walk the streets to-day. I wish ye would n't drink too much, Bill!" Remembering other celebrations, Hanner wished to get through the day with as little trouble on Bill's account as possible.

"Oh, go to the devil, you old woman! Who said I was goin' to get drunk? Somethin' I never do. Come on; let 's ride up," Bill replied shortly; and the two galloped into town through a cloud of dust raised by many incoming wagons.

"Hello, Lem! How 's the Convict? Keepin' healthy now, Smear? What 's the show and the price?" Bill greeted the punchers from the ranches in all parts of the country with a familiarity possible only to one who knows and does and dares as much as the best of them.

"Got the dangdest mule fer buckin' down here they 's goin' to have rode to-day ye ever seen. Five dollars in it fer the man that rides it. Why don't ye try, Hanner?" The Convict winked at Bill, and insinuatingly confronted the Runt with the question.

"I don't hardly think this here saddle of mine 'u'd stand it," the Runt returned, after glancing at Seymour. "Think I 'd better try it, Bill?"

"Get your bloomin' neck broke if you do, but I expect it 'u'd be good for you. Yes, go ahead and ride it, and I 'll lend you this saddle."

Bill's words were spoken in jest, but Hanner meditated upon them seriously during the day, and when the vicious mule was led out for its first trial, Seymour noted with some anxiety that his own saddle was buckled upon it. He was careless with drink now, and grinned in anticipation of the sorry figure the Runt would present astride the mule. He made a foolish drunken wager that "Hanner 'll stay with that there mule till its tongue sticks out and it can't hump its back any more."

The bucking mule was the closing scene in the day's spectacle. The high-heeled, stiff-muscled cow-boys had chased a greased pig over a fifty-acre field, and been sadly beaten by the street boys of the town; they had pitched rings at the heads of canes over the handles of cheap penknives, and wasted their efforts trying for a gilded watch pegged down with a large-handled awl; they had ridden in the tourney, flying past rings hung in the air, and picking them off with wooden spears, causing strangers to gaze with open-eyed wonder at their dash and recklessness; they had bucked the scores of games which gamblers had devised to part the fool and his money, and were gathered now to watch a game they could understand and appreciate.

Out of a knot of excited men Hanner went straight to the waiting, restless mule. With a mock air of bravado he struck the excited mule across the flank with his sombrero, after roughly seizing the reins. No one who has not learned by experience how to mount a

plunging horse can understand how Hanner lifted himself out of the chaos of rearing mule and struggling attendants into the saddle before he signed to the men to turn the animal loose.

When the mule found itself free to act there was a momentary pause. Then began the short, nasty jumps straight into the air, with the animal's back bowed, its legs stiff, and its head lowered. It was the first powerful effort of the angered beast, made with devilish confidence. Hanner was scarcely shaken by these first straight jumps, but then began the twisting series, which is the second expedient of a bucking animal. A jump high into the air, with a seemingly impossible twist to the side, landed the mule with its head turned almost half round. Before the rider caught his breath another jump and another half-turn were made. These are the motions that make a bronco-buster's life shorter. Hanner was bleeding at the nose in half a minute. The twisting jumps were continued until the strength of the mule was almost exhausted, and as yet only the hat of the puncher had been dislodged. A short pause followed, during which the mule changed its tactics, and Hanner thwacked its sweaty neck with his open hand. The next motion was a sudden rearing by the mule. As it rose on its hind legs the rider yanked fiercely on the reins, and, slipping to the ground on one side, allowed the brute to fall on its back. The saddle-horn buried itself in the earth, and the mule's hoofs beat the air a moment before it scrambled to its feet.

GOING TO THE CELEBRATION.

Hanner was cooler than the mule now, and swung himself back into the saddle with the first long leap of the desperate animal. This was the easy part of the trial for the rider, and the spectacular part for the world.

The mule ran straight away for the opposite fence of the fair-grounds with long, lunging jumps, rising and pitching forward with the speed of a racing yacht. Hanner brought his craft about before it sailed into the fence, and beat it fore and aft with a flourishing hand. He was wild with triumph now, his hair blowing in the wind. He leaned forward as in a race, urging the thoroughly tired and conquered mule straight for the crowd. A particularly vicious dig with the spurs made the beast plunge into the scattering knot of spectators and rise to a four-barred gate. At the opposite side of the track no fence barred its way, and it ran, frightened and quivering, under the awning of a lemonade-vender's stand, scattering glasses and confections to the winds, and wrecking the stand. Hanner slowly dismounted, stroked the sweaty flank of the subdued mule, then turning and picking up an unbroken bottle of soda, proposed a toast "to our gentle old family-buggy hoss!"

The punchers cheered Hanner with the heartiness of men who can appreciate the feat.

"Hanner, you 're all right. I knowed you could do it." Bill's praise fell sweetly upon the Runt's ears. "Where 's that wooley I made the bet with? Hanner, we 'll drink; yes, sir, we 'll liquor up now and have a good time. I won the bet and you won the five for ridin' the mule. We 'll drink, Hanner." Seymour slapped Hanner's shoulder in a cruelly hearty fashion.

"No, Bill; let 's not drink any more to-day," Hanner protested, though he had not drunk anything.

"Hanner, I don't understand you; blast me if I do." Bill was argumentative. "Here you are, just rode the buckinest mule in the Territory, and you won't take a drink with your best friend! Now, if anybody else 'u'd refuse to drink with Bill Seymour I think they 'd have trouble. But you, Hanner, I reckon I 'll just have to pour it down you." The drunken puncher tried to carry out his plan, but changed his mind at Hanner's appeal.

"Don't, Bill; fer God's sake, Bill, I 'm too sick to drink! Let 's go home, Bill. I 'm shore sick. Won't ye come on home with me?"

"I believe the darn little skunk is sick," muttered Bill to himself. Then aloud: "If you want to go home with me you 'll have to come along pretty quick. I 'm tired of this show, and, anyway, I 've got to get over to the round-up on Big Creek to-morrow. Get your horse and wait for me here; I 'm goin' to see Smear before I go home."

Hanner knew that his companion went for another bottle of whisky, but knew also the futility of protesting.

They rode out of the tired, dirty, and heated crowd, where the dance-platforms were beginning to fill up, and where the owner of the two-headed calf, the five-legged mule, and the biggest steer in the world, was beseeching everybody to come and view his collection. Bill rode at a gallop, with his companion spurring at his heels, until they passed quite out of sight of the revelers. Then he turned with an air of real concern to the Runt, and asked:

"You shore 'nough sick, Hanner? That mule shore put up a stiff article."

Hanner was not diplomatic, and spoke out truthfully: "Sick? No, I ain't sick. What 'u'd I want to see ye get drunk an' run in for? They 'd 'a' run ye in to-night, Bill, I know. Did ye ever notice the color of the sky this time a day, Bill? Seems to me it ain't so darn purty as some people think." The sun was setting in a dull, coppery sky, the air was sultry, and the dust rose in thick clouds.

For a minute Bill did not reply, but looked at his companion with a half-puzzled expression. Then he broke out:

"Well, you 're a nice one, ain't you? Do you know what I 'm a mind to do to you for this dirty trick? You think I 'm a darn kid to sneak like this to keep from gettin' run in? Oh, you baby! For a cent I 'd make you walk all the way home, and lay this quirt over your shoulders every step of the way."

"Oh, no, Bill; ye would n't think o' doin' that. D' ye want to go back? I did n't know ye cared to stay so bad."

"Go back? You think I 'm crazy? What 'u'd the punchers say? No, curse you; you've robbed me of my fun. That mule ought to 'a' killed you!"

Hanner had learned long before the value of silence, and rode beside his morose companion with now and then an anxious glance at him. Bill was meditative, and quite forgot the rider at his side. The pale light of a young moon deepened the shadows and illuminated the heavy, sluggish dust-clouds that rose in the wake of the riders. Hungry calves, neglected at the ranches since early morning by the celebrating ranchmen, bawled in useless appeal; scurrying, skulking coyotes answered with their threatening cries the challenge of the ranch-dogs. A mile away, and coming toward them with rhythmic hoof-beat and noisy rattle of hub

on axle, the two riders heard a wagon and team.

"Who do ye reckon kin be goin' into town this time o' night, Bill?" asked Hanner.

"Hold on here, Hanner; we 'll stop." Bill meditated a moment, then went on: "You know what that team is? It 's the mail-stage from Coffeyville to Vinita. Darn old rattle-trap; it 's a disgrace to the country. Ought to have a railroad through this God-forsaken land. That driver 's a fool, and you know what I 'm goin' to do? Darn your skin, Hanner, you made me miss the fun at Vinita; now I 'm goin' to have some fun of my own. We 'll rob the stage! Ever hear about the road-agents, the James boys and the Younger gang? Well, they robbed overland stages and trains for swag; but we won't get anything here, only some fun, and scare the fool driver. Stage-robbers always jump out and grab the horses' heads and poke a gun in the driver's face. We 'll tie our horses over there in the gully, and hide in the grass here by the road. You jump out and get the horses, and I 'll fix the driver. See? Come on; tie up over here!"

"Ye don't mean that, do ye, Bill? Oh, come on and let 's go home." Hanner detected a determined ring in the puncher's voice, and he dared not protest more.

"You don't have to get in on this unless you want to. I can do it myself." Bill considered the plan a good joke, being drunk enough to forget that robbing the mails is a very serious crime in the eyes of the law, and the most serious in the eyes of citizen posses, who sometimes take the law into their hands. He galloped down the rain-washed gully and tied his horse out of sight of travelers on the road. Hanner, expecting an end of the joke, rode with him; but when Bill turned to go back to the road on foot, the little puncher announced his intention of having nothing to do with it.

"Then give me that floppy old hat. I got to wear some kind of a mask. Let me have that old red handkerchief round your neck, too. Now I look like a shore-'nough stage-robber—or like you, and that 's worse. Well, ride out of the way if you ain't goin' to help." The amateur highwayman half stumbled, chuckling at the prospect of fun, to a place in the long grass at the roadside.

Hanner rode far down the dry wash, and waited in anxious silence. He heard the scarcely understood command of Bill Seymour to the driver. The rattling of the wagon suddenly ceased. There was a brief moment of absolute silence, and a pistol cracked. Another shot from the same gun rang out. In a short moment an answering shot was heard. Hanner could have sworn that it was the bark of Bill's revolver. An angry shout from Bill was followed by a fusillade of shots. The rattling of harness indicated a struggle with the horses. Then a yell from the driver started the stage-team at a gallop. The firing ceased, and trembling with fright, Hanner heard the noisy wagon pass on toward Vinita.

Thoroughly sobered now, Bill ran to his horse, mounted, and rode to meet his companion. The two galloped on their way for five minutes before Seymour trusted his voice to explain. After breaking into a string of furious oaths, he said:

"What a fool I was! Softy Sam was n't drivin' the blanked wagon at all. When I got holt of the horses they shot at me. I yelled to 'em to stop, that I was only jokin', but the fools kept on pluggin' away at me. I got behind the horses and yelled again. Then I had to shoot. One of 'em fell back off the seat, and then the other one whipped up the horses. I let 'em go quick. That unshot fool plugged at me till he got out of sight. No, I did n't get hurt, but your hat got a hole in it all right."

"Ye did n't kill one of 'em, did ye, Bill? Ye don't think ye did? That would n't do, ye know, at all."

"Kill one? Hit one, all right; maybe killed him. The fool! Oh, that 's just my luck. Curse you, Hanner, it was your fault, you cur, takin' me away from the fair-grounds with your old-granny tale about bein' sick. Say, what we goin' to do about it now, eh? We got to get out of this, or we 'll get strung up, shore—I will, I mean. We 'll ride for the Verdigris River timber and hide there. Well, have you got anything better?"

"Bill, could n't we explain, tell the marshals it was a mistake, and—"

"Get strung up to a limb before we got through tellin' that, you darn fool! But it ain't a question of 'we'; I 'm the only one in this. You kept out of it, you cowardly skunk, and you 're safe. You want to run away now, and keep your skin whole?" Bill grew incoherent, scarcely retaining sense enough to spur on toward his destination.

Meanwhile the stage had reached Vinita, with the wounded man at the point of dying, and the driver too much confused to do anything to help him. Quite by chance, a considerable sum of money had been sent through the mails that day, and the regular

"THESE ARE THE MOTIONS THAT MAKE A BRONCO-BUSTER'S LIFE SHORTER."

driver had been replaced by two well-known deputy sheriffs. After the driver had finished telling of the attack made by a short man wearing a big, floppy black hat, and with a dirty red handkerchief tied over his lower face, a posse was immediately formed to hunt the bandit down. No one could guess who the guilty one might be.

Dick Brewer, the leader of the party, questioned minutely: "Would you know the hat if you saw it?"

"Yes," the driver answered; "Tom Forbes put a hole through it before he got shot. I saw it nearly fall off his head—a great, big, wide-brimmed, floppy thing, with what looked like a piece of rope for a band."

"Somethin' like the hat that Hanner the Runt wore to-day, was n't it, Smear?" the Convict commented. Then he asked: "Where *is* Bill Seymour and Hanner, anyway? You seen 'em last, did n't you, Smear?"

"They started home an hour ago. Bill said he had to get over to the Big Creek round-up to-morrow, an' he got a bottle of my whisky before he went." Smear remembered the unusual incident of Bill's early departure; ordinarily, duty was not allowed to interfere with the puncher's pleasure.

To Smear, who made one of the pursuing party, the words "a big, floppy black hat and a dirty red handkerchief" kept repeating themselves in his mind. At each repetition he recalled with distinctness the appearance of the Runt as he had gone out to ride the wild mule. No other puncher in the country would wear that hat, and none would feel quite respectable with that dirty red rag about his neck at a Fourth of July celebration.

"But, shucks!" Smear muttered to himself, "it can't be him. But he 's got nerve, the little devil, ridin' that mule the way he did! He ought to 'a' been with Bill Seymour, though; could n't tear the cuss away from him. Well, we 'll see."

Hanner and Bill rode at a steady gallop until, in the middle of the night, they plunged into the Verdigris River timber. No definite plan of action had been formed; they felt only a strong desire to get away out of sight. The horses must rest, and, overcome by fatigue, Bill dropped asleep. The consciousness of a crime done did not disturb him; in his mind it was an accident, the unfortunate result of a joke. Hanner did not sleep. He stared up through the tree-tops into the starlit sky, and pondered the significance of the deed. The course he had suggested to Bill, that of confessing and explaining the matter, still seemed to be the wisest one to him. "Surely," he thought, "they would understand, for they all know Bill's nature. Did n't everybody know that he must indulge in a joke whenever he could?" A plan began to form in his mind.

"I kin sneak away before Bill wakes up, an' go explain to the marshals. They 'll let Bill go, I know they will. I kin do this fer ye, Bill, an' ye 'll be glad of it. I don't want to have ye scoutin' round the country; I want ye here, so we kin still ride together. I made ye come away from the fair, an' I got to git ye out of the trouble I got ye into." Hanner scarcely spoke his thoughts. He waited undecided for two or three hours. The dawn was just beginning to filter in to the hiding-place as he stole forth quietly to his horse and rode to find the posse.

More than one gang of outlaws had made the river-bottom their headquarters and been captured there. The pursuers of the lonely mail-robber inferred that he was one of a number, and that he was very likely to be heard of in the old haunts. So early morning found the posse scouring the country outside the timber, inquiring of ranchmen and the women of the houses for a trace of the man they sought. It would do little good to try to rout him out of the great forest of brush and swamp until some trace of his location had been found.

Dick Brewer and Smear were riding together near the road that plunges through the thickest of the timber when Hanner rode out. They stopped, attracted by his action. The little puncher looked anxiously about until he saw the waiting horsemen, then galloped toward them. Smear felt sick at heart on seeing the floppy hat and the dirty red handkerchief that he wore. Brewer saw them, too, and his hand flew to his revolver. He had not voiced his suspicions before, but now Smear exclaimed with excitement:

"If that there hat 's got a hole in it, we 've got the man!"

"It 's the Runt!" Brewer had not heard the insinuations which were made before the posse started.

The appearance of the bullet-hole in the crown of the old hat sufficed to make Brewer and Smear bring Hanner to a halt before their pointed pistols. At sight of their stern faces and threatening weapons Hanner's power of speech was gone. He tried to say that he wanted to explain, and grew quite incoherent.

"'I RECKON YE GOT THE MAN ALL RIGHT.'"

"Never mind; explain when you get up before all of us," the leader commanded.

Half an hour of scurrying about by Smear and vigorous blowing of signal-calls brought the party together. Everything was extremely orderly and businesslike. A man who robbed mails and killed drivers had no claim on their consideration; the only question was, to be sure of the man. When they were sure of him, no matter what his former standing, he must be hanged straightway. The effect of a lynching they felt to be good. Dick Brewer called upon the driver of the mail-wagon to step forth and declare truthfully whether or not he recognized the prisoner.

"Yes, sir; I can swear that that hat is the one the robber wore, and allowing for the difference between daylight and moonlight, I 'd say that handkerchief was around the robber's face."

"Is he of the same size and build?" asked the leader.

"About the same; but I won't swear to anything but the hat. I know that."

It grew clear to the mind of the confused little puncher that if he told the story which he had planned to tell, Bill Seymour would be caught and hanged within the day. No excuse that he had perfected would stand for an instant against the plain fact that an attempt to rob the mails had been made and a man murdered. He saw, too, just as plainly, that if he did not tell the truth concerning Bill, he, as the owner of the hat, would suffer the penalty. He knew that very soon he would be asked to tell his story, to clear up the evidence against him. There was none of the great excitement present that nerves men to self-sacrifice. The day was young yet, and the air was chilling. The legs of the horses and the boots of the men were dew-splashed and dripping. It was not pleasant to die now, even though life had been hard and mean to him. He felt a shudder of repulsion when he thought of the mode of death.

On the other side he considered what he owed to Bill. Out of a host of cow-boys he had known, Bill was the only one who had ever recognized the fierce desire for comradeship that had consumed him, the only one who had not passed him by in open ridicule.

"Bill fought fer me when I was down," Hanner whispered to himself. "He knowed I was human. An' I brought this on to him. He come away yesterday because he thought I was sick. He 'd 'a' got away, maybe, if I had n't left him asleep to explain. If he had to go I would n't have nobody to ride with, an' if I take his place—if I go he 'll know an'—" Hanner did not trust himself to go on, but turned to the leader and said:

"I reckon ye got the man all right."

Under the misshapen body and the half-foolish features there was a stoic in Hanner. To save the life of his friend, the man whom he worshiped and the other punchers respected, was the one great service he could render. He died there with a blind terror in his heart at the blackness of the unknown, and with the thought of Bill Seymour in his mind. The men who hanged him felt no exultation at having avenged a crime, but only a nameless pity for the poor fellow.

A day later Bill Seymour, while dodging about in the timber, learned from a chance-met friend of Hanner's fate. Looking this friend full in the face, he said:

"The poor little fool, to do a thing like that!"

CHILDLESS.

BY STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

AH, barren! to go barren to the grave!
Have I not in my thought trained little feet
To venture, and taught little lips to move
Until they shaped the wonder of a word?
I am long practised. Oh, those children mine,
Mine, doubly mine, and yet I cannot touch,
Hear, see them! Does great God expect that I
Shall clasp his air and kiss his wind forever?
And the eternal budding cometh on,
The burgeoning, the cruel flowering!
At night the quickening splash of rain, at dawn
The call of the young bird, finds out my heart,
And any babe tossed up before my eyes
With ripples of wild laughter pierces me.
Still I, amid these sights and sounds, starve on.
Barren! to go down barren to the grave!
Omitted by the casual dew! Still I,
I with so much to give, perish of thrift—
Spectator of life's feast, a looker-on!
They say, those other women, in my ear:
"Much you are spared, for cruel are the young:
The streaming face, the sob with pillow choked,
The certain swiftness of young strength to sin,
The burning blushes, the unanswered prayers;
To none is God so deaf as unto mothers."
Spared! to be spared what I was born to have!
I am a woman, and this very flesh
Demands its natural pangs, its rightful throes,
And I implore with vehemence these pains.
I know that children wound us and surprise
Even to utter death; that they can wear
The silent nerve beneath the sun away
Until we walk the garden with white head,
Turn from the human face to quiet flowers.
Have I not heard and known? But this my heart
Was ready for these woes, and had foreseen.
Oh, but I grudge the mother her last look
Upon the coffined dead,—that pang is rich,—
Envy that shivering cry where gravel falls.
And now these maimed thoughts and foiled desire,
Eternal yearning answered by the wind,
Have dried in me belief and love and fear;
My thwarted woman hopes have inward turned,
And the vain milk like acid in me eats.
I am become a danger and a menace,
A wandering blight, a disappointed force,
More cruel from a love that might have been.
Oh, 't is such souls as mine that go to swell
The childless cavern-cry of the barren sea,
Or make that human ending to night wind.
Ah, barren! to go barren to the grave!

SEE "THE CENTURY'S" AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES IN "OPEN LETTERS."

EVENING. BY ELIZABETH NOURSE.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY CHARLES BAUDE.

"A TOUCH OF SUN."

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,
Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "The Chosen Valley," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

THE NIGHT-WATCHMAN.

THE five-o'clock whistle droned through the heat. Its deep, consequential chest-note belonged by right to the oldest paying member of the Asgard group, a famous mining property of northern California.

The Asgard Company owned a square league of prehistoric titles on the western slope of the foot-hills—land enough for the preservation of a natural park within its own boundaries, where fire-lines were cleared, forest-trees respected, and roads kept up. Wherever the company erected a board fence, gate, or building, the same was promptly painted "monopoly brown." The most conspicuous of these objects cropped out on the sunset dip of the property, where the woods for twenty years had been cut, and the Sacramento valley surges up in heat and glare with yearly visitations of malaria.

Higher than the buildings in brown, a gray-shingled bungalow ranged itself on the lap of its broad lawns, against a slope of orchard-tops climbing to the dark environment of the forest. Not the original forest: of that the only memorials left were three stark pines, which rose one hundred feet out of a gulch below the house, and lent their native majesty to the base modern uses of electric wires and telephone lines. Their dreaming tops were in the sky, their feet were in the sluicings of the stamp-mill, which reared its long brown back in a semi-recumbent posture, resting one elbow on the hill; and beneath the valley smoldered, by day a pale mirage of heat and dust, by night a vision of color as transcendent and rich as the gates of the Eternal City.

At half after five the night-watchman, on his way from town, stopped at the superintendent's gate, ran up the blazing path, and thrust a newspaper between the dark-blue canvas curtain that shaded the entrance of the porch. For hours the house had slept behind its heat-defenses, every shutter closed, yards of piazza-blind and canvas awning fastened down. The sun, a ball of fire, went slowly down the west. Rose-vines drooped against the hanging lattices, printing their watery lines of split bamboo with a shadow-pattern of leaf and flower. The whole house-front was decked with dead roses, or roses blasted in full bloom, as if to celebrate with appropriate insignia the passing of the hottest day of the year.

Half-way down the steps the watchman stopped, surprised by a voice from behind the curtains. He came back in answer to his name.

"Oh, Hughson, will you tell Mr. Thorne that I am here? He does n't know I have come."

A thin white hand parted the curtain an inch or two. There was the flicker of a fan held against the light.

"Tell him that Mrs. Thorne is home?" the man translated slowly.

"Yes. He does not expect me. You will tell him at once, please?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The curtain was fastened again from inside. A woman's step went restlessly up and down, up and down the long piazza floors, now muffled on a rug, now light on a matting, or distinct on the bare boards.

Later a soft Oriental voice inquired, "Wha' time Missa Tho'ne wanta dinna?"

"The usual time, Ito," came the answer; "make no difference for me."

"Lika tea—coffee—after dinna?"

"Tea—ice-cold. Have you some now? Oh, bring it, please!"

After an interval: "Has Mr. Thorne been pretty well?"

"I think."

"It is very hot. How is your kitchen—any better than it was?"

"Missa Tho'ne fixa more screen; all open now, thank you."

"Take these things into my dressing-room. No; there will be no trunk. I shall go back in a few days."

The gate clashed to. A stout man in a blaze of white duck came up the path, lifting his cork helmet slightly to air the top of his head. As he approached it could be seen that his duck was of a modified whiteness, and that his beard, even in that forcing weather, could not be less than a two days' growth. He threw his entire weight on the steps one by one, as he mounted them slowly. The curtains were parted for him from within.

"Well, Margaret?"

"Well, dear old man! How hot you look! *Why* do you not carry an umbrella?"

"Because I have n't got you here to make me. What brought you back in such weather? Where is your telegram?"

"I did not telegraph. There was no need. I simply had to speak to you at once—about something that could not be written."

"Well, it 's good to have a look at you again. But you are going straight back, you know. Can't take any chances on such weather as this."

Mr. Thorne sank copiously into a piazza chair, and pulled forward another for his wife.

She sat on the edge of it, smiling at him with a wistful satisfaction. Her profile had a delicate, bird-like slant. Pale, crisped auburn hair powdered with gray, hair that looked like burnt-out ashes, she wore swept back from a small, tense face, full of fine lines and fleeting expressions. She had taken off her high, close neckwear, and the wanness of her throat showed above a collarless shirt-waist.

"Don't look at me; I am a wreck!" she implored, with a little exhausted laugh. "I wonder where my keys are? I must get on something cool before dinner."

"Ito has all the keys somewhere. Ito 's a gentleman. He takes beautiful care of me, only he won't let me drink as much *shasta* as I want. What is that? Iced tea? Bad, bad before dinner! I 'm going to watch *you* now. You are not looking a bit well. Is there any of that decoction left? Well, it *is* bad; it gets on the nerves, too much of it. The problem of existence here is, What shall we drink, and how much of it *can* we drink?"

Mrs. Thorne laughed out a little sigh. "I have brought you a problem. But we will talk when it is cooler. Don't you—don't you shave but twice a week when I am away, Henry?"

"I shave every day, when I think of it. I never go anywhere, and I don't have anybody here if I can possibly avoid it. It is all a man can do to live and be up to his work."

"I know; it 's frightful to work in such weather. How the mill roars! It starts the blood to hear it. Last spring it sounded

like a cataract; now it roars like heat behind furnace doors. Which is your room now?"

"O Lord! I sleep anywhere; begin in my bed generally and end on the piazza floor. It will be the grass if this keeps on."

Mrs. Thorne continued to laugh spasmodically at her husband's careless speeches, not at what he said so much as through content in his familiar way of saying things. Under their light household talk, graver, questioning looks were exchanged, the unappeased glances of friends long separated, who realize on meeting again that letters have told them nothing.

"Why did n't you write me about this terrible heat?"

"Why did n't you write *me* that you were not well?"

"I am well."

"You don't look it—anything but."

"I am always ghastly after a journey. It is n't a question of health that brought me. But—never mind. Ring for Ito, will you? I want my keys."

At dinner she looked ten years younger, sitting opposite him in her summery lawns and laces. She tasted the cold wine soup, but ate nothing, watching her husband's appetite with the mixed wonder and concern that thirty years' knowledge of its capacities had not diminished. He studied her face meanwhile; he was accustomed to reading faces, and hers he knew by line and precept. He listened to her choked little laughs and hurried speeches. All her talk was mere postponement; she was fighting for time. Hence he argued that the trouble which had sent her flying home to him from the mountains was not fancy-bred. Of her imaginary troubles she was ready enough to speak.

The moon had risen, a red, dry-weather moon, when they walked out into the garden and climbed the orchard slope under low fruit-tree boughs. The trees were young, too quickly grown; like child mothers, they had lost their natural symmetry, overburdened with the season's pride of fruit. Each slender parent trunk was the center of a host of artificial props, which saved the sinking boughs from breaking. Under one of these low green tents they stopped and handled the great fruit that fell at a touch.

"How everything rushes to maturity here! The roses blossom and wither the same hour. The peaches burst before they ripen. Don't you think it oppresses one, all this waste fertility, such an excess of life and good living, one season crowding upon another? How shall we get rid of all these kindly fruits of the earth?"

She did not wait for an answer to her morbid questions. They moved on up a path between hedges of sweet pease going to seed, and blackberry-vines covered with knots of fruit dried in their own juices. A wall of gigantic Southern cane hid the boundary fence, and above it the night-black pines of the forest towered, their breezy monotone answering the roar of the forty stamps below the hill.

A few young pines stood apart on a knoll, a later extension of the garden, ungraded and covered with pine-needles. In the hollow places native shrubs, surprised by irrigation, had made an unwonted summer's growth.

Here in the blanching moon stood a tent with both flaps thrown back. A wind of coolness drew across the hill; it lifted one of the tent-curtains mysteriously; its touch was sad and searching.

Mrs. Thorne put back the canvas and stepped inside. She saw a folding camp-cot stripped of bedding, a dresser with half-open drawers that disclosed emptiness, a dusty book-rack standing on the floor. The little mirror on the tent-pole, hung too high for her own reflection, held a darkling picture of a pine-bough against a patch of stars. She sat on the edge of the cot and picked up a discarded necktie, sawing it across her knee mechanically to free it from the dust. Her husband placed himself beside her. His weight brought down the mattress and rocked her against his shoulder; he put his arm around her, and she gave way to a little sob.

"When has he written to you?" she asked. "Since he went down?"

"I think so. Let me see! When did you hear last?"

"I have brought his last letter with me. I wondered if he had told you."

"I have heard nothing—nothing in particular. What is it?"

"The inevitable woman."

"She has come at last, has she? Come to stay?"

"He is engaged to her."

Mr. Thorne breathed his astonishment in a low whistle. "You don't like it?" he surmised at once.

"Like it! If it were merely a question of liking! She is impossible. She knows it, her people know it, and they have not told him. It remains—"

"What is the girl's name?"

"Henry, she is not a girl! That is, she is

a girl forced into premature womanhood, like all the fruits of this hotbed climate. She is that Miss Benedet whom you helped, whom you saved—how many years ago? When Willy was a school-boy."

"Well, she *was* saved, presumably."

"Saved from what, and by a total stranger!"

"She made no mistake in selecting the stranger. I can testify to that; and she was as young as he, my dear."

"A girl is never as young as a boy of the same age. She is a woman now, and she has taken his all—everything a man can give to his first—and told him nothing!"

"Are you sure it 's the same girl? There are other Benedets."

"She is the one. His letter fixes it beyond a question—so innocently he fastens her past upon her! And he says, 'She is "a woman like a dewdrop."' I wonder if he knows what he is quoting, and what had happened to *that* woman!"

"Dewdrops don't linger long in the sun of California. But she was undeniably the most beautiful creature this or any other sun ever shone on."

"And he is the sweetest, sanest, cleanest-hearted boy, and the most innocent of what a woman may go through and still be fair outside!"

"Why, that is why she likes him. It speaks well for her, I think, that she hankers after that kind of a boy."

"It speaks volumes for what she lacks herself. Don't misunderstand me. I hope I am not without charity for what is done and never can be undone, though charity is hardly the virtue one would hope to need in welcoming a son's wife. It is her ghastly silence now that condemns her."

Mr. Thorne heaved a sigh, and changed his feet on the gritty tent floor. He stooped and picked up some small object on which he had stepped, a collar-stud trodden flat. He rolled it in his fingers musingly.

"She may be getting up her courage to tell him in her own time and way."

"The time has gone by when she could have told him honorably. She should have stopped the very first word on his lips."

"She could n't do that, you know, and be human. She could n't be expected to spare him at such a cost as that. Mighty few men would be worth it."

"If he was n't worth it she could have let him go. And the family! Think of their accepting his proposal in silence. Why, can they even be married, Henry, without some process of law?"

"Heaven knows! I don't know how far the other thing had gone—far enough to make questions awkward."

Husband and wife remained seated side by side on the son's deserted bed. The shape of each was disconsolately outlined to the other against the tent's illumined walls. Now a wind-swayed branch of manzanita rasped the canvas, and cast upon it shadows of its moving leaves.

"It 's pretty rough on quiet old folks like us, with no money to get us into trouble," said Mr. Thorne. "The boy is not a beauty, he 's not a swell. He is just a plain, honest boy with a good working education. If you judge a woman, as some say you can, by her choice of men, she should n't be very far out of the way."

"It is very certain you cannot judge a man by his choice of women."

"You cannot judge a boy by the women that get hold of him. But Willy is not such a babe as you think. He 's a deuced quiet sort, but he 's not been knocking around by himself these ten years, at school and college and vacations, without picking up an idea or two—possibly about women. Experience, I grant, he probably lacks; but he has the true-bred instinct. We always have trusted him so far; I'm willing to trust him now. If there are things he ought to know about this woman, leave him to find them out for himself."

"After he has married her! And you don't even know whether a marriage is possible without some sort of shuffling or concealment; do you?"

"I don't, but they probably do. Her family are n't going to get themselves into that kind of a scrape."

"I have no opinion whatever of the family. I think they would accept any kind of a compromise that money can buy."

"Very likely, and so would we if we had a daughter—"

"Why, we *have* a daughter! It is our daughter, all the daughter we shall ever call ours, that you are talking about. And to think of the girls and girls he might have had! Lovely girls, without a flaw—a flaw! She will fall to pieces in his hand. She is like a broken vase put together and set on the shelf to look at."

"Now we are losing our sense of proportion. We must sleep on this, or it will blot out the whole universe for us."

"It has already for me. I have n't a shadow of faith in anything left."

"And I have n't read the paper. Suppose the boy were in Cuba now!"

"I wish he were! It is a judgment on me for wanting to save him up, for insisting that the call was not for him."

"That 's just it, you see. You have to trust a man to know his own call. Whether it 's love or war, he is the one who has got to answer."

"But you will write to him to-morrow, Henry? He must be saved if the truth can save him. Think of the awakening!"

"My dear, if he loves her there will be no awakening. If there is, he will have to take his dose like other men. There is nothing in the truth that can save him, though I agree with you that he ought to know it—from her."

"If you had only told her your name, Henry! Then she would have had a finger-post to warn her off our ground. To think what you did for her, and how you are repaid!"

"It was a very foolish thing I did for her; I was n't proud of it in the least. That was one reason why I did not tell her my name."

Mr. Thorne removed his weight from the cot. The warped wires twanged back into place.

"Come, mother, we are too old not to trust in the Lord—or something. Anyhow, it 's cooler. I believe we shall sleep to-night."

"And have n't I murdered sleep for you, you poor old man? What a thing it is to have nerve and no nerves! I know you feel just as wrecked as I do. I wish you would say so. I want it said to the uttermost. If I could but—our only boy—our boy of 'highest hopes'! You remember the dear old Latin words in his first 'testimonials'?"

"They must have been badly disappointed in their girl, and I suppose they had their 'hopes,' too."

"They should not drag another into the pit, one too innocent to have imagined such treachery."

"I would n't make too much of his innocence, Margaret. He is all right so far as we know; he 's got precious little excuse for not being: but there is no such gulf between any two young humans; there can't be, especially when one is a man. Take my hand. There 's a step there."

Two shapes in white, with shadows preposterously lengthening, went down the hill. The long, dark house was open now to the night.

THERE is no night in the "stilly" sense at a mine.

The mill glared through all its windows from the gulch. Sentinel lights kept watch on top. The forty stamps pounded on. If they ceased a moment, there followed the sob of the pump, or the clang of a truck-load of drills dumped on the floor of the hoisting-works, or the thunder of rock in the iron-bound ore-bins. All was silence on the hill; but a wakeful figure wrapped in white went up and down the empty porches, as light as a dead leaf on the wind. It was the mother, wasting her night in grievous thinking, sighing with weariness, pining for sleep, dreading the day. How should they presume to tell that woman's story, knowing her only through one morbid chapter of her earliest youth, which they had stumbled upon without the key to it, or any knowledge of its sequel? She longed to feel that they might be merciful and not tell it. She coveted happiness for her son, and in her heart was prepared for almost any surrender that would purchase it for him. If the lure were not so great! If the woman were not so blinding fair, why, then one might find a virtue in excusing her, in condoning her silence, even. But, clothed in that power, to have pretended innocence as well!

The roar of the stamp-heads deadened her hearing of the night's subtler noises. Her thoughts went grinding on, crushing the hard rock of circumstance, but incapable of picking out the grains of gold therein. Later siftings might discover them, but she was reasoning now under too great human pressure for delicate analysis.

She saw the planets set and the night-mist cloak the valley. By four o'clock day-break had put out the stars. She went to her room then and fell asleep, awakening after the heat had begun, when the house was again darkened for the day's siege.

Her breakfast was a grief to Ito, who bore away her favorite dishes unnoticed and unpraised. But nothing could have been more grateful to feverish lips than the delicate subflavor of the fresh-gathered figs, or the ice-cold melons in their sea-green rinds.

She was still postponing, wandering through the darkened rooms, peering into closets and bureau-drawers to see, from force of habit, how Ito discharged his trust.

At luncheon she asked her husband if he had written. He made a gesture expressing his sense of the hopelessness of the situation in general.

"You know how I came by my knowledge, and how little it amounts to as a question of facts."

"Henry, how can you trifle so! You believe, just as I do, that such facts would wreck any marriage. And you are not the only one who knows them. I think your knowledge was providentially given you for the saving of your son."

"My son is a man. *I* can't save him. And take my word for it, he will go all lengths now before he will be saved."

"Let him go, then, with his eyes open, not blindfold, in jeopardy of other men's tongues."

Mr. Thorne rose uneasily.

"Do as you think you must; but it rather seems to me that I am bound to respect that woman's secret."

"You wish that you had not told me?"

"Well, I have, and I suppose that was part of the providence. It is in your hands now; be as easy on her as you can."

With a view to being "easy," Mrs. Thorne resolved not to expatiate, but to give the story on plain lines. The result was hardly as merciful as might have been expected.

"DEAR WILLY," she wrote: "Prepare yourself for a most unhappy letter [what woman can forego her preface?]—unhappy mother that I am, to have such a message laid upon me. But you will understand when you have read why the cup may not pass from us. If ever again a father or a mother can help you, my son, you have us always here, poor in comfort though we are. It seems that the comforters of our childhood have little power over those hurts that come with strength of years.

"Seven years ago this summer your father went to the city on one of his usual trips. Everything was usual, except that at Colfax he noticed a pair of beautiful thoroughbred horses being worked over by the stablemen, and a young fellow standing by giving directions. The horses had been overridden in the heat. It was such weather as we are having now. The young man, who appeared to have everything to say about them, was of the country sporting type, distinctly not the gentleman. In a cattle country he would have been a cow-boy simply. Your father thought he might have been employed on some of the horse-breeding ranches below Auburn as a trainer of young stock. He even wondered if he could have stolen the animals.

"But as the train moved out it appeared he had appropriated something of greater value—a young girl, also a thoroughbred.

"It did not need the gossip of the train-hands to suggest that this was an elopement of a highly sensational kind. Father was indignant at the jokes. You know it is a saying with the common sort of people that in California elopements become epidemic at certain seasons of the year—like earthquake shocks or malaria. The man was handsome in a primitive way—worlds beneath the girl, who was simply and tragically a lady. Father sat in the same car with them, opposite their section. It grew upon him by degrees that she was slowly awakening, as one who has been drugged, to a stupefied consciousness of her situation. He thought there might still be room for help at the crisis of her return to reason (I mean all this in a spiritual sense), and so he kept near them. They talked but little together. The girl seemed stunned, as I say, by physical exhaustion or that dawning comprehension in which your father fancied he recognized the tragic element of the situation.

"The young man was outwardly self-possessed, as horsemen are, but he seemed constrained with the girl. They had no conversation, no topics in common. He kept his place beside her, often watching her in silence, but he did not obtrude himself. She appeared to have a certain power over him, even in her helplessness, but it was slipping from her. In her eyes, as they rested upon him in the hot daylight, your father believed that he saw a wild and gathering repulsion. So he kept near them.

"The train was late, having waited at Colfax two hours for the Eastern overland, else they would have been left, those two, and your father; but such is fate!

"It was ten o'clock when they reached Oakland. He lost the pair for a moment in the crowd going aboard the boat, but saw the girl again far forward, standing alone by the rail. He strolled across the deck, not appearing to have seen her. She moved a trifle nearer; with her eyes on the water, speaking low as if to herself, she said:

"'I am in great danger. Will you help me? If you will, listen, but do not speak or come any nearer. Be first, if you can, to go ashore; have a carriage ready, and wait until you see me. There will be a moment, perhaps—only a moment. Do not lose it. You understand? *He*, too, will have to get a carriage. When he comes for me I shall be gone. Tell the driver to take me to ——' she gave the number of a well-known residence on Van Ness Avenue.

"He looked at her then and said quietly. 'The Benedet house is closed for the summer.'

"She hung her head at the name. 'Promise me your silence!' she implored in the same low, careful voice.

"'I will protect you in every way consistent with common sense,' your father answered, 'but I make no promises.'

"'I am at your mercy,' she said, and added, 'but not more than at his.'

"'Is this a case of conspiracy or violence?' your father asked.

"She shook her head. 'I cannot accuse him. I came of my own free will. That is why I am helpless now.'

"'I do not see how I can help you,' said father.

"'You can help me to gain time. One hour is all I ask. Will you or not?' she said. 'Be quick! He is coming.'

"'I must go with you, then,' father answered. 'I will take you to this address, but I need not tell you the house is empty.'

"'There are people in the coachman's lodge,' she answered. Then her companion approached, and no more was said.

"But the counter-elopement was accomplished, as only your father could manage such a matter on the spur of the moment—consequences accepted with his usual philosophy and bonhomie. If he could have foreseen *all* the consequences, he would not, I think, have refused to give her his name.

"He left her at the side entrance, where she rang and was admitted by an oldish, respectable-looking man, who recognized her evidently with the greatest surprise. Then your father carried out her final order to wire Norwood Benedet, Jr., at Burlingame, to come home that night to the house address and save—she did not say whom or what; there she broke off, demanding that your father compose a message that should bring him as sure as life and death, but tell no tales. I do not know how she may have put it—these are my own words. I am trying simply to be plain and not prolong the agony.

"There was a paragraph in one newspaper, next morning, which gave the girl's full name, and a fancy sketch of her elopement with the famous range-rider Dick Malaby—this was just after the close of the cattlemen's war in Wyoming. Malaby had fought for one of the ruined English companies. (The big owners lost everything, as you know. The country was up in arms against them; they could not protect their own men.) Malaby's employers were friends of the Benedets, and had asked a place with them for their liegeman. He was a desperado with a dozen lives upon his head, but men like Norwood Benedet and his set would have been sure to make a pet of him. One could see how it all had come about, and what a terrible publicity such a name associated with hers would give a girl for the rest of her life.

"But money can do a great deal. Society was out of town; the newspapers that society reads were silent.

"It was announced a few days later that Mrs. Benedet and her daughter Helen had gone East on their way to Europe. As Mr. Benedet's health was very bad,—this was only six months before he died,—society wondered; but it has been accustomed to wondering about the Benedets.

"Mrs. Benedet came home at the time of her husband's death and remained for a few months, but Helen was kept away. You know they have continually been abroad for the last seven years, and Helen has never been seen in society here. When you spoke of 'Miss Benedet' I no more thought of her than if she had not been living. Aunt Frances met them last winter at Cannes, and Mrs. Benedet said positively they had no intention of coming back to California ever to live. Aunt Frances wondered why, with their beautiful homes empty and going to destruction. I have told you the probable reason. Whether it still exists, God knows—or what they have done with that man and his dreadful knowledge.

"Helen Benedet may have changed her spiritual identity since she made that fatal journey, but she can hardly have forgotten what she did. She must know there is a man who, if he lives, holds her reputation at the mercy of his silence. Money can do a great deal, but it cannot do everything.

"I am tempted to wish that we—your father and I—could have shared your ignorance, could trust as you do. Better a common awakening for us all, than that I should be the one necessity has chosen to apply the torture to my son.

"The misery of this will make you hate my handwriting forever. But why do I babble? You do not hear me. God help you, my dear!"

THESE words descriptive of her own emotions, Mrs. Thorne, on re-reading, scored out, and recopied the last page.

She did not weep. She ached from the impossibility of weeping. She stumbled away from her desk, tripping in her long robes, and stretched herself out at full length on the floor, like a girl in the first embrace of sorrow. But hearing Ito's footsteps, she rose ashamed, and took an attitude befitting her years.

The letter was absently sealed and addressed; there was no reason why the shaft

should not go home. Yet she hesitated. It were better she should read it to her husband first.

The sun dropped below the piazza roof and pierced the bamboo lattices with lines and slits of fervid light.

From heat to heat the day declined.

The gardener came with wet sacking and swathed the black-glazed jardinières, in which the earth was steaming. The mine whistle blared, and a rattle of miners' carts followed, as the day-shift dispersed to town. The mine did not board its proletariate. At his usual hour the watchman braved the blinding path, and left the evening paper on the piazza floor. There it lay unopened. Mrs. Thorne fanned herself and looked at it. There must be fighting in Cuba; she did not move to see. Other mothers' sons were dying; what was death to such squalor as hers? Sorrow is a queen, as the poet says, and sits enthroned; but Trouble is a slave. Mothers with griefs like hers must suffer in the fetters of silence.

When dinner was over, Ito made his nightly pilgrimage through the house, opening bedroom shutters, fastening curtains back. He drew up the piazza-blinds, and like a stage-scene, framed in post and balustrade, and bordered with a tracery of rose-vines, the valley burst upon the view. Its cool twilight colors, its river-bed of mist, added to the depth of distance. Against it the white roses looked whiter, and the pink ones caught fire from the intense, great afterglow.

The silent couple, drinking their coffee outside, drew a long mutual sigh.

"Every day," said Mrs. Thorne, "we wonder why we stay in such a place, and every evening we are cajoled into thinking there never can be such another day. And the beauty is just as fresh every night as the heat is preposterous by day."

"It 's a great strain on the men," said Mr. Thorne. "We lost two of our best hands this week—threw down their tools and quit, for some tomfoolery they would n't have noticed a month ago. The bosses irritate the men, and the men get fighting mad in a minute. Not one of them will bear the weight of a word, and I don't blame them. The work is hard enough in decent weather; they are dropping off sick every day. The night-shift boys can't sleep in their hot little houses—they look as if they 'd all been on a two weeks' tear. The next improvement we make I shall build a rest-house where the night-shift can turn in and sleep inside of stone walls, without crying babies and scolding wives clattering around. This heat every summer costs us thousands of dollars in delays, from wear and tear and extra strain—tempers and nerves giving out, men getting frantic and jerking things. I believe it breeds a form of acute mania when it keeps on like this."

"Yes; the point of view changes the instant the sun goes down," said Mrs. Thorne. "I am glad I did not send my letter. Will you let me read it to you, Henry?"

"Not now; let us enjoy the peace of God while it lasts." He stretched himself on his back on the ratan lounge, and folded his hands on that part of his person which illustrated, geographically speaking, the great Continental Divide. The locked hands rose softly up and down. His wife fanned him in silence.

He turned his head and looked at her; her tired eyes, the dragged lines about her mouth, disturbed his sense of rest. He took the fan from her and returned her attention vigorously. "Please don't!" she said, with a little teased laugh. She rearranged the lock which he had blown across her forehead. His larger help she needed, but he had seldom known how to pet her in little ways.

"I think you ought to let me read it to you," she said. "There is nothing so difficult as telling the truth about one's self—when it 's another person."

"That 's what I claim; she is the only one who can tell it."

"This is a case of first aid to the injured," she sighed. "I may not be a surgeon, but I must do what I can for my son."

Then there was silence; the valley grew dimmer, the sky nearer and more intense.

"Yes, the night forgives the day," after a while she said; "it even forgets. And we forget what we were, and what we did when we were young. What is the use of growing old if we can't learn to forgive?" she vaguely pleaded; and suddenly she began to weep.

The rattle of a miner's cart broke in upon them; it stopped at the gate. Mr. Thorne half rose and looked out; a man was hurrying up the walk. He waved with his cane for him to stop where he was. Messengers at this hour were usually bearers of bad news, and he did not choose that his wife should know all the troubles of the mines.

The two men conversed together at the gate; then Mr. Thorne returned to explain.

"I must go over to the office a moment; and I may have to go to the power-house."

"Is anybody hurt?"

"Only a pump. Don't think of things, dear. Just keep cool while you can."

"For pity's sake, there is a carriage!" Mrs. Thorne exclaimed. "We are going to have a visitor. Fancy making calls after such a day as this!"

Mr. Thorne hurried away with manlike promptitude in the face of a social obligation. The mistress stepped inside and gave an order to Ito.

As she returned, a lady was coming up the walk. She was young and tall, and had a distant effect of great elegance. She held herself very erect, and moved with the rapid, swimming step peculiar to women who are accustomed to the eyes of critical assemblages. Her thin black dress was too elaborate for a country drive; it was a concession to the heat, which yet permitted the wearing of a bonnet—no more than a pair of wings that started up from her beautiful head like white flames. But Mrs. Thorne chiefly observed the look of tense preparation in the face that met hers. She retreated a little from what she felt to be a crisis of some sort, and her heart beat hard with acute agitation.

"Mrs. Thorne?" said the visitor. "Do I need to tell you who I am? Has any one forewarned you of such a person as Helen Benedet?"

The two women clasped hands hurriedly. The worn eyes of the elder, strained by night-watchings, drooped under the young, dark ones, reinforced by their splendor of brows and lashes.

"It was very sweet of you to come," she said in a lifeless voice.

"Without an invitation! You did not expect me to be quite so sweet as that?"

Mrs. Thorne did not reply to this challenge. "You are not alone?" she asked gently.

"I am alone, dear Mrs. Thorne. I am everything I ought not to be. But you will not mind for an hour or two? It 's a great deal to ask of you this hot night, I know."

"You must not think of going back to-night." Mrs. Thorne glanced at the hired carriage from town. "Did you come on purpose, this dreadful weather, my dear? I am very stupid, but I 've only just come myself."

"Oh, you are angelic! I heard at Colfax, as we were coming up, that you were at the mine. I came—by main strength. But I should have come somehow. Have you people staying with you? You look so very gay with your lights—you look like a whole community."

"We have no lights here, you see; we are anything but gay. We were talking of you only just now," Mrs. Thorne added infelicitously.

The other did not seem to hear her. She let her eyes rove down the lengths of empty piazza. The close-reefed awnings revealed the stars above the trees, dark and breezeless on the lawn. The matted rose-vines clung to the pillars motionless.

"What a strange, dear place!" she murmured. "And there is no one here?"

"No one at all. We are quite alone. We really must have you."

"I will stay, then. It 's perfectly fearful, all I have to say to you. I shall tire you to death."

Ito, appearing, was ordered to send away the lady's carriage.

"May he bring me a glass of water? Just water, please." The tall girl, in her long black dress, moved to and fro, making a pretense of the view to escape observation.

"What is that sloping house that roars so? It sounds like a house of beasts. Oh, the stamps, of course! There goes one on the bare metal. Did anything break then?"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Thorne; "things do not break so easily as that in a stamp-mill. Only the rock gets broken."

Ito returned with a tray of iced soda, and was spoken to aside by his mistress.

"It 's quite a farce," she said, "preparing beds for our friends in this weather. No one sleeps until after two, and then it is morning; and though we shut out the heat, it beats on the walls and burns up the air inside, and we wake more tired than ever."

"Let us not think of sleep! I need all the night to talk in. I have to tell you impossible things."

"Is Willy's father to be included in this talk?" Mrs. Thorne inquired; "because he is coming—he is there at the gate."

She rose uneasily. Her visitor rose, too, and together they watched the man's unconscious figure approaching. An electric lamp above the gate threw long shadows, like spokes of a wheel, across the grass. Mr. Thorne's face was invisible till he had reached the steps.

"Henry," said his wife, "you do not see we have a visitor."

He took off his hat, and perceiving a young lady, waved her a gallant and playful greeting, assuming her to be a neighbor. Miss Benedet stepped back without speaking.

"God bless me!" said Thorne, simply, when his wife had named her guest, and so left the matter, for Miss Benedet to acknowledge or deny their earlier meeting.

Mrs. Thorne gave her little coughing laugh.

"Well, you two!" she said with ghastly gaiety. "Must I repeat, Henry, that this is—"

"He is trying to think where he has seen me before," said Helen Benedet. There was a ring in her voice like that of the stamp-heads on the bare steel.

"I am wondering if you remember where you saw me before," Thorne retorted. He did not like the young lady's presence there. He thought it extraordinary and rather brazen. And he liked still less to be drawn into a woman's parlance.

Mrs. Thorne sat still, trembling. "Henry, tell her! Speak to her!"

Miss Benedet turned from husband to wife. Her face was very pale. "Ah," she said, "you knew about me all the time! He has told you everything—and you called me 'my dear'! Is it easy for you to say such things?"

"Never mind, never mind! What did you wish to say to me? What was it?"

"Give me a moment, please! This alters everything. I must get accustomed to this before we go any further."

She reached out her white arm with the thin sleeve wrinkled over it, and helped herself again to water. In every gesture there was the poise and distinction of perfect self-command, a highly wrought self-consciousness, as far removed from pose as from nature's simplicity. Natural she could never be again. No woman is natural who has a secret experience to guard, whether of grief or shame, her own or of any belonging to her.

"You are the very man," she said, "the one who would not promise. And you kept your word and told your wife. And how long have you known of—of this engagement?"

Mr. Thorne looked at his wife.

"Only a few days," she said.

"Still, there has been time," the girl reflected. She let her voice fall from its high society pitch. "I did not dream there was so much mercy in the world—among parents! You both knew, and you have not told him. You deserve to have Willy for your son!"

Mrs. Thorne leaned forward to speak. Her husband, guessing what trouble her conscience would be making her, forestalled the effort with a warning look. "There was no mercy in the case," he bluntly said; "we do not know your story."

Miss Benedet continued, as if thinking aloud: "Yet you gave me that supreme trust, that I would tell him myself! I have not, and now it is too late. Now I can never know how he would have taken it had he known in time. I do not want his forgiveness, you may be sure, or his toleration. I must be what I was to him or nothing. You will tell him, and then he will understand the letter I wrote him last night, breaking the engagement. We may be honest with each other now; there is no peace of the family to provide for. This night's talk, and I leave myself, my whole self, with you, to do with as you think best for him. If you think better to have it over at one blow, tell him the worst. The facts are enough if you leave out the excuses. But if you want to soften it for the sake of his faith in general,—isn't there some such idea, that men lose their faith in all women through the fault of one?—why, soften it all you like. Make me the victim of circumstances. I can show you how. I had forgiven myself, you know. I thought I was as good as new. I had forgotten I had a flaw. And I was so tired of being on the defensive. Now at last, I said, I shall have a friend! You know—*do* you know what a restful, impersonal manner your son has? What quiet eyes! We rode and talked together like two young men. It seems a pleasure common enough with some girls, but I never had it; lads of my own age were debarred when I was a girl. I had neither girls nor boys to play with. Girl friends were dealt out to me to fit my supposed needs, but taken that way as medicine I did n't find them very interesting. If I clung to one more than another, that one was not asked soon again for fear of inordinate affections and unbalanced enthusiasms. I was to be an all-around young woman; so they built a wall all around me. It fitted tight at last, and then I broke through one night and emptied my heart on the ground. My plea, you see, is always ready. Could I have lived and kept on scorning myself as I did that night? Do you remember?" She bent her imperative, clear gaze upon Thorne. "I told you the truth when you gave me a chance to lie. Heaven knows what it cost to say, 'I came with him of my own free will'!"

Mrs. Thorne put her hand in her husband's. He pressed it absently, with his eyes on the ground.

"It is such a mercy that I need not begin at the beginning. You know the worst already, and your divine hesitation before judgment almost demands that I should try to justify it. I *may* excuse myself to you. I will not be too proud to meet you halfway; but remember, when you tell the story to him, everything is to be sacrificed to his cure."

"When we really love them," Mrs. Thorne

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"'I ALWAYS CONFORM, YOU KNOW.'" (SEE PAGE 350.)

unexpectedly argued, "do we want them to be cured?"

The defendant looked at her in astonishment. "Do I understand you?" she asked. "You must be careful. I have not told you my story. Of course I want to influence you, but nothing can alter the facts."

There was no reply, and she took up her theme again, with visible and painful effort. A sickening familiarity, a weariness of it all before she had begun, showed in her voice and in her pale, reluctant smile.

"Seven years is a long time," she said, looking at Thorne. "Are you sure you have forgotten nothing? You saw what the man was?" she demanded. "He was precisely what he looked to be—one of the men about the stables. I was not supposed to know one from another.

"It is a mistake to talk of a girl having fallen. She has crawled down in her thoughts, a step at a time—unless she fell in the dark; and I declare that before this happened it was almost dark with me!

"My mother is a very clever woman; she has had the means to carry out her theories, and I am her only child (Norwood Benedet is my half-brother). I was not allowed to play with ordinary children; they might have spoiled my accent or told me stories that would have made me afraid of the dark; and while the perfect child was waited for, I had only my nurses. I was not allowed to go to school, of course. Schools are for ordinary children. When I was past the governess age I had tutors, exceptional beings, imported like my frocks. They were too clever for the work of teaching one ignorant, spoiled child. They wore me out with their dissertations, their excess of personality, their overflow of acquirements, all bearing upon poor, stupid me, who could absorb so little. And mama would not allow me to be pushed, so I never actually worked or played. These persons were in the house, holidays and all, and there was a perpetual little dribble of instruction going on. I wearied of the deadly deliberation of it all.

"As a family we have always been in a way notorious; I am aware of that: but my mother's ideals are far different from those that held in father's young days, when he made his money and a highly ineligible circle of acquaintances. Nordy inherited all the fun and the friends, and he spent the money like a prince. Once or twice a year he would come down to the ranch, and the place would be filled with his company, and their horses and jockeys and servants. Then mama would fly with me till the reign of sport was over. It was a terrible grief to have to go at the only time when the ranch was not a prison. I grew up nursing a crop of smothered rebellions and longings which I was ashamed to confess. At sixteen mama was to take me abroad for two years; I was to be presented and brought home in triumph, unless Europe refused to part with a pearl of such price. All pearls have their price. I was not left in absolute ignorance of my own. Of all who suffered through that night's madness of mine, poor mama is most to be pitied. There was no limit to her pride in me, and she has never made the least pretense that religion or philosophy could comfort her.

"Now, before I really begin, shall we not speak of something else for a while? I do not want to be quite without mercy."

"I think you had better go on," said Mrs. Thorne, gently; "but take off your bonnet, my dear."

"Still 'my dear'?" sighed the girl. "Is so much kindness quite consistent with your duty? Will you leave *all* the plain speaking to me?"

"Forgive me," said the mother, humbly; "but I cannot call you 'Miss Benedet.' We seem to have got beyond that."

"Oh, we have got beyond everything! There is no precedent for us in the past"—she felt for her hat-pins—"and no hope in the future." She put off the little winged circlet that crowned her hair, and Mrs. Thorne took it from her. Almost shyly the middle-aged woman, who had never herself been even pretty, looked at the sad young beauty, sitting uncovered in the moonlight.

"You should never wear anything on your head. It is desecration."

"Is it? I always conform, you know. I wear anything, do anything, that is demanded."

"Ah, but the head—such hair! I wonder that I do not hate you when I think of my poor Willy."

"You will hate me when I am gone," said the beautiful one, wearily; "you may count on the same revulsion in him. I know it. I have been through it. There is nothing so loathsome in the bitter end as mere good looks."

"Ah, but why—" the mother checked herself. Was she groveling already for Willy's sake? She had stifled the truth, and accepted thanks not her due, and listened to praise of her own magnanimity. Where were the night's surprises to leave her?

(To be concluded in the next number.)

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GRIZZLY.

BY ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON,
Author of "Wild Animals I have Known."

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

PART III. THE WANING OF WAHB.

I.

YEARS went by. Wahb grew no bigger,—there was no need for that,—but he got whiter, crosser, and more dangerous. He really had an enormous range now. Each spring, after the winter storms had removed his notice-boards, he went around and renewed them. It was natural to do so, for, first of all, the scarcity of food compelled him to travel all over the range. There were lots of clay wallows at that season, and the itching of his skin, as the winter coat began to shed, made the dressing of cool, wet clay very pleasant, and the exquisite pain of a good scratching was one of the finest pleasures he knew. So, whatever his motive, the result was the same: the signs were renewed each spring.

At length the Palette Ranch outfit appeared on the Lower Piney, and the men got acquainted with the "ugly old fellow." The Cow-punchers decided they "had n't lost any Bears" when they saw him, and they had better keep out of his way and let him mind his business.

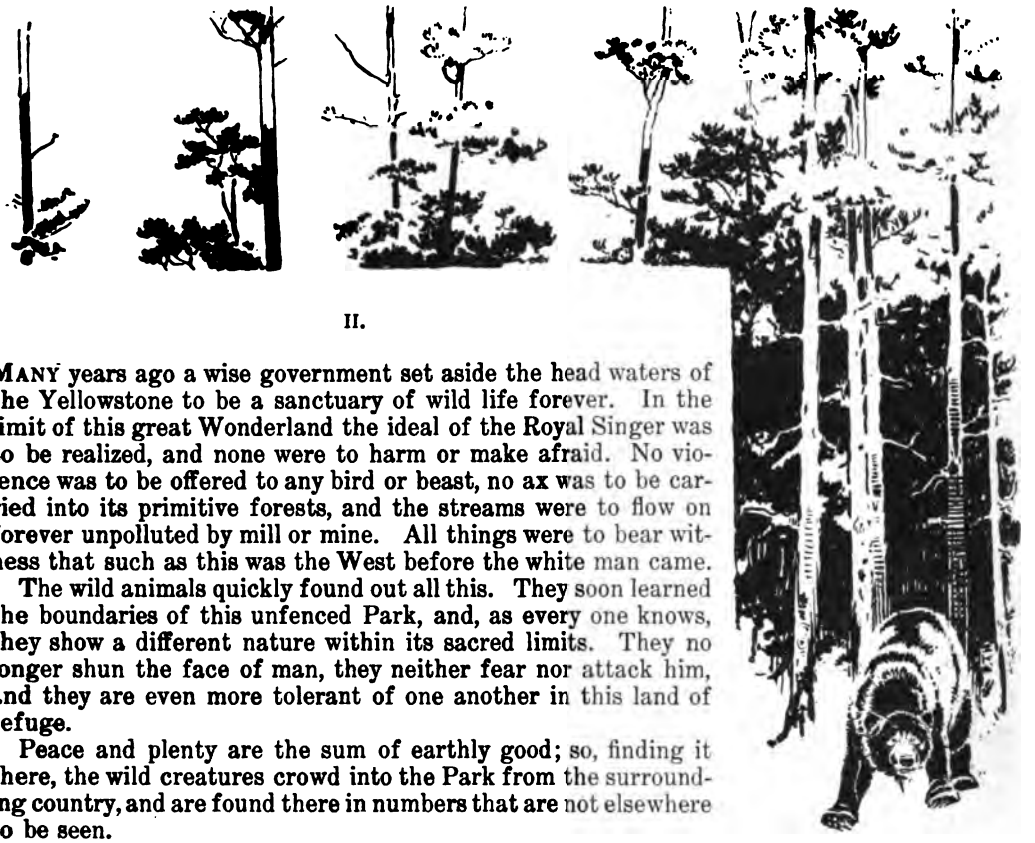
They did not often see him, although his tracks and sign-boards were everywhere. But the owner of this outfit, a born hunter, took a keen interest in Wahb. He learned something of the old Bear's history from Colonel Pickett, and found out for himself more than the colonel ever knew.

He learned that Wahb ranged as far south as the Upper Wiggins Fork and north to the Stinking Water, and from the Meteetsee to the Shoshones.

He found that Wahb knew more about Bear-traps than most trappers do; that he either passed them by or tore open the other end of the bait-pen and dragged out the bait without going near the trap, and by accident or design Wahb sometimes sprang the trap with one of the logs that formed the pen. This ranch-owner found also that Wahb disappeared from his range each year during the heat of the summer, as completely as he did each winter during his sleep.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"HE DELIBERATELY STOOD UP ON THE PINE ROOT."



II.

MANY years ago a wise government set aside the head waters of the Yellowstone to be a sanctuary of wild life forever. In the limit of this great Wonderland the ideal of the Royal Singer was to be realized, and none were to harm or make afraid. No violence was to be offered to any bird or beast, no ax was to be carried into its primitive forests, and the streams were to flow on forever unpolluted by mill or mine. All things were to bear witness that such as this was the West before the white man came.

The wild animals quickly found out all this. They soon learned the boundaries of this unfenced Park, and, as every one knows, they show a different nature within its sacred limits. They no longer shun the face of man, they neither fear nor attack him, and they are even more tolerant of one another in this land of refuge.

Peace and plenty are the sum of earthly good; so, finding it there, the wild creatures crowd into the Park from the surrounding country, and are found there in numbers that are not elsewhere to be seen.

The Bears are especially numerous about the Fountain Hotel. In the woods, a quarter of a mile off, all the kitchen garbage is dumped, and each year a greater number of Bears gather there during the months that the hotel is running, for the sake of the abundant feed on the garbage-heap. It is a common thing now to see a dozen Bears feeding there at one time. They are of all kinds—Black, Brown, Cinnamon, Grizzly, Silvertip, Roachbacks, big and small, families and rangers, from all parts of the vast surrounding country. All seem to realize that in the Park no violence is allowed, and the most ferocious of them have here put on a new behavior. Although scores of Bears roam about this choice resort, and quarrel among themselves, perhaps, over the best feeding- and drinking-places, there has never yet been a man hurt by any one of them.

One day the owner of the Palette Ranch came through the Park. During his stay at the Fountain Hotel, he went to the garbage-dump to see the Bears. There were several Blackbears feeding, but they made way for a huge Grizzly that came about sundown.

"That," said the man who was acting as guide, "is the biggest Grizzly in the Park; but he is a peaceable sort, or Lud knows what 'd happen."

"That!" said the ranchman, in astonishment, as the Grizzly came hulking nearer, and loomed up like a load of hay in the pine woods. "That! If that is not Meteetsee Wahb, I never saw a Bear in my life! Why, that is the worst Grizzly that ever rolled a log in the Big Horn Basin."

"It ain't possible," said the other, "for he 's here every summer, July and August, an' I reckon he don't live so far away."

"Well, that settles it," said the ranchman; "July and August is just the time we miss him on the range; and you can see for yourself that he is a little lame behind and has lost a claw of his left front foot. I know now where Wahb puts in his summers; but I did not suppose that the old reprobate would know enough to behave himself away from home."

The old Grizzly became very well known during the successive hotel seasons. Once only did he really behave ill, and that was the first season he appeared, before he fully knew the ways of the Park.

He wandered over to the hotel, one day, and in at the front door. In the hall he reared up his eight feet of stature as the guests fled in terror; then he went into the clerk's office. The man said: "All right; if you need this office more than I do, you can have it," and leaping over the counter, locked himself in the telegraph-office, to wire the superintendent of the Park: "Old Grizzly in the office now, seems to want to run hotel; may we shoot?"

The reply came: "No shooting allowed in Park; use the hose." Which they did, and, wholly taken by surprise, the Bear leaped over the counter too, and ambled out the back way, with a heavy thud, thudding of his feet, and a rattling of his claws on the floor. He passed through the kitchen as he went, and, picking up a quarter of beef, took it along.

This was the only time he was known to do ill, though on one occasion he was led into a breach of the peace by another Bear. This was a large she-Blackbear and a noted mischief-maker. She had a wretched, sickly cub that she was very proud of—so proud that she went out of her way to seek trouble on his behalf. And he, like all spoiled children, was the cause of much bad feeling. She was so big and fierce that she could bully all the other Blackbears, but when she tried to drive off old Wahb she received a pat from his paw that sent her tumbling like a football. He followed her up, and would have killed her, for she had broken the peace of the Park, but she escaped by climbing a tree, from the top of which her miserable little cub was apprehensively squealing at the pitch of his voice. So the affair was ended; in future the Blackbear kept out of Wahb's way, and he won the reputation of being a peaceable, well-behaved Bear. Most persons believed that he came from some remote mountains where were neither guns nor traps to make him sullen and revengeful.

III.

EVERY one knows that a Bitter-root Grizzly is a bad Bear. The Bitter-root Range is the roughest part of the mountains. The ground is everywhere cut up with deep ravines and overgrown with dense and tangled underbrush.

It is an impossible country for horses, and difficult for gunners, and there is any amount of good Bear-pasture. So there are plenty of Bears and plenty of trappers.

The Roachbacks, as the Bitter-root Grizzlies are called, are a cunning, desperate race. An old Roachback knows more about traps than half a dozen ordinary trappers; he knows more about plants and roots than a whole college of botanists. He can tell to a certainty just when and where to find each kind of grub and worm, and he knows by a whiff whether the hunter on his trail a mile away is working with guns, poison, dogs, traps, or all of them together. And he has one general rule, which is an endless puzzle to the hunter: "Whatever you decide to do, do it quickly and follow it right up." So when a trapper and a Roachback meet, the Bear at once makes up his mind to run away as hard as he can, or to rush at the man and fight to a finish.

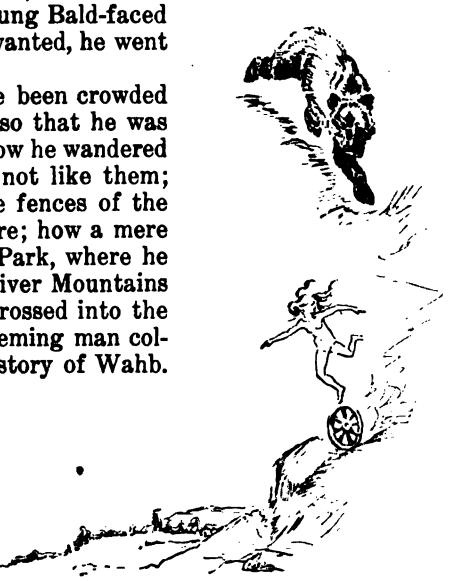
The Grizzlies of the Bad Lands did not do this: they used to stand on their dignity and growl like a thunder-storm, and so gave the hunters a chance to play their deadly lightning; and lightning is worse than thunder any day. Men can get used to growls that rumble along the ground and up one's legs to the little house where one's courage lives; but Bears cannot get used to 45–90 soft-nosed bullets, and that is why the Grizzlies of the Bad Lands were all killed off.

So the hunters have learned that they never know what a Roachback will do; but they do know that he is going to be quick about it.

Altogether these Bitter-root Grizzlies have solved very well the problem of life, in spite of white men, and are therefore increasing in their own wild mountains.

Of course a range will hold only so many Bears, and the increase is crowded out; so that when that slim young Bald-faced Roachback found he could not hold the range he wanted, he went out perforce to seek his fortune in the world.

He was not a big Bear, or he would not have been crowded out; but he had been trained in a good school, so that he was cunning enough to get on very well elsewhere. How he wandered down to the Salmon River Mountains and did not like them; how he traveled till he got among the barb-wire fences of the Snake Plains and of course could not stay there; how a mere chance turned him from going eastward to the Park, where he might have rested; how he made for the Snake River Mountains and found more hunters than berries; how he crossed into the Tetons and looked down with disgust on the teeming man colony of Jackson's Hole, does not belong to this history of Wahb.



But when Baldy Roachback crossed the Gros Ventre Range and over the Wind River Divide to the head of the Graybull, he does come into the story, just as he did into the country and the life of the Meteetsee Grizzly.

The Roachback had not found a man-sign since he left Jackson's Hole, and here he was in a land of plenty of food. He feasted on all the delicacies of the season, and enjoyed the easy, brushless country till he came on one of Wahb's sign-posts.

"Trespassers beware!" it said in the plainest manner. The Roachback reared up against it.

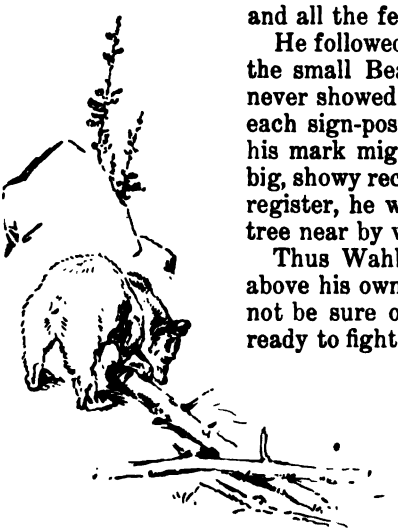
"Thunder! what a Bear!" The nose-mark was a head and neck above Baldy's highest reach. Now, a simple Bear would have gone quietly away after this discovery; but Baldy felt that the mountains owed him a living, and here was a good one if he could keep out of the way of the big fellow. He nosed about the place, kept a sharp lookout for the present owner, and went on feeding wherever he ran across a good thing.

A step or two from this ominous tree was an old pine stump. In the Bitter-roots there are often mice-nests under such stumps, and Baldy jerked it over to see. There was nothing. The stump rolled over against the sign-post. Baldy had not yet made up his mind about it; but a new notion came into his cunning head. He turned his head on this side, then on that. He looked at the stump, then at the sign, with his little pig-like eyes. Then he deliberately stood up on the pine root, with his back to the tree, and put his mark away up, a head at least above that of Wahb. He rubbed his back long and hard, and he sought some mud to smear his head and shoulders, then came back and made the mark so big, so strong, and so high, and emphasized it with such claw-gashes in the bark, that it could be read only in one way—a challenge to the present claimant from some monstrous invader, who was ready, anxious, to fight to a finish for this desirable range.

Maybe it was accident and maybe design, but when the Roachback jumped from the root it rolled to one side. Baldy went on down the cañon, keeping the keenest lookout for his enemy.

It was not long before Wahb found the trail of the interloper, and all the ferocity of his outside-the-Park nature was aroused.

He followed the trail for miles on more than one occasion. But the small Bear was quick-footed as well as quick-witted, and never showed himself. He made a point, however, of calling at each sign-post, and if there was any means of cheating, so that his mark might be put higher, he did it with a vim, and left a big, showy record. But if there was no chance for any but a fair register, he would not go near the tree, but looked for a fresh tree near by with some log or side-ledge to reach from.



Thus Wahb soon found the interloper's marks towering far above his own—a monstrous Bear evidently, that even he could not be sure of mastering. But Wahb was no coward. He was ready to fight to a finish any one that might come; and he hunted

the range for that invader. Day after day Wahb sought for him and held himself ready to fight. He found his trail daily, and more and more often he found that towering record far above his own. He often smelled him on the wind; but he never saw him, for the old Grizzly's eyes had grown very dim of late years; things but a little way off were mere blurs to him. The continual menace could not but fill Wahb with uneasiness, for he was not young now, and his teeth and claws were worn and blunted. He was more than ever troubled with pains in his old wounds, and though he could have risen on the spur of the moment to fight any number of Grizzlies of any size, still the continual apprehension, the knowledge that he must hold himself ready at any moment to fight this young monster, weighed on his spirits and began to tell on his general health.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

THE ROACHBACK.

IV.

THE Roachback's life was one of continual vigilance, always ready to run, doubling and shifting to avoid the encounter that must mean instant death to him. Many a time from some hiding-place he watched the great Bear, and trembled lest the wind should betray him. Several times his very impudence saved him, and more than once he was nearly cornered in a box-cañon. Once

he escaped only by climbing up a long crack in a cliff, which Wahb's huge frame could not have entered. But still, in a mad persistence, he kept on marking the trees farther into the range.

At last he scented and followed up the sulphur-bath. He did not understand it at all. It had no appeal to him, but hereabouts were the tracks of the owner. In a spirit of mischief the Roachback scratched dirt into the spring, and then seeing the rubbing-tree, he stood sidewise on the rocky ledge, and was thus able to put his mark fully five feet above that of Wahb. Then he nervously jumped down, and was running about, defiling the bath and keeping a sharp lookout, when he heard a noise in the woods below. Instantly he was all alert. The sound drew near, then the wind brought the sure proof, and the Roachback, in terror, turned and fled into the woods.

It was Wahb. He had been failing in health of late; his old pains were on him again, and, as well as his hind leg, had seized his right shoulder, where were still lodged two rifle-balls. He was feeling very ill, and crippled with pain. He came up the familiar bank at a jerky limp, and there caught the odor of the foe; then he saw the track in the mud—his eyes said the track of a *small* Bear, but his eyes were dim now, and his nose, his unerring nose, said, "This is the track of the huge invader." Then he noticed the tree with his sign on it, and there beyond doubt was the stranger's mark far above his own. His eyes and nose were agreed on this; and more, they told him that the foe was close at hand, might at any moment come.

Wahb was feeling ill and weak with pain. He was in no mood for a desperate fight. A battle against such odds would be madness now. So, without taking the treatment, he turned and swung along the bench away from the direction taken by the stranger—the first time since his cubhood that he had declined to fight.

That was a turning-point in Wahb's life. If he had followed up the stranger he would have found the miserable little craven trembling, cowering, in an agony of terror, behind a log in a natural trap, a walled-in glade only fifty yards away, and would surely have crushed him. Had he even taken the bath, his strength and courage would have been renewed, and if not, then at least in time he would have met his foe, and his after life would have been different. But he had turned. This was the fork in the trail, but he had no means of knowing it.

He limped along, skirting the lower spurs of the Shoshones, and soon came on that horrid smell that he had known for years, but never followed up or understood. It was right in his road, and he traced it to a small, barren ravine that was strewn over with skeletons and dark objects, and Wahb, as he passed, smelled a smell of many different animals, and knew by its quality that they were lying dead in this treeless, grassless hollow. For there was a cleft in the rocks at the upper end, whence poured a deadly gas; invisible but heavy, it filled the little gulch like a brim-

ming poison bowl, and at the lower end there was a steady overflow. But Wahb knew only that the air that poured from it as he passed made him dizzy and sleepy, and repelled him, so that he got quickly away from it and was glad once more to breathe the piny wind.

Once Wahb decided to retreat, it was all too easy to do so next time; and the result worked double disaster. For, since the big stranger was allowed possession of the sulphur-spring, Wahb felt that he would rather not go there. Sometimes when he came across the traces of his foe, a spurt of his old courage would come back. He would rumble that thunder-growl as of old, and go painfully lumbering along the trail to settle the thing right then and there. But he never overtook the mysterious giant, and his rheumatism, growing worse now that he was barred from the cure, soon made him daily less capable of either running or fighting.

Sometimes Wahb would sense his foe's approach when he was in a bad place for fighting, and, without really running, he would yield to a wish to be on a better footing, where he would have a fair chance. This better footing never led him nearer the enemy, for it is well known that the one awaiting has the advantage.

Some days Wahb felt so ill that it would have been madness to have staked everything on a fight, and when he felt well or a little better, the stranger seemed to keep away.

Wahb soon found that the stranger's track was most often on the Warhouse and the west slope of the Piney, the very best feeding-grounds. To avoid these when he did not feel equal to fighting was only natural, and as he was always in more or less pain now, it amounted to abandoning to the stranger the best part of the range.

Weeks went by. Wahb had meant to go back to his bath, but he never did. His pains grew worse; he was now crippled in his right shoulder as well as in his hind leg.

The long strain of waiting for the fight begot anxiety, that grew to be apprehension, which, with the sapping of his strength, was breaking down his courage. His daily care now was not to meet and fight the invader, but to avoid him till he felt better.

Thus that first little retreat grew into one long retreat. Wahb had to go farther and farther down the Piney to avoid an encounter. He was daily worse fed, and as the weeks went by was daily less able to crush a foe.

He was living and hiding at last on the Lower Piney—the very place where once his Mother had brought him with his little brothers. The life he led now was much like the one he had led after that dark day. Perhaps for the same reason. If he had had a family of his own all might have been different. As he

limped along one morning, seeking among the barren aspen groves for a few roots, or the wormy partridge-berries that were too poor to interest the Squirrel and the Grouse, he heard a stone rattle down the western slope into the woods, and, a little later, on the wind was borne the dreaded taint. He waded through the ice-cold Piney,—once he would have leaped it,—and the chill water sent through and up each great hairy limb keen pains that seemed to reach his very life. He was retreating again —which way? There seemed but one way now—toward the new ranch-house.

But there were signs of stir about it long before he was near enough to be seen. His nose, his trustiest friend, said, "Turn, turn and seek the hills," and turn he did even at the risk of meeting there the dreadful foe. He limped painfully along the north bank of the Piney, keeping in the hollows and among the trees. He tried to climb a cliff that of old he had often bounded up at full speed. When half-way up his footing gave way, and down he rolled to the bottom. A long way round was now the only road, for onward he must go—on—on. But where? There seemed no choice now but to abandon the whole range to the terrible stranger.

And feeling, as far as a Bear can feel, that he is fallen, defeated, dethroned at last, that he is driven from his ancient range by a Bear too strong for him to face, he turned up the west fork, and the lot was drawn. The strength and speed were gone from his once mighty limbs; he took three times as long as he once would to mount each well-known ridge, and as he went he glanced backward from time to time to know if he were pursued. Away up the head of the little branch were the Shoshones, bleak, forbidding; no enemies were there, and the Park was beyond it all—on, on he must go. But as he climbed with weak, uncertain limbs, the west wind brought the odor of Death Gulch, that fearful little valley where everything was dead, where the very air was deadly. It used to disgust him and drive him away, but now Wahb felt that it had a message for him; he was drawn by it. It was in his line of flight, and he hobbled slowly toward the place. He went nearer, nearer, until he stood upon the entering ledge. A Vulture that had descended to feed on one of the victims was slowly going to sleep on the untouched carcass. Wahb swung his great grizzled muzzle and his long white beard in the wind. The odor that he once had hated was attractive now. There was a strange biting quality in the air. His body seemed to crave it. It seemed to numb his pain and promise sleep, as it did that day when first he saw the place.

Far below him, to the right and to the left and on and on as far as the eye could reach, was the great kingdom that once had been his; where he had lived for years in the glory of his strength; where none had dared to meet him face to face. The whole earth could show no view more beautiful. But Wahb had no thought of

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"HE PAUSED A MOMENT AT THE GATE."

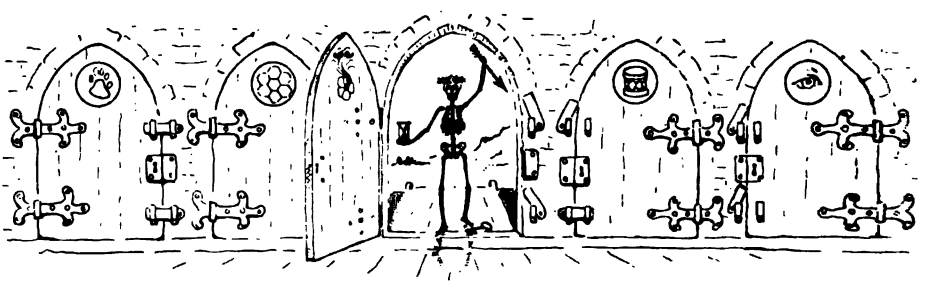
its beauty; he only knew that it was a good land to live in; it had been his, but now it was gone, for his strength was gone, and he was flying to seek a place where he could rest and be at peace.

Away over the Shoshones, indeed, was the road to the Park, but it was far, far away, with a doubtful end to the long, doubtful journey. But why so far? Here in this little gulch was all he sought; here were peace and painless sleep. He knew it; for his nose, his never-erring nose, said, "*Here! here now!*"

He paused a moment at the gate, and as he stood the wind-borne fumes began their subtle work. Five were the faithful wardens of his life, and the best and trustiest of them all flung open wide the door he long had kept. A moment still Wahb stood in doubt. His lifelong guide was silent now, had given up his post. But a newer sense he felt within. The Angel of the Wild Things was standing, beckoning, there in the little vale. Wahb did not understand. He had no eyes to see the tear in the Angel's eyes, nor the pitying smile that was surely on his lips. He could not even see the Angel. But he felt him beckoning, beckoning.

A rush of his ancient courage surged in the Grizzly's rugged breast. He turned aside into the little gulch. The deadly vapors entered in, filled his huge chest and tingled in his vast, heroic limbs as he calmly lay down on the rocky, herbless floor and gently went to sleep.

THE END.



ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF.

IN THE STORE.

A FILIAL IMPULSE.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

WITH PICTURES BY OTTO H. BACHER.

"YO' 're purty well fixed, Jim; I wish I had yore business."

Big Jim Bradley glanced slowly around his store. The heaps of flour-sacks, coffee-bags, sugar-barrels, piles of bacon, crates of hams, kits of mackerel, and the long rows of well-filled shelves brought a flush of satisfaction into his rugged face.

"Hain't no reason to complain, Bob," he said; "you 've been in Georgia, an' you know how blamed hard it is fer a feller to make his salt back thar."

"Now yo' 're a-talkin'—yo' 're a-sayin' some'n' now!" Bob Lash was sitting on the head of a potato-barrel, eating cheese and crackers, and his spirited words were interspersed with little snowy puffs from the corners of his mouth. "Jim," he continued in a muffled tone, as he eased his feet down to the floor, "I 'm a-goin' to wash this dry truck down with a glass o' yore cider; I 'm about to choke. Thar 's yore nickel. You need n't rise; I can wait on myse'f."

"I 'd keep my eye open while he was behind the counter, Jim," put in Henry Webb, jestingly. "Bob 's got a swallow like a mill-race. He may take a notion to drink out of yore half-gallon measure."

"Had to drink out 'n a thimble, ur some'n' 'bout the size of it, at yore place when you kept a bar," gurgled Bob in the cider-glass. "But I hain't nothin' ag'in' you; the small doses of the stuff you sold was all that saved my life."

The flashily dressed young man sitting at Webb's side laughed and slapped him familiarly on the knee. His name was Thornton. He used to "mix drinks" for Webb, and had been out of employment ever since his employer's establishment had been closed by the sheriff a few months before. "One on you, Harry," he said, laughing again at the

comical expression on his friend's face; "you have to get up before day to get the best o' these Georgia mossbacks."

Webb said nothing; and Bob, blushing triumphantly under Thornton's compliment, and chewing a chip of dried beef that he had found on the counter, came back to his seat on the barrel.

"Well, I reckon I *have* done middlin' well," said Jim, bringing the conversation back to his own affairs with as much adroitness as he was capable of exercising. "I did n't have a dollar to my name when I struck this town ten year back. I started as a waiter in a restaurant nigh the railroad-shops, then run a lemonade-stand at the park, an', by makin' every lick count, I gradually worked up to this shebang."

Henry Webb seemed to grow serious. He glanced stealthily at Thornton when Jim was not looking, crossed his legs nervously, and said: "Jim, me an' you have been dickerin' long enough; all this roundabout talk don't bring us an inch nearer a trade. Now, I 'm goin' to make you my last proposition about this stock o' goods. My wife got her money out of her minin' interest to-day, an' wants to put it in some regular business o' this sort. I 'm goin' to make you a round bid on the whole thing, lock, stock, an' barrel, an', on my honor, it 's my last offer. I 'll give you ten thousand dollars in cash fer the key to the door."

Everybody in the group was fully conscious of the vital importance of the words which had just been spoken. Webb, who was a famous poker-player, had never controlled his face and tone better. No one spoke for a moment, but all eyes were fixed expectantly on Bradley. "Huh," he answered, half under his breath, "I reckon you would!" He tossed his shaggy, iron-gray head and smiled artificially. His face was pale, and his eyes shone with suppressed excitement. It was a better offer than he had expected; in fact, he had not realized before that his stock was convertible into quite so much ready money, and it was hard

"'YOU NEED N'T RISE, MRS. BRADLEY.'" (SEE PAGE 371.)

for him, simple and honest as he was, to keep from showing surprise. "Harry Webb," he went on evasively, "do you have any idee what I cleared last year, not countin' bad debts an' expenses? I 'm over three thousand ahead, an' prospects fer trade never was better. My books will show you that I am a-givin' it to you straight."

Webb made no reply. If he had been as sure of his own moral worth as he was of Jim's he would have been a better man. As it was, he only looked significantly at Thornton, who had evidently come prepared to play a part.

"It ain't no business o' mine, fellers, one way or the other," began Thornton, slightly confused. He cleared his throat and spat on the floor. "But I 'll admit I 'm kinder anxious to see Harry get into some settled business. You know he 's mighty changeable, one day runnin' some fortune-wheel or card-table, an' the next got charge of a side-show, bar, or skating-rink, and never makes much stake at anything. I told his wife to-day that I 'd do my best to get you fellers to come to a' understanding. That 's all the interest I 've got in the matter, but I 'd bet my last chip you 'd have to look a long ways before you could find another buyer with that much ready cash such times as these."

"Huh, you don't say!" sneered Jim, a cold gleam of indecision and excitement in the glance that he accidentally threw to Bob Lash, who erroneously fancied that his friend wanted him to say something to offset the remarks made by Webb's ally. But diplomacy was not one of the few gifts with which frugal nature had blessed Bob, and when the idea struck him that he ought to speak, he grew very agitated, and almost stabbed a hole in one of his cheeks with the long splinter with which he was picking his teeth.

"The man that gits it has a purty dead-shore thing fer a comfortable income," he blurted out incautiously. "I wish I had the money to secure it. I 'd plank it down so quick it 'u'd make yore head swim."

Jim flushed. "Nobody hain't said nothin' 'bout the shebang bein' on the market," he said quickly.

Bob saw his mistake too late to rectify it, so he said nothing.

Webb smiled and rose with an easy assumption of indifference and lighted a fresh cigar over the lamp-chimney. "Tibbs wants to rent me the new store-room joining you, Jim," he said, rolling his cigar into the corner of his mouth and half closing the eye which was in direct line with the rising smoke. "I kinder thought I 'd like them big plate-glass show-windows. Ten thousand dollars in bran-new groceries would n't be bad, would they?"

Jim was taken slightly aback, but he recovered himself in an instant. "Not ef they was bought jest right, Harry," he said significantly. "A man *mought* have a purty fair start that way, ef he was experienced; but law me! I 'd hate awful to start to lay in a stock frum these cussed drummers; they are wholesale bunco-sharks. An' then, you see, I 've been here sence this town first started, an' I know who will do to credit an' who won't. My black-list is wuth five thousand to any man in this line. Thar 's men in this town that 'll pay a gamblin' debt 'thout a bobble, an' cuss like rips at the sight of a grocery bill. But thar ain't no use talkin'; I reckon my business ain't fer sale."

Webb turned to Thornton and coolly asked for a match; then the entire group was silent till Bob Lash spoke.

"How in the world did you ever happen to come 'way out here, anyway, Jim?" he asked, obtusely believing that Bradley meant exactly what he had said in regard to Webb's proposition, and that for all concerned it would be more agreeable and profitable to talk about something else.

"Got tired an' wanted a change," grunted Bradley. "I never was treated exactly right by my folks, an' was itchin' awful to make money."

"What county did you say you was from?"

"Gilmer."

Webb yawned aloud, puffed at his cigar, and swept the store from end to end with a rather critical, would-be dissatisfied glance.

"I passed through thar goin' from Dalton to Canton," went on Bob, warming up. "It 's a purty country through them mountains. What was you a-follerin' back thar?"

"Farmin' it. Thar was jest three uv us —me an' brother Joe an' mother; but we could n't git along together."

"What a pity!" said Bob.

"I al'ays wanted to make money," went on Jim, "an' atter the old man died I was anxious fer me an' Joe to save up enough to git a farm uv our own; but he tuk to drinkin' an' spreein' round generally, an' was al'ays off jest when the crap needed the most attention. I al'ays was easy irritated, an' never could be satisfied onless I was goin' ahead. Me an' Joe was eternally a-fussin', an' mother al'ays tuk his part. One night she got rippin'

mad an' 'lowed that she could git along better with 'im ef I was n't thar to make trouble, an' so I made up my mind to come West. I tol' 'em they was welcome to my intrust in the crap, an' that I had had all I could stand up under, an' was goin' off. Mother never even said farewell, an' Joe sorter turned up his nose an' 'lowed I 'd be writin' back an' beggin' fer money to git home on 'fore a month was out. I told mother ef she ever needed help to write, but she never looked up from her spinnin'-wheel, an' from that day to this I hain't had a scratch of a pen."

"Shorely you did n't leave a' old woman in sech hands as that," ventured Bob.

The expression on Jim Bradley's face changed. "What was I to do? Ef I 'd 'a' stayed thar I 'd 'a' been a beggar to-day," he said argumentatively. "I 'lowed ef I was sech a bother I 'd leave 'em; but I 'll admit thar are times when I think I may 'a' been a leetle hasty. An' I do hanker atter home folks mighty bad at times, especially when I 'm locked up in this lonely store at night, with nothin' but my cat fer company. I 've been intendin' to write to mother every day, but some'n' al'ays interferes. I heerd four year ago accidentally that they was gittin' 'long tolerable well."

"It 's mighty tough on fellers of our age, Jim, to grow old alone in the world," sighed Bob, reaching out to the crate for another splinter. "I 'd ruther have less money an' more rale home comforts. Kin is a great thing. Brother Sam sent me a pictur' uv his little gal. I wish I had it to show you; she 's mighty purty an' smart-lookin'. It made me mighty homesick."

"I reckon it did," said Bradley. "I 've seed dogs that lived better than I do. D' you fellers ever see whar I bunk?"

"No," joined in Thornton and Webb, seeing that they were addressed.

"Come into my parlor, then"; and Jim grinned broadly. He lifted the lamp, and holding it over his head, he led them through some curtains made of cotton bagging into the back room. Empty boxes, hogsheads, crates, bales of hay, heaps of old iron, and every sort of rubbish imaginable covered the floor. A narrow bed stood by a window between a row of dripping syrup-barrels and the greasy wall. "Thar 's whar I sleep," said Jim, pointing to the bed. "It hain't been made up in a coon's age. Sometimes old Injun Mary changes the sheets an' turns the mattress when she happens along, but it hain't often. At home I used to sleep in a big sweet-smellin' bed that was like lyin' down in a pile o' roses."

"I 'd think you 'd git tired o' this, I would, by hooky!" declared Bob. "Whar do you git yore grub?"

"Fust one place an' then another; I don't bother much about my eatin'. I have to light out o' bed to wait on the fust one that rattles the door-knob in the mornin', an' am so busy from then on that I cayn't find a minute to git a bite o' breakfast. See my kettle thar? I can make as good a cup o' coffee as the next one. Half a cup o' ground Javy in my coffee-pot, with bilin' water poured on, an' then putt on the stove to bile ag'in, does the business. Thar 's my skillet; a cow-boy give it to me. Sometimes I fry a slice o' streak-o'-lean-streak-o'-fat, ur a few cracked eggs, but it hain't half livin'."

They walked back and sat down in the store again. Bob had a strange, perplexed look on his face. Webb was about to make some reference to his offer when Bob forestalled him in a rather excited tone.

"Jim, did yore mother live nigh Ellijay?"

"'Bout three miles from town. What in the thunder is the matter? What are you starin' at me that way fer?"

Bob looked down and moved uneasily on the barrel. "I was jest a-wonderin'—my Lord, Jim! thar was a feller shot the day I passed through Ellijay. I cayn't be shore, but it seems to me his name was Joe Bradley. He was a troublesome, rowdyish sort of a feller, an' a man had to shoot 'im in self-defense."

Jim stared at the speaker helplessly and then glanced around at Webb and Thornton. His great brown eyes began to dilate, and a sickly pallor came into his face. His breathing fell distinct and harsh on the profound stillness of the room. His mouth dropped open, but he was unable to utter a word.

"He may not 'a' been yore brother," added Bob, quickly, and with sympathy. "I 'm not plumb shore o' the name, nuther. I was helpin' a man drive a drove of Kentucky hosses through to Gainesville, an' we got thar jest atter the shootin'. I heerd the shots myse'f. The coroner held a' inquest, an' the dead man's mother was thar. She looked pitiful; she was mighty gray an' old an' bent over. I was standin' in the edge o' the crowd when some neighbor fotch' 'er up in his wagon, an' we all made room for 'er. She had the pity of every blessed man thar. She jest stood 'mongst the rest, lookin' down at the corpse fer some time 'thout sayin' a word to anybody, nur sheddin' a tear. Then she

seemed to come to 'erse'f, an' said, jest as ef nothin' oncommon had occurred: 'Well, gentlemen, why don't you move 'im into a shelter?' an' with that she squatted down at his head, an' breshed the hair off 'n his forehead mighty gentle-like. 'We are a-holdin' uv a' inquest accordin' to law,' a big feller said who was the coroner of the town. 'Law ur no law,' she said, lookin' up at 'im, her eyes flashin' like a tiger-cat's, 'he sha'n't lie here in the br'ilin' sun, with no shelter over 'im. Thar was n't no law to keep 'im from bein' murdered right in yore midst.' An' she had her way, you kin bet on that. The men jest lifted 'im up an' toted 'im into the nighest store an' put 'im on a cot. The coroner objected, but them men jest cussed 'im to his face an' pushed him away as ef he was so much trash."

"Did you take notice o' the body?" gasped Bradley, finding voice finally. "What kind of a lookin' man was he?"

"Ef I remember right, he had sorter reddish hair an' blue eyes, an' was 'bout yore build. He was a good-lookin' man."

"It was brother Joe," said Bradley. He was trembling from head to foot and was deathly pale. "Well, go on," he said, making a mighty effort to appear calm; "what about mother?"

"I don't know anything more," said Bob. "I left that same day. I heerd some talk about her bein' left destitute, an' ef I ain't mistaken some said her other son had gone off West an' died out thar, as nobody had heerd from him. That 's what made me—"

But Bradley interrupted him. He rose with a dazed look on his face and went to his desk, a few feet away. He sat on the high stool and leaned his shaggy head on a pile of account-books. An inkstand rolled down to the floor, and a penholder rattled after it, but he did not pick them up. Then everything was still. Thornton reached over and took Webb's cigar to light his own instead of striking the match he had taken from his pocket. The two men exchanged significant glances, and then looked curiously, almost breathlessly, at the mute figure bowed over the desk. Bradley raised his head. His eyes were bloodshot, and a tangled wisp of his long hair lay across his haggard face.

"How long ago was it, Bob?" he asked in a deep, husky voice.

"Two year last May."

"My Lord! she may be dead an' gone by this time, an' I kin never make up fer my neglect!" He left the desk and came back slowly. "Kin you git that money to-night?" he asked, looking down at Webb.

"Yes; by walkin' up home." Webb tried to subdue the eager light in his eyes, which threatened to betray his intense satisfaction at the sudden change of affairs.

"Well, go git it. I 'll pack my satchel while yo' 're gone. I 'm goin' to leave you fellers fer good, I reckon. I want to git back home. I wish you luck with the business, Webb. It 's a good investment; we mought never have traded ef this had n't 'a' come up."

JIM BRADLEY was worn out with the fatigue of his long journey when he alighted from the train in the little town that he had once known so well. The place had changed so much that he hardly knew which way to turn. He went into a store. The merchant was at his desk behind a railing in the rear, and a boy sat in the middle of the floor filling a patent egg-case with fresh eggs. "Come in," he said, without looking up, and went on with his work. Jim put his oil-cloth valise on the floor and sat down in a chair.

"Some'n' I kin do fer you to-day?" asked the boy, rising and putting the lid on the egg-case.

"No, I b'lieve not, to-day, bub," replied Bradley. "I 've jest got off 'n the train an' stopped in to ax a few questions. The' used to be a woman livin' on the Starks place ten year ago—a widder woman, Miz Jason Bradley; kin you tell me whar I 'd be likely to find 'er now?"

"I don't know no sech er person," said the boy; "mebby Mr. Summers kin tell."

"You mean Joe Bradley's mother," said the storekeeper, approaching—"the feller that was shot over at Holland's bar."

"She 's the one," said Jim, breathlessly; "is she still alive?"

"I hain't heerd nothin' to the contrary, but I don't know jest whar she is now. She was powerful hard up last winter, an somebody tuk 'er to live with 'em—seems to me it was one o' the Sanders boys."

A woman entered the door and set her basket on the counter.

"Miz Wade 'll be able to tell you," continued the merchant, turning to her; "she lives over in that direction."

"What 's that, Mr. Summers?" she asked, carefully untying the cloth that covered some yellow rolls of butter.

"This gentleman was askin' about the widow Bradley, Joe's mother; do you know whar she is?"

"She 's livin' with Alf Sanders," replied the woman; "I seed 'er thar soap-bilin' as I driv by last Tuesday was a week. Are you any kin o' hern?" and she eyed Bradley curiously from head to foot.

He made no reply to her question, though a warm color had suddenly come into his face at the words she had spoken. He took up his valise and looked out at the setting sun.

"How fer is it out thar?" he asked, a tremor in his voice. "I want to see 'er to-night."

"Three mile, I reckon," the woman said. "Keep to the big road tel you cross the creek, an' then turn off to the right. You cayn't miss it."

He thanked her and trudged on past the other stores and the little white church on the hill, and on into the road that led toward the mountain. Just before entering the woods, he turned and looked back at the village.

"O Lord, I'm glad I ain't too late entirely," he said, and he took a soiled red handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his eyes. "I don't know what I would 'a' done ef they 'd 'a' said she was gone. But I 'll never see Joe ag'in, an' that seems quar. Poor boy! me an' him used to be mighty thick when we was little bits o' fellers. I kin remember when he 'd 'a' fit a wildcat to help me, an' I got mad at him fer drinkin' when he was n't able to he'p hisse'f. I 'd hold my peace ef it was to do over ag'in."

Sanders's house was a low, four-roomed log cabin which sat back under some large beech-trees about a hundred yards from the road. Sanders himself sat smoking in the front yard, surrounded by four or five half-clad children and several gaunt hunting-dogs. He was a thin, wiry man with long brown hair and beard, and dark, suspicious eyes set close together. He did not move or show much concern as Jim Bradley, just at dusk, came wearily up the narrow path from the bars to the door.

"Down, Ski! Down, Brutus!" he called out savagely to his barking dogs, and he silenced their uproar by hurling an ax-helve among them.

"This is whar Alf Sanders lives, I reckon," said Bradley.

"I 'm the feller," replied Sanders. "Take a cheer; thar 's one handy"; and he indicated it with a lazy wave of his pipe.

Jim sat down mutely. Through the open door in one of the rooms he could see the form of a woman moving about in the firelight. He fell to trembling, and forgot that he was under the curious inspection of Sanders and his children. A moment later, however, when the fire blazed up more brightly, he saw that it was not his mother whom he had seen, but a younger woman.

"Yo' 're a stranger about here?" interrogated Sanders, catching his eye.

"Hain't been in this country fer ten year," was the laconic reply. "My name 's Bradley—Jim Bradley; I 've come back to see my mother."

"My stars! We all 'lowed you was dead an' buried long 'go!" and Sanders dropped his pipe in sheer astonishment. "Well, ef that don't take the rag off 'n the bush! Mary! Oh, Mary!"

"What ails you, Alf?" asked a slatternly woman, emerging from the firelight.

"Come out here a minute. This is the old woman's son Jim, back from the West."

"Yo' 're a-jokin'," she ejaculated, as she came slowly in open-eyed wonder toward the visitor. "Why, who 'd 'a' thought—"

"Whar is she?" interrupted Bradley, unceremoniously. "I 've come a long ways to see 'er."

"She 's out thar at the cow-lot a-milkin'. She tuk 'er bucket an' the feed fer Brindle jest now."

His eyes followed hers. Beyond a row of alder-bushes and a little patch of corn he saw the dim outlines of a log stable and lean-to shed surrounded by a snake fence. Away out toward the red-skied west lay green fields and meadows under a canopy of blue smoke, and beyond their limits rose the frowning mountains, upon the sides of which long, sinuous fires were burning.

"I reckon I ort not to run upon her too sudden," he said awkwardly, "bein' as she ain't expectin' me, an' hain't no idee I 'm alive. Is she well?"

"Toler'ble," replied Mrs. Sanders, hesitatingly. "She 's been complainin' some o' headaches lately, an' her appetite ain't overly good, but she 's up an' about, an' will be powerful glad to see you. She talks about you a good deal of late. Jest atter yore brother Joe's death she had 'im on her mind purty constant, but now she al'ays has some'n' to say about Jim—that 's yore name, I believe?"

He nodded silently, not taking his eyes from the cow-lot. His valise rolled from his knees down on to the grass, and one of the children restored it to him.

"Yes, that is a fact," put in Sanders. "She was talkin' last Sunday about her two

boys. She al'ays calls you the steady one. You ort to be sorter cautious. Old folks like her sometimes cayn't stand good news any better 'n bad."

"I 'll be keerful." His voice sounded husky and deep. "Does she—" he went on hesitatingly—"does she work fer you around the place?"

Sanders crossed his legs and cleared his throat. "That was the understandin' when we agreed to take 'er," he said rather consequentially. "She was to make 'erse'f handy whenever she was able. My wife has had a risin' on 'er arm an' could n't cook, an' we 've had five ur six field-hands here to the'r meals. The old critter was willin' to do anything to git a place to stay. The' was n't anywhar else fer 'er to go. She 's too old to do much, but she 's willin' to put 'er hands to anything. We cayn't complain. She gits peevish now an' then, though, an' 'er eyesight an' memory 's a-failin', so that she makes mistakes in the cookin'. T' other day she salted the dough twice an' clean furgot to put in sody."

"She 's gittin' into 'er second childhood," added Mrs. Sanders, "an' she ain't got our ways in church notions, nuther. She 's a Baptist, you know, an' b'lieves in emersion of the entire body an' in close communion an' sech like, while the last one of us, down to little Sally thar, is Methodists. She goes whar we do to meetin' 'ca'se her church is too fer off an' we use the hosses Sundays."

Bradley's face was hidden by the dusk and the brim of his slouch-hat, and they failed to notice the hot flush that rose into his cheeks. He got up suddenly and put his valise on a chair. "I reckon I mought as well walk out to whar she is," he said. "She won't be apt to know me. I 've turned out a beard an' got gray sence she seed me."

"I 'll go 'long with you." But Mrs. Sanders touched her husband on the arm as he was rising. "It 'u'd look more decent ef you 'd leave 'em to the'rselves, Alf," she whispered. He sat down without a word, and Bradley walked away in the dusk to meet his mother. There was a blur before the strong man's eyes, and a strange weakness came over him as he leaned against the cow-lot fence and tried to think how he would make himself known to her. Beneath the low shed, a part of the crude stable, he saw the figure of a woman crouched down under a cow. "So, so, Brin'!" she was saying softly. "Cayn't you stan' still a minute? That ain't no way to do. So, so!"

His heart sank. It was her voice, but it was shrill and quivering, and he recognized it only as one does a familiar face under a mask of age. Just then, with a sudden exclamation, she sprang up quickly and placed her pail on the ground out of the cow's reach. He comprehended the situation at a glance. The calf had got through the bars and was sucking its mother.

"Lord, what 'll I do?" cried the old woman, in dismay; and catching the calf around the neck, she exerted all her strength to separate it from the cow.

Bradley sprang over the fence and ran to her assistance.

"Le' me git a hold o' the little scamp," he said, and the next instant he had the sleek little animal up in his strong arms. "Whar do you want 'im putt?" he asked dryly, turning to her.

"Outside the lot," she gasped, so astonished that she could hardly utter a word.

He carried his struggling burden to the fence and dropped it over, and fastened up the bars to keep it out.

"Well, ef that don't beat all!" she laughed in great relief when he turned back to her. "I am very much obleeged. I 'lowed at fust you was one o' the field-hands." He looked into her wrinkled face closely, but saw no sign of recognition there. She put the corner of her little breakfast-shawl to her poor wrinkled mouth and broke out into a low, childlike laugh. "I cayn't help from being amused at the way you tuk up that calf; I don't know" (and the smile left her face) "what I 'd 'a' done ef you had n't 'a' come along. I never could 'a' turned it out, an' Alf's wife never kin be pacified when sech a thing happens. We don't git enough milk anyway."

"Le' me finish milkin'," he said, keeping his face half averted.

She laughed again. "Yo' 're a-jokin' now; I never seed a *man* milk a cow."

"I never did nuther tel I went out West," he replied. "The Yankees out thar showed me how. I 'm a' old bach' an' used to keep a cow o' my own, an' thar was n't nobody but me to tend 'er."

She stood by his side and laughed like a child amused with a new toy when he took her place at the cow and, with the pail between his knees and using both hands, began to milk rapidly.

"I never seed the like," he heard her muttering over and over to herself. Then he rose and showed her the pail nearly filled. "I reckon that calf 'u'd have a surprise-party ef he was to try on his suckin' business now,"

he said. "It serves 'im right fer bein' so rampacious."

"Law me! I never could git that much," she said, and she held out her hand for the pail, but he swung it down at his side. "I 'll tote it," he said; "I 'm a-goin' back to the house. I reckon I 'll putt up thar fer the night—that is, ef they 'll take me in."

"I 've jest been lookin' at you an' wonderin'," she said reflectively after they had passed through the bars. "My hearin' an' eyesight is bad, an' so is my memory of faces, but it seems like I 've seed somebody some'r's that favors you mightily."

He walked on silently. Only the little corn-patch was between them and the group in the yard. He could hear Sanders's drawling voice, and caught a gleam of the kitchen fire through the alder-bushes.

"You better le' me take the bucket," she said, stopping abruptly and showing some embarrassment. "Yo' 're mighty gentlemanly; but Alf's wife al'ays gits mad when I make at all free with company. The whole family pokes fun at me an' 'lows I am childish an' too fond o' talkin'. They expect me jest to keep my mouth shet an' never have a word to say. It cayn't be helped, I reckon, but it 's a' awful way fer a' old body to live."

"That 's a fact!" he blurted out impulsively, still holding to the pail, on which she had put her hand. "It 's the last place on earth fer you."

"I hain't had one single day o' enjoyment sence I came here," she continued, encouraged to talk by his manifest sympathy. "I reckon I ort to be thankful, an' beggars must n't be choosers, as the feller said; fer no other family in the county would take me in. But it hain't no place fer a' old woman that likes peace an' rest at my time o' life. I work hard all day, an' at night I need sound sleep; but they putt the childern in my bed, an' they keep up a kickin' an' a squirmin' all night. Then, the' ain't no other old women round here, an' I git mighty lonesome. Sometimes I come as nigh as pease givin' up entirely."

"Thank the Lord you won't have to stand it any longer!" he exclaimed hotly.

She started from him in astonishment, and began to study his features. At that juncture two of Sanders's little girls drew near inquisitively. "Here!" and he held the pail out to them. "Take this milk to yore mammy." One of them, half frightened, took the pail, and both scampered back to the house.

"Yo' 're a curi's sort of a man," she said, with a serious kind of chuckle, as she drew her shawl up over her white head. "I would n't 'a' done that fer a dollar. You skeered Sally out 'n a year's growth. I used to have a boy, that went away West ten year ago, who used to fly up like you do, an' you sorter putt me in mind of him, you do. He was the best one I had. I could allus count on him fer help. He was as steady-goin' as a clock. He never was heerd from, an' the general belief is that he died out thar."

There was a moment's pause. He seemed trying to think of some way to reveal his identity. "You ort n't to pay attention to everything you hear," he ventured awkwardly. "Who knows? Mebby he 's still alive—sech things ain't so almighty oncommon. Seems like I 've heerd tell o' a feller named Bradley out thar."

"I reckon it was n't Jim," she sighed. "It was my daily prayer fer a long time that he mought come back, but thar ain't no sech luck fer me. I 've done give up. I am a destitute, lonely woman, an' I cayn't stan' all this commotion an' wrangle much longer. Ef I had him to work fer now, I would n't keer; I 'd wear my fingers to the bone: but fer people that ain't no speck o' kin an' hain't no appreciation fer what you do it 's different."

The corners of her mouth were drawn down, and she put her thin hand up to her eyes.

"I don't b'lieve you 'd know 'im ef you was to see 'im," he said, laughing artificially and taking her hand in his.

She stared. A shiver ran through her frame, and her fingers clutched his convulsively. "What do you mean?" she gasped. "Oh, my Lord, what does the man mean?"

"The' ain't much doubt in my mind that he 's alive an' ort to have a thousand lashes on his bare back fer neglectin' his old mammy," he said, trying to hide the tremor in his voice.

A startled light of recognition dawned in her eyes and illumined her whole visage. She stared at him with dilating eyes for an instant and then fell into his arms. "Oh, Jim, I declare I cayn't stan' it! It will kill me! It will kill me!" she cried, putting her arms about his neck and drawing his head down to her.

"I 'm as glad as you are, mother," he replied, tenderly stroking her white hair with his rough hand; "no feller livin' ever wanted to see his mammy wuss."

Then there seemed nothing further for either of them to say, and so he led her on

to the house and to the chair he had left a few moments before.

"I 've let the cat out 'n the bag," he said shamefacedly, answering their glances of inquiry. "I had to mighty nigh tell her point-blank who I was."

"I never 'lowed I 'd see 'im ag'in," Mrs. Bradley faltered in a low, tearful tone. "I am that thankful my heavenly Father let me live to this day. I 'd suffer it all over an' over ag'in fer this joy."

Sanders was silent, and his wife; and the children, barelegged and dirty-faced, sat on the grass and mutely watched the bearded stranger and his mother in childish wonder. Bradley said nothing, but he moved his chair nearer to his mother's and put his strong arm around her. Sanders broke the silence.

"What have you been follerin', Bradley?" he asked.

"Sellin' goods."

"Clerkin' fer somebody?"

"No; had a 'stablishment o' my own."

"You don't say!" and Sanders looked at Bradley's seedy attire and then at his wife significantly.

"Yes; I made some money out thar. The night 'fore I left, a feller offered me ten thousand dollars in cash fer my stock o' goods, an' I tuk 'im up. I did n't wait to putt on my Sunday clothes; these is the things I worked in, handlin' dirty groceries. I hain't the pertic'lar sort. I 've got some bonds an' rale estate that kin remain jest as well whar they are at present. I 've come back here to stay with mother. I could n't stand it to be alone much longer, an' I would n't ax 'er to move to a new country at 'er age."

Sanders and his wife stared at him in astonishment. Mrs. Bradley leaned forward and looked intently into his face. She was very pale and quivered with new excitement, but she said nothing.

"My Lord, you 've had luck!" exclaimed Sanders, thinking of something to say finally. "What on earth are you gwine to invest in here, ef it hain't no harm to ax?"

"I 'lowed I 'd buy a big plantation. They are a-goin' cheap these times, I reckon. I want a place whar a livin' will come easy, an' whar I kin make mother comfortable. She 's too old to have to lay 'er hand to a thing ur be bothered in the least. I want to be nigh some meetin'-house of her persuasion, an' whar she kin 'sociate with other women o' her age. I don't expect to atone fer my neglect, but I intend to try my hand at it fer a change."

Mrs. Bradley lowered her head to her son's knee, and began to sob softly. Then Mrs. Sanders got up quickly. "I smell my bread a-burnin'," she said "I 'll call y' all in to supper directly. We hain't pretendin' folks, Mr. Bradley, but yo' 're welcome to what we got. You need n't rise, Mrs. Bradley; I kin fix the table."

THE PEASANT GRASS.

BY LULU W. MITCHELL.

A LITTLE peasant tuft of grasses!
And darest show thyself beside
The whole conservatory's pride—
The rose no other rose surpasses?

Thy lowly fringes half enwreathe her,
So wondrously thou thrivest there;
Nor, couldst thou dream it, wouldst thou care
That thou must always grow beneath her.

So from the sunbeam and the water
Thou drawest all thy life may need,
Unhesitating—'t is thy meed;
Equally art thou Nature's daughter.

Unenvious of the bloom above thee,
Asserting but thy right to live,
To give what only grass can give,
Ah, almost as the rose I love thee!

Alone, through dauntless courage keeping
One spot with constant verdure dressed,
Bold, uninvited, welcome guest,
Thou 'st won a smile from eyes long weeping.

Wind-sown from world-wide wildernesses,
The weed of life springs near the rose.
And who but the Good Gardener knows
The share each in his love possesses?

COLE'S OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE (1769–1830).

BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE.

THE infant prodigy, so frequently met with in the annals of English art, crops out once more in Lawrence—the last of the older portrait-painters. As a child he was dandled on the public knee because of his precocity in reciting poetry; at five he was "taking likenesses" for a moneyed consideration; and at twelve he is said to have been the main support of his family. Raphael, with genius at his back, did not come to maturity so quickly, nor did Rubens, triumphant at Antwerp, hold popular applause so long; for Lawrence kept his admiring public to the last, and was something of a wonder both as man and boy. His whole career was brilliant, yet not through intrinsic force; his art was successful without being great; he was honored and praised down to his grave, and yet he possessed not genius. There are men who achieve popular success without genius. Lawrence was one of them.

The father was a man of some birth and education, but he had what is called "the poetic temperament," and never got on very well in the world. He was at different times a barrister without a brief, an actor without a part, a keeper of the White Lion Inn at Devizes without guests enough to make it pay. When young Lawrence was three years old his father made a change of base, and moved into the Black Bear Inn. It was here that the boy was placed upon the table to recite Shakspere for the guests. Here also he developed a wonderful gift of making portraits in pastel of the passing public. A guest could have a portrait painted while he waited, and the speed of the artist was not less wonderful than his age. The Duchess of Devonshire and Lord and Lady Kenyon were among his early sitters, and the record is preserved that Lady Kenyon's likeness was drawn in profile because, as the child artist declared, "her face was not straight." In a short time he had attracted the attention of Garrick, Foote, Wilkes, Burke, Sheridan, and Johnson, and his father began traveling with him about the neighboring country, and exhibiting him as one of the wonders of the age.

The Black Bear proved no more of a success than the White Lion, and soon the Lawrences moved to Bath. Young Thomas had been at Oxford, Weymouth, and other places, making portraits at a guinea a head, and when he finally came to Bath he was shortly the town talk, and portraits were worth a guinea and a half a head. The great Siddons sat to him, and grew fond of him; he had such charming manners that Sir H. Harpur wished to adopt him, and his youthful appearance was so handsome that William Hoare wanted to paint him as the young Christ. No wonder that at twelve years of age his studio was the haunt of fashion, and that he himself was something of a Bath rage.

In 1787 Lawrence went up to London, took apartments, and entered the schools of the Royal Academy. That year, though only eighteen, he sent seven pictures to the Academy exhibition, five of them being portraits. He had met Reynolds and others through his early admirer, Hoare the painter, and his affable manners had almost at the start placed him in good social circles. Just how it was brought about is something of a mystery, but soon nobility was patronizing him, and finally the Duke of York, the Queen, and the Princess Amelia sat to him. At twenty-one he made a "hit" with the full-length portrait of Miss Farren, afterward Countess of Derby, one of the best of his many portraits. Then he bothered himself over a large historical canvas, called "Homer Reciting the Iliad"; and a little later he returned to the Academy exhibition with a portrait of George III. In the same exhibition appeared a portrait of the Prince of Wales by Hoppner, and that was the beginning of a rivalry between the painters that ended only with Hoppner's death. Lawrence had the advantage, for the king was behind him, and he could afford to keep silent, and, besides, he was naturally a polite man. At twenty-two his Majesty made him a supplemental associate of the Royal Academy, in spite of the rule that no one under twenty-four could be elected to that position, and when Reynolds died Lawrence was made portrait-painter to the king. Everything now seemed

to favor his advancement. He was elected a member of the Dilettanti Society, made a Royal Academician, and duly installed as the fashionable portrait-painter of the day. He moved to Piccadilly, set up an establishment, and again tried to do historical canvases, but without marked success. His portraits, however, were not abandoned. He was a success in that department; and though some clients left his studio after the scandalous talk about him and the unfortunate Princess of Wales, he had sitters enough, and to spare. He went on painting Curran, Eldon, Thurlow, Pitt, and others, and in 1810, when Hoppner died, he had the entire field to himself.

Lawrence had never been out of England, never knew Italy, the mother of the arts, and it was not until 1814 that he went to Paris to see the art treasures that Napoleon had collected there. He was soon recalled by the prince regent to paint some of the allied sovereigns and their generals, then in London. Shortly afterward he was knighted, and in 1818 was sent to Aix-la-Chapelle, where the European rulers were assembled in congress, to paint the portraits of the chief actors. These portraits were for the Waterloo Room in Windsor Castle, and the emperors of Russia and Austria, the King of Prussia, and the princes, with Metternich, Blücher, Wellington, Platoff, and many others, sat to him. He now went to Vienna to paint more portraits, and to Rome to paint the Pope and Cardinal Gonsalvi. Everywhere he was the recipient of honors and attentions, and at Rome he was received as a second Raphael—almost an inspired being. These attentions had no small effect upon his prospects at home, and when he returned to London he found that he had been made president of the Royal Academy. The king was dead, but George IV continued him as his portrait-painter, Oxford made him a D. C. L., and the art academies of Europe, and even of America, began electing him to honorary memberships. There never was a painter, not even Titian, who received so many honors as Lawrence. He was at his height, but still the golden apples fell in his lap. In 1825 he was sent to Paris to paint Charles X and the Dauphin, and he returned with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Every year some new distinction was pinned on his coat-lapel, and he certainly was prosperous in all ways save one. He could make money, but he could not keep it. His prices had risen from a guinea to seven hundred guineas for a portrait, and at that price he had as much as he could do; yet somehow he was always poverty-stricken. He said himself that he was careless of money, and his contemporaries record that he gave it away to almost any one who asked it; but whatever the reason, the result was apparent enough. All his life he was worried by financial matters, and the worry ceased only with his death in 1830. There was a great funeral over him as he was laid in St. Paul's Cathedral; but he left nothing behind him except his name, his pictures, and a collection of drawings after the old masters.

There is every reason to believe that much of Lawrence's worldly success was due not alone to his clever brush, but to his polished manners and his courtier spirit. He early became a man of the world, with a proper regard for people of quality. He knew how to defer to nobility, how to speak to kings, how to stroke humanity with the grain. As late as 1823, when he was P. R. A. and a famed painter, he was writing to Sir William Knighton about a portrait ordered by the king: "I beg you to throw me with every sentiment of duty and reverence at his Majesty's feet for this additional distinction which the king confers upon my pencil, and of the grateful happiness for the subject and distinction of the task which his feeling beneficence has assigned me." The gratitude is a bit excessive, it may be thought, but Lawrence knew just how much his sublimated Majesty would stand. It was a famous age for thrift following fawning, a shallow age, with George IV setting the pace; but Reynolds and Gainsborough had lived through one quite as bad, and still maintained an independence. Sir Thomas might have done likewise had he not been somewhat shallow in himself. His personal character lacked in sturdiness, in assertiveness, in virile force. It never occurred to him to fight or reform anything, and there was much in the life about him that needed reformation. He sat still and accepted the day in which he lived, probably thinking it better than the days of Pericles. Almost everything about him was pinchbeck, but he did not seem to realize it, for he himself was only a brilliant kind of plated ware. Not but what he had skill and ability of a rather high order. He could paint a picture or pay court to a lady very cleverly indeed; but it seems that in his heart he had neither the deep love of art nor the true love of woman. Both were semi-fashionable pursuits, to be regulated after a certain

manner, as one makes a bow or carries a walking-stick. Art, love, faith, life, were mere matters of form, and what one needed was not sincerity, truth, or purpose, but the correct formula of style.

A mind that bothers itself largely with conventionalities rarely discloses great originality, and a painter without conviction never plows deep in art. Lawrence seldom got beneath the surface. Portraiture was to him largely a matter of some nobleman wishing a "smart" likeness of himself in pomatumed hair, Osbaldistone tie, colored waistcoat, and Hessian boots; or it meant her ladyship in white, with blue ribbons, short waist, and puffed sleeves, posed as an innocent young thing just out of school. Almost every one had a clean face, new clothes, and an engaging smile, which led Campbell the poet to say that Lawrence's sitters "seem to have got in a drawing-room in the mansions of the blessed, and to be looking at themselves in the mirrors." Sir Thomas was too polite to paint people otherwise than at their best, and what he thought "best" we to-day might translate "prettiest"; for besides the exactness of costume and pose he could somehow rub a quality of sentiment into his sitters' faces that showed the inside of their heads was quite as "pretty" as the outside. This appears noticeably in the portraits of children, with the celebrated "Master Lambton" in the lead. They are so artificial, so priggishly unnatural, that one turns away in disappointment. Gainsborough's children are much more honest, and the children of Reynolds more naïve. The best picture of this type that Lawrence ever painted was that of the two Calmady children, engraved under the name of "Nature." In that picture Lawrence not only drew a graceful group, but he really got the children (and himself) "off guard," as it were. The double portrait which Mr. Cole has engraved is another successful effort at the joyousness of young girls. There is little fault to be found in it; but many others of his fair sitters are artful, coquettish, soubrettish. His ladies of quality have necks as long as Parmigiano's madonnas, and eyes as languishing as Perugino's saints. One of the best of them, the "Countess Gower and Daughter," is just a little of this type for all its clever painting. The "Countess of Derby" (Miss Farren) is an early picture, and has escaped affectation. It has been criticized for the anachronism of the "John" coat and the furs in a summer landscape, but the criticism is hardly worth quoting. Reynolds and Gainsborough painted people in evening costume wandering through classical woodlands, but no one ever found fault with them on that account. Such matters are of no consequence in art. Lawrence was painting a picture, and this time he painted an excellent one. Indeed, one may recall many examples of Lawrence's portraiture, such as the "Lady Dover," or the sad-faced "Mrs. Siddons," that seem excellent in every respect; and yet, in spite of these, the general statement holds true that he painted the artificial and the pretentious much oftener than the frank and the natural.

It is just so with his portraits of men; they are not positive or sturdy; and yet to confute such a statement one has only to think of the worn, tired, lion-like repose of the "Warren Hastings" in the National Portrait Gallery, the forceful "Sir Joseph Banks" in the British Museum, or the alert, clear-cut "Wellington" belonging to Lord Rosebery. With these pictures in mind one grows enthusiastic, and is disposed to think Lawrence a really great painter; but a trip to Windsor Castle is fatal to such an idea. Time after time in the Windsor rooms he prettifies a strong head, and produces only a dinner-plate portrait. And royalty there fares no better than others. The Georges are pompous spectacles in white, the Princess Sophia shrieks in red, and Metternich is a pattern in gold lace. The contradictions of Lawrence are bewildering. If judged by his best work he must be ranked high; if by his general average then he must be placed below Reynolds, Gainsborough, and even Romney.

Where and how he got his skill—and he had plenty of it—no one knows. He seems to have picked it up by the wayside and given it a final rub at the Royal Academy. He never went to Europe until too late to profit by foreign pictures, and it is remarkable, in the circumstances, that he drew and painted so well. His early attempts at the historical canvas were, of course, not successful. His "Satan Calling his Legions" was likened by Anthony Pasquin to "a mad sugar-baker dancing naked in a conflagration of his own treacle"; and even his friend Fuseli said that "it was a d—d thing certainly, though not the devil." The criticism is brutally frank, but not quite true. The picture is not lofty enough in conception, but it is well drawn and painted. He did better with his half-historical pieces, like "Kemble as Hamlet"; but portraiture was his proper field. In his day he stood quite alone in it, producing

the "column and curtain" picture to the last with much elegance, if not always with good taste. He could compose a portrait group very well, and execute it with a great deal of dash. Indeed, technically he was rather a fascinating workman, and he was not a bad draftsman by any means. His brothers of the craft praised his drawing of eyes and hands, and the portrait of the Cardinal Gonsalvi, or that of the Duke of Wellington, shows that he knew how to model a face with firmness. His early habit of drawing in crayons was doubtless of service to him, and after he took up oils he still continued to draw the model in crayon, adding the color last of all. Perhaps this method of securing drawing allowed him the greater freedom in his brush-work. Certainly he was the most facile of all the English portrait-painters, running on at times into a superficial and ineffectual glibness and producing textures porcelain-like in their smoothness.

Lawrence started portrait-painting in the manner of Reynolds, whom he greatly admired, and many of his best works were done before he was twenty-five. After he became popular he was hurried, and grew somewhat mannered. His cream-whites changed to cold whites, his modeling outgrew its solidity, his textures became velvety and his handling slippery. He came at a pretentious period and had a pretentious monarch to dictate taste; and perhaps the wonder is, or should be, that he did so well. The best period of English portraiture had passed with Reynolds, and Lawrence was the "singer of an empty day," somewhat like Tiepolo after Paolo Veronese. But Tiepolo has, not without reason, many admirers, and Lawrence, too, can claim a following even to the present time. His immediate pupils rather exaggerated his shortcomings, but more recent portrait-painters have taken large hints from him. Even the Frenchmen have not studied his work in vain, and a number of young Americans might be mentioned as gathering inspiration from the same source.

BLACK SILAS.

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

BLACK SILAS had killed his man. Of course there had been no regular trial for murder, for the old plantation had always been a law unto itself, and Judge Clayton administered that law; but the crime had been considered a grave offense, and after a preliminary arraignment before the three hundred field-hands, — for Black Silas belonged to that class, — the culprit was allowed to choose his own punishment.

Standing apart, in the early sunlight, with his great knotted arms bare and head bowed low, stolid and unwavering, like an ebony colossus, Black Silas had asked for time.

Ole marse was proud of his chattel, for there was no other negro on ten plantations of such proportions, and stories of his marvelous strength were current for a hundred miles; and he looked upon the statuesque figure before him, gleaming here and there like black marble, then over at the forge beside the great live-oak, before he answered, "Tomorrow at six — no later, Silas."

Speculation in the quarters ran high. The workers paused to discuss it in measured tones, side by side in the field, in the wagon-shop, among the basket-workers, the washers at the branch, the helpers in the big-house kitchen, old maumer among the cradles of the piccaninnies — in fact, everywhere; but the giant at the forge worked on in silence. Plow-points were sharpened, tires replaced, hoes repaired, mules were shod, and a hundred and one things were brought to be mended by the curious. Never before had there been so much work at one time in the plantation shop. Silas attended each demand with dignity, no amount of impatience inducing him to break his even tenor, and no laggard gossip beguiling him from his steady occupation.

Black Silas was a newcomer on the plantation; that is, he was not born there, as were the majority of the others, but had reached the age of manhood when purchased by Judge Clayton — a purchase that the judge had complacently told himself he had never had cause to regret. So when the murder was committed, — an incident almost

unheard of in those times,—the judge was very grave, for he had come to respect the strong, silent dignity of the slave who stood beside his forge; and most carefully he had investigated the case, which was one of extreme provocation. At last the judge came to a conclusion, and the sigh was one of relief; for though the murdered negro was a loss pecuniarily, still he valued the offender more, and promising himself that justice should be meted out, he took the case under advisement. All lawlessness must be sternly repressed, and even justifiable murder was lawless under the circumstances; for he was the arbiter of all disputes among them, and he had taught them that no man had the right to raise his hand against another. That was the privilege of free men. Three hundred pairs of eyes were furtively watching ole marse, three hundred pairs of ears were waiting for the verdict, and a lesson to three hundred lives—full of ungovernable passion, though most often harmlessly childish—must be administered. And what should the lesson be? The ordinary negro would have received a certain number of lashes from the overseer, who, on the judge's domain, was always of the same race; but Black Silas was not an ordinary negro, and the only boast he ever made was that he had never been whipped by a negro, bond or free. At the mere idea of personal castigation, the ease-loving, tender heart of the judge recoiled. *He* could never whip a slave, and the crushing of Black Silas by another he was not willing to witness; so after an uncomfortable night, half sleepless because of his indecision, begging his own pardon for his unusual weakness, the judge left the choice of punishment to the offender himself. So he had announced in the presence of the three hundred waiting blacks, and Black Silas had asked for time.

The last plow had been sharpened, the last tire adjusted, the figure moving like a piece of bronze mechanism, slow and unbending, and at last, in the sunset, Black Silas leaned against the live-oak outside the shop to think. Beneath the stern, calm exterior was a ferment that the flinty muscles, all the day at the forge, could not dispel. The greatest thoughts of his life were seething through his sluggish brain.

"I kilt 'im! I kilt 'im!" he muttered slowly, as if to recall the chain of events. "He stole what were mine—de lizard-livered, limpin' dorg! He stole my gal, an' I kilt 'im! I kilt 'im, an' I 'm glad I kilt 'im!" The great arms were swung above his head, and the features worked convulsively in an ecstasy of gratified revenge. Then the fire died and the arms fell heavily.

"But I got ter git en de dirt 'fore all dese niggers, an' 'fore *her*, ter pay fer hit—me, dat nuffin en dis lan' kin tech! I cain't do hit —I cain't! I cain't!" He dropped languidly on the bench under the tree, and grasping a section of small iron rod that lay beside him, he twisted it like straw thoughtfully in his fingers. "Ole marse done lef' hit ter me ter say let Unc' Zeke lash me, but er nigger cain't lay han's on me, mun, while dis head 's hot. I cain't! Oh, I cain't!"

Rapidly another section of the iron rod was twisted into knots, but thought was traveling faster. Down by the river-bank, only a few yards away, the ferry was tied, and Jerry would think nothing of taking him over, for ole marse owned a good bit of cotton land on that side, too. Even now in the willows and high cane, the other side of the ferry, the little pirogue was tied, her oars on the bottom. He would not have to ask Jerry. Why, he could even swim across the river; he had done it many a time. Once across, no questions would be asked, for ole marse had given him many privileges; and once beyond, —he looked at his bare arms, gnarled and corded,—who would dare molest him? He spurned the thought of a sneak and a coward, but he could not stand this; he would die of the humiliation. He must run away. How often he had joined the hunt after a "runaway nigger," he and his pack of coon-dogs leading the posse! He knew just what short cuts they always took. But no posse would ever hunt for him. That was as far as his mind could pierce; beyond was the enormity of black, chaotic uncertainty.

Deliberately he put the tools in their places and set the shop in order—Jezrul would stand at the bellows alone in the morning; then he poured a gourd of water on the coals, lest a waking fire might make trouble there. A few of the mended things were waiting for their callers on the morrow. These he placed to one side, and then he paused regretfully, with his hand on the door before he closed it for the last time.

"Whooee, Unc' Silas! Wait for me! wait!" There were tears in a childish voice, the patter of little hurrying bare feet in the dust, and a baby in a torn blue pinafore stood breathlessly before him, holding high in his hand a broken iron toy.

"It 's b'oke! it 's b'oke!" and again tears, dirt, and curls were mingled in confusion. "Suky say she tote me in the mornin', that

it 's too far for me; but I runned away an' comed, 'cause it 's b'oke!"

Gently the giant lifted the midget to his knee, but the curly head was pressed against the great breast, inconsolable.

"Dar, now! dar, now! Don't cry, little marse; we kin fix hit!"

There was the gleam of a smile through the rain. "I can put it to bed, an' you 'll tote me back, an' tell Suky not to scold."

"Y-a-s." The answer came slowly, for there was the vision of boats and ferries, and a mission across the river just at nightfall. The tone was hardly reassuring, and again the little man began to weep.

"Suky said you 'd fix it to-morrow, but I wants my pretty right now!" There was an unconscious imperiousness, born of the blood that commands, and the giant looked helplessly into the tiny face before him. The wind was rising, the little boat was rocking in the willows, then he seemed to be swimming for the shore; he could almost feel the splash of the water about his neck. The humiliation was left behind; what then? He did not care. There was no foresight in the negro character; only the present swayed.

"I want it fixed *now!*" It was only a baby who was crying, ole marse's latest-born. A moment he wavered, then the vision of the boats was gone, with the splash of the waters. Something seemed to loosen about his throat, and he swung the sobbing child high upon his shoulder.

"Nebber min', little marse; we 'll fix hit ter-night! Come, hope me blow the fire!"

The shadows of the evening had fallen when the flames at last flared up, and the sparks flew from the giant at the bellows, lighting up the golden halo of the cherub in the blue pinafore, who waited with folded hands and smiling lip for the work of the genie at the forge. The moon was showing a silver thread with a star upon its horn as in the twilight Black Silas turned the key in the padlock, and strode through the field to the big house, with ole marse's baby boy laughingly astride his shoulder.

"Unc' Silas mighty good to Ben," whispered the red lips in his ear. "When I gets real big I goin' to buy him a candy house, —a great big candy house,—an' it 'll rain lemonade in your gutters, Unc' Silas!"

"Um! um!" The assent was preoccupied. Afar across the field the lamps from the big-house windows were shining; they were uneasy about the baby; perhaps ole marse was seeking him. Black Silas quickened his stride.

"An' a little candy pony 'll play on the lawn," continued the little voice, "an' he 'll eat candy grass. Just think, Unc' Silas, he 'll eat candy grass!"

"Um! um!" Yes, he would take the baby to the house and ask to see ole marse. Of course it was not usual, but the child would be the excuse; and he would lay the whole matter before ole marse, for he could not be whipped by a negro.

"An' there 'll be a candy table in the middle of the floor—you ain't listenin', Unc' Silas!"

"Yas, I is, honey; yas, I is!"

Ole marse had always been good and kind; he would tell him everything, even about the girl, and how the murder was really committed, which nobody knew, and then ole marse could beat him, or do anything he chose with him: he would surely relieve him from his difficulty, for the responsibility was too great.

"An' we make mama fink we ridin' a big black horse, won't we, Unc' Silas?" The little dusty heels beat a tattoo on each side of the great shoulder. "You ain't listenin', Unc' Silas! Ain't you my big black horse?"

"Yas, yas, honey!"

It was a happy thought; yes, ole marse could and would help him.

The big gate was opened, and Suky came running across the lawn, rubbing her eyes with her apron.

"Lawsy mussy on us, little marse! wharebber *has* yo' been? I done been cryin' my eyes out 'ca'se yo' los', an' ole miss done sont out six men ter hunt fer yo'! Hain't yo' 'shame', yo' naughty chile? What *yo'* doin' wid 'im?" This to Silas, and Suky snatched the baby from the stalwart shoulder. There was a line of caste between the house-negro and the field-hand; besides, this big, silent man had just committed murder.

"Unc' Silas fixed my pretty an' toted me home—there, now, old Suky!" shouted the baby, triumphantly.

"Whar 's ole marse?"

"What business yo' got wid ole marse dis time er night?" asked Suky, crossly.

"I wants ter see ole marse!"

"Wall, yo' cain't see 'im—dar, now!"

"Gal, tell ole marse I wanter see 'im; I got ter see 'im ter-night!"

Suky cowered before the intonation, but answered lightly:

"I 's powerful sorry, Mister Silas, but ole marse were call' erway dis ebenin' ter hole cote et Holly Ridge, an' won' be back fer free days; so, arter all, yo' cain't see 'im."

"Is yo' sho he gone?"

"I seed Permely pack he shuts, an' he er-sayin' good-by ter ole miss."

"Does yo' *know* he gone?" The question was a despairing cry, wrung somewhere from the great breast.

"My Lord, mun, yas; fer I seed Jake, an' he shot de big gate to fer 'im."

Mechanically the huge figure turned.

"Good night, Unc' Silas!" called the cheery little voice.

"Good night, honey!" The farewell smothered something that was almost a sob.

"I 'll tell papa 'bout it," continued the little voice. "Good night!"

ALL night the little boat rocked in the willows, for the wind was high. All night the little ferry tugged at her moorings, for Black Silas knew. Many times in his vigil his hand had pulled the ropes or touched the oars to see that they were there, but the time for running away had passed; the courage to do it was not there. And to-morrow, to-morrow at six! The darkest hour had passed, the stars were winking sleepily; it was already to-morrow. At six the plantation bell would ring, at six he would say what he had chosen, and there before the three hundred negroes, before *her*, Unc' Zeke would administer it. Perhaps, after all, ole marse had left a message; perhaps Unc' Zeke would wait for his return. Be that as it might, the hand of a negro had never whipped him, and never, never should. Long before the sun had risen the smoke from the forge was creeping upward, and long before the smoke arose Black Silas had made his choice.

There was some passing to and fro by the curious who had seen the smoke, and at last the bell tolled six, and the negroes began to gather in eager knots over against the shop, where Black Silas had been arraigned the day before. All were gathered; even old maumer had left her numerous cradles in the nursery to see Black Silas punished; and Black Silas was there, leaning movelessly against the live-oak.

"Unc' Zeke need n' 'spec' ter whup *dat* man. Look at 'im! He could n' eben tie 'im!" said Pompey, a wizen-faced, wheezing little negro, who fished in summer and cobbled in winter, unable to do anything harder.

"He done say he hain't gwine let er nigger whup 'im," said Tildy, a sharp-voiced, brisk negro, who had come from the big house to see what was going on.

"An' he hain't gwine ter, nuther," said maumer, folding her arms from long habit, as though she were dandling one of her little charges.

"He done sell hese'f ter de debil ter git dem arms, an' de debil gwine take keer uv he own," said a bent old crone, with her bony arms akimbo, who was always to be found in a knot of idlers and mischief-makers.

"Hump! yo' better be hustlin' ter dat market, den, fer yo' cert'n'y needs hit!" sneered maumer, smoothing down her apron comfortably over her ample proportions, and casting a sidelong glance at Unc' Jah, the seventh son, who stood apart, with his hand on a hickory sapling.

Now and again the eyes of the culprit and the hoodoo met, but there was no motion of recognition. Even the chief exhorter, who leaned lazily against a stump,—for it was characteristic to lean,—made no advance to Black Silas, though he and Unc' Jah had always been officious upon such occasions before. But Black Silas had always been so self-contained, so self-sufficient, that he had never seemed to need or court help or sympathy. In the plantation parlance, he had "never hollered."

There was a stir in the assembly as Unc' Zeke mounted the little platform where the judge always spoke to the field-hands in a body, for Unc' Zeke was alone. Ole marse was evidently not at home, or would not be present upon this occasion. There was an added dignity in the old overseer's bearing, that consorted oddly with his bare arms and working-clothes; for he was filling both ole marse's place and his own for the present, and his well-shaped head was set firmly upon his shoulders as he faced the multitude. It was now a quarter past six, and Unc' Zeke cleared his throat as nearly like ole marse's bronchial habit as he could make it; but still he waited, for it was always easier to pose before his people than to speak to them, and to-day was an unusual occasion.

All eyes were fixed upon the motionless giant against the tree, but in the rows of dark faces he saw only one; it was the face of the "gal" whose affections the murdered man had stolen—a trim yellow girl with great beady eyes and heavy pouting lips, young enough to be the culprit's daughter. Sometimes her gaze met his with a curious indifferent expectancy that made Black Silas tingle even to the tips of his fingers: for this woman he had taken a life. But now she was twisting the corner of her apron as she ogled a later admirer and giggled, and the heavy brow of Black Silas grew darker yet, as he saw her look

down and trace a figure in the dust with her shapely bare foot.

A murmur was rising, for it was close upon seven. Old maumer had gone back to the cradles, and even Tildy had reluctantly taken her departure, when Unc' Zeke, looking anywhere but at the figure against the tree, again cleared his throat uncomfortably; for though Unc' Zeke had strapped a hundred negroes in his time, and would yet live to strap many a hundred more, this was not an ordinary occasion, he did not intend to treat it in an ordinary manner, and all authority was vested in him. Again he cleared his throat and pushed his sleeves up higher.

"Unc' Zeke think hit Sunday!" giggled the "gal." "Done forgit hit 's Chewsday mornin'."

"Hain't nuffin but broadclorf close go wid dem Sunday-go-ter-meetin' airs," assented the admirer.

"Listen; Unc' Zeke talkin'"; and the deep voice rolled out from the platform.

"Listen to me, an' look, all yo' people. I 's here en de flesh to 'minister de jestice er Jedge Ashbel Clayton on de pusson er Silas Clayton, wha' am beknownst ter we-all es Black Silas, fer de killin' er Limpin' Moses."

Then a silence fell, a leaf fluttered from the live-oak, and over in the wheat-field a partridge whistled; the three hundred pairs of ears and eyes were alert.

"Black Silas, ercordin' ter de day, I 's waitin' ter hear yo' choice."

The lounger against the tree was as immovable as stone; the keen ear and eye had followed the whistle, there was a haze beyond, but within the waving wheat the little brown hen was mothering her brood. It would be six weeks at least before a gun could be shot among them. Ole marse had punished the violators of last year, for ole marse was very careful. The crowd swayed restlessly. Again the voice thundered:

"Black Silas, I 's waitin' ter hear yo' choice."

There seemed to be a stir among the wheat, the hen was giving a peculiar call; there must be a snake among the brood. How easy it would have been to kill it! But the veins in Unc' Zeke's temples were knotted like ropes, and his voice called impatiently. Black Silas turned a hardened face from the tragedy in the wheat-field.

"I 's waitin' ter hear yo' choice."

A tiny thread of smoke was still climbing from the chimney of the forge, and turning sullenly, the figure of Black Silas was lost a moment through the doorway.

"*Dis* am my choice."

Stifling back his words of wrath, the overseer paused as a pair of ruddy branding-irons were hurled in the midst of the scurrying negroes.

Unc' Zeke recoiled. "My Gord, nigger! Is you er fool?"

The giant's brow darkened, his teeth were set hard together, and, with arms still folded, he knelt in the dust beside Unc' Zeke's pavilion.

"*Dis* am my choice."

And Unc' Zeke, dominated by the stronger will, under the influence of a strange compelling power, moving as one in a dream, touched with the hot iron the forehead of the kneeling man. As he flung it back, ringing upon the anvil, the sense of ceremony seemed to stir the breathless crowd. Daft Chaney shouted dismally from a corner of the fence, an old exhorter swayed and rocked as he raised a revival hymn, and Unc' Jah, the seventh son, touched reverently the conjure-bag he wore about his neck, and muttered his charm under his breath.

It was a beautiful world that Judge Clayton saw as he drove through the afternoon shadows. It was his world, and the reins were slackened and hardly held; for old Billy knew the road, and leisurely jogged along, for at Far Bayou he had cast a shoe, and Billy had great ideas of taking care of himself. The judge smiled as he watched the carefully stepping horse. If there was time, he would stop by the shop and have him shod. Black Silas always stayed late—and, by the way, how had Unc' Zeke come out with the punishment? The last ten days had been so filled with judicial duties that he had hardly given his own affairs a thought. He knew that he had been obeyed; the punishment, whatever it was, had been administered. He knew he could trust Zeke, and trust him to do it impressively; but *how* had Black Silas chosen? Suddenly he felt uncomfortable, and gave a great sigh of relief as he saw a thin thread of smoke still curling from the shop.

On the bench under the tree sat Black Silas, apparently lost in thought; his hat, an unusual accompaniment, was pulled low on his forehead, and he had not even heard the sound of the approaching wheels. The horse instinctively stopped without a reining hand, and the judge leaped to the ground before the great body under the tree even stirred.

"Silas, shoe this horse before it gets too dark; I 've got to use him in the morning."

Silently the horse was unharnessed, and the work went on under the touch of a master hand.

"That was n't your shoe that he cast, Silas; Burdick's Pete put that on at Holly Ridge—the worthless scoundrel!" said the judge, throwing himself on the vacated bench, and busying himself with papers.

Then Black Silas, still wearing his hat, led old Billy between the shafts again.

"I was sorry I had to leave, Silas, but I suppose you and Zeke came out all right," said the judge, kindly.

The sullen negro buckled the last strap and tied the reins. Ole marse ignored the silence. More earnestly he looked upon the savage magnificence before him.

"And what *did* you choose at last, Silas?"

The negro slowly turned, facing his master, and as he pushed the hat back from his brow, the setting sun cast high lights upon the great C seared upon his forehead.

The master turned away, then thundered in his wrath:

"How dared you do it, Silas? God! the mark of Cain!"

The heavy face softened from its statuesque proportions, the features were contorted by an unutterable emotion, and in the eyes there gleamed a light of savage wildness.

"'Ca'se dar hain't no nigger en dis lan', ole marse, dat kin whup me an' live while dis ole head am hot."

The words were hissed rather than spoken.

"Not if I command it?"

"Not ef you *kills* me, ole marse!"

This was insubordination, but it was the insubordination of an irresponsible child.

"Silas, I am sorry for you." The tone was pitying; he had never heard such an intonation from ole marse before. "I have always been proud of you, proud of your ability, your strength, your manhood; I have pitted you against any man for a hundred miles around, and yet you were always peaceable, always trustworthy."

The negro looked away across the wheat-field; he had been standing before the judge, who still sat upon the bench.

"Something was wrong; what was it, Silas?" The tone was still pitying. "What was it that you should have murdered, butchered even, with a knife?"

The wandering eyes came back from the wheat-field; the tone, rather than the words, was waking an emotion.

"Tell me, as between man and man, for, before God, I want to help you, Silas."

The right chord was touched. The giant trembled, heaving a great sob, and as a little child he fell upon his knees just at his master's feet. "Hit were de gal!" he moaned. "An' *his* dead face keep er-risin' 'twixt me an' de moon, an' I cain't shet hit out. Oh, ole marse, hit were de gal!"

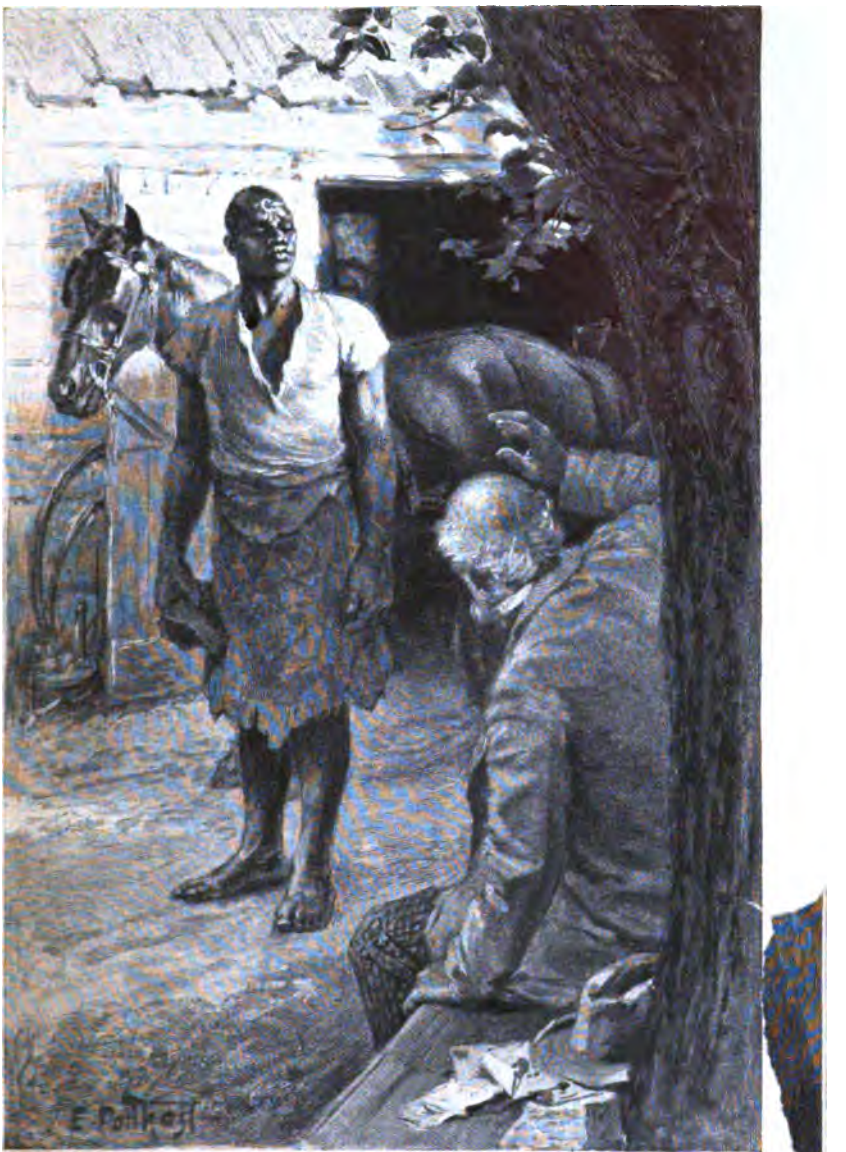
The huge figure was shaken with anguish, as the master laid a gentle hand upon the shoulder of the slave. The sun went down in a blaze of crimson glory, and the rosy light faded into a purplish gray. Old Billy, restless at last, nickered for his oats; but darkness came and found them yet talking.

There seemed to be a closer tie, a kind of mutual understanding, between ole marse and Black Silas after the episode at the shop; but, always silent and taciturn, the negro seemed to shrink more and more within himself, and even his misfortune was made capital of by the other negroes. They resented the fact that he would not take such a punishment as they had all received, and would receive, for misdemeanor; and so their murmurs rose against him as the great corded C upon his forehead gleamed through the honest sweat of the giant at the smithy. The murmurs rose in words that were not to be mistaken, for the gossips had a leader as well as all other flocks.

"Um! Talk about *hit* huttin' uv 'im! Ole marse let him off mighty easy. He ought ter hung 'im, an' he choosed hit hese'f."

Then of that species of ostracism was born religious exaltation, and the exhorters preached of the curse of Cain, until their ardor had stirred the greatest revival the region had ever known. Even the big-house negroes caught the infection. Night after night they "sat under" the exhorters on the "mourners' bench," and a dusky Samson, in his aloofness, was more than once tempted to overturn the pillars upon the worshipers. Day after day the contact was intolerable, and at last ole marse was petitioned for release from the shop, and the occupancy of a cabin among the willows, one that was apart and "did n' neighbor nobody," as the petitioner expressed it; and ole marse heartily assented.

As winter came on he gave the lonely man a gun that he might hunt; but the iron-framed giant called the squirrels and partridges his brothers, and they did not fear his coming, for he left the gun to rust and gather cobwebs in the corner of his cabin. Then in the darkest night, when the rains whipped the sleeping trees and the wind howled mournfully through the swamps, the



DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

"'THE MARK OF CAIN!'"

savage rose in him, the pent passion had a vent at last, and Black Silas howled with it, stripping his stout clothing into ribbons, and tearing his breast and arms with the sharp shells of the river-mussel; and as the wind sobbed ole marse turned and slept uneasily, and dreamed that he had set Black Silas free.

THEY had all gone to the ball but ole marse and baby Ben. In the silence of the big house the old clock in the hall ticked noisily, the setter, undisturbed before the dying fire, stretched in luxurious dreams, and the judge turned over the briefs of an undecided case. Even mammy had deserted, and the judge glanced now and again at the little crib where the baby murmured in his sleep. The day had been full of cares, the last brief but one had been read; a sleepy mood was stealing even the judicial dignity, the candles were guttering in their sconces, and the judge leaned his head upon his arm and slept.

Without the shrill wind was cutting the corners dismally. In the darkness a darker

shadow, mammoth and ungainly in the uncertain light, slipped round the house and dropped in a heap within the chimney-lock.

"Des ter be clos't ter ole marse; des ter keep de cole, dead face f'om risin'," it moaned. "I 's feard, oh, I 's feard, an' hit 'pear lak hit ease ef I gits clos't ter ole marse!"

The wind sobbed high, and again ole marse dreamed in the sighing of the wind that he had set Black Silas free.

It was after the fire, the great old mansion-house lay in ruins, and domiciled now in the lodge, ole marse, somewhat pale from the late excitement, was telling for the fiftieth time of the rescue from the flames.

"A stiff wind was blowing, and the whole thing went like tinder. I was dozing, and must have been stupefied, then suffocated by the smoke; but you know the rest. I have n't a roof over my head, but damme if I don't make an example of it!" The julep-glasses shivered as the judge brought his fist down hard upon the table.

John appeared and tilted the decanter obsequiously.

"No whisky! Ring the big bell!" roared ole marse.

"But, Marse Ashbel," stammered John, "de niggers all en de fiel'."

"Ring them out, then!" shouted the judge.
marsain the eager throng gathered over
ole hea the smithy, restless and expectant,
The wor Zeke having no foreknowledge of
"Not if lor the call—a fact, however, that
"Not ef most carefully. Old maumer had
This was ier charges, and even Tildy and
insubordinæsponded, for it was only a little
"Silas, Ly, and the call must have been
pitying; h or all.
tion frome miss, done bu'nt outen house an'
been pro' all dem flannens an' blankets!"
your stmaumer.
you art Silas he were strong las' night," said
arou. "He ain' 'pear ter hab nuffin 'g'in' ole
alw se, ef he do 'spise we-all, 'ca'se he were
los't by somers w'en de fire bus' out; an' he
tote de baby out, an' den ole marse, lak he
were des er baby, an' blow de horn, an' den
hab mos' ebber't'ing frowed out de house
'fore de niggers kin git dar. He sho were
strong las' night, an' Unc' Zeke he say he
nebber eben lef' de house twel de walls was
er-swingin'."

"But he 's ha'nted; he cain't wash de blood er Limpin' Moses offen his han'," said Suky.

"I dunno 'bout dat," said Tildy; "de 'zorters say he do dat w'en he sabe ole marse. But howsomebber, w'en dey lays 'im on de grass fer dead, an' pour de water on 'im, dat gal what he done hit all fer come er-reelin' an' er-rockin', an' des fling herse'f on 'im, an' she say ef he des don' die, she gwine mairey him in er minute, ef de Lord spar' her."

"She hain't fitten," said Suky, veering round.

"Oh, she hain't?" queried Tildy, in a tone that made Suky turn on her heel and toy with her apron.

"Are they all here, Zeke?"

The practised eye of the overseer traveled rapidly; the face of Unc' Jah, the seventh son, leered from a vantage-ground, and the exhorters were in their accustomed places.

"Yas, sah, all here," said Unc' Zeke, and the voice of ole marse met the listening ears.

"Without a roof over my head, and almost before the ashes of my home are cold, I have called you from the field to see justice done to an act of bravery and self-sacrifice; to see your master pay tribute, as man to man, to one of the humblest of his slaves.

"Black Silas!"

The crowd swayed and parted, and the bronze giant, almost naked, and towering over his fellows, was led down the narrow aisle until he stood before his master.

There was a touch of pomposity and of pride in ole marse's manner.

"Black Silas, in the name of God, and before these witnesses, I now declare you free!"

The guides drew back, and Black Silas dropped upon his knees.

"Take the bandage off and look me in the face!"

The cloths were removed, and ole marse bent and saw that the lifted eyes were blind. The pomposity was gone, something seemed to quiver in his throat, and the hand he laid upon the negro's head trembled a little.

"Silas," he murmured, "you are free, and to-day I make you a deed to one hundred acres on the northwest of the new field, with mules and men to work your land. Rise!" commanded ole marse.

The negro, awed and dazed, mechanically obeyed, and then ole marse shouted:

"Cheer, boys—cheer for the new landowner of Clayton!"

Such a yell went up that it almost split the throats of those that gave it, and then they led him back again, tradition said, with a great red cross upon his brow; for flame had blotted out forever the fearful brand of murder. But Black Silas only knew that the "gal" he loved held him by the hand.

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PART III. CONCLUSION.

"HE WARNED ME THAT . . . HE WOULD SHOOT ME."

IN one most disastrous case I suffered personally to a degree which I never can recall without a distinct sense of annoyance, both at my own want of care and at the disgusting consequences which it brought upon me.

Early one morning an old gentleman called, in a state of the utmost agitation, and explained that he desired to consult the spirits as to a heavy loss which he had experienced the night before. He had left, he said, a sum of money in his pantaloons pocket upon going to bed. In the morning he had changed his clothes and gone out, forgetting to re-

move the notes. Returning in an hour in great haste, he discovered that the garment still lay upon the chair where he had thrown it, but that the money was missing. I at once desired him to be seated, and proceeded to ask him certain questions, in a chatty way, about the habits of his household, the amount lost, and the like, expecting thus to get some clue which would enable me to make my spirits display the requisite share of sagacity in pointing out the thief. I learned readily that he was an old and wealthy man, a little close, too, I suspected, and that he lived in a large house with but two servants, and an only son about twenty-one years old. The servants were both women who had lived in the household many years, and were probably innocent. Unluckily, remembering my own youthful career, I presently reached the conclusion that the young man had been the delinquent. When I ventured to inquire a little as to his habits, the old gentleman cut me very short, remarking that he came to ask questions, and not to be questioned, and that he desired at once to consult the spirits. Upon this I sat down at a table, and, after a brief silence, demanded in a solemn voice if there were any spirits present. By industriously cracking my big toe-joint I was enabled to represent at once the presence of a numerous assembly of these worthies. Then I inquired if any one of them had been present when the robbery was effected. A prompt double knock replied in the affirmative. I may say here, by the way, that the unanimity of the spirits as to their use of two knocks for "yes" and one for "no" is a very remarkable point, and shows, if it shows anything, how perfect and universal must be the social intercourse of the respected departed. It is worthy of note, also, that if the spirit—I will not say the medium—perceives after one knock that it were wiser to say yes, he can conveniently add the second tap. Some such arrangement in real life would, it appears to me, be highly desirable.

It seemed that the spirit was that of Vidocq, the French detective. I had just read a translation of his memoirs, and he seemed to me a very available spirit to call upon.

As soon as I explained that the spirit who answered had been a witness of the theft, the old man became strangely agitated. "Who was it?" said he. At once the spirit indicated a desire to use the alphabet. As we went over the letters,—always a slow method, but useful when you want to observe excitable people,—my visitor kept saying, "Quicker—go quicker." At length the spirit spelled out the words, "I know not his name."

"Was it," said the gentleman—"was it a—was it one of my household?"

I knocked "yes" without hesitation; who else, indeed, could it have been?

"Excuse me," he went on, "if I ask you for a little whisky."

This I gave him. He continued: "Was it Susan or Ellen?"

"No, no!"

"Was it—" He paused. "If I ask a question mentally, will the spirits reply?" I knew what he meant. He wanted to ask if it was his son, but did not wish to speak openly.

"Ask," said I.

"I have," he returned.

I hesitated. It was rarely my policy to commit myself definitely, yet here I fancied, from the facts of the case and his own terrible anxiety, that he suspected, or more than suspected, his son as the guilty person. I became sure of this as I studied his face. At all events, it would be easy to deny or explain in case of trouble; and, after all, what slander was there in two knocks? I struck twice as usual.

Instantly the old gentleman rose up, very white, but quite firm. "There," he said, and cast a bank-note on the table, "I thank you," and bending his head on his breast, walked, as I thought, with great effort out of the room.

On the following morning, as I made my first appearance in my outer room, which contained at least a dozen persons awaiting advice, whom should I see standing by the window but the old gentleman with sandy-gray hair? Along with him was a stout young man with a head as red as mine, and mustache and whiskers to match. Probably the son, I thought—ardent temperament, remorse, come to confess, etc. I was never more mistaken in my life. I was about to go regularly through my patients when the old gentleman began to speak.

"I called, doctor," said he, "to explain the little matter about which I—about which I—"

"Troubled your spirits yesterday," added the youth, jocosely, pulling his mustache.

"Beg pardon," I returned; "had we not better talk this over in private? Come into my office," I added, touching the younger man on the arm.

Would you believe it? he took out his handkerchief and dusted the place I had

touched. "Better not," said he. "Go on, father; let us get done with this den."

"Gentlemen," said the elder person, addressing the patients, "I called here yesterday, like a fool, to ask who had stolen from me a sum of money which I believed I left in my room on going out in the morning. This doctor here and his spirits contrived to make me suspect my only son. Well, I charged him at once with the crime as soon as I got back home, and what do you think he did? He said, 'Father, let us go up-stairs and look for it,' and—"

Here the young man broke in with: "Come, father; don't worry yourself for nothing"; and then turning, added: "To cut the thing short, he found the notes under his candlestick, where he left them on going to bed. This is all of it. We came here to stop this fellow" (by which he meant me) "from carrying a slander further. I advise you, good people, to profit by the matter, and to look up a more honest doctor, if doctoring be what you want."

"THE BIG BIBLE LAY OPEN ON THE FLOOR."

As soon as he had ended, I remarked solemnly: "The words of the spirits are not my words. Who shall hold them accountable?"

"Nonsense," said the young man. "Come, father"; and they left the room.

"I KNEW I WAS THAT BOY."

Now was the time to retrieve my character. "Gentlemen," said I, "you have heard this very singular account. Trusting the spirits utterly and entirely as I do, it occurs to me that there is no reason why they may not, after all, have been right in their suspicions of this young person. Who can say that, overcome by remorse, he may not have seized the time of his father's absence to replace the money?"

To my amazement, up gets a little old man from the corner. "Well, you are a low cuss!" said he, and taking up a basket beside him, hobbled hastily out of the room. You may be sure I said some pretty sharp things to him, for I was out of humor to begin with, and it is one thing to be insulted by a stout young man, and quite another to be abused by a wretched old cripple. However, he went away, and I supposed, for my part, that I was done with the whole business.

An hour later, however, I heard a rough knock at my door, and opening it hastily, saw my red-headed young man with the cripple.

"Now," said the former, taking me by the collar, and pulling me into the room among my patients, "I want to know, my man, if this doctor said that it was likely I was the thief after all?"

"That's what he said," replied the cripple; "just about that, sir."

I do not desire to dwell on the after conduct of this hot-headed young man. It was the more disgraceful as I offered but little resistance, and endured a beating such as I would have hesitated to inflict upon a dog. Nor was this all. He warned me that if I dared to remain in the city after a week he would shoot me. In the East I should have thought but little of such a threat, but here it was only too likely to be practically carried out. Accordingly, with much grief and reluctance, I collected my whole fortune, which now amounted to at least seven thousand dollars, and turned my back upon this ungrateful town. I am sorry to say that I also left behind me the last of my good luck.

I traveled in a leisurely way until I reached Boston. The country anywhere would have been safer, but I do not lean to agricultural pursuits. It seemed an agreeable city, and I decided to remain.

I took good rooms at Parker's, and concluding to enjoy life, amused myself in the company of certain, I may say uncertain, young women who danced at some of the theaters. I played billiards and drove fast horses, and at the end of a delightful year was shocked to find myself in debt, and with only nine dollars and fifty cents left—I like to be accurate. I had only one resource: I determined to visit my deaf aunt and Peninnah, and to see what I could do in the rôle of the prodigal nephew. At all events, I should gain time to think of what new enterprise I could take up; but, above all, I needed a little capital and a house over my head.

I left my debts to gather interest, and went away to Woodbury. It was the day before Christmas when I reached the little Jersey town, and it was also by good luck Sunday. I wandered about until church had begun, because I was sure then to find Aunt Rachel and Peninnah out at the service, and I desired to explore a little. The house was closed, and even the one servant absent. I got in with ease at the back through the kitchen, and having at least an hour and a half free from interruption, I made a leisurely search. The rôle of prodigal was well enough, but here was a larger chance and an indulgent opportunity.

In a few moments I found the famous Bible hid away under Aunt Rachel's mattress. The Bible bank was fat with notes, but I intended to be moderate enough to escape suspicion. Here were quite two thousand dollars. I resolved to take, just now, only one hundred, so as to keep a good balance. Then, alas! I lit on a long envelop, my aunt's will. Every cent was left to Christ Church; not a dime to poor Pen or to me. I was in a rage. I tore up the will and replaced the envelop. To treat poor Pen that way—Pen of all people! I thought there was a heap more will than testament, for all it was in the Bible. After that I thought it was right to punish the old witch, and so I took every note I could find. When I was through with this business, I put back the Bible under the mattress, and observing that I had been quite too long, I went down-stairs with a keen desire to leave the town as early as possible. I was tempted, however, to look further, and was rewarded by finding in an old clock case a small reticule stuffed with bank-notes. This I appropriated, and made haste to go out. I was too late. As I went into the little entry to get my hat and coat, Aunt Rachel entered, followed by Peninnah.

At sight of me my aunt cried out that I was a monster and fit for the penitentiary. As she could not hear at all, she had the talk to herself, and went by me and up-stairs, rumbling abuse like distant thunder overhead.

Meanwhile I was taken up with Pen. The pretty fool was seated on a chair, all dressed up in her Sunday finery, and rocking back-

ward and forward, crying, "Oh, oh, ah!" like a lamb saying, "Baa, baa, baa!" She never had much sense. I had to shake her to get a reasonable word. She mopped her eyes, and I heard her gasp out that my aunt had at last decided that I was the person who had thinned her hoards. This was bad, but involved less inconvenience than it might have done an hour earlier. Amid tears Pen told me that a detective had been at the house inquiring for me. When this happened it seems that the poor little goose had tried to fool deaf Aunt Rachel with some made-up story as to the man having come about taxes. I suppose the girl was not any too sharp, and the old woman, I guess, read enough from merely seeing the man's lips. You never could keep anything from her, and she was both curious and suspicious. She assured the officer that I was a thief, and hoped I might be caught. I could not learn whether the man told Pen any particulars, but as I was slowly getting at the facts we heard a loud scream and a heavy fall.

Pen said, "Oh, oh!" and we hurried upstairs. There was the old woman on the floor, her face twitching to right, and her breathing a sort of hoarse croak. The big Bible lay open on the floor, and I knew what had happened.

At this very unpleasant sight Pen seemed to recover her wits, and said: "Go away, go away! Oh, brother, brother, now I know you have stolen her money and killed her, and—and I loved you, I was so proud of you! Oh, oh!"

This was all very fine, but the advice was good. I said: "Yes, I had better go. Run and get some one—a doctor. It is a fit of hysterics; no danger. I will write to you. You are quite mistaken."

This was too feeble even for Pen, and she cried:

"No, never; I never want to see you again. You would kill me next."

"Stuff!" said I, and ran down-stairs. I seized my coat and hat, and went to the tavern, where I got a man to drive me to Camden. I have never seen Pen since. As I crossed the ferry to Philadelphia I saw that I should have asked when the detective had been after me. I suspected from Pen's terror that it had been recently.

It was now, as I reminded myself, the day before Christmas. The ground was covered with snow, and as I walked up Market street my feet were soon soaked. In my haste I had left my overshoes. I was very cold, and, as I now see, foolishly fearful. I kept thinking of what a conspicuous thing a fire-red head is, and of how many people knew me. As I had reached Woodbury early and almost penniless, I had eaten nothing all day. I relied on Pen.

Now I concluded to go down into my old neighborhood and get a lodging where no references were asked. Next day I would secure a disguise and get out of the way. I had passed the day without food, as I have just said, and having ample means, concluded to go somewhere and get a good dinner. It was now close to three in the afternoon. I was aware of two things: that I was making many plans, and giving them up as soon as made; and that I was suddenly afraid without cause, afraid to enter an eating-house, and in fear of every man I met.

I went on, feeling more and more chilly. When a man is really cold his mind does not work well, and now it was blowing a keen gale from the north. At Second and South I came plump on a policeman I knew. He looked at me through the drifting snow, as if he was uncertain, and twice looked back after having passed me. I turned west at Christian street. When I looked behind me the man was standing at the corner, staring after me. At the next turn I hurried away northward in a sort of anguish of terror. I have said I was an uncommon person. I am. I am sensitive, too. My mind is much above the average, but unless I am warm and well fed it does not act well, and I make mistakes. At that time I was half frozen, in need of food, and absurdly scared. Then that old fool squirming on the floor got on to my nerves. I went on and on, and at last into Second street, until I came to Christ Church, of all places for me. I heard the sound of the organ in the afternoon service. I felt I must go in and get warm. Here was another silly notion: I was afraid of hotels, but not of the church. I reasoned vaguely that it was a dark day, and darker in the church, and so I went in and sat near the north door. No one noticed me. I sat still in a high-backed pew, well hid, and wondering what was the matter with me. It was curious that a doctor, and a man of my intelligence, should have been long in guessing a thing so simple.

For two months I had been drinking hard, and for two days had quit, being a man capable of great self-control, and also short of money. Just before the benediction I saw a man near by who seemed to stare at me. In deadly fear I got up and went out. I said to myself, "He will follow me or wait outside." I turned in the vestibule, being alone, opened

a door, and went up the stairs to the tower until I got into the bell-ringer's room. I was safe. I sat down shivering. There were the old books on bell-ringing, and the miniature chime of small bells for instruction. The wind had easy entrance, and it swung the six ropes about in a way I did not like. I remember saying, "Oh, don't do that," and at last had a mad desire to ring one of the bells. As a loop of rope swung toward me it seemed to hold a face, and this face cried out, "Come and hang yourself; then the bell will ring."

If I slept I do not know. I may have done so. Certainly I must have stayed there many hours. I was dull and confused, and yet on my guard, for when far into the night I heard noises below, I ran up the steeper steps which ascend to the steeple, where are the bells. Half-way up I sat down on the stair. The place was cold and the darkness deep. Then I heard the ringers down below. One said: "Never knew a Christmas like this since Zeb Sandcraft died. Come, boys!" I knew it must be close on to midnight. Now they would play a Christmas carol. I used every Christmas to be roused up and carried here and set on dad's shoulder. When they were done ringing, Number Two always gave me a box of sugar-plums and a large red apple. As they rang off, my father would cry out, "One, two," and so on, and then cry, "Elias, all over town people are opening windows to listen." I seemed to hear him as I sat in the gloom. Then I heard, "All ready; one, two," and they rang the Christmas carol. Overhead I heard the great bells ringing out:

And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day, on Christmas day.

I felt suddenly excited, and began to hum the air. Great heavens! There was the old woman, Aunt Rachel, with her face going twitch, twitch, the croak of her breathing keeping a sort of mad time with "On Christmas day, on Christmas day." I jumped up. She was gone. I knew in a hazy sort of way what was the matter with me, but I had still the sense to sit down and wait. I said now it would be snakes, for once before I had been almost as bad. But what I did see was a little curly-headed boy in a white frock and pantalets, climbing up the stairs right leg first; so queer of me to have noticed that. I knew I was that boy. He was an innocent-looking little chap, and was smiling. He seemed to me to grow and grow, and at last was a big red-headed man with a live rat in his hand. I saw nothing more, but I surely knew I needed whisky. I waited until all was still, and got down and out, for I knew every window. I soon found a tavern, and got a drink and some food. At once my fear left me. I was warm at last and clear of head, and had again my natural courage. I was well aware that I was on the edge of delirium tremens and must be most prudent. I paid in advance for my room and treated myself as I had done many another. Only a man of unusual force could have managed his own case as I did. I went out only at night, and in a week was well enough to travel. During this time I saw now and then that grinning little fellow. Sometimes he had an apple and was eating it. I do not know why he was worse to me than snakes, or the twitchy old woman with her wide eyes of glass, and that jerk, jerk, to right.

I decided to go back to Boston. I got to New York prudently in a roundabout way, and in two weeks' time was traveling east from Albany.

I felt well, and my spirits began at last to rise to their usual level. When I arrived in Boston I set myself to thinking how best I could contrive to enjoy life and at the same time to increase my means. I possessed sufficient capital, and was able and ready to embark in whatever promised the best returns with the smallest personal risks. I settled myself in a suburb, paid off a few pressing claims, and began to reflect with my ordinary sagacity.

We were now in the midst of a most absurd war with the South, and it was becoming difficult to escape the net of conscription. It might be wise to think of this in time. Europe seemed a desirable residence, but I needed more money to make this agreeable, and an investment for my brains was what I wanted most. Many schemes presented themselves as worthy the application of industry and talent, but none of them altogether suited my case. I thought at times of traveling as a physiological lecturer, combining with it the business of a practitioner: scare the audience at night with an enumeration of symptoms which belong to ten out of every dozen healthy people, and then doctor such of them as are gulls enough to consult me next day. The bigger the fright the better the pay. I was a little timid, however, about facing large audiences, as a man will be naturally if he has lived a life of adventure, so that upon due consideration I gave up the idea altogether.

The patent medicine business also looked well enough, but it is somewhat overdone at all times, and requires a heavy outlay, with

the probable result of ill success. Indeed, I believe one hundred quack remedies fail for one that succeeds, and millions must have been wasted in placards, bills, and advertisements, which never returned half their value to the speculator. I think I shall some day beguile my time with writing an account of the principal quack remedies which have met with success. They are few in number, after all, as any one must know who recalls the countless pills and tonics which are puffed awhile on the fences, and disappear, to be heard of no more.

Lastly, I inclined for a while to undertake a private insane asylum, which appeared to me to offer facilities for money-making, as to which, however, I may have been deceived by the writings of certain popular novelists. I went so far, I may say, as actually to visit Concord for the purpose of finding a pleasant locality and a suitable atmosphere. Upon reflection I abandoned my plans, as involving too much personal labor to suit one of my easy frame of mind.

Tired at last of idleness and lounging on the Common, I engaged in two or three little ventures of a semi-professional character, such as an exhibition of laughing-gas, advertising to cure cancer,—send twenty-five stamps by mail to J. B., and receive an infallible receipt,—etc. I did not find, however, that these little enterprises prospered well in New England, and I had recalled very forcibly a story which my grandfather was fond of relating to me in my boyhood. It briefly narrated how certain very knowing flies went to get molasses, and how it ended by the molasses getting them. This, indeed, was precisely what happened to me in all my efforts to better myself in the Northern States, until at length my misfortunes climaxed in total and unexpected ruin.

Having been very economical, I had now about twenty-seven hundred dollars. It was none too much. At this time I made the acquaintance of a sea-captain from Maine. He told me that he and two others had chartered a smart little steamer to run to Jamaica with a variety cargo. In fact, he meant to run into Wilmington or Charleston, and he was to carry quinine, chloroform, and other medical requirements for the Confederates. He needed twenty-five hundred dollars more, and a doctor to buy the kind of things which army surgeons require. Of course I was prudent and he careful, but at last, on his proving to me that there was no risk, I agreed to expend his money, his friends', and my own up to twenty-five hundred dollars. I saw the other men, one of them a rebel captain. I was well pleased with the venture, and resolved for obvious reasons to go with them on the steamer. It was a noble investment, and I am free to reflect that in this, as in some other things, I have been free from vulgar prejudices. I bought all that we needed, and was well satisfied when it was cleverly stowed away in the hold.

We were to sail on a certain Thursday morning in September, 1863. I sent my trunk and went down the evening before to go on board, but found that the little steamer had been hauled out from the pier. The captain, who met me at this time, endeavored to get a boat to ferry us to the ship; but a gale was blowing, and he advised me to wait until morning. My associates were already on board. Early next day I dressed and went to the captain's room, which proved to be empty. I was instantly filled with doubt, and ran frantically to the Long Wharf, where, to my horror, I could see no signs of the vessel or captain. Neither have I ever set eyes on them from that time to this. I thought of lodging information with the police as to the unpatriotic design of the rascal who swindled me, but on the whole concluded that it was best to hold my tongue.

It was, as I perceived, such utterly spilt milk as to be little worth lamenting, and I therefore set to work, with my accustomed energy, to utilize on my own behalf the resources of my medical education, which so often before had saved me from want. The war, then raging at its height, appeared to offer numerous opportunities to men of talent. The path which I chose was apparently a humble one, but it enabled me to make very agreeable use of my professional knowledge, and afforded for a time rapid and secure returns, without any other investment than a little knowledge cautiously employed. In the first place, I deposited my small remnant of property in a safe bank. Then I went to Providence, where, as I had heard, patriotic persons were giving very large bounties in order, I suppose, to insure the government the services of better men than themselves. On my arrival I lost no time in offering myself as a substitute, and was readily accepted, and very soon mustered into the Twentieth Rhode Island. Three months were passed in camp, during which period I received bounty to the extent of six hundred and fifty dollars, with which I tranquilly deserted about two hours before the regiment left for the field. With

the product of my industry I returned to Boston, and deposited all but enough to carry me to New York, where within a month I enlisted twice, earning on each occasion four hundred dollars.

My next essay was near Philadelphia, which I approached with a good deal of doubt. It was an ill-omened place for me; but I selected a regiment in camp at Norristown, which is eighteen miles away. I got nearly seven hundred dollars by entering the service as a substitute for an editor, whose pen, I presume, was mightier than his sword. I was, however, disagreeably surprised by being hastily forwarded to the front under a foxy young lieutenant, who brutally shot down a poor devil in the streets of Baltimore for attempting to desert. At this point I began to make use of my medical skill, for I did not in the least degree fancy being shot, either because of deserting or of not deserting. It happened, therefore, that a day or two later, while in Washington, I was seized in the street with a fit, which perfectly imposed upon the officer in charge, and caused him to leave me at the Douglas Hospital. Here I found it necessary to perform fits about twice a week, and as there were several real epileptics in the ward, I had a capital chance of studying their symptoms, which, finally, I learned to imitate with the utmost cleverness.

I soon got to know three or four men who, like myself, were personally averse to bullets, and who were simulating other forms of disease with more or less success. One of them suffered with rheumatism of the back, and walked about like an old man; another, who had been to the front, was palsied in the right arm. A third kept open an ulcer on the leg, rubbing in a little antimonial ointment, which I sold him at five dollars a box, and bought at fifty cents.

A change in the hospital staff brought all of us to grief. The new surgeon was a quiet, gentlemanly person, with pleasant blue eyes and clearly cut features, and a way of looking at you without saying much. I felt so safe myself that I watched his procedures with just that kind of enjoyment which one clever man takes in seeing another at work.

The first inspection settled two of us.

"Another back case," said the assistant surgeon to his senior.

"Back hurt you?" says the latter, mildly.

"Yes, sir; run over by a howitzer; ain't never been able to stand straight since."

"A howitzer!" says the surgeon. "Lean forward, my man, so as to touch the floor—so. That will do." Then turning to his aid, he said, "Prepare this man's discharge papers."

"His discharge, sir?"

"Yes; I said that. Who 's next?"

"Thank you, sir," groaned the man with the back. "How soon, sir, do you think it will be?"

"Ah, not less than a month," replied the surgeon, and passed on.

Now, as it was unpleasant to be bent like a letter C, and as the patient presumed that his discharge was secure, he naturally allowed himself a little relaxation in the way of becoming straighter. Unluckily, those nice blue eyes were everywhere at all hours, and one fine morning Smithson was appalled at finding himself in a detachment bound for the field, and bearing on his descriptive list an ill-natured indorsement about his malady.

The surgeon came next on O'Callahan, standing, like each of us, at the foot of his own bed.

"I 've paralytics in my arm," he said, with intention to explain his failure to salute his superior.

"Humph!" said the surgeon; "you have another hand."

"An' it 's not the rigulation to saloot with yer left," said the Irishman, with a grin, while the patients around us began to smile.

"How did it happen?" said the surgeon.

"I was shot in the shoulder," answered the patient, "about three months ago, sir. I have n't stirred it since."

The surgeon looked at the scar.

"So recently?" said he. "The scar looks older; and, by the way, doctor,"—to his junior,—"it could not have gone near the nerves. Bring the battery, orderly."

In a few moments the surgeon was testing, one after another, the various muscles. At last he stopped. "Send this man away with the next detachment. Not a word, my man. You are a rascal, and a disgrace to honest men who have been among bullets."

The man muttered something, I did not hear what.

"Put this man in the guard-house," cried the surgeon, and so passed on without smile or frown.

As to the ulcer case, to my amusement he was put in bed, and his leg locked up in a wooden splint, which effectually prevented him from touching the part diseased. It healed in ten days, and he too went as food for powder.

The surgeon asked me a few questions, and requesting to be sent for during my next fit, left me alone.

I was, of course, on my guard, and took care to have my attacks only during his absence, or to have them over before he arrived. At length, one morning, in spite of my care, he chanced to be in the ward when I fell on the floor. I was carried in and laid on the bed, apparently in strong convulsions. Presently I felt a finger on my eyelid, and as it was raised, saw the surgeon standing beside me. To escape his scrutiny I became more violent in my motions. He stopped a moment and looked at me steadily. "Poor fellow!" said he, to my great relief, as I felt at once that I had successfully deceived him. Then he turned to the ward doctor and remarked: "Take care he does not hurt his head against the bed; and, by the by, doctor, do you remember the test we applied in Carstairs's case? Just tickle the soles of his feet and see if it will cause those backward spasms of the head."

The aid obeyed him, and, very naturally, I jerked my head backward as hard as I could.

"That will answer," said the surgeon, to my horror. "A clever rogue. Send him to the guard-house."

Happy had I been had my ill luck ended here, but as I crossed the yard an officer stopped me. To my disgust, it was the captain of my old Rhode Island company.

"Hello!" said he; "keep that fellow safe. I know him."

To cut short a long story, I was tried, convicted, and forced to refund the Rhode Island bounty, for by ill luck they found my bank-book among my papers. I was finally sent to Fort Delaware and kept at hard labor, handling and carrying shot, policing the ground, picking up cigar-stumps, and other light, unpleasant occupations.

When the war was over I was released. I went at once to Boston, where I had about four hundred dollars in bank. I spent nearly all of this sum before I could satisfy the accumulated cravings of a year and a half without drink or tobacco, or a decent meal. I was about to engage in a little business as a vender of lottery policies when I first began to feel a strange sense of lassitude, which soon increased so as quite to disable me from work of any kind. Month after month passed away, while my money lessened, and this terrible sense of weariness still went on from bad to worse. At last one day, after nearly a year had elapsed, I perceived on my face a large brown patch of color, in consequence of which I went in some alarm to consult a well-known physician. He asked me a multitude of tiresome questions, and at last wrote off a prescription, which I immediately read. It was a preparation of arsenic.

"What do you think," said I, "is the matter with me, doctor?"

"I am afraid," said he, "that you have a very serious trouble—what we call Addison's disease."

"What 's that?" said I.

"I do not think you would comprehend it," he replied; "it is an affection of the suprarenal capsules."

I dimly remembered that there were such organs, and that nobody knew what they were meant for. It seemed that doctors had found a use for them at last.

"Is it a dangerous disease?" I said.

"I fear so," he answered.

"Don't you really know," I asked, "what 's the truth about it?"

"Well," he returned gravely, "I 'm sorry to tell you it is a very dangerous malady."

"Nonsense!" said I; "I don't believe it"; for I thought it was only a doctor's trick, and one I had tried often enough myself.

"Thank you," said he; "you are a very ill man, and a fool besides. Good morning." He forgot to ask for a fee, and I remembered not to remind him.

Several weeks went by; my money was gone, my clothes were ragged, and, like my body, nearly worn out, and now I am an inmate of a hospital. To-day I feel weaker than when I first began to write. How it will end, I do not know. If I die, the doctor will get this pleasant history, and if I live, I shall burn it, and as soon as I get a little money I will set out to look for my sister. I dreamed about her last night. What I dreamed was not very agreeable. I thought I was walking up one of the vilest streets near my old office, and a girl spoke to me—a shameless, worn creature, with great sad eyes, not so wicked as the rest of her face. Suddenly she screamed, "Brother, brother!" and then remembering what she had been, with her round, girlish, innocent face and fair hair, and seeing what she was now, I awoke and saw the dim light of the half-darkened ward.

I am better to-day. Writing all this stuff has amused me and, I think, done me good. That was a horrid dream I had. I suppose I must tear up all this biography.

"Hello, nurse! The little boy—boy—"

"GOOD HEAVENS!" said the nurse, "he is dead! Dr. Alston said it would happen this way. The screen, quick—the screen—and let the doctor know."

IN SAVONAROLA'S CELL

BY MARY ARNOLD CHILDS.

HERE are some pages of his manuscript
Laid loosely on the desk he sat before,
As if but yesterday the leaves had slipped
From his tired fingers; this hair-shirt he wore
To mortify his suffering flesh the more.
With swelling heart I gaze into this cell,
The shrine of a heroic soul of yore,
And shudder that men made an earthly hell
For that brave soul who wrought for righteousness so well.

I see his martyred form before me float
At sight of this charred wood, this tiny brand,
Cast half devoured from the red, hissing throat
Of that fierce fire by persecution fanned,
That fed its hunger on his gaunt right hand,
Upraised as if to bless them there on high;
I kneel in spirit with his faithful band,
The Piagnoni, where they groan and cry,
While the Arrabbiati laugh to see him die.

Thus at the cost of life new truths are taught;
When an inviolable soul awakes,
It sets itself below the purpose sought,
Its law self-sacrifice; no terror shakes
The conscience incorruptible; it makes
The actor deathless, though his deeds are fraught
With hideous doom for him; though his blood slakes
The thirst of ignorance, his aim is wrought;
Hate kills the thinker, but it cannot kill the thought.

AMONG THE FELLAHEEN.

BY R. TALBOT KELLY.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

IN spite of its many pictorial advantages and the general kindness of its omdeh and villagers, El-Ghazali, under a hot May sun, proved too pestilential for comfort, and prudence decided me to cut short my stay there, lest over-rashness might lead to disaster in the shape of malarial fever—a prospect not to be lightly regarded when camping in the wilds.

I decided therefore to return to Fakous for the weekly market, one of the most important in the Eastern Delta, and an event which has always had a great attraction for me. Leaving El-Ghazali late in the afternoon, we had a long ride before us, and night overtook us some miles from the rest-house for which we were making.

The road, like all Sharkiyeh highways, was of great and varied interest. Open stretches of rich crop-land alternated with dense groves of dates. Every few miles little hamlets, nestled among camass-trees or tamarisks, lent animation to the scene, while the shady canal-banks along which we rode were cool and refreshing. Every pathway was thronged with country folk bringing in their stock or produce to the morrow's fair.

As the sun sank in the west, bathing the scene in a golden mystery, the slowly wending groups of tired humanity and patient animals loomed mistily through the clouds of dust, and the mellow lowing of cattle and the droning of insects formed the fitting accompaniment to a scene at once gorgeous and soothing. Drowsily night came on, and our fellow-travelers became gradually enveloped in the gloom. Then, as one by one the stars appeared and the chilly night air swept over the plain, we realized that we were very hungry, with scant prospect of a satisfactory meal before us that night.

Suddenly Abd-el-Messieh swerved from the track with a cry of satisfaction, and calling to us to "go on," was quickly lost in the darkness. Completely mystified as to the reasons for his extraordinary desertion, we slowly picked our way through the night, and two hours later McCullough Bey and I were safely unbooted in the Fakous rest-house, and somewhat disconsolately sitting down to a meal of dry bread and tea.

We had hardly begun before Abd-el-Messieh reappeared, and, with an air of triumph, swept our scanty repast from the board and gave an account of himself.

It appeared that, while we had been absorbed in the contemplation of nature, his black eyes had espied a fine milch cow tethered in a field close by, and he was suddenly seized by a brilliant inspiration.

Unhitching the cow, he drove it to a neighboring village (to which, by the way, it did not belong), and calling out the omdeh, ordered him to have the cow milked and *riz-b'il-laban* prepared for "their Excellencies." This was done, and a man on donkey-back was made to follow him, carrying the huge pot of almost boiling rice and milk on his lap. The wretched man, only half awake, had to ride some four miles in the dark to Fakous, and by the time Abd-el-Messieh had finished his story the savory dish was on the table, and we were in the full enjoyment of our unexpected meal. On this occasion our unwilling porter was liberally rewarded, and next day the cow sent back to its owner.

Daylight was ushered in by the din incidental to a fellah market. The "Gyppy" is endowed with good lungs and a mind to use them, and any reason is sufficient to excuse his making a noise.

The *suk* (market), a large open space immediately outside the town, was now a seething mass of humanity, generally mixed up with cattle of all sorts, and innumerable little booths and stalls. Each vender of sweet water, savory stews, etc., is crying his wares in strident tones, and those who have nothing to sell are engaged in hot altercations over their purchases, or shouting for the love of it. Dogs are everywhere fighting and yelping, donkeys braying greetings or defiance to acquaintances made at the previous suk. As I strolled through the market the hot sun poured through the

dusty air, still further laden with the pungent smoke of dung fires and the heavy odor of rancid oil or *feseekh* (rotten fish), while the flies, always present in millions, seemed glutted with their weekly carnival, and, too lazy to go farther afield, contentedly settled by hundreds upon whatever portion of the anatomy might most readily afford a resting-place. The scene was one of inextricable confusion and filth, but one, nevertheless, of great picturesqueness and interest.

The incidents of such a market-place are unending, and to a European a special interest attaches to the articles exposed for sale, as these show the requirements of the fellaheen. Food-stuffs predominate, the principal articles of diet being sugar-cane, bread, *semna* (clarified butter), feseekh, and eggs. Gaudy prints from Manchester or Vienna, Italian matches, and glass ornaments adorn one booth, while the next is filled with sticky and fly-covered sweets, made up in the forms of men and women, camels or donkeys, and exciting the wonder, as well as the desire, of the gaping gamins who eye greedily the unwholesome-looking morsels. Here is a fat woman squatting on the ground, patting with her perspiring hands the flabby mud-fish she attempts to sell, and close by an ox has just been killed, and is partly cut up before the flaying has been completed. The smell of warm blood in the hot air, and the dogs fighting over its still quivering entrails, nauseate you, and you turn away to find relief in the unconscious humor of a little mite of a child leading away a huge *gamoose*, too stupid to dispute the authority of the human atom that controls it. The scene, too, is not without an element of pathos. Here is a poor woman who hopes by the sale of her wee ewe lamb to buy some charm or medicament for the ailing child at her half-starved breast. Again, a leper or crippled deformity piteously exposes himself in the hope of charity.

In the center is a large booth gaily beflagged and decorated, wherein the *ghawasees*, or dancing-girls, go through their lascivious undulations to the accompaniment of *kemengeh, ood*, and tom-toms, and the boisterous applause of the audience. Throughout the whole is a breezy good humor, which is pleasant, and a striking absence of rowdyism or quarreling.

ABD-EL-MESSIEH.

On the farther side of the suk, cattle and horses are tethered, and I was much interested in watching one particular "deal." A swarthy fellah was trying to effect the sale of a rather weedy horse to a somewhat suspicious buyer, who questioned its soundness. Having sworn to the beast's absolute perfection, by the beard of the prophet, his mother's honor and his father's tomb, and all the oaths in common use, without convincing the would-be purchaser, he finally raised his hand and said: "Ana kelem wached; ana kelem Inglese." ("I speak once; I speak as an Englishman.") And I recall

THE MARKET AT FAKOUS.

with pride the fact that this the strongest of all assertions clenched the business and resulted in a bargain being struck.

WHERE everything (to the Western mind) is so novel and picturesque, one is tempted to enlarge indefinitely upon the episodes of this or kindred fairs; but perhaps I have said enough to convey some slight idea of the dirt, din, confusion, and humor of a country market, and one would fain leave the dusty suk for the open fields and fresh air of the country, the life of which is no less interesting, if quieter. Next day, therefore, I transferred my quarters to Esbet-el-Ekiad, a country farm-house some miles from Fakous, then occupied by McCullough Bey. The *esbet*, or farm, is situated on the bank of the Bahr Fakous, pleasantly surrounded by date-trees, and within easy reach of most of the picturesque villages of the land of Goshen. Here my life was quiet and uneventful, spent in the constant study of the native and his habits.

One thing which must strike the stranger is the robust physique of the fellah. The men are almost always fine, muscular fellows, and frequently handsome, though the matrons of Egypt are almost as invariably the reverse, being either grossly fat as they approach middle age, or else wizened and wrinkled from hard work and exposure. The young girls, however, have undoubted charms at times, and, without exception, possess exquisitely shaped hands and feet, while long practice in carrying heavy water-pots or other burdens on their heads has developed in the race a dignity and gracefulness of carriage which is queenly and superb.

I know of few more interesting pictures than the watering-place of an Egyptian village. Here in the evening congregate the belles of the district, some occupied in the washing of cooking-utensils or clothes, others drawing the night's supply of drinking-water, while at the same time weary *gamoosat*, or bullocks, released from their day's work in the fields or at the *sakkia* (water-wheel), wallow in the muddy water from which the people draw their only supply. Very animated is the scene as the young of the village gossip over their work, and more than graceful the manner in which the curious-shaped *ballas* (two-handled water-pot) is balanced on their heads preparatory to departure. Wonderful, too, is the perfect sense of balance possessed by all. I saw one day a young girl, laboring under the weight of a huge water-pot, pick up with her foot a flower discarded by some passer-by, and

transfer it to her disengaged hand; and, on another occasion, a little girl, finding that the kerosene-tin she carried contained more water than she could manage, with a quick tilt of her head spilled a quart or so clear of her dress without disturbing the balance of the tin in the slightest degree. With the mothers come the infants, sitting straddle-legged on their shoulders, or toddling alongside, clutching hold of their parents' *gelabiehs*.[1]

Surely of all the quaint little mites in the world the funniest is the Egyptian baby. Ridiculously small, with protruding bellies and the most old-fashioned wee faces, they hardly seem human at all. Poor, patient little objects, suffering every kind of neglect and ill feeding from birth, they are early initiated into the sorrows of life. When one has witnessed the method of child-rearing one is not surprised to hear that the proportion of infant mortality reaches the appalling figure of nearly ninety per cent.

One day, while I was working near Ekiad, a fellah farmer came and sat beside me, and entering into conversation, presently asked me "when the great pasha would be allowed to return to Egypt." Asking who the "great pasha" might be, he said he referred to his brother, Arabi Pasha. From him I gathered some details of Arabi's history.

Arabi, it appeared, was one of seven sons of a poor farmer near Abukir, all of whom were supported on a little holding of some ten acres. Attending the village school, Arabi early showed exceptional ability, and was eventually sent to the El-Azhar University in Cairo to complete his studies. Later he was conscripted for the army, where in barracks his remarkable faculty for repeating passages from the Koran quickly made him important in his company, and finally brought him under the notice of the officers of his regiment, where it soon became the custom after mess for "Private Arabi" to be called in to entertain the officers by his recitations. Promotion followed, and quickly passing through the subordinate ranks to a commission, a few years found him the powerful and idolized leader of an army, and dictating terms to the Khedive on the steps of the Abidin Palace. His subsequent rebellion and exile are known to all, and need no repetition, but I have always been curious in speculating upon the fate of the country had his rising been successful. Here is a case in which a fluent knowledge of the Koran was the stepping-stone to the highest power, and so far as I have been able to learn, all native risings and social agitations have been led by men whose principal claim to recognition has been a more than usual acquaintance with their sacred writings, and the power by this means to influence the popular mind. Public opinion there is none, and no cohesion of the people can be looked for except on religious grounds and in response to an appeal to their fanaticism.

CHILD LEADING A GAMOOSE.

No one who has lived among the people can fail to be struck with the simple sincerity of their religion. To the average Mohammedan (in Egypt) Allah is a personal deity, whose fatherhood is recognized and believed in, and to whom his children can with confidence appeal. This belief in the

[1] The long gown worn by both sexes in Egypt.

A VILLAGE WATERING-PLACE.

direct and paternal interest of Allah in their well-being is almost universal, and childlike in its perfect faith. Whatever he ordains is best, and complaining would not only be unreasonable, but would imply a disbelief in the divine intelligence. Hence the fatalistic tendency of their religion: "What Allah ordains must be, and is, good"; and "Kismet" (what is decreed, *i. e.*, fate) is their sole comment when calamity overtakes them.

The ritual of prayer provides few petitions, and is almost entirely a religion of adoration, and the desire to praise (not pray) is so general that no village or hamlet is without its mosque, while at frequent intervals along the canal-banks or highways praying-places are provided for the wayfarer. Notwithstanding its powerful hold upon the popular mind, the Moslem religion is accommodating to circumstances. I have seen it stated that the only valid excuse for the neglect of religious duty when the call to prayer is heard is the possibility of the devotee being then engaged in eating, food, as the sustainer of life, being considered worthy of this reverence. But in Egypt, at any rate, any work which implies a duty to another is an equally sufficient reason for abstention.

I remember asking a former servant of mine if he was keeping Ramadan (the big fast of the Moslem), and his reply was:

"No, my master; if I kept Ramadan I would not be able to do my work, and my God would be angry if I did not do the work for which I am paid."

The observances of religion are binding only upon those who are able to attend to them without causing detriment to another.

Considered almost soulless, and forbidden even to enter the mosque at the hours of public prayer, the moral sense of the Mohammedan woman is dwarfed and corrupted. As the wife of a fellah the woman becomes, to all intents and purposes, a slave as soon as she assumes the marriage veil, while the facility for divorce, which may be pronounced by the husband by word of mouth in the presence of witnesses, robs the married state of that security and dignity with which it should be surrounded.

The result is that the married woman is simply a chattel of her lord, removable at pleasure, and whose duties consist solely in

ministering to the want of her husband or attending his children. One cannot hope, therefore, for much improvement in a new generation whose mothers, usually married far too young, are little removed from the beasts, and possess neither the ability nor inclination to educate or train their children.

Let me here refer to another question of religion usually misunderstood, namely, polygamy. As all of us know, from early Bible times a childless woman was a "reproach in Israel"; so now in the East the desire to perpetuate one's name and race is intense among Mohammedans.

Polygamy, therefore, is sanctioned by their religion; but I can state that so far as Egypt is concerned, neither polygamy nor bigamy is common, provided the first wife has offspring. Should she, however, prove barren, a second wife is taken, and the first is frequently divorced, or becomes a handmaid of her more happy successor.

As just stated, marriages in Egypt take place at a very early age, the girls marrying at from twelve to fourteen, and the young men at sixteen years of age or upward. The legal ceremony and following festivities occupy variously from three to ten days, according to the means and position of the contracting parties.

In Cairo such affairs are vulgar and ostentatious, but among the fellaheen they are much more simply conducted. Illuminations of a primitive character decorate the mud dwellings of the interested families, and mild feasting continues for a few days. The picturesque part of the proceedings, so far as strangers are concerned, occurs on the last night, when the wedding-party forms into a procession called *zeffet-el-arroseh* (the procession of the bride), and conducts the bride to the home her husband has prepared for her. The bride is seated on a camel, beneath a canopy formed by a large drapery spread over a booth of palm-leaves, and preceded by whatever in the way of music the village affords. Following her are her kinsfolk and women friends on camels, bearing her Lares and Penates and the gifts usual on such occasions, while it is the custom for all the blind, halt, indigent, and lazy of the village to accompany her to the bridegroom's house, to participate in the feasting or largess there dispensed. Few of the native functions are, I think, as pretty and picturesque as this.

Unlike her European sisters, the young Egyptian belle by no means looks forward to the wedded state as the sum of all good. An old servant of mine some years ago asked

A BRIDAL PROCESSION.

for leave of absence so that he might marry his daughter to the son of a neighboring farmer. All the settlements were satisfactory, and old Ali was well content with his daughter's prospects. To my surprise, he returned to his duties two days later, saying that his daughter was ill and the wedding postponed. I ascertained subsequently that the girl, dreading the slavery of married life, had poisoned herself so as to escape what appeared to her to be an unhappy lot.

So far as my observation goes, the province of Sharkiyeh (almost corresponding to the land of Goshen) is not only the most picturesque but the most fertile in Egypt, with perhaps the single exception of the Fayum. Pastoral scenes of extreme richness are there to be found. Probably harvest-time presents the most picturesque of all, when the whole surface of the land is a golden carpet of ripened grain, flecked here and there with patches of vivid-green *bercime* (clover) or the almost blue-green of an onion-patch. Out of this golden splendor rise the groves of date-palms and the tamarisk- and camass-trees which line the canal-banks or give a necessary shade to the patient bullock toiling incessantly at the sakkia.

Harvesting operations are carried on largely by female labor, large numbers of women going from village to village until the whole harvest is gathered. These laborers are paid in grain, which can readily be exchanged for food and lodgings and such necessaries as they require, leaving a substantial margin in cash, the result of much anxious bargaining with the local dealers. The corn is plucked up by the roots, not reaped, and when made into little sheaves is carried to a vacant spot in the vicinity of the town, where the threshing takes place. The moment the crop has been gathered, large flocks of sheep and goats are driven into the land to feed on such stubble or debris as may still remain, and immediately following them the plowman, with his yoke of oxen, prepares the ground for the next crop. These operations are simultaneous, and I have often seen in one field every operation from plowing to threshing in full progress. No time is to be lost if the maximum of three crops per annum is to be raised.

The Eastern threshing-floor must always be of interest from its biblical associations, and as found in Egypt it has a great pictorial value in addition. The sheaves of corn are spread in the threshing-place in a large circular pile, over which a yoke of oxen are made to trot round and round, drawing after them a heavy wooden vehicle like a sledge, called the *nurag*. This sledge-like structure is ingenious, its runners aiding the oxen in treading out the corn, while between the runners are a number of circular revolving knives, which at the same time cut up the straw into the *tibbin*, which is the staple fodder for all stable animals.

Though strictly adhering to the ancient command not to "muzzle the ox which treadeth out the corn," the thrifty fellah, seated in the chair of the nurag, wields his ox-hide whip vigorously enough to insure the maximum of work for the minimum of refreshment from his team, calling to mind the ancient Egyptian couplet which Amelia B. Edwards paraphrases thus:

> Hie along, oxen; tread the corn faster—
> The straw for yourselves, the grain for your master.

While making the sketch which illustrates this operation, I was startled by a cry of alarm from my servant, and discovered a large cobra disappearing between my legs and under my sketching-stool. The reptile had suddenly darted out of the pile of straw, and had actually crossed my boy's bare feet in its flight. I was able, fortunately, to pin it to the ground with the spikes of my easel legs, when its happy despatch was the work of a moment.

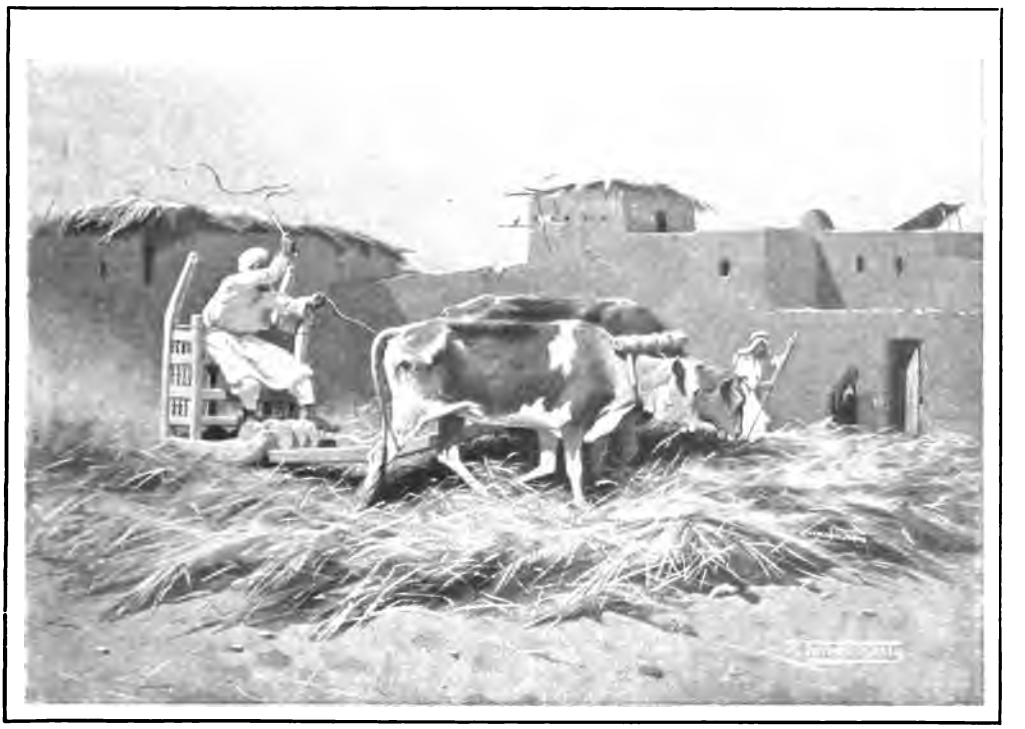
Following the threshing comes the winnowing, an equally primitive operation. There is now left a mixture of grain, chaff, chopped straw, and dirt, which is swept into a huge mound. A man armed with a wooden shovel starts on the leeward side to throw shovelfuls of the mixture into the air. Most of the dust blows away in the breeze and disappears, while at the workman's feet gradually grows an ever-increasing pile of tolerably clean grain. The chaff and tibbin, being blown farther, forms a separate heap, so that each is easily collected and stored, and the harvesting operations are over.

Though I believe that importers complain of the dirtiness of Egyptian wheat, the surprise is that with such primitive means so good a result is obtained, the grain being usually bright and in good condition, and the admixture of dirt by no means excessive.

In this, as in most field operations, the implements used are virtually those in vogue in the time of Moses, though I am sorry to see that in many districts modern machinery and appliances are slowly but surely becoming general. This, with the rapid modifica-

tion of costume, threatens before very long to rob agricultural life in Egypt of much of its picturesqueness and Old-World glamour.

As a whole, the fellaheen are a very hard-working and industrious people. Given an adequate water-supply, their prosperity depends upon their own exertions—a fact they fully realize, and in the pursuits of agriculture they are not only assiduous, but have little to learn from Western races.



A THRESHING-FLOOR.

Their primitive implements and rule-of-thumb methods would appear to be those best suited to the soil and climate, and it is a singular fact that most of the farming syndicates I have met with in the Delta have sooner or later come to hopeless grief, in spite of improved and labor-saving appliances and supposed greater intelligence.

So far as water-raising is concerned, steam-pumps, turbines, and barrages are undoubtedly a benefit, though steam-plows and other agricultural improvements have hitherto spelled "ruin."

An interesting article might be written upon irrigation and the great development of the system lately achieved, but I cannot at the present time enter into this subject in detail, embodying, as it does, many problems open to debate. Sufficient at present to say that to-day even the remote districts have a plentiful supply, payment for which is included in the annual tax, which seldom exceeds one pound per *feddan* (almost an acre) for the best-cultivated land. The great increase of arterial canals has also brought under cultivation large tracts of land hitherto waste, but now eagerly bought up by the farmers, whom the government encourages to invest by easy terms of payment and taxation, as the land proves profitable or otherwise. The sales take place on the spot, and are by auction, though the preference is always wisely given to the small holder rather than to the increase of estates already large, thrift thereby being encouraged and enormous sums of hoarded money restored to circulation. Some of these land sales afford humorous situations, and one case strikes me as worth relating.

The district was a particularly poor one, and I was amazed at the amount of ready money forthcoming from people who, to all appearances, were absolutely poverty-stricken. My inquiries elicited the following story, which may or may not be completely true, though it was vouched for at the time. The place referred to lies on the direct caravan route to El-Arish, in Syria, where gov-

ernment camels are annually bought, and whither small periodical convoys of bullion are despatched.

As it was bivouacking one night close to the hamlet in question, the convoy was successfully raided by one or two men, who succeeded in abstracting a chest containing gold. Fearing discovery, they confided their tale and treasure to the safe-keeping of the local omdeh, who, they thought, would never be suspected, and promising him a half-share of the spoil, they together buried it under the mud floor of his house.

The subsequent inquiry, in which the omdeh was most active, of course elicited nothing, and the trouble blew over. Then our heroes approached the omdeh and demanded their half of the money.

"What money?" exclaimed the omdeh. "I have none."

"Yes, my father; it is the money we spoiled from the convoy and helped you to bury in your house."

"Oh ho!" said the old rogue, "so *you* are the thieves we have been looking for! Get out of my house, you dogs, or I will give you to the *kourbash*[1] and have you put in prison."

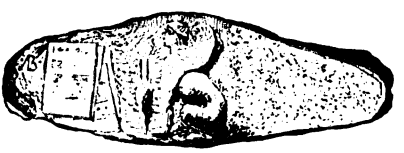
So, rending their clothes, and with loud lamentations, the discomfited thieves were forced to depart, their tongues tied by fear for their own safety, and hardly consoled by the thought that their enterprise and his own wit had given the omdeh the wherewithal to become a landed proprietor.

The foregoing may seem to imply that criminal aptitude is not foreign to the unsophisticated fellah, and it is a somewhat common opinion that crime in Egypt is rather on the increase. If one judges by law-court statistics, this would appear to be so; but this evidence is, I think, fallacious, and simply proves the greater confidence the common people have in the administration of justice, and their consequent readiness to invite the arbitration of judges of known honesty. Going back a few years to the "glorious" times of Ismail, suspicion of legal procedure was well founded, and the accuser was often, however good his cause, ill advised in appealing to the blind goddess for assistance.

Here is an illustration. Near the village of Coraine lived a small farmer whose fatted calf was one night spirited away. The farmer lodged his complaint with the local *mafetish-es-shewaish*, or police inspector, and the thief was eventually caught and the calf recovered. So far well; but the nearest court being held at Mansurah, and its date of sitting somewhat remote, our intelligent police officer incarcerated not only the thief, but the farmer, his family, and the fatted calf, so as to have them ready to hand as witnesses when the case came on for hearing; then he promptly forgot all about them. These wretched people, I was informed, spent some fifteen years in prison before a chance inquiry secured their release. What became of the calf I never heard, but probably the policeman ate it.

When occurrences of this kind were possible, it is little wonder that petty offenses were condoned and law-court statistics show small returns. Without doubt a certain amount of crime exists in Egypt, but I believe that the most serious cases occur in the larger towns, where a considerable proportion of low-class Europeans dwell, introducing into a simple-minded community vices and crimes foreign to the country. To my belief, the rural districts of Egypt are singularly free from serious offenses against the law, and the fellah is a docile, hard-working, and good-humored creature, whose disputes are usually capable of settlement by the local sheik or the occasionally visiting finance inspector.

[1] Rhinoceros-hide whip, which is a common form of punishment.



IN THE MATTER OF ONE COMPASS
BY RUDYARD KIPLING (1892)

IN THE MATTER OF ONE COMPASS

BY RUDYARD KIPLING (1892)

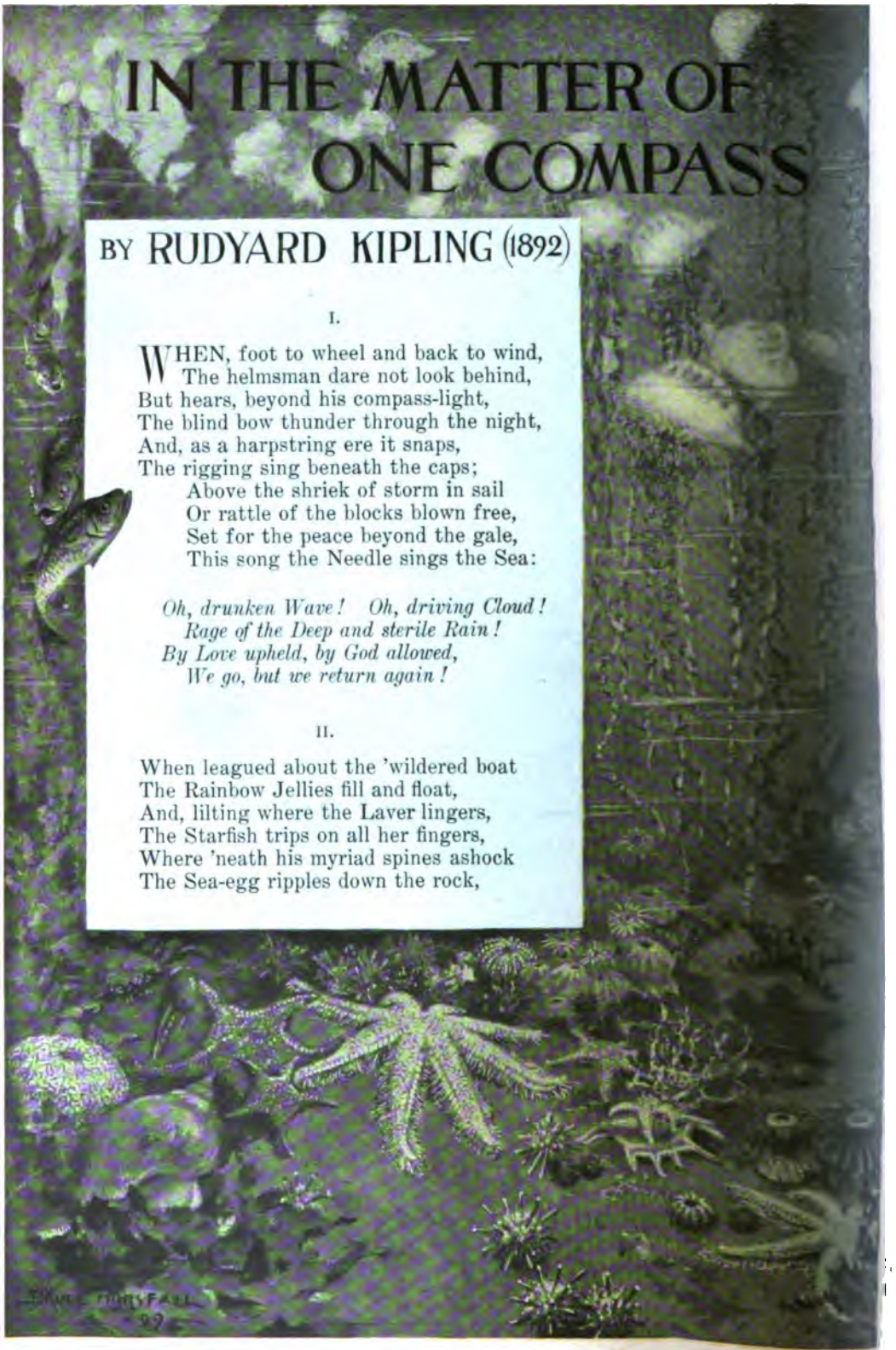
I.

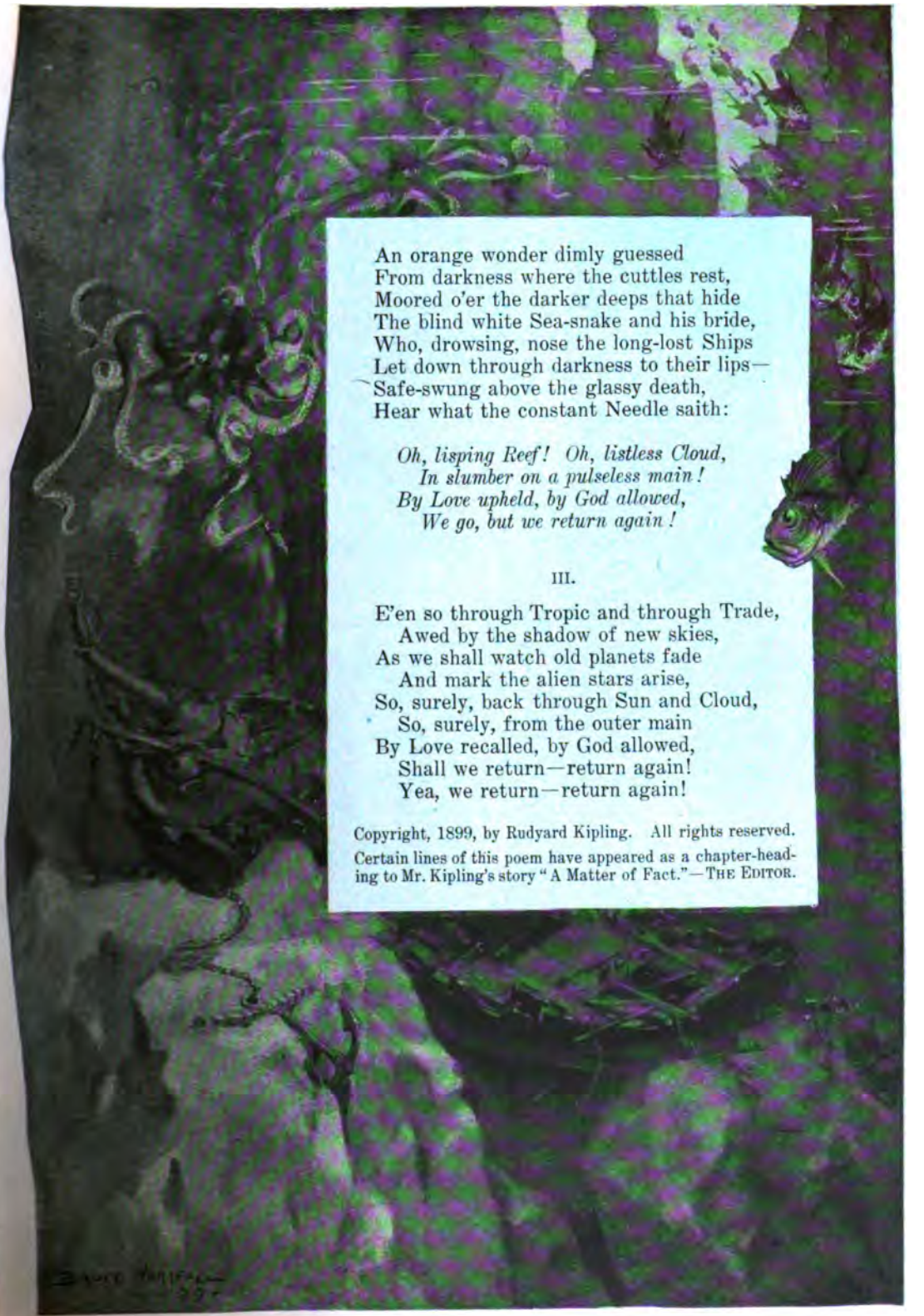
WHEN, foot to wheel and back to wind,
The helmsman dare not look behind,
But hears, beyond his compass-light,
The blind bow thunder through the night,
And, as a harpstring ere it snaps,
The rigging sing beneath the caps;
Above the shriek of storm in sail
Or rattle of the blocks blown free,
Set for the peace beyond the gale,
This song the Needle sings the Sea:

Oh, drunken Wave! Oh, driving Cloud!
Rage of the Deep and sterile Rain!
By Love upheld, by God allowed,
We go, but we return again!

II.

When leagued about the 'wildered boat
The Rainbow Jellies fill and float,
And, lilting where the Laver lingers,
The Starfish trips on all her fingers,
Where 'neath his myriad spines ashock
The Sea-egg ripples down the rock,





An orange wonder dimly guessed
From darkness where the cuttles rest,
Moored o'er the darker deeps that hide
The blind white Sea-snake and his bride,
Who, drowsing, nose the long-lost Ships
Let down through darkness to their lips—
Safe-swung above the glassy death,
Hear what the constant Needle saith:

Oh, lisping Reef! Oh, listless Cloud,
In slumber on a pulseless main!
By Love upheld, by God allowed,
We go, but we return again!

III.

E'en so through Tropic and through Trade,
Awed by the shadow of new skies,
As we shall watch old planets fade
And mark the alien stars arise,
So, surely, back through Sun and Cloud,
So, surely, from the outer main
By Love recalled, by God allowed,
Shall we return—return again!
Yea, we return—return again!

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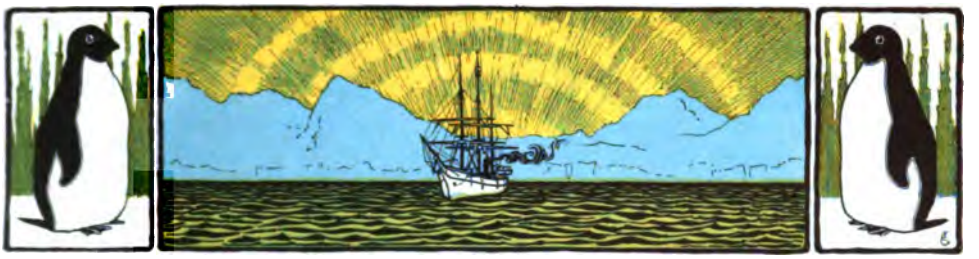
Certain lines of this poem have appeared as a chapter-heading to Mr. Kipling's story "A Matter of Fact."—THE EDITOR.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. M. NORTHCOTE.

NO. 3 ON THE MAP, PAGE 423: SUNRISE AND SUNSET, TOGETHER, OVER THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT.



DRAWN BY F. C. GORDON.

THE NEW ANTARCTIC DISCOVERIES

BY DR. FREDERICK A. COOK

AMONG the records of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition the geographical discoveries must stand out as the most important material results. It is the first time that specialists have been afforded the opportunity of landing upon the mysterious south polar lands, it is the first venture of an expedition into the southern ice for fifty years, and it is the first opportunity ever offered man to pass through the experience of an antarctic night with its unearthly winter. The purpose of this article, however, is to deal with the geographical results and the incidents of the early part of the voyage, during which time the only important geographical discoveries were made.

The expedition owes its origin to the persistent efforts of Lieutenant Adrien de Gerlache. The expenses were met primarily by liberal Belgian citizens, and finally by grants from the Belgian government. The personnel of the crew was taken from many lands, but mostly from Belgium and Norway. The officers and scientific staff were as follows: Adrien de Gerlache of Belgium, commandant; George Lecointe of Belgium, navigating officer, astronomer, and magnetician; Roald Amundsen of Norway, mate; Émile Danco of Belgium (deceased), magnetician; Émile Racovitza of Rumania, zoölogist and botanist; Henryk Arctowski of Russia, geologist, meteorologist, and oceanographer; Antek Dobrovolski of Russia, laboratory assistant; Frederick A. Cook of the United States, surgeon, anthropologist, and photographer. We intrusted our lives and hopes and fortunes to a little Norwegian sealer of two hundred and fifty tons, the *Patria*, which was somewhat remodeled, and also rechristened *Belgica*.

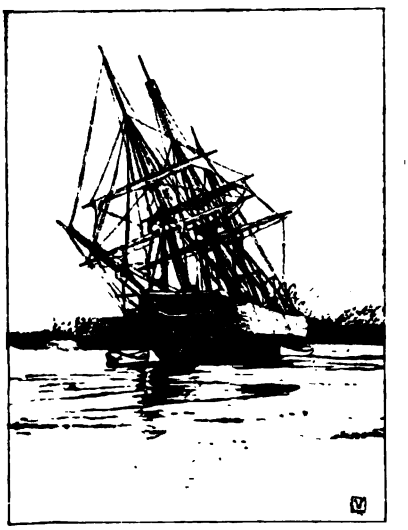
My acquaintance with the ship and with my fellow-explorers dates from our meeting at Rio de Janeiro on October 23, 1897. Previous to this I had not known one of my future companions, nor had I written a line to or received a letter from one of them. Two days before the *Belgica* left Europe I received this cable: "Could you join us at Montevideo? (Signed) GERLACHE." To this I answered yes, and it was followed by, "Meet us at Rio, end of September." I had only a few days to prepare myself and my outfit for a journey which might take one year, or ten, or a lifetime. But I was determined to go, and so it came about that in September I found myself on the way to meet my companions on the unfriendly bosom of the Atlantic, seasick and miserable from rough weather and tropical heat. I should have had a longer time to afford better means to prepare for a journey of this kind. To consent by cable to cast my lot in a battle against the supposed unsurmountable icy barriers of the south with total strangers, men from another continent, speaking a language strange to me, does now seem rash. But I never had cause to regret it. The Antarctic has always been the dream of my life, and to be on the way to it was then my ideal of happiness. To be on the way from it was an ambition quite as strong two years later.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM SHIPWRECK.

AT Rio I took my bunk in the little *Belgica*, and my position among the men, whom I was curious to see. They were not bad fellows, but their language—French—was to me impossible. It took me months to know my room-mates, and their tongue I have not yet mastered. Most of them had been seasick, as I myself had been, and were somewhat the worse for their equatorial

voyage down the Atlantic, and we continued to get worse until we reached the colder region off Patagonia. On our voyage south we halted at Montevideo and at Punta Arenas, in the Strait of Magellan. From here we steamed through the Fuegian channels to the most southern settlement, Ushuaia, where we coaled and provisioned for the last time, and then started eastward through Beagle Channel, intending to push southward at once; but an accident happened which changed our program and also disturbed our ease of mind. This accident proved to be the *Belgica's* first geographical discovery.

We were steaming eastward through Beagle Channel late at night. Before us there was the dim outline of a long panorama of islands behind the ice-covered mountains of the tail of the Cordilleras. On each side were the black forest-covered steeps of the wild and melancholy Fuegian Islands. At eleven o'clock the twilight was still pouring over the white glacial sheets of the west; the tops of the islands were aglow with a curious pearly light. The water was as smooth as that of the Hudson, but deep down rested the feeble reflections of the mountain heights. The coastal outline was indeterminable. We pushed along slowly, searching bay after bay for some signs of human life. On a neck of land an object was reported which might be a house, but we could not decide the question even with our best telescopes. We aimed for it. In a few minutes we discovered that our progress through the water was arrested. This was a mystery to us. The engines were forced to their limits, but we remained stationary. Soundings indicated that we were aground on a reef of rocks, but we had gone on so easily that no one had felt a jar. We hoped the tide would rise and lift us off, but it fell and left us stranded. At four o'clock in the morning the *Belgica* began to careen, and at six o'clock she had a list making it impossible to stand on the floor. We tried to brace her up with spars, but they broke like pipe-stems. We now made out the object on shore to be a house, and saw also some signs of life about it. Presently a group of men came from it to us. They were Indians, under the direction of Mr. Lucas Bridges, a sheep-farmer. Mr. Bridges volunteered to help us in our efforts to save the ship. I went ashore with him to get the service of as many Indians as possible. The sailors and the Indians, working side by side, began at once to lighten the ship by removing cargo to the shores. Only two or three boat-loads were landed when a sudden storm rolled down the gullies from the high mountains northwestward, piling up a sea which made further communication with the ship impossible. From the shore we could see the *Belgica* rock and roll in response to every gust of wind which passed over us. On the shore and on the ship there was little hope of saving the vessel. Following a tremendous squall we saw the Belgian colors go up, and then felt relieved of fear. She drifted with the wind, and in an hour disappeared behind a black head of land. The next day she returned and reported no serious injury.



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE "BELGICA" AGROUND ON A REEF.

From Harborton we steamed eastward to the storm-washed shores of Staten Island, where we took our last water-supply and bade our friends and the known world a final adieu. From the time we left Staten Island, on January 13, 1898, until our return to Punta Arenas, on March 28, 1899, we were in another world—a new world, where communication with home regions was impossible. We had troubles of our own, and a little warfare, too, but we were totally ignorant of the Spanish-American war, the Dreyfus case, and the other great international troubles which had made history in our absence.

SEA-DEPTHS SOUTH OF CAPE HORN.

OUR first large task was the seemingly impossible work of making a map of the sea-bottom and a study of the water south of Cape Horn. This is the belt of ocean famous as the most unruly and terrible on the globe.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. M. NORTHCOTE.

TUBULAR ICEBERG IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

It is difficult enough for ordinary navigation, but to attempt to remain stationary for three or four hours daily, and sink a wire two miles with delicate instruments attached, is a venture which did not appeal to us with much promise of success. We were favored, however, with good weather until we got a glimpse of the South Shetland Islands, and were thus able to make a line of surroundings across the previously unfathomed sea. The general depth here was considerable. After passing over a narrow submarine shelf south of Staten Island, the lead dropped suddenly to thirteen thousand one hundred feet. The bed then rose gradually in an easy slope to the South Shetland Islands, thus proving a rather sharp disconnection between the mountain-ranges of southern South America and those of the imperfectly known antarctic lands.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. M. NORTHCOTE. DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

NO. 4 ON THE MAP: MAKING OBSERVATIONS.

THE FIRST ICEBERG.

THE first iceberg was met the day before we saw the snowy outline of the South Shetland Islands. It appeared a long way off, over our port bow, at about eight o'clock on the evening of January 19. We all came on deck to get a glimpse of our first antarctic berg, but we made no efforts to get nearer. The sky was sooty and the air so heavy that the coming twilight was lost in its gloomy mist. About the dull white mass there was a cloud of vapor, which rose and fell, now offering a peep at the strange block of ice, and again veiling it from view. Half sorry to leave it without further observation, we steamed onward until it sank into the stormy sea over our port quarter.

The night which followed was dark. The sea rolled under our stern in huge inky mountains, while the wind scraped the deck with an icy edge. We kept a sharp lookout for icebergs, which might come suddenly in our path out of the impenetrable darkness ahead. The sudden fall of the temperature, and the stinging, penetrating character of the wind, seemed to warn us that ice was near; but we encountered none. Life was plentiful, but melancholy. Curious albatrosses and petrels hovered about us, uttering strange cries, and in the water there was an occasional spout from a whale. It was a night of uncertainty, of anticipation, of discomfort—an experience which only those who have gone through the wilderness of an unknown sea can understand.

The morning dawned, as it usually does over Cape Horn seas, without the sun, and with a smoky, low, lead-streaked sky. At noon the icy mist overhead was melted, and occasional sunbursts gave life and color to the scene. Our surroundings indicated a proximity to land, which caused us to skim the horizon constantly through our glasses

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. CLEMENT.

NO. 2 ON THE MAP: PART OF THE PALMER ARCHIPELAGO—WESTERN SHORES OF THE NEW STRAIT.

with keen interest. A small white speck here and there indicated distant icebergs. At about three o'clock in the afternoon a series of low pyramidal masses appeared under the southern sky. It was like a bank of blue fog fringed with snowy bands. The whole length of our seaboard formed an ill-defined, cloud-like aggregation resting on the black water and extending the entire length from northeast to southwest. As we steamed on, the center groups became more distinct, and the whole line rose above the horizon, where we recognized it as the northern exposure of the South Shetland Islands. During the afternoon a gentle but piercing wind came from the land, bringing with it a glassy air and an easy, silvery sea, over which the new land stood out in bold relief. We could distinguish Livingston Island over our port bow, and northeastward, melting into the blue airy distance, were numerous similar islands. Over our starboard bow was Smith Island, its base still under the water sixty miles away.

ISLANDS WORTH PICKING UP.

WE hoped that the night would not again be darkened by the ever-present black mist, and pushed rapidly landward to get a good view before midnight. But this was not to be, for as the sun sank in the southwest the wind came out of the northeast with a sooty smoke which blocked out our horizon. The distance was too great to make a good study of the land. In a general way this coast-line resembles parts of the Greenland landscape. About the largest islands there are many small, ice-free isles, or rocks, which are the resting-places of seals, penguins, cormorants, and gulls. On the larger islands, and especially on Livingston Island, there are high peaks and rounded, dome-like hills, which are tipped with snow, but their sides are bare. The valleys are filled with large glaciers, which send tongues out into the sea. We saw no glaciers, however, which came out for any distance into the water. The limit of the ice was generally at high-water mark, where it wasted away in small fragments. There was no snow on the coastal lowlands, but there was also nothing to indicate vegetation. From what we later learned of the lands farther south, it is extremely possible that mosses and lichens are here abundant, but there is no hope for grass or trees.

It is very curious that this group of islands, about one hundred in number, with a thousand miles of accessible coast-line and several good harbors, free of ice for much of the year, should remain unclaimed by any government and unsettled by human efforts. It would be a humane mission if our government would take possession of this group of islands and place there a lighthouse, with a supply-station for the preservation of shipwrecked sailors. Vessels are lost in this vicinity almost every year, and we do not know but that some poor seamen are not now stranded on one of the many desolate islands, awaiting the relief which never comes.

During the night of the 20th the ship was kept moving slowly southward. It was another night of anxiety, though there were few icebergs about, and no pack-ice; yet the proximity to an unknown coast and the uncertainty of our position, with unsettled weather, made us all but comfortable. In the morning it was misty. Numerous small icebergs were about us, and while trying to dodge these we made another discovery. We struck a rock, and this time we did not go on to it as easily as we did in Beagle Channel. We struck with a force that made the ship tremble and crack from stem to stern. We needed no call to come on deck, but after we reached it we could not see what had happened. "We struck an iceberg," some one said. "Yes: a black one," said Knutzen. A few moments later the fog lifted, and we saw white crests and black rocks about us on every side. The good old ship was turned; she rolled off, and struck two or three other rocks, and then steamed away, none the worse for it. As we withdrew we watched the small icebergs being dashed to pieces on the same rocks, and wondered if that would not be our fate with the next encounter.

A WONDERFUL ROCK.

ABOUT noon on the 21st the horizon cleared a little, giving us an opportunity to pass safely from the rocks and bergs about us. Sail Rock was visible on our port, but nothing else except the dim outline of Deception Island and some rocks eastward. Sail Rock is remarkable from a distance: it has the appearance of a ship under sail: but at closer range it is more like a house with a gable-roof. It is a solid rock about four hundred feet high, a thousand feet long, and five hundred feet wide. The sides for three or four hundred feet are perpendicular, offering no beach, and no ledge as a resting-place for birds, except at the peak. As we had Sail Rock over our quarter, the weather

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY W. G. WATT.

NO. 5 ON THE MAP; DANCO LAND—A MIDNIGHT AND MIDSUMMER VIEW OF THE NEW ANTARCTIC LANDS.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

NO. 6 ON THE MAP: BROOKLYN ISLAND.

changed: the bright gray of the water became black, the sky grew lead-colored, and penguins jumped out of the water and rushed through it landward with electric swiftness, as if to warn us of a coming storm. The storm, however, did not come until the morning of the 22d.

THE DROWNING OF WENCKE.

THIS storm proved to us a melancholy affair. The wind at first was not strong or steady, but the sea which rolled under our starboard quarter tossed us about upon its bosom as a child does a toy. Occasionally it broke over us amidships, flooding the laboratory and the galley. There was much coal on the decks, and some of this was carried by the swash into the scuppers, making escape of the water impossible. To free the scuppers one of our youngest sailors—Wencke—was at work periodically during much of his watch. In the afternoon the storm gathered force hour after hour. Great seas broke over us with increasing violence, and the wind came and went with a cannon-like roar. Everything movable on the decks was swept overboard. At about three o'clock in the

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

NO. 8 ON THE MAP: THE "BELGICA" AT THE SOUTHERN OPENING OF THE NEW STRAIT.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

NO. 7 ON THE MAP: VIEW EASTWARD FROM NEUMEYER CHANNEL—PART OF WENCKE ISLAND.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

NO. 9 ON THE MAP: A WEDDELL SEA-LEOPARD.

afternoon Amundsen and I were on the bridge, straining our eyes and leveling our glasses on a mysterious black object ahead, directly in our course, and while thus engaged we heard an unearthly cry—a cry which made me shiver because of its force and painful tone. We turned about quickly, but saw nothing to indicate the direction of the noise. Amundsen, thinking that there had been an accident in the engine-room, rushed in that direction. I went aft to the quarter-deck, and looking astern, saw a man struggling among the white crests. It was Wencke. In trying to free the scuppers he had lost his balance, and in falling he uttered the awful cry. With a quick presence of mind he sought the log-line and grasped it. I took it also, and began slowly to draw it in; but he slipped until his hand was stopped by the log. Upon this he held with a death-like grasp. Before I had pulled in the full length of the line everybody was on deck; but there was little to be done. With the sea tossing the ship about like a chip, and the wind blowing a gale, it was impossible to lower a boat. As I brought Wencke close to the stern, Lecointe, with a bravery impossible to appreciate, volunteered to be lowered into the icy sea to pass a rope around Wencke. He followed his offer with demands for a rope, which was securely fastened around his waist. With two men at the rope, Lecointe was lowered into the churning waters; but he sank at once with the counter-eddies, and nearly lost his own life, without being able to keep near Wencke. Lecointe was raised, and without delay or undue excitement we managed to tow Wencke to the side of the ship, where we expected to lower another man. But while we were doing this, Wencke gave up his grip on the log, and sank. We waited there for an hour, but saw no more of our unfortunate shipmate. Wencke was a boy with many friends, and his absence was deeply felt in our little party.

Before night the fog lifted, and exposed under it a continuous wall of ice about one hundred and fifty feet high, extending as far eastward and westward as we could see. At first we thought it an iceberg. It had every resemblance to one. But its enormous size led us into doubts. We steamed eastward, keeping from it a distance of about four miles, and presently were able to make

out a black line above the water, which later we determined to be rocks. Near the eastern termination were a number of small peaks of volcanic rocks, and from them came first the odor of guano-beds, and then the deafening squawk, *gha-a-ah*, *gha-a-ah*, of countless millions of penguins. This was Low Island. We rested here in the lee of its icy wall for the night, but owing to the fog we never got a glimpse of the interior.

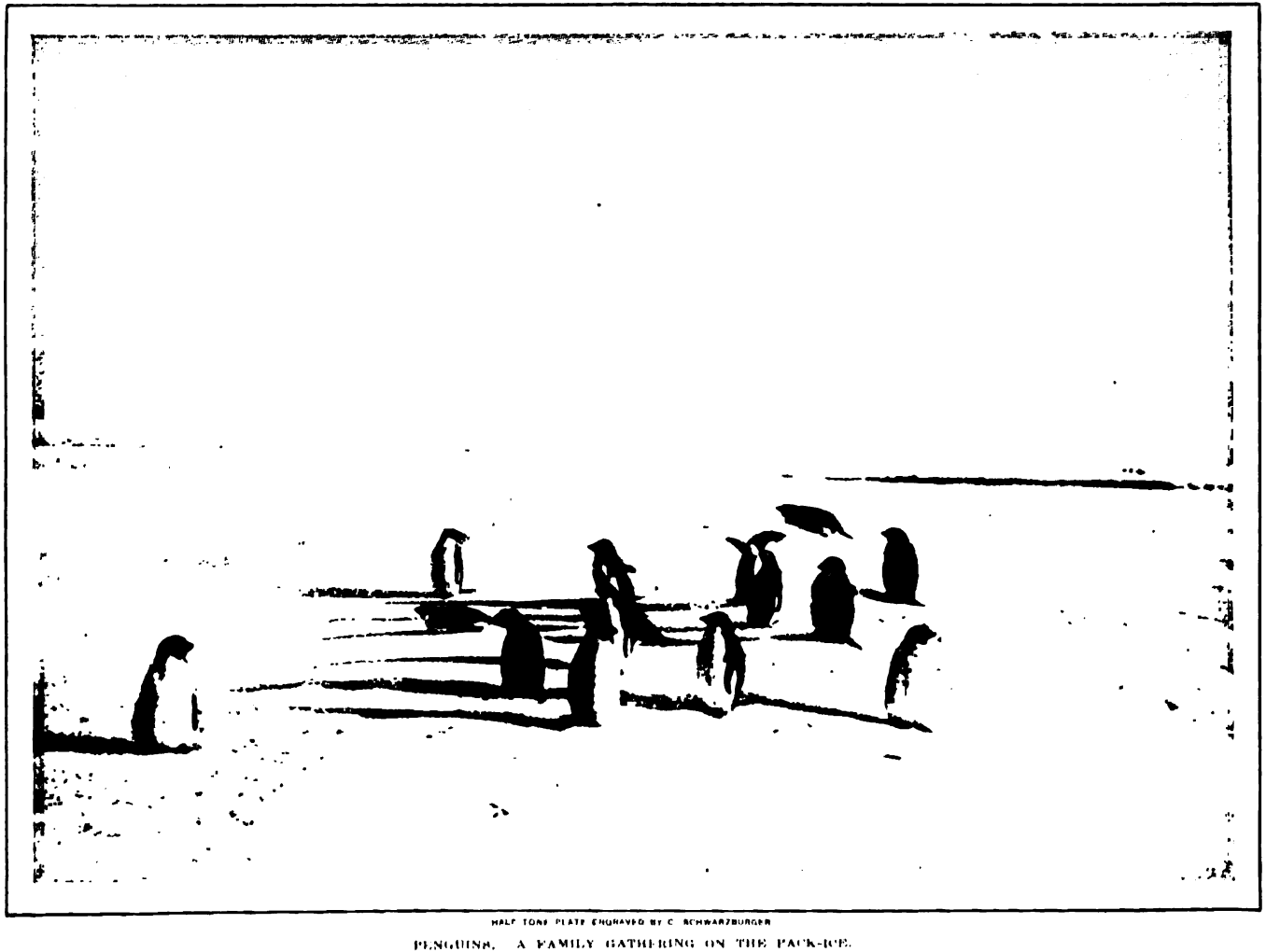
On the morning of the 23d the sea was easier, but choppy, and the weather offered promises of clearing. We took advantage of the conditions to cross Bransfield Strait, which separates the South Shetlands from the mainlands of the true Antarctic. The promise of a clear horizon was not realized, for it remained misty all day. Icebergs were frequently passed. Most of them were table-topped and square-cut, with great blue lines and cavities. The mist destroyed the delicate outlines and fascinating colors of the ice. The sharp, knife-like corners of the crowns were ill defined, and the usual exquisite blues and greens were covered by the gloomy gray of the sky. There was about these bergs, even with their subdued colors, something wildly picturesque, but there was also a real danger in our proximity to them in hazy weather.

ADVENTUROUS SEALERS.

HISTORICALLY the record of our predecessors in the region which we were about to enter is short. Early in the twenties the islands about Cape Horn and the South Shetlands were besieged by American fur-sealers. They did their work of execution so thoroughly that in the short period of five years the entire race of fur-seals was exterminated. One of these sealers, Captain Nathaniel Palmer, in a little shallop of forty tons, while seeking new sealing-grounds southward, found an extensive country covered with ice and inhabited by penguins and seals. Some years later Captain Biscoe, a British sea-elephant hunter, saw a part of

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY W. G. WATT.

NO. 10 ON THE MAP: ONE OF THE NEWLY DISCOVERED ISLANDS.



HALF TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER

PENGUINS. A FAMILY GATHERING ON THE PACK-ICE.

the same country somewhat farther to the southwest, and still later a German sealer, Dallman, saw a part of the same northern coast. To Palmer belongs the honor of the discovery of this vast tract of land. It is a disappointment that his records are so imperfect, but the record of everything antarctic is of a similar nature. Palmer has been forgotten by his own countrymen and ignored by foreign chartographers. In the rearrangement of the new chart the *Belgica* expedition will place his name where it belongs—on the land which he saw first of all men.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of the 23d a curious white haze appeared upon our southern sky. A little later an imperfect outline of land rose into this haze. It extended as far as we could see to the east and to the west. The top was everywhere veiled by a high mist, and this mist had within it a mysterious light, which is one of the most startling of all the south polar effects. As we drew nearer we noticed that the land was not, as it first appeared, an endless wall of ice, but rough, irregular, and disconnected, though it was buried under a mantle of glacial ice extending to the water's edge. Here and there were large bays, and one directly over our bowsprit was so wide that it offered us a tempting path southward. Now the maps were carefully studied, that we might be able to fix our position on paper; but in this we failed.

Over the starboard bow rose a beautiful headland, a mountain of moderate height, perhaps two thousand feet high, having around it a circular cloak extending from a black crown of rocks at the summit to the sea-line, where it terminated in a perpendicular wall of ice about one hundred and twenty feet in height. To the west of this remarkable headland there was a bay, and beyond it a long series of mountains clothed in the same sheet of perennial ice. To the eastward there were a number of small islands, mostly free of ice, and beyond, under the southeastern sky, was a dim outline of an extensive white country. We set our course somewhat east of south to examine the interruption between the high mountainous land before us and the more even country eastward.

A NIGHT LANDING-PARTY.

WE were headed for a small island, steaming slowly; for with the ordinary lead we found no bottom to the sea, and being in absolutely unknown water, we might at any moment strike a reef, as we had done twice before. It was ten o'clock at night before we were near enough to make a landing. A boat was lowered, and into it we crowded to seize the first opportunity of our mission to study the antarctic lands and life. It was a curious night. Everything about us had another-world appearance. The scenery, the clouds, the atmosphere, and the water, had an air of mystery. There was nothing in our surroundings which resembled the part of the antipodes with which I was familiar. Greenland and antarctic landscapes are apparently as widely different as the distance between them.

Though the sun was sliding eastward just under the high mountains to the southwest, it seemed quite dark. Nevertheless, on the water, as we paddled over it, there was a curious luminous gray light, in which it was possible to read coarse print even at midnight. This light rested on the new lands to the east and west, and brought out the outline so perfectly that it was possible to take photographs throughout the night. The sky, however, continued black from the sooty clouds, which rose ceaselessly out of the Pacific, to drop their white cargoes of snow on the neighboring lands. There was at this time no wind. The water was smooth and glassy, the land far off and restful; but the life was otherwise. Awe-inspiring and strangely interesting were the curious noises of the cormorants, the penetrating voices of the gulls, the coarse *gha-a-ah*, *gha-a-ah* of the penguins, the sudden and unexpected spouts of whales, the splash of seals and penguins, and the babyish cries of the young on the rocks near us.

STRANGE SIGHTS ASHORE.

THERE was nothing remarkable in the appearance of the island before us upon which we were about to land. It was a heap of hard rocks, mostly granite and gneiss. The northern exposure was bare, the ravines were still leveled with the winter ice-cap. We afterward saw a hundred others of a similar nature, and all will pass under the same description. We landed in a small bight upon a ledge of rocks. I think Arctowski, with his hammer and geological bag, was the first to step ashore, and he was followed by Racovitza, with his paraphernalia, to capture natural-history specimens. Gerlache and I next stumbled over fragments of ice and stones, and also impertinent penguins who disputed our landing.

We wished to get a general view of the new land, but the force of the swell was such that we were compelled to return to the boat and push away from the rocks to save it from being smashed.

Resting on the oars while Racovitza and Arctowski did the honors of the expedition, we tried to follow them with our glasses as we rocked about in the boat, but we soon lost sight of their movements in the darkness. We were able to locate Arctowski by the dull echo of his hammer, and we were able to trace Racovitza by the chorus of penguins which greeted him from rock to rock. The alternate interchange of the noises of the hammer and the war-song of the penguins was an entertainment which to Gerlache and me was a long and weird remembrance. At about midnight we returned to the rocky ledge to pick up our companions, with their loads of rocks and bags of game. The inhabitants did not like their visitors. The penguins assembled about us, picking at our feet; the gulls hovered about our heads threateningly; and even the harmless cormorants dashed to and fro over our heads, stretching their long necks to ask our mission. Worst of all, the sea-leopards clambered over the rocks near us, snorting defiantly, showing their teeth, and rolling their large glassy eyes. As we left it was too dark to see the movement of an animal one hundred yards from shore, but the peculiar whiteness which rested on the scene made it possible to make a photograph of the island with good details.

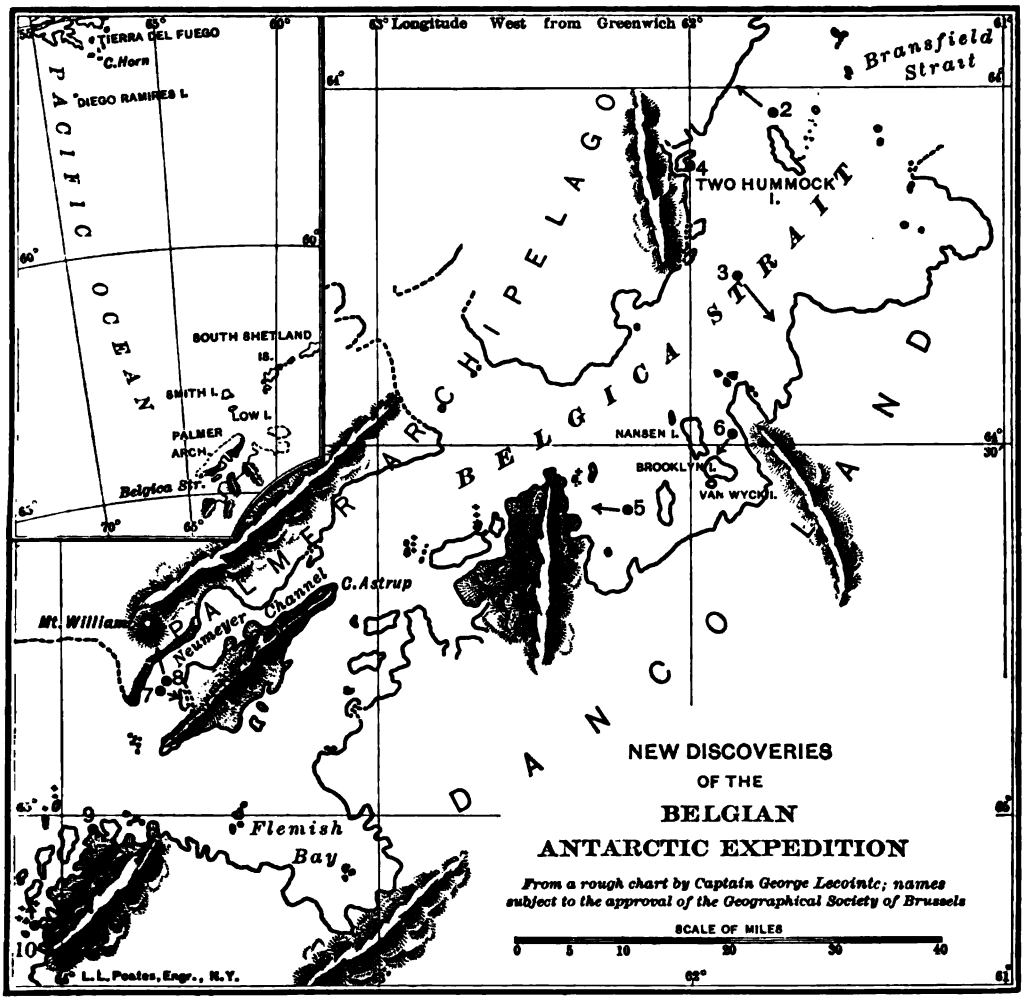
During the few hours of midnight twilight we rested under easy steam, steering southward, and in the morning we found ourselves well into the bight which we had entered. The land before us retreated, and offered even greater hopes of a passage poleward. At five o'clock the sun had already risen over the snowy heights of the east, and was under the banks of black clouds which sailed out of the west. There was a certain restfulness about this sunburst and the new world of ice under it which is difficult to describe. Our position at this time was in the center of a wide waste of water, about twelve miles away from the nearest land. We were too far from the rocks to see birds, and, except for an occasional spout of a whale, there was nothing to mar the dead silence. A strange pang of loneliness came over us as we paced the deck. There were indications of channels to the south and west, but from the distance at which we reviewed the lands every projection seemed a continuous mass of impenetrable crystal solitude. Could there be a place more desperately silent or more hopelessly deserted?

BLOCKED BY WALLS OF ICE.

BEFORE going to the south it was determined to examine a large bay to the eastward for a possible opening into Weddell Sea. The morning was foggy; by noon the mist lifted a little, and we found ourselves off a bold, black cliff with an altitude of about fifteen hundred feet, on a projecting point of land, with a few islands to the north and one to the south of it. This bluff forms the eastern headland to the entrance of what we later discovered was a strait opening into the Pacific. Passing within a few miles of the shore, we examined carefully the glacial wall which everywhere offered a check to our passage eastward. The interior of the land was covered with a cloud, which did not rise during the day; but the coastal edge was distinctly visible, and offered us excellent opportunities for surveying.

During the night of the 24th we steamed leisurely across the channel, and in the morning we found ourselves under a clear sky, before a series of icy walls from sixty to one hundred and fifty feet in height. From the sloping snow over these cliffs there was showered upon us a light which was perfectly dazzling to the eye. We selected here two points where the ice had been partly melted, offering a footing and a place for making observations. The boat which took us ashore was loaded with men and instruments: Danco with his magnetic outfit; Racovitza with guns and knives and what not to take specimens of life; Arctowski with his big hammer and a dozen bags for stones; Amundsen and me with snow-shoes and camera; and the sailors with boats, hooks, and guns to keep off and capture seals. If we had started out to make a month's siege on the new lands and the life. we could not have been better supplied. The cove in which we landed was a slope of rounded, ice-worn granitic rocks, upon which Lecointe and Danco fixed their tripods. Racovitza turned up the stones alongshore. where he found several mysterious crawling things, which he hailed with as much delight as if he had found nuggets of gold: Amundsen remained in the boat, and sought to secure a few sea-leopards that were asleep on the ice near by; while Arctowski and I mounted the inland ice to study its character.

The view which we obtained from the



THE ARABIC NUMERALS IN THE STRAIT ACCOMPANY DOTS TO MARK THE POSITION OF THE STEAMER WHEN A PARTICULAR PHOTOGRAPH (MARKED BY A CORRESPONDING FIGURE) WAS TAKEN; THE ARROWS INDICATE THE DIRECTION IN WHICH THE CAMERA WAS POINTED. IN HER PASSAGE SOUTHWEST THROUGH THE STRAIT THE COURSE OF THE "BELGICA" WAS FROM ONE SHORE TO THE OTHER, OFTEN IN CRISSCROSS FASHION.

upper slopes of the land-ice was superb. To the east was an island with two bare hills about twenty-five hundred feet high, and from these, expanding in every direction, was a bed of ice and snow. Beyond this, just barely visible, about fifty miles from our position, was the feeble snowy outline of the great mainland, which offered us no hope for a passage eastward. Scattered about in the channel were numerous icebergs, with petrels on their crests as tenants. Near one of these rested the *Belgica*, as easily and as stationary as if at anchor. We were on an island which, except at the sea-line, presented not the slightest indication of land. Everything was under a weight of snow and ice about five hundred feet in thickness. There were dome-like elevations and some irregularities, but all was cold, white, and lifeless. To the west of this island there was a canal with several arms offering excellent harbor facilities; and beyond, apparently within a stone's throw, though five miles off, was a land which, in its combination of white and black, made up the most glorious landscape I ever saw.

Later in the day we followed this land on the western side of the channel northward to our first landfall. It was a clear, silvery day, with only an occasional cloud rising out of the black waters of the north. The temperature was close to the freezing-point, but

the air was calm and dry. We were dressed in ordinary clothing, without overcoats, and when engaged in rowing or climbing our jackets were removed. Even lightly dressed, we perspired while trying to scale the cliffs of ice. The water was a joy to behold. It was like a mill-pond. Easy ripples reflected the sunbeams on the mirrored surface, and everywhere on the sea and under it could be seen the soft whiteness of the land-ice and the savage blackness of the nunataks. We kept the coast within five miles on our port side. At this distance it presented a scene such as one sees nowhere else in the world. There were in the foreground a few rocks too steep for snow to rest upon them—black, except the northeastern face, where a little moss added a flush of red and green. In the background everything was loaded down with continental ice. The inland ice, unlike that of Greenland, was irregular, and took the general outline of the mountain-ridge under it. There was in view for a distance of twenty miles, extending northeast and southwest, an unbroken series of mountains and ice-walls.

IN CONTACT WITH THE MAINLAND.

WE spent the afternoon surveying this coast, and at five o'clock we were off the rounded peak which we first saw on the 23d. We then steamed again for the little island upon which we made our first debarkment. Here we rested under steam for the few hours of twilight during the midnight, and on the 26th a number of sights were made for triangulation. The morning of the 27th was spent in a similar way. In the afternoon we steamed southward to a number of small islands, which we thought might be the islands laid down by Captain Larsen on the east coast, in the Weddell Sea. Larsen claimed to have looked northward from certain islands without seeing land, but we found here a continuous mainland. The day was hazy, and though the ice-wall of the coast was constantly visible, the interior of both the archipelago to the west and the continental mass to the east of us was obscured under clouds. A debarkment was made on one of the supposed Larsen Islands. They were three in number, of irregular shape, and in size the largest was not more than a mile in its longest diameter. The largest two islands had in the center conical peaks of bare rocks, from which an ice mantle spread out to the shore-line, as it does on all the antarctic islands. The smallest one upon which we landed was not more than half a mile wide and three quarters of a mile long. There was about it nothing to indicate land except a shelf of volcanic rocks, upon which we placed the geologist with his hammer, while the boat withdrew to keep from being dashed to pieces on the rocks. The tide was low, and if Arctowski had been left there, or if our boat had been lost, we should have been forced to climb a vertical cliff of ice one hundred feet high, or take to the rising sea of ice-water, as did the seals and penguins. Neither prospect seemed agreeable to us, and the danger of falling ice from the cliff was such that we soon returned to the ship. The haze of the morning thickened to a dense fog in the afternoon, which wholly blocked out our view of the main shore on both sides. We steamed westerly in a line over which the channel seemed to open into a large body of water. Our query now was, Is this the Pacific or the Atlantic?

SEEKING A WATER-SUPPLY.

THE weather continuing foggy, we took advantage of the time to augment our water-supply. Up to this time we had made eight debarkments, but found no place where fresh water could be taken. There were about us a large number of icebergs. One of these offered an even side as a dock, and to this we attempted to anchor the *Belgica*, that we might secure from it ice, which could be melted and put into our tanks. The ship was taken to the side, while men with ice-anchors and axes mounted the berg. The men succeeded in placing the anchors, and also chopped a supply of ice; but the motion of the berg was such that it nearly stove in the ribs of the vessel in the effort to load. We were compelled to cast off and leave the unruly berg. A few days later, however, we found a small glacial stream, from which we secured a good supply of water, which served us for several months.

AN ANTARCTIC OASIS.

BEING still unwilling to advance into the unknown region before us while enshrouded in mist, we drew near a prominent mountain-peak to make a debarkment. This peak was a perpendicular cliff, free of snow to the sea-shore. It was one of a number extending far into the southeast, as we learned on the following day. We made a debarkment at its base. Here was life in profusion, as in-

deed there was on every rock where life could gain a footing. The noise from the birds, which reëchoed from cliff to cliff, was deafening. The lower rocks were lined with snoring and grunting sea-leopards. Columns of vapor rose above the water, followed by a hiss like that of a steam-engine, and a second later the blue back of a whale, with its long fin and ponderous tail, lashed the water into a foamy whirlpool. The great wall of land-ice rose to each side of the black cliff, which gave us a shelf as a landing-place. From this wall came frequent sounds like the explosion of a cannon, which were followed by a splash and a commotion in the water. With such reports parts of the wall would constantly break away and fall into a million pieces, strewing the water with small fragments of ice, but not with icebergs. Above us rose a cliff to an altitude of about two thousand feet; out from this were projecting mantel-like rocks, which served as resting-places for cormorants and sea-gulls. Here the young ones, dressed in gray down, coaxed their mothers for food. We expected to see the little things drop from the narrow resting-places, to be destroyed on our heads or on the rocks below, but such an accident rarely happened. Our greatest surprise here was the discovery of large quantities of moss and lichens, which gave the spot an unexpected appearance of vegetable life and color. After seeing nothing but ice and black rocks for so many days, this sight of green and brown and red amid an endless expanse of icy desert was a great relief. It was an oasis in a snowy wilderness.

AN INLAND EXCURSION.

FROM this point we were able to see in a splendid manner almost the entire length of the channel explored up to this time; but we had not yet been able to make a running survey of the region in our immediate vicinity. To get a better view it was decided to ascend to the interior of the land and then scale one of the nunataks. A bay to the westward offered an easy slope, and to it we steamed on the following day. In our preparation for this ascent, we made arrangements to camp on the inland ice of one of the islands of the archipelago to the west. A tent was taken, sleeping-bags and fur clothing were bundled, and bags of provisions were packed, all of which were loaded on two small sledges. Volunteers were called for, and those who responded were Arctowski, Danco, Amundsen, and the writer. Led by Gerlache, we landed late in the afternoon of the 31st on a little point of land with a sunny northern face. We climbed the steep slopes for five hundred feet, and there camped for the night. The first night was one of stormy discomfort. A wind came out of the bed of a glacier above us, against which we could hardly stand. It took two men to hold up the tent, and the combined efforts of all hands were required to keep our effects from being torn and scattered over the cliffs only a few yards away. On the 1st of February we made another effort, resulting in an ascent a few miles farther into the interior; but fog and wind and crevasses made frequent halts necessary. The sledges were loaded heavily, and were difficult to drag, and altogether the work of traveling and the discomfort of camping were such that we were generally miserable. We succeeded, however, in mounting to the peak of a nunatak with an altitude of about fifteen hundred feet, and from here we were able to get the observations necessary for the rough survey of our surroundings.

The view before us was even more beautiful, if possible, than anything we had seen since our first entrance into this new white world. To the southwest there was an opening through a new land and into a new sea, which remained for us to explore later. To the northeast, descending into the white, airy distance, were the two high banks of the new highway. Before us was a small island shaped like a biscuit, and, like everything antarctic, it was covered with ice to the water's edge. Around this berg-like island were a number of icebergs stranded on submerged rocks, and these, by occasional mysterious explosions, sent up the noise and the commotion of a thousand cannon. The opposite shore here retreated, making two large bays. In these bays were a number of islands, beyond which we could clearly see a narrow canal. The land which spread out under the southern and eastern skies offered no promise of a passage eastward. It had a series of black cliffs parallel to the coast about five miles beyond the edge of the sea, and beyond this the white outline of the land rose into the clouds.

After a stay of seven days, which was our first camping experience in the Antarctic, and the first on record, we gladly betook ourselves to the good old ship, which had returned from a cruise southward. During our absence Lecointe reported the discovery of an opening southwestward, and also the existence of many large islands in that direc-

tion. To examine these and the extension of the new canal was our next mission. On the way we again examined the opposite shores which we had seen from the mountain. We found the coast a continuous unbroken wall of ice from sixty to two hundred feet in altitude, but it was guarded by numerous islands, which were not clearly visible from the great distance of our point of observation.

A scene which I photographed at midnight on February 7 pictures this land in a faithful manner. The sun was just under the land-ice, painting the sky in orange and the land in gold, gliding northward behind a great crested peak four thousand feet in height. To each side of this black peak were rugged edges of stratified rocks which had once been under the sea, but were now raised to an elevation of two thousand feet and buried under a sheet of ice of more than a thousand feet in thickness.

A NEW ANTARCTIC STRAIT.

ON the 8th of February we steamed beyond the projecting points of land which for a week had barred our view of the region southwestward. The day was a delight. The sun showered its full wealth of rays on the sloping snows with such force that the reflected beams made the air and the water perfectly dazzling. It was a photographic day. As the ship steamed rapidly along, spreading out one panorama after another of a new world, the noise of the camera was as regular and successive as the tap of a stock ticker. Not less than three hundred photographs were taken on this day. Surely in the hundred miles of land which we discovered on this memorable day there were no landmarks which were not on our plates. Everybody was on deck with pencil and paper, some making nautical and geographical notes, others geological and topographical notes, and all recording the strange other-world scenic effects. Even the sailors, the cabin-boy, and the cooks were out with paper and note-books, taking long looks and then bending over their paper.

The landscape was not materially different from what it had been along the scores of miles which we had discovered during the days previous, but the clearness of the atmosphere made it possible to see to the limit of every point of the horizon. There were on this day so many notable sights that I can mention only two. Early in the afternoon we saw on the northern side of the channel a great red cliff of granite. Its bare face was about one thousand feet high, but, with its snow-covered base and its icy crest, it stood up boldly to an altitude of three thousand feet against the clouds, which now came from the southwest. A little farther south the channel was divided into two arms by an island, with a bold round rock as a headland. We took the western arm. This passage was not more than from two to five miles in width, and its length was about forty miles. We entered it at four o'clock, and steamed for six hours in a silvery fiord, whose walls of ice and rock rose over us to a height of from three to four thousand feet. At ten o'clock we saw the black sky of the Pacific and the terminating banks of the newly discovered strait.

Here within sight of the Pacific was a large bay, which offered us shelter for the night. The morning of the 9th was as beautiful as the day previous, and under the warm rays of the sun we made two debarkments to fix the position of the landmarks of the southern opening of the new strait, and to make the usual scientific collections and observations. The time from the 9th to the 12th was spent in exploring this region. The country was somewhat higher than any we had seen farther northward. Glacial discharge had a greater tendency to be sent out by tongues into the sea. The northern cape has a long tongue of ice rising with an easy slope to a single mountain of moderate height. This agrees well in position with the Mount William of Biscoe. The southern cape is made prominent by a number of remarkable needle-like peaks, which are too steep to offer a resting-place for snow. Between these two prominent capes is a large island, which has running through its center a ridge of high peaks, mostly free of snow. A large number of small islands shield the southern outlet of our strait.

GEOGRAPHICAL RESULTS OF THE EXPEDITION.

THE work of the first two weeks when assembled proved the discovery of a highway perfectly free for navigation during the summer months from Bransfield Strait, two hundred miles southwesterly, through an unknown land to the Pacific. This highway has received the name of our ship, Belgica Strait. To the east of Belgica Strait we discovered a high, continuous country, which connects with the land charted as Graham Land. This has been christened Danco Land, in honor of our companion, Lieuten-

ant Danco, who died on the ship during the long drift in the pack-ice which followed. The land to the west of the strait is cut up into islands by several channels, and was named Palmer Archipelago, in honor of Captain Nathaniel Palmer, the American sealer who first of all men saw the outer fringe of this land. Scattered about in the waters of Belgica Strait are about one hundred islands and some groups of islands. About fifty of these are of considerable size. The islands, the capes, the bays, the headlands, and the mountains will mostly receive the names of Belgian friends of the expedition; but prominent outside workers have not been forgotten, as is evidenced by Nansen and Andrée islands and Neumeyer Channel. Each officer was given the privilege of bestowing some names. Hence two islands which fell to my lot are named after the city of my home and the first mayor of Greater New York—Brooklyn and Van Wyck islands.

After passing out of the strait into the open Pacific, we strove to follow the mainland southward, but the pack-ice forced us away. Late in February we entered the main body of the sea-ice, intending to push southward and westward. After penetrating ninety miles we found ourselves firmly beset. Unable to extricate the ship, we drifted with the ice to and fro, but generally west, for thirteen long months. During the early part of the long polar night Lieutenant Danco died from the effects of a cardiac affection previously contracted. Except for the depression of this melancholy bereavement, the health of the members of the expedition was fairly good; but the seventy days of continued darkness weighed heavily upon us. The scientific work was prosecuted throughout the year of the drift. Each department has reason to feel proud of its records. But all were happy when, on March 14, 1899, we were released from the icy fetters which had held us so long. It was a moment of joy and elation when we sank the white line of the pack-ice into the black sea behind us. It was a delight to see the ever-present ice-blink, in which we had lived for a year, fade over our stern. Now our minds and hearts were set on home-going, but the feeling of isolation came over us stronger than ever before. Even the birds that had kept us faithful company in the ice, the giant, the white, and the spotted petrels, deserted us as if they knew we were wearied of their noiseless flight and of their stormy white world. Though anticipation was raised to a fever-heat, yet we one and all felt that it was worth our expenditure of time and money to live for a while in this chamber of mystery and quietude of the far south.

TO MUSIC.

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON.

THOU more than love, that lingers but to die;
Thou more than life, that swift is born again!
Thou poppy witch, whose brew releaseth pain,
Whose breath is sweeter than the lotus sigh!
Thou queen of Gipsy hearts and fancies shy,
Of loves untried, and undreamed seas long lain
At flood of ecstasy, where thou dost reign
A moon of passion in supremacy!
Thou Circe of men's buried souls, who leap
To break their cerements cold at voice of thee,
Bolder than spells of old magician Sleep
The glad illusion of thy wizardry!
Vestal or temptress, all thy slaves to keep,
Angel or criminal thou makest me!

OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

THIRD PAPER.

XI. OPENING OF THE WAR.

IT is not within my scope to follow in detail the military operations of the civil war. For many months they were little more than a series of confused marches, random skirmishes, and casual leaguers of indecisive places. Of generalship, of strategic system, of ingenuity in scientific tactics, in the early stages there was little or none. Soldiers appeared on both sides who had served abroad, and as the armed struggle developed, the great changes in tactics made by Gustavus Adolphus slowly found their way into the operations of the English war. He suppressed all caracoling and parade manœuvers. Cavalry, that had formed itself in as many as five or even eight ranks deep, was henceforth never marshaled deeper than three ranks, while in the intervening spaces were platoons of foot and light field-pieces. All this, the soldiers tell us, gave prodigious mobility, and made the Swedish period the most remarkable in the Thirty Years' War. But for some time training on the continent of Europe seems to have been of little use in the conflicts of two great bands of military, mainly rustic, among the hills and downs, the lanes and hedges, the rivers and strong places, of England. Modern soldiers have noticed as one of the most curious features of the civil war how ignorant each side usually was of the doings, position, and designs of its opponents. Essex stumbled upon the king, Hopton stumbled upon Waller, the king stumbled upon Sir Thomas Fairfax. The two sides drew up in front of one another, foot in the center, horse on the wings; and then they fell to, and hammered one another as hard as they could, and they who hammered hardest and stood to it longest won the day.

Armor had fallen into disuse, partly owing to the introduction of firearms, partly perhaps for the reason that pleased King James I. He caustically praised armor, because, besides protecting the wearer, it also hindered him from hurting other people. In the civil war the men wore only a piece on breast and back, and a steel cap upon the head; and on occasion some seem to have preferred to do their work in their shirt-sleeves. The archer had only just disappeared, and arrows were shot by the English as late as at the Isle of Ré in 1627. Indeed, at the outbreak of the war Essex issued a precept for raising a company of archers, and in Montrose's campaign in Scotland bowmen are often mentioned. It is curious to modern ears to learn that some of the strongest laws enjoining practice with bow and arrow should have been passed after the invention of gunpowder, and for long there were many who persisted in liking the bow better than the musket, for the whizz of the arrow over their heads kept the horses in terror, and a few horses wounded by arrows sticking in them were made unruly enough to disorder a whole squadron. A flight of arrows, again, apart from those whom they killed or wounded, demoralized the men as they watched them in the air and strove to evade them. Extreme conservatives made a judicious mixture between the old time and the new by firing arrows out of muskets. The gunpowder of those days was so weak that one homely piece of advice to the pistoleer was that he should not discharge his weapon until he could press the barrel close upon the body of his enemy, under the cuirass if possible; then he would be sure not to waste his charge. The old-fashioned musket-rest disappeared during the Protectorate. The shotmen, the musketeers and harquebusiers, seem usually to have been to the pikemen in the proportion of two to three. It was to the pike and the sword that the main work fell. The pike was a steel head well fastened upon a strong, straight, yet nimble stock of ash, the whole not less than seventeen or eighteen feet long. It was not until the end of the century that, alike in England and France, the pike was laid aside and the bayonet used in its place. The

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY PETER AITKEN. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING AT CHEQUERS COURT. SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED BY PERMISSION OF MRS. FRANKLAND-RUSSELL-ASTLEY.

ELIZABETH CROMWELL, DAUGHTER OF SIR THOMAS STEWARD OF ELY, WIFE OF ROBERT CROMWELL, AND MOTHER OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

snaphance, or flintlock, was little used, at least in the early stages of the war, and the provision of the slow match was one of the difficulties of the armament. Clarendon mentions that in one of the leaguers the besieged were driven to use all the cord of all the beds of the town, steep it in saltpeter, and serve it to the soldiers for match. Cartridges, though not unknown, were not used in the civil war, and the musketeer went into action with his match slowly burning and a couple of bullets in his mouth. Artillery, partly from the weakness of the powder, partly from the primitive construction of the mortars and cannon, was a comparatively ineffective arm upon the field, though it was causing a gradual change in fortifications from walls to earthworks. At Naseby the king had only two demi-culverins, as many demi-cannon, and eight sakers. The first two weighed something over four thousand pounds, shot twenty-four pounds, with a charge of twelve pounds of powder. The saker was a brass gun weighing fifteen hundred pounds, with a shot of six or seven pounds.

It was not, however, upon guns, any more than upon muskets, that the English commander of that age relied for bearing the brunt whether of attack or of defense in battle. It was upon his horsemen that he depended, either cuirassier or the newly introduced species, the dragoons, whom it puzzled the military writer of that century

whether to describe as horse-footmen or foot-horsemen. Gustavus Adolphus had discovered or created the value of cavalry, and in the English civil war the campaigns were few in which the shock of horse was not the deciding element. Cromwell, with his quick sagacity, perceived this in anticipation of the lessons of experience. He got a Dutch officer to teach him drill, and his first military proceeding was to raise a troop of horse in his own countryside and diligently fit them for action. As if to illustrate the eternal lesson that there is nothing new under the sun, some have drawn a parallel between the cavalry of the small republics of Greece in the fourth century before Christ and the same arm at Edgehill; and they find the same distinction between the Attic cavalry and the days of Alexander that may be traced between the primitive tactics of Oliver or Rupert and those of Frederick the Great or Napoleon.

FROM A MINIATURE BY COOPER AT WINDSOR CASTLE, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

ROBERT DEVEREUX, EARL OF ESSEX.

We are then to imagine Oliver teaching his men straight turns to left and right, closing and opening their files, going through all the four-and-twenty postures for charging, ramming, and firing their pistols, petronels, and dragons, and learning the various sounds and commands of the trumpet. "Infinite great," says an enthusiastic horseman of that time, "are the considerations which dependeth on a man to teach and govern a troop of horse. To bring ignorant men and more ignorant horse, wild man and mad horse, to those rules of obedience which may crown every motion and action with comely, orderly, and profitable proceedings—*hic labor, hoc opus est.*"

Cromwell's troop was gradually to grow into a regiment of a thousand men, and in every other direction he was conspicuous for briskness and activity. He advanced considerable sums from his modest private means for the public service. He sent down arms into Cambridgeshire for its defense. He boldly seized the magazine in Cambridge Castle, and with armed hand stayed the university from sending twenty thousand pounds' worth of its gold and silver plate for the royal use. He was present at the head of his troop in the first serious trial of strength between the Parliamentary forces under the Earl of Essex and the forces of the king. The battle of Edgehill (October 23, 1642) is one of the most confused transactions in the history of the war, and its result was indecisive.[1] The Royalists were fourteen thousand against ten thousand for the Parliament, and confiding even less in superior numbers than in their birth and quality, they had little doubt of making short work of the rebellious and canting clowns at the foot of the hill. There was no great display of tactics on either side. Neither side appeared to know when it was gaining and when it was losing. Foes were mistaken for friends, and friends were killed for foes. In some parts of the field the Parliament men ran away, while in other parts the king's men were more zealous for plunder than for fight. When night fell, the conflict by tacit agreement came to an end, the Royalists suspecting that they had lost the day, and Essex not sure that he had

[1] It is hardly possible to take more pains than Mr. Sanford took ("Studies and Illustrations," pp. 521–528) to extract a correct and coherent story out of irreconcilable authorities.

PAINTED BY SEYMOUR LUCAS. ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY PETER AITKEN.

AN AMBUSCADE AT EDGEHILL.

A troop of infantry advancing through a lane surprised by the enemy in a corn-field. An old general checking the ardor of a young officer in armor.

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

EDGEHILL, FROM THE BROW OF THE HILL LOOKING OVER THE BATTLE-FIELD.

won it. What is certain is that Essex's regiment of horse was unbroken. "These persons underwritten," says one eye-witness, "never stirred from their troops, but they and their troops fought till the last minute;" and among the names of the valiant and tenacious so underwritten is that of Cromwell.

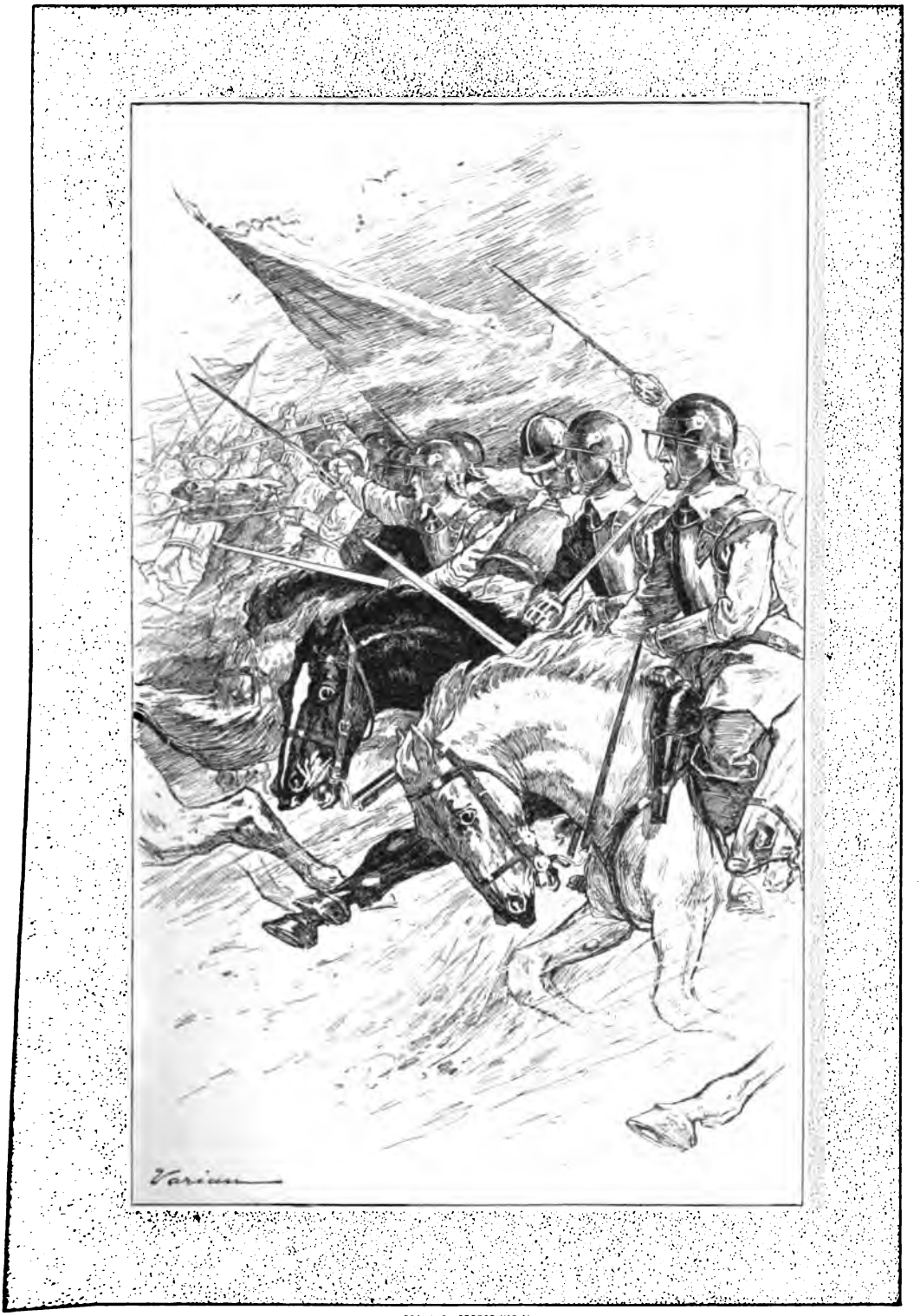
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

VIEW OF EDGEHILL FROM NEAR BATTLE FARM. IN THE FIELD IN THE FOREGROUND MANY OF THE DEAD WERE BURIED.

Whether before or after Edgehill, it was about this time that Cromwell had that famous conversation with Hampden which stands to this day among the noble and classic commonplaces of English-speaking democracy all over the globe. "I was a person," he told his second Parliament the year before he died, "who from my first employment was suddenly preferred and lifted up from lesser trusts to greater, from my first being a captain of a troop of horse, and did labor as well as I could to discharge my trust, and God blessed me as it pleased him. And I did plainly and truly, and in a way of foolish simplicity as it was judged by very great and wise men, and good men too, desire to make my instruments help me in that work. I had a very worthy friend then, and he was a very noble person, and I know his memory is very grateful to all

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

EDGEHILL, LOOKING TOWARD BANBURY.



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

CROMWELL'S CHARGE AT WINCEBY.

—Mr. John Hampden. At my first going out into this engagement, I saw our men were beaten at every hand, and desired him that he would make some additions to my Lord Essex's army, of some new regiments. And I told him I would be serviceable to him in bringing such men in as I thought had a spirit that would do something in the work. 'Your troops,' said I, 'are most of them old decayed serving-men, and tapsters, and such kind of fellows; and,' said I, 'their troops are gentlemen's sons and persons of quality. Do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen, that have honor and courage and resolution in them? You must get men of spirit, and of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go, or else you will be beaten still.' He was a wise and worthy person, and he did think that I talked a good notion, but an impracticable one. Truly I told him I could *do* somewhat in it. I did this somewhat, impute it to what you please: *I raised such men as had the fear of God before them*, as made some conscience of what they did, and from that day forward, I must say to you, they were never beaten, and wherever they were engaged against the enemy they beat continually. And truly this is matter of praise to God, and it hath some instruction in it, to own men who are religious and godly. And so many of them as are peaceably and honestly and quietly disposed to live within rules of government, and will be subject to those gospel rules of obeying magistrates and living under authority—I reckon no godliness without that circle!"

Read in the light of the ideas of to-day, the words are simple and tranquil enough, yet under their reasonable surface lie problems of church and state that still divide and perturb our modern world. In Cromwell's time such words were heavily charged with elements of violent explosion, though in 1642 he hardly knew it.

As the months went on, Cromwell's perception of the same political truth became still clearer and more definite. Events enlarged his vision, and the sharp demands of practical necessity drew him to adopt a new general theory. In his talk with Hampden he does not actually say that if men are quietly disposed to live within the rules of government that should suffice. But he rapidly came to this. The Earl of Manchester had raised to be his major-general Lawrence Crawford, afterward to be one of Cromwell's bitter gainsayers. Crawford had cashiered or suspended one of his captains for the sore offense of holding wrong opinions in religion. Cromwell's rebuke (March, 1643) is of the sharpest. "Surely you are not well advised thus to turn off one so faithful in the cause, and so able to serve you as this man is. Give me leave to tell you, I cannot be of your judgment; cannot understand, if a man notorious for wickedness, for oaths, for drinking, hath as great a share in your affection as one who fears an oath, who fears to sin. Aye, but the man is an Anabaptist. Are you sure of that? Admit that he be, shall that render him incapable to serve the public? *Sir, the State in choosing men to serve it takes no notice of their opinions; if they be willing faithfully to serve it, that satisfies.* I advised you formerly to bear with men of different minds from yourself; if you had done it when I advised you to do it, I think you would not have had so many stumbling-blocks in your way. *Take heed of being sharp, or too easily sharpened by others, against those to whom you can object little but that they square not with you in every opinion concerning matters of religion.*"

In laying down to the pragmatical Crawford what has become a fundamental of free governments, Cromwell probably did not foresee the schism that his maxims would presently create in the Revolutionary ranks. To save the cause was the cry of all of them, but the cause was not to all of them the same. Whatever inscription was to be emblazoned on the Parliamentary banners, success in the field was the one essential. Pym and Hampden had perceived it from the first appeal to arms and for long before, and they had bent all their energies to urging it upon the House and inspiring their commanders with their own conviction. Cromwell needed no pressure. He not only saw that without military success the cause was lost, but that the key to military success must be a force at once earnest and well disciplined; and he applied all the keen and energetic practical qualities of his genius to the creation of such a force within his own area. He was day and night preparing the force that was to show its quality on the day of Marston Moor. "I beseech you be careful what captains of horse you choose; a few honest men are better than numbers. If you choose godly, honest men to be captains of horse, honest men will follow them. It may be that it provokes some spirit to see such plain men made captains of horse.

PAINTED BY SEYMOUR LUCAS. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

CHARLES I AT THE SIEGE OF GLOUCESTER RECEIVING THE ENVOYS, WHO IN THE NAME OF THE CORPORATION DECLINED TO GIVE UP THE CITY TO THE KING.

FROM A MINIATURE IN WINDSOR CASTLE, BY PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

LORD GORING.

It had been well if men of honor and birth had entered into these employments; but why do they not appear? Who would have hindered them? But seeing it was necessary the work should go on, better plain men than none; but best to have men patient of wants, faithful and conscientious in their employments." Then, in famous words that are full of life, because they point with emphasis and color to a social truth that always needs refreshing: "I had rather have a plain russet-coated captain that knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows, than that which you call a gentleman and is nothing else. I honor a gentleman that is so indeed."

When Manchester's troops joined him, Cromwell found them very bad, mutinous, and untrustworthy, though they were paid almost to the week, while his own men were left to depend on what the sequestrations of the property of malignants in Huntingdonshire brought in. Yet, paid or unpaid, his troops increased. "A lovely company," he calls them; they are no "Anabaptists; they are honest, sober Christians; they expect to be used like men."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF A MEDAL IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

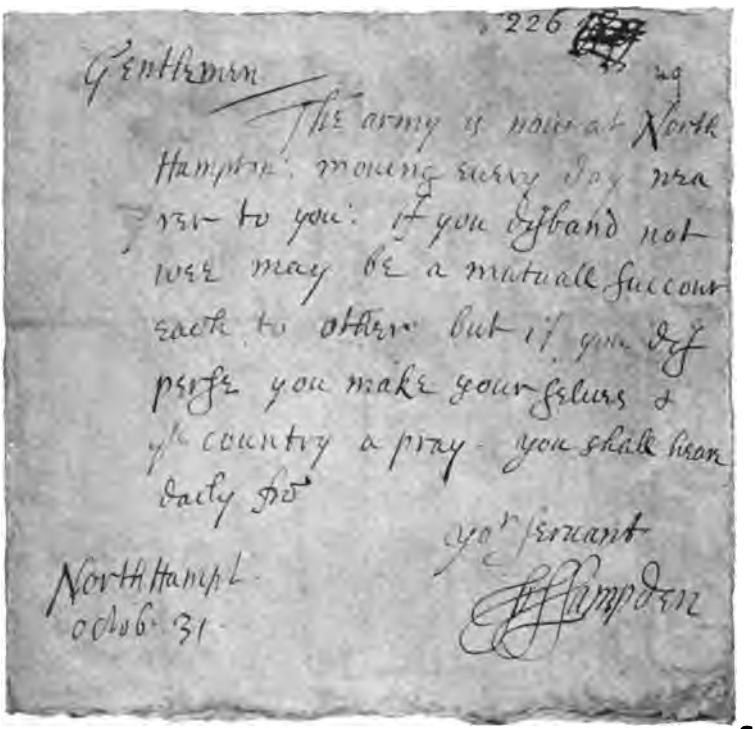
FERDINAND, LORD FAIRFAX.

He had good right to say that he had minded the public service even to forgetfulness of his own and his men's necessities. His estate was small, yet already he had given in money between eleven and twelve hundred pounds. "Therefore my private means can do little to help the public. You have had my money; I hope in God to venture my skin, so do my men." With unwearied zeal, he organized his county, and kept delinquent churchmen in order. "Lest the soldiers should in any tumultuous way attempt the reformation of the cathedral, I require you," writes Cromwell to a certain Mr. Hitch, "to forbear altogether your choir service, so unedifying and offensive." Mr. Hitch, to his honor, sticks to his service. Thereupon Cromwell stamps up the aisle with his hat on, and says in hoarse barrack tones to Mr. Hitch, "Leave off your fooling, and come down, sir." Laud would have said just the same to a Puritan prayer-meeting. Many more things are unedifying and offensive than Cromwell had thought of, whether in Puritan or Anglican.

THE time came when the weapon so carefully forged and tempered was to be tried. The Royalist stronghold on the Lincolnshire border was Newark, and it stood out through the whole course of the war. It is in one of the incessant skirmishes in the neighborhood of Newark, or on the Newark roads, that we have our first vision of Cromwell and his cavalry in actual engagement.

The enemy were one-and-twenty colors of horse-troops and three or four of dragoons. It was late in the evening, and the scene a couple of miles from Grantham (May 13, 1643). "So soon as we had the alarm, we drew out our forces, consisting of about twelve troops, whereof some of them so poor and broken that you seldom see worse; with this handful it pleased God to cast the scale. After we had stood a little above musket-shot, the one body from the other, and the dragooners had fired on both sides for the space of half an hour or more, they not advancing toward us, we agreed to charge them. And advancing the body after many shots on both sides, we came on with our troops a pretty round trot, they standing firm to receive us; and our men charging fiercely upon them, by God's providence they were immediately routed, and ran all away, and we had the execution of them two or three miles."

Ten weeks later, a more important encounter happened at Gainsborough, and Cromwell described it with a terseness and force that is in strange contrast to the turgid and uncouth confusion of his speeches. Within a mile and a half of the town they met a body of a hundred of the enemy's horse. Cromwell's dragoons labored to beat them back, but before they could dismount, the enemy charged and repulsed them. "Then our horse charged and broke them. The enemy being at the top of a very steep hill over our heads, some of our men attempted to march up that hill; the enemy opposed; our men drove them up and forced their passage." By the time they came up they saw the enemy well set in two bodies, the horse facing Cromwell in front, less than a musket-shot away, and a reserve of a full regiment of horse behind. "We endeavored to put our men into as good order as we could. The enemy in the meanwhile advanced toward us, to take us at disadvantage; but in such order as we were, we charged their great body, I having the right wing. We came up horse to horse, where we disputed it with our swords and pistols a pretty time, all keeping close order, so that one could not break the other. At last, they a little shrinking, our men, perceiving it, pressed in upon them and immediately routed their whole body." The reserve meanwhile stood unbroken. Cromwell rapidly formed up three of his own troops whom he kept back from the chase, along with four troops of the Lincoln men. Cavendish, the Royalist general, charged and routed the Lincolners. "Immediately I fell on his rear with my three troops, which did so astonish him that he gave over the chase and would fain have delivered himself from me. But I, pressing on, forced them down a hill, having good execution of them; and below the hill, drove the general with some of his soldiers into a quagmire, where my captain slew him with a thrust under his short ribs." Whether this thrust under the short ribs was well done or not, by chivalrous rules, has been a topic of controversy. But the battle was not over.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Gentleman

The army is now at North Hampton, moving every day nea
yr to you: if you Ofband not
wee may be a mutuall succour
each to other but if you Dif
perse you make your selves &
yr country a pray. you shall hear
daily fro

yor servant

North Hampt.
octob. 31

J. Hampden

ORIGINAL IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

LETTER WRITTEN AFTER EDGEHILL BY JOHN HAMPDEN TO COLONEL BULSTRODE.

PAINTED BY VAN DYCK. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING AT HINCHINBROOK HOUSE, BY PERMISSION OF THE EARL OF SANDWICH.

PRINCE RUPERT.

After an interval the Parliamentarians unexpectedly found themselves within a quarter of a mile of a body of horse and foot, which was in fact Lord Newcastle's army. Retreat was inevitable. Lord Willoughby ordered Cromwell to bring off both horse and foot. "I went to bring them off; but before I returned, divers foot were engaged, the enemy advancing with his whole body. Our foot retreated in some disorder. Our horse also came off with some trouble, being wearied with the long fight and their horses tired." "But such was the goodness of God," says another narrator in completion, "giving courage and valor to our men and officers, that while Major Whalley and Captain Ayscough, sometimes the one with four troops faced the enemy, sometimes the other, to the exceeding glory of God be it spoken, and the great honor of those two gentlemen.

they with this handful forced the enemy so, and dared them to their teeth in at the least eight or nine several removes, the enemy following at their heels; and they, though their horses were exceedingly tired, retreating in order near carbine-shot of the enemy, who then followed them, firing upon them; Colonel Cromwell gathering up the main body, and facing them behind those two lesser bodies—that in despite of the enemy we brought off our horse in this order, without the loss of two men."

The military critic of our own day marks great improvement between Grantham and Gainsborough: he notes how in the second of the two days there is no delay in forming up; how the deployment is rapidly carried out over difficult ground, bespeaking well-drilled and flexible troops; how the charge is prompt and decisive, with a reserve kept well in hand, and then launched triumphantly at the right moment; how skilfully the infantry in an unequal fight is protected in the eight or nine moves of its retreat.

At Winceby or Horncastle fight, things were still better (October 11, 1643). As soon as the men had knowledge of the enemy's coming, they were very full of joy and resolution, thinking it a great mercy that they should now fight with him; and on they went, singing their psalms, Cromwell in the van. The Royalist dragoons gave him a first volley, as he fell with brave resolution upon them, and then at half pistol-shot a second, and his horse was killed under him. But he took a soldier's horse, and promptly mounting again, rejoined the charge, which "was so home-given, and performed with so much admirable courage and resolution, that the enemy stood not another, but were driven back on their own body."

It was clear that a new cavalry leader had arisen in England, as daring as the dreaded Rupert, but with a coolness in the red blaze of battle, a piercing eye for the shifts and changes in the fortunes of the day, above all with a power of wielding his phalanx with a combined steadiness and mobility, such as the fiery prince never had. Whether Rupert or Oliver was first to change cavalry tactics is, among experts, matter of dispute. The older way had been to fire a volley before the charge. The front rank discharged its pistols, then opened right and left, and the second rank took its place, and so down to the fifth. Then came the onset with swords and butt-ends of their firearms. The new plan was to substitute the tactics of the shock; for the horse to keep close together, knee to knee, to face the enemy front to front, and either to receive the hostile charge in steady strong cohesion, or else in the same cohesion to bear down on the foe, sword in hand, and not to fire either pistol or carbine until they had broken through.

After the war had lasted a year and a half, things looked critical for the Parliament. Lincoln stood firm, and the eastern counties stood firm; but the king had the best of it both in popular favor and military position in the north, including York, and in the west, including Exeter, and in the midlands, including Bedford and Northampton. There seemed also to be a chance of forces being released in Ireland, and of relief coming to the king from France. The genius of Pym, which had discerned the vital importance of the Scots to the English struggle at its beginning, now turned to the same quarter at the second decisive hour of peril. He contrived an alliance with the Scots, raised money for them, made all ready for their immediate advance across the border, and so opened a new and critical chapter in the conflict.

There were many varying combinations between English and Scotch parties from 1639 down to Cromwell's crowning victory at Worcester in 1651. In none of them did the alliance rest upon real community of aim, sentiment, or policy, and the result was that Scotch and English allies were always on the verge of open enmity. The two nations were not one in temperament, or spiritual experience, or political requirements; and even at the few moments when they approached a kind of cordiality, their relations were uneasy. In Cromwell this uneasiness was from the first very near to active resentment. Whether Pym was aware how artificial was the combination, or foresaw any of the difficulties that would arise from divergent aims in the parties to it, we cannot tell. The military situation, in any case, left him no choice, and he was compelled to pay the price, just as Charles II was when he made his bargain with the Scots seven years later. That price was the Solemn League and Covenant (September, 1643). This famous engagement was forced upon the English. They desired a merely civil alliance. The Scots, on the other hand, convinced from their own experience that Presbytery was the only sure barrier of defense against the return of the Pope and his legions, insisted that the alliance should be a religious compact, by which English, Scots, and Irish were to bind themselves to bring

the churches in the three kingdoms to uniformity in doctrine, church government, and form of worship, so that the Lord and the name of the Lord should be one throughout the realm. For three years from Pym's bargain the Scots remained on English ground. The Scots fought for Protestant uniformity, and the English leaders bowed to the demand, with doubtful sincerity and with no enthusiasm. Many troubles followed, but statesmanship deals with troubles as they arise, and Pym's action was a masterstroke.

PAINTED BY VAN DYCK.

WILLIAM CAVENDISH, DUKE (PREVIOUSLY EARL) OF NEWCASTLE.

XII. MARSTON MOOR.

In 1643 notable actors vanished from the scene. In the closing days of 1642, Richelieu, the dictator of Europe, had passed away. In a few months he was followed by his master, Louis XIII, brother of the English queen. Louis XIV, then a child five years old, began his famous reign of seventy-two many-colored years, and Mazarin succeeded to the ascendancy and the policy of which Richelieu had given him the key. So on our own more dimly lighted stage conspicuous characters had gone.

Lord Brooke, author of one of the earliest and strongest attacks upon Episcopacy, and standing almost as high as any in the confidence of the party, was shot from an open window, while sitting in his chamber, by the besieged soldiers in Lichfield Close. On the other side, the virtuous Falkland, harshly awakened from fair dreams of truth and peace by the rude clamor and furious blows

PAINTED BY ANTHONY COOPER. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING AT CHEQUERS COURT, BY PERMISSION OF MRS. FRANKLAND-RUSSELL-ASTLEY.

THE BATTLE OF MARSTON MOOR.

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

VIEW OF MARSTON MOOR FROM CROMWELL'S CLUMP.

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

HILL ON MARSTON MOOR CALLED CROMWELL'S CLUMP.

of exasperated combatants, sought death in the front rank of the royal forces at the first battle of Newbury (September). "Thus," as Clarendon closes a passage that is one of the most beautiful in English prose, "thus fell that incomparable young man in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much despatched the business of life that the oldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocence; and whosoever leads such a life need not care upon how short warning it be taken from him." Falkland, indeed, remains, when arguments are at an end, one of that rare band of the sons of time, soldiers in lost causes, who find this world too vexed and rough a scene for them, but to whom history will never grudge her tenderest memories.

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

HOUSE AT MARSTON WHERE CROMWELL SLEPT THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE.

Two figures more important than either of these had also disappeared. John Hampden had been mortally wounded in a skirmish at Chalgrove Field. A few hours before his death he received the sacrament, "declaring that though he could not away with the governance of the church by bishops, he thought its doctrine in the greater part primitive and conformable to God's Word, as in Holy Scripture revealed." He was attended in his last hours by the rector of the

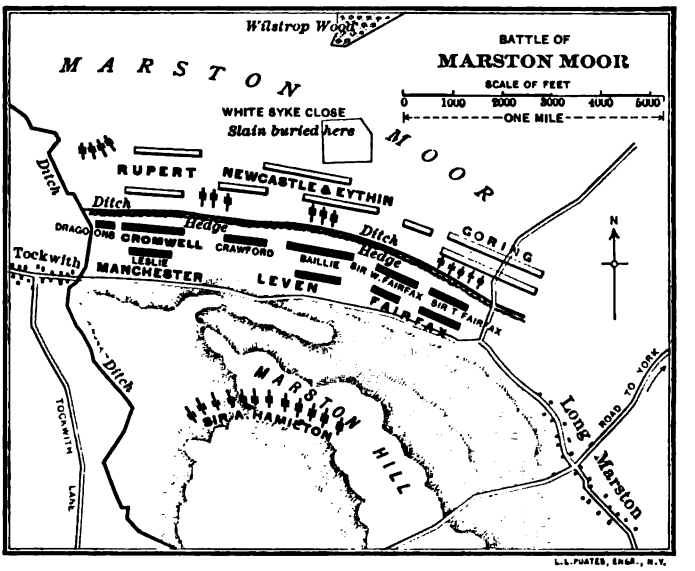
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

LITTLE STREAM ON MARSTON MOOR, SAID TO HAVE BEEN THE SCENE OF HARD FIGHTING.

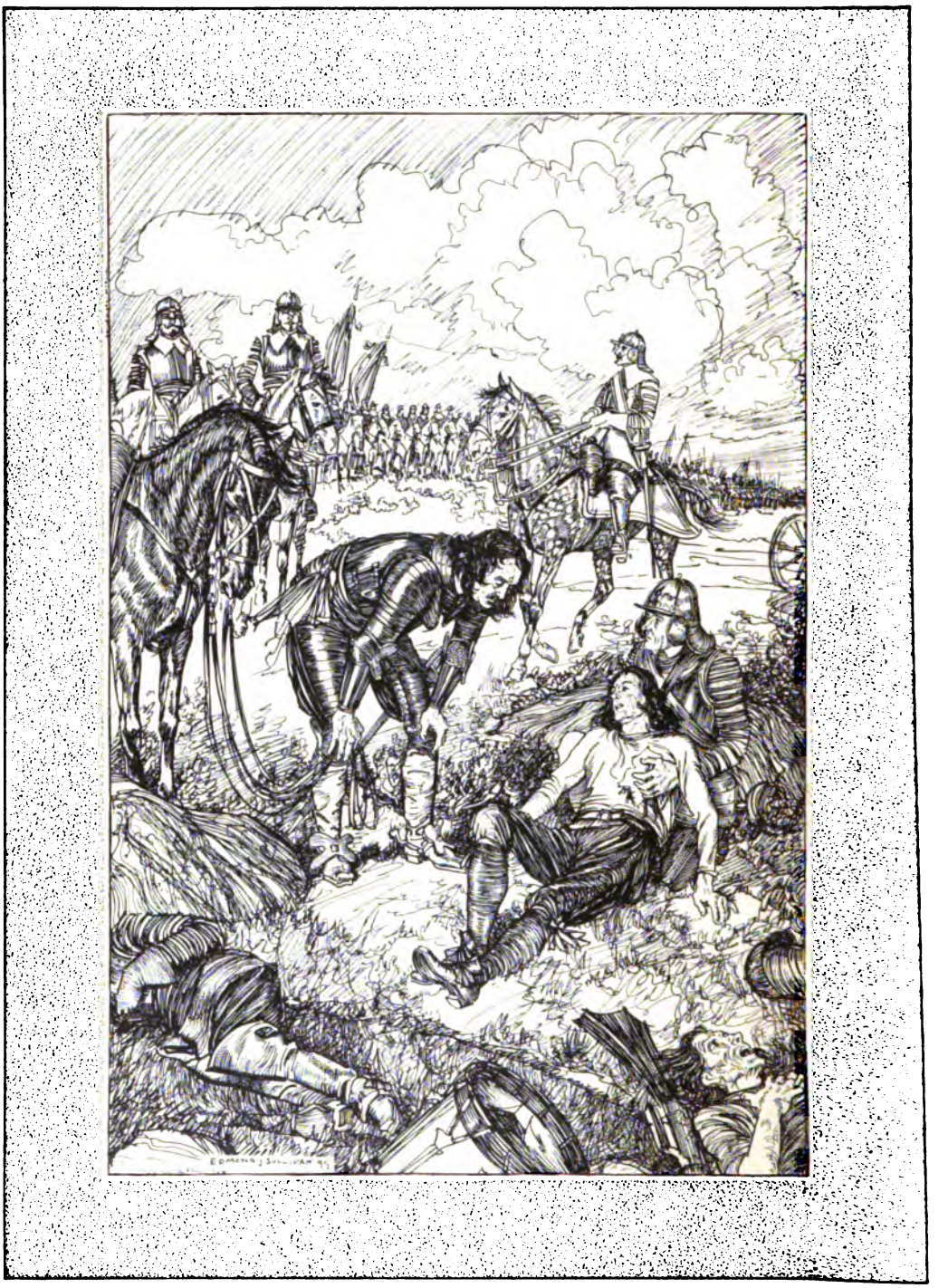
parish and an Independent minister, who was the chaplain of his regiment. When the end was near, he turned himself to die in prayer; he besought that those who would rob the people of their liberty and lawful prerogative might be confounded and leveled in the dust, that the king might see his errors, and that the hearts of his wicked counselors might be turned from the malice of their designs. Then in December the long strain of heavy anxieties burdening so many years had brought to an end the priceless life of John Pym, the greatest leader of them all. With these two the giants of the first generation had fallen. The crisis had undergone once more a change of phase. The clouds hung heavier, the storm was darker, the ship labored in the trough.

"Since Pym died," says Baillie, "not a state head amongst them; many very good and able spirits, but not any of so great and comprehensive a brain as to manage the multitude of so weighty affairs as lies upon them." A little group of men next stood in the front line, honorable in character and patriotic in intention, but mediocre in their capacity for war, and guided rather by amiable hopes than by a strong-handed grasp of shifting and dangerous positions. For them, too, the hour had struck. Essex, Manchester, Warwick, were slow in motion, without being firm in conclusion; just and candid, but without the faculty of clenching; unwilling to see that Thorough must be met by Thorough; and of that Fabian type whom a quick call for action, instead of inspiring, irritates. Benevolent history may mourn that men so good were no longer able to serve the time. Their misfortune was that misgivings about future solutions dulled their sense of instant needs. Cromwell had truer impressions and better nerve. The one essential was that Charles should not come out master in the military struggle. Cromwell saw that at this stage nothing else mattered; he saw that the parliamentary liberties of the country could have no safety until the king's weapon had been finally struck from his hand. At least the other actor in that scene was as keenly alive to this as Cromwell, and that was Charles himself. This issue, so transparently clear, is what defines the first long stage of military struggle from the melancholy unfurling of the royal standard on the castle hill at Nottingham to the day of Naseby.

It is a mistake to suppose that Cromwell and his comrades had now at their back a



nation at red heat. The flame kindled by the attempted arrest of the five members, or by the tyranny of the Star Chamber or the bishops, had a little sunk. Divisions had arisen, and that fatal and familiar stage had come when men on the same side hate one another more bitterly than they hate the common foe. New circumstances evolved new motives. Some who had been most forward against the king at first had early fainted by the way, and were now thinking of pardon and royal favor. Others were men of a neutral spirit, willing to have a peace on any terms. Others had got estates by serving the Parliament, and now wished to secure them by serving the king; while those who had got no estates bore a grudge against the party that had overlooked them. Cromwell, in his place, warned the House of the discouragement that was stealing upon the public mind. Unless, he said, we have a more vigorous prosecution of the war, we shall make the kingdom weary of us and hate the name of a Parliament. Even many that had at the beginning been their friends were now saying that Lords and Commoners had got great places and commands and the power of the sword into their hands, and would prolong the war in order to perpetu-



DRAWN BY EDMUND J. SULLIVAN.

DEATH OF CROMWELL'S NEPHEW AT MARSTON MOOR.

ate their own grandeur, just as soldiers of fortune across the seas spun out a war in order to keep their own employments. If the army were not put upon another footing, and the war more vigorously followed, the people could bear the war no longer, but would insist upon peace, even if it were a dishonorable peace.

Almost the same reproaches were brought on the other side. This is the moment when Clarendon says that it seemed as if the whole stock of affection, loyalty, and courage which had at first animated the friends of the king were now quite spent, and had been followed up by negligence, laziness, inadvertency, and dejection of spirit, very unlike the natural vivacity and constancy of the nation. Mere folly produced as much mischief to the king's cause as deliberate villainy could have done. Charles's own counsels, according to Clarendon, were as irresolute and unsteady as his advisers were ill-humored and factious. They were all blind to what ought to have been evident, and full of trepidation about things that were never likely to happen. One day they wasted time in deliberating without coming to a decision, another day they decided without deliberating. Worst of all, decision was never followed by vigorous execution.

At the end of 1642 the king accounted his business in Yorkshire as good as done. The Earl of Newcastle, by his vast territorial influence, popularity, and spirit, had raised in the great county of York, in Northumberland, Durham, and Westmoreland, a force of six or seven thousand men. Catholics were forbidden to bear arms, but this did not prevent Newcastle from recruiting as many of them as were willing to join. They are as much bound to serve the king, he said, as other subjects, and they are no more recusants than are the sectaries on the other side. This reasoning did not save his force, in those days of distracted prepossessions, from being called the popish army, nor increase either the popularity of his cause or the willingness of northern villagers to fight for it. He had seized the metropolitan city of northern England, and he had occupied the city on the Tyne from which he took his title. It was the only great port all the way from Plymouth to Berwick by which the king could bring arms and ammunition from the Continent into England. Lord Newcastle was confronted in Yorkshire by the two Fairfaxes, with many, though hardly a majority, of the gentry of the county on their side, and it was in these operations that the younger Fairfax, the future lord general of the Parliament, first showed his gallantry, his dash, his stubborn perseverance, and his skill as a commander. Newcastle's superior numbers gave him an irresistible advantage. In May (1643) he had nearly six thousand foot and above sixty troops of horse, while Fairfax had no more than half as many foot and nine troops of horse. The Royalist commander won a stiff fight at Tadcaster before the end of the year; and after alternations of capture and recapture at Bradford, Wakefield, and Leeds, by the middle of the summer of 1643 he made himself master of all the towns in the interior of the county. The Fairfaxes were badly beaten (June 30) at Adwalton, a ridge above Bradford, and were driven by their thinned numbers, by some disaffection among the officers, and by occasional lack of bullet, match, and powder, to force their way over the waste and hilly moors, and to throw themselves into Hull, the only important place in the county of York now left in the hands of the Parliament.

The tide of victory flowed strong for the king all through the summer of 1643. Newcastle's successes in Yorkshire accompanied the successes of Hopton in the west. Lord Stamford, with his army of seven thousand men, had been beaten out of the field at Stratton (May, 1643), leaving the king master all over the southwest, with the important exception of Plymouth. The defeats at Lansdown and Roundway Down (July 13) had broken up Waller's army. Bristol had fallen (July 26). The movements of Essex against Oxford, like most of that unlucky general's operations, had ended in failure, and he protested to the Parliament that he could not go on without reinforcements in men and money. It seemed as if nothing could prevent the triumph of a great combined operation by which the king should lead his main army down the valley of the Thames, while Newcastle should bring his northern force through the eastern counties and unite with the king in overpowering London. But the moment was lost, and the tide turned. For good reasons or bad the king stopped to lay siege to Gloucester, and so gave time to Essex to recover. This was one of the critical events of the war. Charles was compelled to raise the siege,—Essex's one great success,—and his further advance was checked by his repulse at Newbury (September 20). The other branch of the combined movement by which Newcastle was to

march south was hardly so much as seriously attempted.

Newcastle's doings in Yorkshire, and their sequel, prepared the way for that important encounter a year later which brought Cromwell into the front rank of military captains. For most of that year, from the summer of 1643 to the summer of 1644, the power of the northern army and the fate of London and the Parliamentary cause turned upon Lincolnshire, the border-land between Yorkshire and the stubborn counties to the southeast. Cromwell's representations to the Eastern Association were urgent that should the force they had in Lincolnshire miscarry, a speedy march of the enemy to the south was certain. He besought them for reinforcements. "If I could speak words to pierce your hearts, I would. If something be not done in this, you will see Newcastle's army march up into your bowels." "It 's no longer disputing," he cries to the commissioners, in the tone of a trumpet, "but out instantly all you can. Raise all your bands; get up what volunteers you can; hasten your horses. Send these letters to Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, without delay. I beseech you spare not, but be expeditious, industrious. There is nothing to interrupt an enemy but our horse, that is considerable. You must act lively; do it without distraction. Neglect no means."

It has been said that the two armies that stood face to face at Marston (July 2, 1644) were the largest masses of men that had met as foes on English ground since the wars of the Roses. The Royalist force counted seventeen or eighteen thousand men, the Parliamentarians and the Scotch allies twenty-six or twenty-seven thousand, or nearly half as many again. The whole were about twice as many as were engaged at Edgehill. In a generation that, like our own, is much given to worship of size, people may make light of battles where armies of only a few thousand men were engaged. Yet we may as well remember that Napoleon entered Italy in 1796 with only thirty thousand men under arms. At Arcola and at Rivoli he had not over fifteen thousand in the field, and even at Marengo he had not twice as many. In the great campaign of 1631–32 in the Thirty Years' War, the Imperialists were twenty-four thousand foot and thirteen thousand horse, while the Swedes were twenty-eight thousand foot and nine thousand horse.

As the forces engaged at Marston were the most numerous, so the battle was the bloodiest in the civil war. It was also the most singular, for the runaways were as many on one side as on the other, and the three victorious generals were all of them fugitives from the field. Important aspects of the fight became at once matters of party controversy and national jealousy, nor to our own time does the dispassionate student find it easy on the evidence nicely to apportion the share of Cromwell and the share of the Scots in that memorable day. But considering that the younger Fairfax afterward wrote of himself as having been on the left wing of the Parliamentary force, while nothing is more certain than that he was not on the left but on the right, sympathy may well go with our learned historian who apologizes for not being able to describe a battle as if he had been there. The general course of what happened at the battle of Marston Moor is, however, fairly intelligible, though in details all is open to a raking fire of historic doubts.[1]

The two armies faced each other, as usual, in two parallel lines, the foot in the center and the horse on the wings. A wide ditch with a hedge on its southern side divided them. The Parliamentary forces were drawn up on a ridge sloping to the moor, the Scottish foot under Leven and Baillie stationed in the center, with the Yorkshire army under the two Fairfaxes on the right, and Manchester's army of the Eastern Association on the left. The younger Fairfax, on the right wing, was in command of a body of horse counted by some at four thousand, of whom nearly one third were Scots. On the left wing Cromwell had between two thousand and twenty-five hundred of the regular cavalry of the Eastern Association, supported by a reserve of about eight hundred ill-horsed Scots in the rear. Of this force of cavalry, on which, as it happened, the fortune of the day was to depend, David Leslie commanded the Scottish contingent under Cromwell, acting as chief. The whole line extended about a mile and a half from right to left, and the Royalist line was rather longer. On the king's side, Rupert faced Oliver, Newcastle and his main adviser Eythin faced Leven and Baillie, and Goring faced the two Fairfaxes. The hostile lines were so near to each other that, as Cromwell's scout-master says, "their foot was close to our noses."

So for some five hours the two hosts, with

[1] Mr. Firth has closely described the evidence and authorities in the "Transactions of the Royal Historical Society," vol. xii. See Colonel Hoenig's "Oliver Cromwell," II. Theil, p. 136, and a more important excursus. Bd. ii, pp. 441–453.

colors flying and match burning, looked each other in the face. It was a showery summer afternoon. Few of the common soldiers had eaten more than the quantity of a penny loaf from Tuesday to Saturday morning; nor had they any beer, nor more water than they could find in ditches and places trampled into puddle by the horses' feet. The Parliamentarians in the standing corn, hungry and wet, beguiled the time in singing hymns. "You cannot imagine," says an eye-witness, "the courage, spirit, and resolution that was taken up on both sides; for we looked, and no doubt they also, upon this fight as the losing or gaining the garland. And now, sir, consider the height of difference of spirits: in their army the cream of all the papists in England, and in ours a collection out of all the corners of England and Scotland, of such as had the greatest antipathy to popery and tyranny; these equally thinking the extirpation of each other. And now the sword must determine that which a hundred years' policy and dispute could not do." Five o'clock came, and a strange stillness fell upon them all. Rupert said to Newcastle that there would be no fight that day, and Newcastle rode to his great coach, standing not far off, called for a pipe of tobacco, and composed himself for the evening. He was soon disturbed. At seven o'clock the flame of battle leaped forth, the low hum of the two armed hosts in an instant charged into fierce uproar, and before many minutes the moor and the slope of the hill were covered with bloodshed and disorder. Who gave the sign for the general engagement we do not know, and it is even likely that no sign as the result of deliberate and concerted plan was ever given at all. "Surely," says the scout-master, "had two such armies, drawn up so close one to the other, being on both wings within musket-shot, departed without fighting, I think it would have been as great a wonder as hath been seen in England." The strain could not be controlled, and the hounds broke from the leash.

Horse and foot moved down the hill, "like so many thick clouds." Cromwell, on the Parliamentary left, charged Rupert with the greatest resolution that ever was seen. It was the first time that these two great leaders of horse had ever met in direct shock, and it was here that Rupert gave to Oliver the brave nickname of Ironside. As it happened, this was also one of the rare occasions when Oliver's cavalry suffered a check. He received a wound in the neck, and his force fell slowly back. David Leslie, with his Scotch troopers, was luckily at hand, and charging forward together, they fell upon Rupert's right flank. This diversion enabled Oliver to order his retreating men to face about. Such a manœuver, say the soldiers, is one of the nicest in the whole range of tactics, and bears witness to the discipline and flexibility of Cromwell's force, like a delicate-mouthed charger with a consummate rider. With Leslie's aid they put Rupert and his cavalry to rout. "Cromwell's own division," says the scout-master, "had a hard pull of it, for they were charged by Rupert's bravest men both in front and flank. They stood at the sword's point a pretty while, hacking one another; but at last he broke through them, scattering them like a little dust." This done, the foot of their own wing charging by their side, they scattered the Royalists as fast as they charged them, slashing them down as they went. The horse carried the whole field on the left before them, thinking that the victory was theirs, and that "nothing was to be done but to kill and take prisoners." It was admitted by Cromwell's keenest partizan that Leslie's chase of the broken forces of Rupert, making a rally impossible, was what left Cromwell free to hold his men compact and ready for another charge. The key to most of his victories was his care that his horse, when they had broken the enemy, should not scatter in pursuit. If Goring's force on the Royalist left had been kept as well in hand, the issue of the battle might have been different, as might the issue of the still more renowned fight at Naseby a year later, if Rupert had been of a temper to borrow Cromwell's secret. The secret, after all, was nothing more either of mystery or of accident than a masterful coolness and the flash of military perception in the leader, along with iron discipline in the men.

Unfortunately, all had gone wrong elsewhere. On the Parliamentary right the operation conducted by Cromwell on the left had been reversed. Sir Thomas Fairfax charged Goring, as Cromwell and Leslie charged Rupert, and he made a desperate fight for it. He cut his way through, chasing a body of Goring's force before him on the road south to York. When he turned back from his chase, after being unhorsed, severely wounded, and with difficulty rescued from the enemy, he found that Goring by a charge of furious vigor had completely broken the main body of the Parliamentary horse on the right, had driven them in upon their own foot, and had even thrown the

main body of the Scotch foot into disorder. This dangerous moment has been described by a Royalist eye-witness. The runaways on both sides were so many, so breathless, so speechless, so full of fears, that he would hardly have known them for men. Both armies were mixed up together, both horse and foot, no side keeping their own posts. Here he met a shoal of Scots, loud in lamentation as if the day of doom had overtaken them, and they knew not whither to fly. Elsewhere he saw a ragged troop reduced to four and a cornet, then an officer of foot, hatless, breathless, and with only so much tongue as to ask the way to the next garrison.

In the center the foot were meanwhile engaged in a fierce tug of battle in which the Royalists had gained the advantage. The Parliamentary center was completely broken, though the Scots infantry on the right continued stubbornly to hold their ground. This was the crisis of the fight, and the Parliamentary battle seemed to be irretrievably lost. It was saved in a second act, by the manful stoutness of a remnant of the Scots in the center, and still more by the genius and energy of Cromwell and the endurance of his troopers. Many of the Scottish foot and many of the English had taken to flight, and swept away Leven and the elder Fairfax along with them. Their braver comrades whom they left behind held firm against assault after assault from Newcastle and the Royalists. Cromwell, having disposed of Rupert on the left, swept round in the Royalist rear to the point on their left where Goring had been stationed before the battle began. "Here," says the scoutmaster, "the business of the day, nay, of the kingdom, came to be determined." Goring's men, seeing Cromwell's manœuver, dropped their pursuit and plunder, and perceived that they would have to fight for the victory which they thought to be already theirs. They marched down the hill, just as Fairfax had marched down it an hour before, and soon came to the same disaster.

Cromwell, keeping his whole force in hand, and concentrating it upon the immediate object of beating Goring, no sooner succeeded than he turned to the next object, and exerted his full strength upon that. This was ever the key to Cromwellian tactics. The next object now was the relief of the harassed foot in the center. Attacking in front and flank, he threw his whole force upon the Royalist infantry of Newcastle, still hard at work on what had been the center of the line, supported by a remnant of Goring's horse. This was the grand movement which military critics think worthy of comparison with that decisive charge of Seidlitz and his five thousand horse which gained for Frederick the Great the renowned victory at Zorndorf. "Our three brigades of foot of the Earl of Manchester being on our right hand, on we went, with great resolution, charging them home, one while their horse, and then again their foot, and our foot and horse seconding each other with such valor, with such sound charges, that away they fled, not being able to endure the sight of us, so that it was hard to say which did the better, our horse or foot. Major-General [David] Leslie, seeing us thus pluck a victory out of the enemy's hands, could not too much commend us, and professed Europe had no better soldiers!" Before ten o'clock all was over, and the Royalists, beaten from the field, were in full retreat.

Rumors of the early defeat of the Parliamentarians got wind, and bells rang and bonfires blazed for three or four days in half the Royalist quarters in England. At Exeter, where Essex was, he was so incensed at these baseless triumphs that he flew to the favorite English weapon of a wager, and passed his word of honor to the enemy to surrender Weymouth and Melcombe Regis if they would swear to give up Exeter in case their vaunted news from York proved false. In time the truth was known, and then, as Carlyle says of a similar mistake in the Seven Years' War, they had to sing *Te Deum non laudamus.*

In what is sometimes too lightly called the vulgar courage of the soldier, neither side was wanting. Cromwell's was the only manœuver of the day that showed the talent of the soldier's eye or the power of swift initiative. Manchester, about eleven that night, rode about among the wearied men and told them that he could not then make provision for them according to their deserts and necessities, but he would surely satisfy them when morning came. "The soldiers unanimously gave God the glory of their deliverance and victory, and told his lordship with much cheerfulness that though they had long fasted and were faint, yet they would willingly want three days longer rather than give off the service or leave him."

More than four thousand brave men lay that night under the summer moon, gory and stark upon the field. More than three thousand of them a few hours before had gone into the fight shouting, "For God and the king!" met by the hoarse counter-shout from the Parliamentarians, "God with us!"

So confident were each that divine favor was on their side. At the battle of Rocroi, the year before, which transferred the laurels of military superiority from Spain to France, eight thousand Spaniards were destroyed and two thousand French, out of a total force on both sides of some forty-five thousand.

A story is told of Marston for which there is as good evidence as for many things that men believe. A Lancashire squire of ancient line was killed fighting for the king. His wife came upon the field the next morning to search for him. They were stripping and burying the slain. A general officer asked her what she was about, and she told him her melancholy tale. He listened with great tenderness, and earnestly besought her to leave the horrid scene. She complied, and calling for a trooper, he set her upon the horse. On her way she inquired the name of the officer, and learned that he was Lieutenant-General Cromwell.

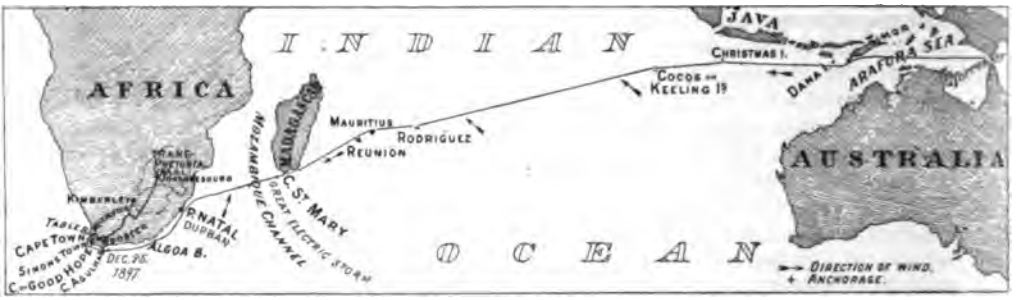
Old Leven, the general in command, had been swept off in flight by his own men, and had the satisfaction or the mortification of learning, just as he was getting into bed, that he had won the day. It might have comforted him if he could have foreseen the great Frederick at Mollwitz, a hundred years later, receiving the news of his first victory, in the distant mill to which he had fled for refuge some hours before. Such is ever the strange thing called fortune of war. One of the worsted generals deepened the humiliation of defeat. Transported with chagrin at seeing the destruction of the force which he had taken such infinite pains to raise and maintain, and shrinking from the ill-natured laughter that would encounter him at court, Newcastle, with a body of his friends, hastened to take ship at Scarborough, and remained in exile until the Restoration. He was an accomplished man, the patron of good poets like Dryden, and of bad poets like Shadwell. He wrote comedies of his own, which, according to his wife, were inspired by the pleasant and laudable object of laughing at the follies of mankind; and there is a story, probably apocryphal, of his entertaining at a dinner in Paris no less immortal persons than Hobbes and Descartes. A sage Italian, dead a hundred years before, warned statesmen that there is no worse thing in all the world than levity. "Light men are the very instruments for whatever is bad, dangerous, and hurtful; flee from them like fire." Of this evil tribe of Guicciardini's was Lord Newcastle, and too many of Charles's friends, and in a certain sense even Charles himself, were no better.

Cromwell's own references to the battle are comprised in three or four well-known sentences: "It had all the evidences of an absolute victory, obtained by the Lord's blessing on the godly party principally. We never charged but we routed the enemy. The left wing, which I commanded, being our own horse, saving a few Scots in our rear, beat all the Prince's horse, and God made them stubble to our swords. We charged their regiments of foot with our horse, and routed all we charged. I believe of twenty thousand the Prince hath not four thousand left. Give glory, all the glory, to God."

If the Scots are not to be included in the godly party, Cromwell's story cannot quite pass muster. Without dwelling on the question how much their stubborn valor under Baillie and Lumsden against the Royalist assaults of the center had to do with the triumphant result, to describe a force nearly one third as large as his own, and charging side by side with himself, as "a few Scots in our rear," must be set down as curiously loose. If one thing is more clear than another amid the obscurities of Marston, it is that Leslie's flank attack on Rupert while the Ironsides were falling back, was the key to the decisive events that followed. Strong even in great natures is the bias of political antagonism, and especially strong if that be backed, as it may have been here, by a very lively international antipathy. The only plea to be made is that Oliver was not writing an official despatch, but a hurried private letter in which fullness of detail was not to be looked for. When full justice has been done to the valor of the Scots, glory enough was left for Cromwell; and so, when the party dispute was over, the public opinion of the time pronounced.

(To be continued.)

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—By inadvertence an imperfect translation, made merely to identify the facsimile of the entry in Latin, in the Sidney Sussex College Register, of Oliver Cromwell's admission at Cambridge in 1616, was printed in the November CENTURY on page 6. Following is the correct translation: [Original entry]: "Mr. Cromwell. Oliver Cromwell, of Huntingdon, admitted as a fellow-commoner April 23, under the tutorship of Master Richard Howlet." [Comment under the original entry, in another hand, made after the Restoration]: "This was that great impostor, that infamous scoundrel, who, after the most pious King Charles I had nefariously been slain, usurped the throne itself, and for the space of almost five years, under the title of Protector, vexed the three Kingdoms by his unrestrained tyranny."



DRAWN BY AUGUST WILL.

THE "SPRAY'S" COURSE FROM AUSTRALIA TO SOUTH AFRICA.

SAILING ALONE AROUND THE WORLD.

BEING A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE EXPERIENCES OF THE SLOOP "SPRAY" ON HER SINGLE-HANDED VOYAGE OF 46,000 MILES.

BY CAPTAIN JOSHUA SLOCUM.

WITH PICTURES BY THOMAS FOGARTY AND GEORGE VARIAN.

PART V. FROM AUSTRALIA TO CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.

FROM Home Island I made for Sunday Island, and bringing that abeam, shortened sail, not wishing to make Bird Island, farther along, before daylight, the wind being still fresh and the islands being low, with dangers about them. Wednesday, June 9, 1897, at daylight, Bird Island was dead ahead, distant two and a half miles, which I considered near enough. A strong current was pressing the sloop forward. I did not shorten sail too soon in the night! The first and only Australian canoe seen on the voyage was here standing from the mainland, with a rag of sail set, bound for this island.

A long, slim fish that leaped on board in the night was found on deck this morning. I had it for breakfast. The spry chap was no larger around than a herring, which it resembled in every respect, except that it was three times as long; but that was so much the better, for I am rather fond of fresh herring, anyway. A great number of fisher-birds were about this day, which was one of the pleasantest on God's earth. The *Spray*, dancing over the waves, entered Albany Pass as the sun drew low in the west over the hills of Australia.

At 7:30 P. M. the *Spray*, now through the pass, came to anchor in a cove in the mainland, near a pearl-fisherman, called the *Tarawa*, which was at anchor, her captain from the deck of his vessel directing me to a berth. This done, he at once came on board to clasp hands. The *Tarawa* was a Californian, and Captain Jones, her master, was an American.

On the following morning Captain Jones brought on board two pairs of exquisite pearl shells, the most perfect ones I ever saw. They were probably the best he had, for Jones was the heart-yarn of a sailor. He assured me that if I would remain a few hours longer some friends from Somerset, near by, would pay us all a visit, and one of the crew, sorting shells on deck, "guessed" they would. The mate "guessed" so, too. The friends came as even the second mate and cook had "guessed" they would. They were Mr. Jardine, stockman, famous throughout the land, and his family. Mrs. Jardine was the niece of King Malietoa, and cousin to the beautiful Faamu-Sami ("To make the sea burn"), who visited the *Spray* at Apia. Mr. Jardine was himself a fine specimen of a Scotsman. With his little family about him, he was content to live in this remote place, accumulating the comforts of life.

The fact of the *Tarawa* having been built in America accounted for the crew, boy Jim and all, being such good guessers. Strangely enough, though, Captain Jones himself, the only American aboard, was never heard to guess at all.

After a pleasant chat and good-by to the

people of the *Tarawa*, and "Tofah" to Mr. and Mrs. Jardine, I weighed anchor and stood across for Thursday Island, now in plain view, mid-channel in Torres Strait, where I arrived shortly after noon. Here the *Spray* remained over until June 24. Being the only American representative in port, this tarry was imperative, for on the 22d was the Queen's diamond jubilee. The two days over were, as sailors say, for "coming up."

Meanwhile I spent pleasant days about the island. Mr. Douglas, resident magistrate, invited me on a cruise in his steamer one day among the islands in Torres Strait. This being a scientific expedition in charge of Professor Mason Bailey, botanist, we rambled over Friday and Saturday islands, where I got a glimpse of botany. Miss Bailey, the professor's daughter, accompanied her father, and told me the names of many indigenous plants too long to remember.

The 22d was the great day on Thursday Island, for then we had not only the jubilee, but a jubilee with a grand corroboree in it, Mr. Douglas having brought some four hundred native warriors and their wives and children across from the mainland to give the celebration the true native touch, for when they do a thing on Thursday Island they do it with a roar. The corroboree was, at any rate, a howling success. It took place at night, and the performers, painted in fantastic colors, danced or leaped about before a blazing fire. Some were rigged and painted like birds and beasts, in which the emu and kangaroo were well represented. One fellow leaped like a frog. Some had the human skeleton painted on their bodies, while they jumped about threateningly, spear in hand, ready to strike down some imaginary enemy. The kangaroo hopped and danced with natural ease and grace, making a fine figure. All kept time to music, vocal and instrumental, the instruments (save the mark!) being bits of wood, which they beat one against the other, and saucer-like bones, held in the palms of the hands, which they knocked together, making a dull sound. It was a show at once amusing, spectacular, and hideous.

The warrior aborigines that I saw in Queensland were for the most part lithe and fairly well built, but they were stamped always with repulsive features, and their women were, if possible, still more ill favored.

I observed that on the day of the jubilee no foreign flag was waving in the public grounds except the Stars and Stripes, which along with the Union Jack guarded the gateway, and floated in many places, from the tiniest to the standard size. Speaking to Mr. Douglas, I ventured a remark on this compliment to my country. "Oh," said he, "this is a family affair, and we do not consider the Stars and Stripes a foreign flag." The *Spray* of course flew her best bunting, and hoisted the Jack as well as her own noble flag as high as she could.

On June 24 the *Spray*, well fitted in every way, sailed for the long voyage ahead, down the Indian Ocean. Mr. Douglas gave her a flag as she was leaving his island. The *Spray* had now passed nearly all the dangers of the Coral Sea and Torres Strait, which, indeed, were not a few, and all ahead from this point was plain sailing and a straight course. The trade-wind was still blowing fresh, and could be safely counted on now down to the coast of Madagascar, if not beyond that, for it was still early in the season.

I had no wish to arrive off the Cape of Good Hope before midsummer, and it was now early winter. I had been off that cape once in July, which was, of course, midwinter there. The stout ship I then commanded encountered only fierce hurricanes, and she bore them ill. I wished for no winter gales now. It was not that I feared them more, being in the *Spray* instead of a large ship, but that I preferred fine weather in any case. It is true that one may encounter heavy gales off the Cape of Good Hope at any season of the year, but in the summer they are less frequent and do not continue so long. And so with time enough before me to admit of a run ashore on the islands en route, I shaped the course now for Keeling Cocos, atoll islands, distant twenty-seven hundred miles. Taking a departure from Booby Island, which the sloop passed early in the day, I decided to sight Timor on the way, which is an island of high mountains.

Booby Island I had seen before, but only once, however, and that was when in the steamship *Soushay*, on which I was "hove-down" in a fever. When she steamed along this way I was well enough to crawl on deck to look at Booby Island. Had I died for it, I would have seen that island. In those days passing ships landed stores in a cave on the island for shipwrecked and distressed wayfarers. Captain Airy of the *Soushay*, a good man, sent a boat to the cave with his contribution to the general store. The stores were landed in safety, and the boat, returning, brought back from the improvised post-office there a dozen or more letters, most of them left by whalemen, with the request that

the first homeward-bound ship would carry them along and see to their mailing, which had been the custom of this strange postal service for many years. Some of the letters brought back by our boat were directed to New Bedford, and some to Fairhaven, Massachusetts.

There is a light to-day on Booby Island, and regular packet communication with the rest of the world, and the beautiful uncertainty of the fate of letters left there is a thing of the past. I made no call at the little island, but standing close in, exchanged signals with the keeper of the light. Sailing on, the sloop was at once in the Arafura Sea, where for days she sailed in water milky white and green and purple. It was my good fortune to enter the sea on the last quarter of the moon, the advantage being that in the dark nights I witnessed the phosphorescent light effect at night in its greatest splendor. The sea, where the sloop disturbed it, seemed all ablaze, so that by its light I could see the smallest articles on deck, and her wake was a path of fire.

On the 25th of June the sloop was already clear of all the shoals and dangers, and was sailing on a smooth sea as steadily as before, but with speed somewhat slackened. I got out the flying-jib made at Juan Fernandez and set it as a spinnaker from the stoutest bamboo that Mrs. Stevenson had given me at Samoa. The spinnaker pulled like a sodger, and the bamboo holding its own, the *Spray* mended her pace.

Several pigeons flying across to-day from Australia toward the islands bent their course over the *Spray*. Smaller birds were seen flying in the opposite direction. In the part of the Arafura that I came to first, where it was shallow, sea-snakes writhed about on the surface and tumbled over and over in the waves. As the sloop sailed farther on, where the sea became deep, they disappeared. In the ocean, where the water is blue, not one was ever seen.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE "SPRAY" LEAVING SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, IN THE NEW SUIT OF SAILS GIVEN BY COMMODORE FOY OF AUSTRALIA.

In the days of serene weather there was not much to do but to read and take rest on the *Spray*, to make up as much as possible for the rough time off Cape Horn, which was not yet forgotten, and to forestall the Cape of Good Hope by a store of ease. My sea journal was now much the same from day to day—something like this of June 26 and 27, for example:

June 26, in the morning, it is a bit squally; later in the day blowing a steady breeze.

On the log at noon is . . .	130 miles
Subtract correction for slip . .	10 "
	120 "
Add for current	10 "
	130 "

Latitude by observation at noon, 10° 23′ S
Longitude as per mark on the chart.

There was n't much brain-work in that log, I 'm sure. June 27 makes a better showing, when all is told:

First of all, to-day, was a flying-fish on deck: fried it in butter.

133 miles on the log.

For slip, off, and for current, on, as per guess, about equal—let it go at that.

Latitude by observation at noon, 10° 25′ S.

For several days now the *Spray* sailed west on the parallel of 10° 25′ S., as true as a hair. If she deviated at all from that, through the day or night,—and this may have happened,—she was back, strangely enough, at noon, at the same latitude. But the greatest science was in reckoning the longitude. My tin clock and only timepiece had by this time lost its minute-hand, but after I boiled her she told the hours, and that was near enough on a long stretch.

On the 2d of July the great island of Timor was in view away to the nor'ard. On the following day I saw Dana Island, not so far off, and a breeze came up from the land at night, fragrant of the spices or what not of the coast.

On the 11th, with all sail set and with the spinnaker still abroad, about noon, Christmas Island came into view one point on the starboard bow. Before night it was abeam and distant two and a half miles. The surface of the island appeared evenly rounded from the sea to a considerable height in the center. In outline it was as smooth as a fish, and a long ocean swell, rolling up, broke against the sides, where it lay like a monster asleep, motionless on the sea. It seemed to have the proportions of a whale, and as the sloop sailed along its side to the part where the head would be, there was a nostril, even, which was a blow-hole through a ledge of rock where every wave that dashed threw up a shaft of water, lifelike and real.

It had been a long time since I last saw this island; but I remember my temporary admiration for the captain of the ship I was then in, the *Tanjore*, when he sang out one morning from the quarter-deck, well aft, "Go aloft there, one of ye, with a pair of eyes, and see Christmas Island." Sure enough, there the island was in sight from the royal-yard. Captain M—— had thus made a great hit, and he never got over it. The chief mate, terror of us ordinaries in the ship, walking never to windward of the captain, now took himself humbly to the lee side of the poop-deck. When we arrived at Hong-Kong there was a letter in the ship's mail for me. I was in the boat with the captain some hours while he had it. But do you suppose he could hand a letter to a seaman? No, indeed; not even to an ordinary seaman. When we got to the ship he gave it to the first mate; the first mate gave it to the second mate, and he laid it, michingly, on the capstan-head, where I could get it!

To the Keeling Cocos Islands was now only five hundred and fifty miles; but even in this short run it was necessary to be extremely careful in keeping a true course to the atoll.

On the 12th, some hundred miles southwest of Christmas Island, I saw anti-trade clouds flying up from the southwest very high over the regular winds, which weakened now for a few days, while a swell heavier than usual set in also from the southwest. A winter gale was going on in the direction of the Cape of Good Hope. Accordingly, I steered higher to windward, allowing twenty miles a day, while this went on, for change of current; and it was not too much, for on that course I made the Keeling Islands right ahead. The first unmistakable sign of the land was a visit one morning from a white tern that fluttered very knowingly about the vessel, and then took itself off westward with a businesslike air in its wing. The tern is called by the islanders the "pilot of Keeling Cocos." A little farther on I came among a great number of birds fishing, and fighting over whatever they caught. Springing aloft, I saw from half-way up the mast cocoanut-trees standing out of the water ahead. I expected to see this, still it thrilled me as an electric shock might have done. I slid down the mast, trembling under the strangest sensations; and not able to resist the impulse, I sat on deck and gave way to my emotions. To folks in a parlor on shore this may seem weak indeed, but I am telling the story of a voyage alone.

I did n't touch the helm, for with the current and heave of the sea the sloop found herself at the end of the run absolutely in the channel. You could n't have beaten it in the navy! Then I trimmed her sails by the wind, took the helm, and flogged her up the couple of miles or so abreast the harbor landing, where I cast anchor at 3:30 P. M., July 17, 1897, twenty-three days from Thursday Island. The distance run was twenty-seven hundred miles as the crow flies. This would have been a fair Atlantic voyage. It was a delightful sail! During those twenty-three days I had not spent altogether more than three hours at the helm, including the time occupied in beating into Keeling harbor. I just lashed the helm and let her go; whether the wind was abeam or dead aft it was all the same: she always sailed on her course. No part of the voyage up to this point, taking it by and large, had been so finished as this.

The Keeling Cocos Islands, according to Admiral Fitzroy, R. N., lie between the latitudes of 11° 50′ and 12° 12′ S., and the longi-

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE "SPRAY" ASHORE FOR "BOOT-TOPPING" AT THE KEELING ISLANDS.

tudes of 96° 51′ and 96° 58′ E. They were discovered in 1608–9 by Captain William Keeling, then in the service of the East India Company. The southern group consists of seven or eight islands and islets on the atoll, which is the skeleton of what some day, according to the history of coral reefs, will be a continuous island. North Keeling has no harbor, is seldom visited, and is of no importance. The South Keelings are a strange little world, and with a romantic history all their own. They have been visited occasionally by the floating spar of some hurricane-swept ship, or by a tree that has drifted all the way from Australia, or by an ill-starred ship cast away, and finally by man. Even a rock once drifted to Keeling, held fast among the roots of a tree.

After the discovery of the islands by Captain Keeling, their first notable visitor was Captain John Clunis-Ross, who in 1814 touched in the ship *Borneo* on a voyage to India. Captain Ross returned two years later with his wife and family and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Dymoke, and eight sailor artisans, to take possession of the islands, but found there already one Alexander Hare, who meanwhile had marked the little atoll as a sort of Eden for a seraglio of Malay women which he moved over from the coast of Africa. It was Ross's own brother, oddly enough, who freighted Hare and his crowd of women to the islands, not knowing of Captain John's plans to occupy the little world. And so Hare was there with his outfit, as if he had come to stay.

On his previous visit, however, Ross had nailed the English Jack to a mast on Horsburg Island, one of the group. After two years shreds of it still fluttered in the wind, and his sailors, nothing loath, began at once the invasion of the island to take possession of it, women and all. The force of forty women, with only one man to command them, was not equal to driving eight sturdy sailors back into the sea.[1]

From this time on Hare had a hard time of it. He and Ross did not get on well as neighbors. The islands were too small and too near for characters so widely different. Hare had "oceans of money," and might have lived well in London; but he had been

[1] In the accounts given in Findlay's "Sailing Directory" of some of the events there is a chronological discrepancy. I follow the accounts gathered from the old captain's grandsons and from records on the spot.

governor of a wild colony in Borneo, and could not confine himself to the tame life that prosy civilization affords. And so he hung on to the atoll with his forty women, retreating little by little before Ross and his sturdy crew, till at last he found himself and his harem on the little island known to this day as Prison Island, where, like Bluebeard, he confined his wives in a castle. The channel between the islands was narrow, the water was not deep, and the eight Scotch sailors wore long boots. Hare was now dismayed. He tried the compromise of rum and other luxuries for the sailors, but these things only made matters worse. On the day following the first St. Andrew's celebration on the island, Hare, consumed with rage, and no longer on speaking terms with the captain, dashed off a note to him, saying: "DEAR ROSS: I thought when I sent rum and roast pig to your sailors that they would stay away from my flower-garden." In reply to which the captain, burning with indignation, shouted from the center of the island, where he stood, "Ahoy, there, on Prison Island! You Hare, don't you know that rum and roast pig are not a sailor's heaven?" Hare said afterward that one might have heard the captain's roar across to Java.

The lawless establishment was soon broken up by the women deserting Prison Island and putting themselves under Ross's protection. Hare then went to Batavia, where he met his death.

My first impression upon landing was that the crime of infanticide had not reached the islands of Keeling Cocos. "The children have all come to welcome you to the island," explained Mr. Ross, as they mustered at the jetty by hundreds, of all ages and sizes. The people of the country were all rather shy, but, young or old, they never passed one or saw one passing their door without a salutation. In their musical voices they would say, "Are you walking?" ("Jalan, jalan?") "Will you come along?" one would answer.

For a long time after I arrived the children regarded the "one-man ship" with suspicion and fear. A native man had been blown away to sea many years before, and they hinted to one another that he might have been changed from black to white, and returned in the sloop. For some time every movement I made was closely watched. They were particularly interested in what I ate. One day, after I had been "boot-topping" the sloop with a composition of coal-tar and other stuff, and while I was taking my dinner, with the luxury of blackberry jam, I heard a commotion, and then a yell and a stampede, as the children ran away yelling: "The captain is eating coal-tar! The captain is eating coal-tar!" But they soon found out that this same "coal-tar" was very good to eat, and that I had brought a quantity of it. One day when I was spreading a sea-biscuit thick with it for a wide-awake youngster, I heard them whisper, "Chut-chut!" meaning that a shark had bitten my hand, which they observed was lame. Thenceforth they regarded me as a hero, and I had not fingers enough for the little bright-eyed tots that wanted to cling to them and follow me about the island. Before this, when I held out my hand and said, "Come!" they would shy off for the nearest house, and say, "Dingin" ("It 's cold"), or "Ujan" ("It 's going to rain"). But it was now accepted that I was not the returned spirit of the lost black, and I had plenty of friends about the island, rain or shine.

One day after this, when I tried to haul the sloop and found her fast in the sand, the children all clapped their hands and cried that a *kpeting* (crab) was holding her by the keel; and little Ophelia, ten or twelve years of age, wrote in the *Spray's* log-book:

A hundred men with might and main
  On the windlass hove, yeo-ho!
The cable only came in twain;
  The ship she would not go;
For, child, to tell the strangest thing,
The keel was held by a great kpeting.

This being so or not, it was decided that the Mohammedan priest, Sama the Emim, for a pot of jam, should ask Mohammed to bless the voyage and make the crab let go the sloop's keel, which it did, if it had hold, and she floated on the very next tide.

On the 22d of July arrived H. M. S. *Iphegenia*, with Mr. Justice Andrew J. Leech and court officers on board, on a circuit of inspection among the Straits Settlements, of which Keeling Cocos was a dependency, to hear complaints and try cases by law, if any there were to try. They found the *Spray* hauled ashore and tied to a cocoanut-tree. But at the Keeling Islands there had not been a grievance to complain of since the day that Hare migrated, for the Rosses have always treated the islanders as their own family.

If there is a paradise on this earth it is Keeling. There was not a case for a lawyer, but something had to be done, for here were two ships in port, a great man-of-war and the *Spray*. Instead of a lawsuit a dance

was got up, and all the officers who could leave their ship came ashore. Everybody on the island came, old and young, and the governor's great hall was filled with people. All that could get on their feet danced, while the babies lay in heaps in the corners of the room, content to look on. My little friend Ophelia danced with the judge. For music two fiddles screeched over and over again the good old tune, "We won't go home till morning." And we did not.

The women at the Keelings do not do all the drudgery, as in many places visited on the voyage. It would cheer the heart of a Fuegian woman to see the Keeling lord of creation up a cocoanut-tree. Besides cleverly climbing the trees, the men of Keeling build exquisitely modeled canoes. By far the best workmanship in boat-building I saw on the voyage was here. Many finished mechanics dwelt under the palms at Keeling, and the hum of the band-saw and the ring of the anvil were heard from morning till night. The first Scotch settlers left there the strength of Northern blood and the inheritance of steady habits. No benevolent society has ever done so much for any islanders as the noble Captain Ross and his sons, who have followed his example of industry and thrift.

Admiral Fitzroy of the *Beagle*, who visited here, where many things are reversed, spoke of "these singular though small islands, where crabs eat cocoanuts, fish eat coral, dogs catch fish, men ride on turtles, and shells are dangerous man-traps," adding that the greater part of the sea-fowl roost on branches, and many rats make their nests at the top of palm-trees.

My vessel being refitted, I decided to load her with the famous mammoth tridacna shell of Keeling, found in the bayou not far away. And right here, within sight of the village, I came near losing "the crew of the *Spray*," not from putting my foot in a man-trap shell, however, but from carelessly neglecting to look after the details of a trip across the harbor in a boat. I had sailed over oceans; I have since completed a course over them all, and sailed round the whole world without so nearly meeting a fatality as on that trip across a lagoon, where I trusted all to some one else, and he, weak mortal that he was, perhaps was trusting all to me. However that may be, I found myself with a thoughtless African negro in a rickety bateau that was fitted with a rotten sail, and this blew away in mid-channel in a squall, and left us drifting helplessly to sea, where we should have been incontinently lost. With the whole ocean before us to leeward, I was dismayed to see, while we drifted, that there was not a paddle or an oar in the boat! There was an anchor, to be sure, but not enough rope to tie a cat, and we were already in deep water. By great good fortune, however, there was a pole. Plying this as a paddle with the utmost energy, and by the merest accidental flaw in the wind to favor us, the trap of a boat was worked into shoal water, where we could touch bottom and push her ashore. With Africa, the nearest coast to leeward, three thousand miles away, with not so much as a drop of water in the boat, and a lean and hungry negro—well, cast the lot as one might, the crew of the *Spray* in a little while would have been hard to find. It is needless to say that I took no more such chances. The tridacna were afterward procured in a safe boat, thirty of them taking the place of three tons of cement ballast, which I threw overboard to make room and give buoyancy.

CAPTAIN SLOCUM DRIFTING OUT TO SEA.

On August 22, the kpeting, or whatever

else it was that held the sloop, let go its hold, and she swung out to sea under all sail, heading again for home. Mounting one or two heavy rollers on the fringe of the atoll, she cleared the little islands, the reefs and all, and long before dark Keeling Cocos, with its thousand souls, as sinless in their lives as perhaps it is possible for frail mortals to be, was left out of sight, astern. Out of sight, I say, except in my strongest affection.

The sea was rugged, and the *Spray* washed heavily when hauled on the wind, which course I took for the island of Rodriguez, and which brought the sea abeam. The true course for the island was west by south, one quarter south, and the distance was nineteen hundred miles; but I steered considerably to the windward of that to allow for the heave of the sea and other leeward effects. My sloop on this course ran under reefed sails for days together. I naturally tired of the never-ending motion of the sea, and, above all, of the wetting I got whenever I showed myself on deck. Under these heavy weather conditions the *Spray* seemed to lag behind on her course; at least, I attributed to these conditions a discrepancy in the log, which by the fifteenth day out from Keeling amounted to one hundred and fifty miles between the rotator and the mental calculations I had kept of what she should have gone, and so I kept an eye lifting for land. I could see about sundown this day a bunch of clouds that stood in one spot, right ahead, while the other clouds floated on; this was a sign of something. By midnight, as the sloop sailed on, a black object appeared where I had seen the resting clouds. It was still a long way off, but there could be no mistaking this: it was the high island of Rodriguez. I hauled in the patent log, which I was now towing more from habit than from necessity, for I had learned the *Spray* and her ways long before this. If one thing was clearer than another in her voyage, it was that she could be trusted to come out right and in safety, though at the same time I always stood ready to give her the benefit of even the least doubt. The officers who are over-sure, and "know it all like a book," are the ones, I have observed, who wreck the most ships and lose the most lives. The cause of the discrepancy in the log was one often met with, namely, coming in contact with some large fish; two out of the four blades of the rotator were crushed or bent, the work probably of a shark. Being sure of the sloop's position, I lay down to rest and to think, and I felt better for it. By daylight the island was abeam, about three miles away. It wore a hard, weather-beaten appearance there, all alone, deep in the Indian Ocean, like land adrift. The windward side was uninviting, but there was a good port to leeward, and I hauled in now close on the wind for that. A pilot came out to take me into the inner harbor, which was reached through a narrow channel among coral reefs.

It was a curious thing that at all of the islands some reality was insisted on as unreal, while improbabilities were clothed as hard facts; and so it happened here that the good abbé, a few days before, had been telling his people about the coming of Antichrist, and when they saw the *Spray* sail into the harbor, all feather-white before a gale of wind, and run all standing upon the beach, and with only one man aboard, they cried, "May the Lord help us, it is he, and he has come in a boat!" which I say would have been the most improbable way of his coming. Nevertheless, the news went flying through the place. The governor of the island, Mr. Roberts, came down immediately to see what it was all about, for the little town was in a great commotion. One elderly woman, when she heard of the advent, made for her house and locked herself in. When she heard that I was actually coming up the street she barricaded her doors, and did not come out while I was on the island, a period of eight days. Governor Roberts and his family did not share the fears of their people, but came on board at the jetty, where the sloop was berthed, and their example induced others to come also. The governor's young boys took charge of the *Spray's* dinghy at once, and my visit cost his Excellency, besides great hospitality to me, the building of a boat for them like the one belonging to the *Spray*.

My first day at this Land of Promise was to me like a fairy-tale. For many days I had studied the charts and counted the time of my arrival at this spot, as one might his entrance to the Islands of the Blessed, looking upon it as the last of the long, hard runs, made more irksome from the want of many things with which, from this time on, I could keep well supplied. And behold, here was the sloop, arrived, and made securely fast to a pier in Rodriguez. On the first evening ashore, in the land of napkins and cut glass, I saw before me still the ghosts of hempen towels and of mugs with handles knocked off. Instead of tossing on the sea, however, as I might have been, here I was in a bright hall, surrounded by sparkling wit, and dining with the governor of the island! "Aladdin,"

I cried, "where is your lamp? My own fisherman's lantern, which I got at Gloucester, has shown me better things than your smoky old burner ever revealed."

The second day in port was spent in receiving visitors. Mrs. Roberts and her children came first to "shake hands," they said, "with the *Spray*." No one was now afraid to come on board except the poor old woman, who still maintained that the *Spray* had Antichrist in the hold, if, indeed, he had not already gone ashore. The governor entertained that evening, and kindly invited the "destroyer of the world" to speak for himself. This he did, elaborating most effusively on the dangers of the sea (which he would have had smooth had he made it); also by contrivances of light and darkness he exhibited on the wall pictures of the places and countries visited on the voyage (nothing like the countries, however, that he would have made), and of the people seen, savage and other, frequently groaning, "Wicked world! Wicked world!" When this was finished his Excellency the governor, speaking words of thankfulness, distributed pieces of gold.

On the following day I accompanied his Excellency and family on a visit to San Gabriel, which was up the country among the hills. The good abbé entertained us all royally at the convent, and we remained his guests until the following day. As I was leaving his place, the abbé said, "Captain, I embrace you, and of whatever religion you may be, my wish is that you succeed in making your voyage, and that our Saviour the Christ be always with you!" To this good man's words I could only say, "My dear abbé, had all religionists been so liberal there would have been less bloodshed in the world."

At Rodriguez one may now find every convenience for getting pure and wholesome water in any quantity, Governor Roberts having built a reservoir in the hills, above the village, and laid pipes to the jetty, where, at the time of my visit, there were five and a half feet at high tide. In former years well-water was used, and more or less sickness occurred from it. Beef may be had in any quantity on the island, and at a moderate price. Sweet potatoes were plentiful and cheap; the large sack of them that I bought there for about four shillings kept unusually well. I simply stored them in the sloop's dry hold. Of fruits, pomegranates were most plentiful; for two shillings I obtained a large sack of them, as many as a donkey could pack from the orchard, which, by the way, was planted by nature herself.

On the 16th of September, after eight restful days at this mid-ocean land of plenty, I set sail, and on the 19th arrived at Mauritius, anchoring at quarantine about noon. The sloop was towed in later on the same day by the doctor's launch, after he was satisfied that I had mustered all the crew for inspection. Of this he seemed in doubt until he examined the papers, which called for a crew of one all told from port to port, throughout the voyage. Then finding that I had been well enough to come thus far alone, he gave me pratique without further ado. There was still another official visit for the *Spray* to pass farther in the harbor. The governor of Rodriguez, who had most kindly given me, besides a regular mail, private letters of introduction to friends, told me I should meet, first of all, Mr. Jenkins of the postal service, a good man. "How do you do, Mr. Jenkins?" cried I, as his boat swung alongside. "You don't know me," he asked. "Why not?" I replied. "From where is the sloop?" "From around the world," I again replied, very solemnly. "And alone?" "Yes; why not?" "And you know me?" "Three thousand years ago," cried I, "when you and I had a warmer job than we have now (even this was hot). You were then Jenkinson, but if you have changed your name I don't blame you for that." Mr. Jenkins, forbearing soul, entered into the spirit of the jest, which served the *Spray* a good turn, for on the strength of this tale it got out that if any one should go on board after dark the devil would get him at once. And so I could leave the *Spray* without the fear of her being robbed at night. The cabin, to be sure, was broken into, but it was done in daylight, and the thieves got no more than a box of smoked herrings before "Tom" Ledson, one of the port officials, caught them red-handed, as it were, and sent them to jail. This was discouraging to pilferers, for they feared Ledson more than they feared Satan himself. Even Mamode Hajee Ayoob, who was the day-watchman on board,—till an empty box fell over in the cabin and frightened him out of his wits,—could not be hired to watch nights, or even till the sun went down. "Sahib," he cried, "there is no need of it," and what he said was perfectly true.

At Mauritius, where I drew a long breath, the *Spray* rested her wings, it being the season of fine weather. The hardships of the voyage, if there had been any, were computed by officers of experience as nine tenths fin-

ished, and yet somehow I could not forget that the United States was a long way off.

The kind people of Mauritius, to make me richer and happier, rigged up the opera-house, which they had named the "Ship *Pantai*."[1] All decks and no bottom was this ship, but she was as stiff as a church. They gave me free use of it while I talked over the *Spray's* adventures. His Honor the mayor introduced me to his Excellency the governor from the poop-deck of the *Pantai*. In this way I was also introduced again to our good consul, General John P. Campbell, who had already introduced me to his Excellency. I was becoming well acquainted, and was in for it now to sail the voyage over again. How I got through the story I hardly know. It was a hot night, and I could have choked the tailor who made the coat I wore for this occasion. The kind governor saw that I had done my part trying to rig like a man ashore, and he invited me to Government House at Reduit, where I found myself among friends.

It was winter still off stormy Cape of Good Hope, but the storms might whistle there. I determined to see it out in milder Mauritius. So I first visited Rose Hill, Curipepe, and other places on the island. I spent a day with the elder Mr. Roberts, father of Governor Roberts of Rodriguez, and with his friends the Very Reverend Fathers O'Loughlin and McCarthy. Returning to the *Spray* by way of the great flower conservatory near Moka, the proprietor, having only that morning discovered a new and hardy plant, to my great honor named it "Slocum," which he said Latinized it at once, saving him some trouble on the twist of a word; and the good botanist seemed pleased that I had come. How different things are in different countries! In Boston, Massachusetts, at that time, a gentleman, so I was told, paid thirty thousand dollars to have a flower named after his wife, and it was not a big flower either, while "Slocum," which came without the asking, was bigger than a mangel-wurzel!

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE "SPRAY" AT MAURITIUS.

I was royally entertained at Moka, as well as at Reduit and other places—once by seven young ladies, to whom I spoke of my inability to return their hospitality except in my own poor way of taking them on a sail in

[1] Guinea-hen.

the sloop. "The very thing! The very thing!" they all cried. "Then please name the time," I said, as meek as Moses. "To-morrow!" they all cried. "And, aunty, we may go, may n't we, and we 'll be real good for a whole week afterward, aunty! Say yes, aunty dear!" All this after saying "To-morrow"; for girls in Mauritius are, after all, the same as our girls in America, and their dear aunt said "Me, too" about the same as any really good aunt might say in this country.

I was then in a quandary, having forgotten that on the very "to-morrow" I was to dine with the harbor-master, Captain Wilson. However, I said to myself, the *Spray* will run out quickly into rough seas; these young ladies will have *mal de mer* and a good time, and I 'll get in early enough to be at the dinner, after all. But not a bit of it. We sailed almost out of sight of Mauritius, and they just stood up and laughed at seas tumbling aboard, while I was at the helm making the worst weather of it I could, and spinning yarns to the aunt about sea-serpents and whales. But she, dear lady, when I had finished, only hinted at a basket of provisions they had brought along, enough to last a week, for I had told them about my wretched steward.

The more the *Spray* tried to make these young ladies seasick, the more they all clapped their hands and said, "How lovely it is!" and "How beautifully she skims over the sea!" and "How beautiful our island appears from the distance!" and they still cried, "Go on!" We were fifteen miles or more at sea before they ceased the eager cry, "Go on!" Then the sloop swung round, I still hoping to be back at Port Louis in time to keep my appointment. The *Spray* reached the island quickly, and flew along the coast fast enough; but I made a mistake in steering along the coast on the way home, for as we came abreast of Tombo Bay it enchanted my crew. "Oh, let 's anchor here!" they cried. To this no sailor in the world would have said nay. The sloop came to anchor, ten minutes later, as they wished, and a young man on the cliff abreast, waving his hat, cried, "*Vive la Spray!*" My passengers said, "Aunty, may n't we have a swim in the surf along the shore?" Just then the harbor-master's launch hove in sight, coming out to meet us; but it was too late to get the sloop into Port Louis that night. The launch was in time, however, to land my fair crew for a swim; but they were determined not to desert the ship. Meanwhile I prepared a roof for the night on deck with the sails, and a Bengali man-servant arranged the evening meal. That night the *Spray* rode in Tombo Bay with her precious freight. Next morning bright and early, even before the stars were gone, I awoke to hear praying on deck.

The port officers' launch reappeared later in the morning, this time with Captain Wilson himself on board, to try his luck in getting the *Spray* into port, for he had heard of our predicament. It was worth something to hear a friend tell afterward how earnestly the good harbor-master of Mauritius said, "I 'll find the *Spray* and I 'll get her into port." A merry crew he discovered on her; they could hoist sails like old tars, and could trim them, too. They could tell all about the ship's "hoods," and one should have seen them clap a bonnet on the jib. Like the deepest of deep-water sailors, they could heave the lead, and—as I hope to see Mauritius again!—any of them could have put the sloop in stays. No ship ever had a fairer crew.

The voyage was the event of Port Louis; such a thing as young ladies sailing about the harbor, even, was almost unheard of before.

While at Mauritius the *Spray* was tendered the use of the military dock free of charge, and was thoroughly refitted by the port authorities. Many things needful for the voyage were put on board by friends, and bags of sugar came from some of the famous old plantations.

The favorable season now set in, and thus well equipped, on the 26th of October, the *Spray* put to sea. As I sailed before a light wind the island receded slowly, and on the following day I could still see the Puce Mountain near Moka. The *Spray* arrived next day off Galets, Réunion, and a pilot came out and spoke her. I handed him a Mauritius paper and continued on my voyage; for rollers were running heavily at the time, and it was not practicable to make a landing, being myself a stranger. From Réunion I shaped a course direct for Cape St. Mary, Madagascar.

The sloop was now drawing near the limits of the trade-wind, and the strong breeze that had carried her with free sheets the many thousands of miles from Sandy Cape, Australia, fell lighter each day until October 30, when it was altogether calm, and a motionless sea held her in a hushed world. I furled the sails at evening, sat down on deck, and enjoyed the stillness of the night.

October 31 a light east-northeast breeze sprang up, and the sloop passed Cape St.

Mary about noon. On the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th of November, in the Mozambique Channel, she experienced a hard gale of wind from the southwest. Here the *Spray* suffered as much as she did anywhere, except off Cape Horn. The thunder and lightning preceding this gale were very heavy. From this point until the sloop arrived off the coast of Africa, she encountered a succession of gales of wind, which drove her about in many directions, but on the 17th of November she arrived at Port Natal.

This delightful place is the commercial center of the "Garden Colony," Durban itself, the city, being the continuation of a garden. The signalman from the bluff station reported the *Spray* fifteen miles off when she was making the port. When she was within eight miles he said: "The *Spray* is shortening sail; the mainsail was reefed and set in ten minutes. One man is doing all the work." This was printed three minutes later in a Durban morning journal, which was handed to me when I arrived in port. I could not verify the time it had taken to reef the sail, for, as I have already said, the minute-hand of my timepiece was gone. I only knew that I reefed as quickly as I could.

The same paper, commenting on the voyage, said: "Judging from the stormy weather which has prevailed off this coast during the past few weeks, the *Spray* must have had a very stormy voyage from Mauritius to Natal." Doubtless the weather would have been called stormy by sailors in any ship, but it caused the *Spray* no more inconvenience than the delay natural to head winds generally.

The question of how I sailed the sloop alone, often asked, is best answered, perhaps, by a Durban newspaper. I would shrink from repeating the editor's words but for the reason that undue estimates have been made of the amount of skill and energy required to sail a sloop of even the *Spray's* small tonnage. I heard a man who called himself a sailor say that "it would require three men to do what it was claimed" that I did alone, and what I found perfectly easy to do over and over again; and I have heard that others made similar nonsensical remarks, adding that I would work myself to death. But here is what the Durban paper said:

As briefly noted yesterday, the *Spray*, with a crew of one man, arrived at this port yesterday afternoon on her cruise round the world. The *Spray* made quite an auspicious entrance to Natal. Her commander sailed his craft right up the channel past the main wharf, and dropped his anchor near the old *Forerunner* in the creek, before any one had a chance to get on board. The *Spray* was naturally an object of great curiosity to the Point people, and her arrival was witnessed by a large crowd. The skilful manner in which Captain Slocum steered his craft about the vessels which were occupying the waterway was a treat to witness.

The *Spray* was not sailing in among greenhorns when she came to Natal. When she arrived off the port the pilot-ship, a fine, able steam-tug, came out to meet her, and led the way in across the bar, for it was blowing a smart gale and was too rough to tow with safety. The trick of going in I learned by watching the steamer; it was simply to keep on the windward side of the channel and take the combers end on.

I found that Durban supported two yacht clubs, both of them full of enterprise. I met all the members of both clubs and sailed in their yachts. I sailed one day in the crack yacht *Florence*, with Skipper Spradbrow. A better helmsman never turned spoke of wheel. While tearing over the bay in the *Florence* I learned a wrinkle in farming, if I am to accept the account of it given by the Right Honorable Harry Escombe, premier of Natal. The yacht's center-board plowed furrows through the mud-banks, and, according to Mr. Escombe, there were many of them which Spradbrow had planted with potatoes at low tide. The *Florence*, however, won races while she tilled the skipper's land. After our sail on the *Florence* Mr. Escombe offered to sail the *Spray* round the Cape of Good Hope for me, and hinted at his famous cribbage-board to while away the hours. Spradbrow, in retort, warned me of it. Said he, "You would be played out of the sloop before you could round the cape." By others it was not thought probable that the premier of Natal would play cribbage off the Cape of Good Hope to win even the *Spray*.

It was a matter of no small pride to me in South Africa to find that American humor was never at a discount, and one of the best American stories I ever heard was told by the premier. At Hotel Royal one day, dining with Colonel Saunderson, M. P., his son, and Lieutenant Tipping, I met Mr. Stanley. The great explorer was just from Pretoria, and had already as good as flayed President Krüger with his trenchant pen. But that did not signify, for everybody has a whack at Oom Paul, and no one in the world seems to stand the joke better than he, not even the Sultan

of Turkey himself. The colonel introduced me to the explorer, and I hauled close to the wind, to go slow, for Mr. Stanley was a nautical man once himself,—on the Nyanza, I think,—and of course my desire was to appear in the best light before a man of his experience. He looked me over carefully, and said, "What an example of patience!" "Patience is all that is required," I ventured to reply. He then asked if my vessel had water-tight compartments. I explained that she was all water-tight and all compartment. "What if she should strike a rock?" he asked. "Compartments would not save her if she should hit the rocks lying along her course," said I; adding, "she must be kept away from the rocks." After a considerable pause Mr. Stanley asked, "What if a swordfish should pierce her hull with its sword?" Of course I had thought of that as one of the dangers of the sea, and also of the chance of being struck by lightning. In the case of the swordfish, I ventured to say that "the first thing would be to secure the sword." The colonel invited me to dine with the party on the following day, that we might go further into this matter, and so I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Stanley the second time.

It sounds odd to hear scholars and statesmen say the world is flat; but it is a fact that three Boers of considerable learned ability prepared a work to support that contention. While I was at Durban they came from Pretoria to obtain data from me, and they seemed annoyed when I told them that they could not prove it by my experience. With the advice to call up some ghost of the dark ages for research, I went ashore, and left these three wise men poring over the *Spray's* track on a chart of the world, which, however, proved nothing to them, for the chart was on Mercator's projection, and behold, it was "flat." The next morning I met one of the party in a clergyman's garb, carrying a large Bible, not different from the one I had read, and who tackled me, saying, "If you respect the Word of God you must admit that the world is flat." "If the Word of God stands on a flat world—" I began. "What!" cried he, losing himself in a furious passion, and making as if he would run me through with an assagai. "What!" he shouted in astonishment and rage, while I jumped aside to dodge the imaginary weapon. Had this good but misguided fanatic been armed with a real weapon, the crew of the *Spray* would have died a martyr there and then. The next day, seeing him across the street, I bowed and made curves with my hands. He responded with a level, swimming movement of his hands. A pamphlet by these Transvaal geographers, made up of arguments from sources high and low to prove their theory, was mailed to me before I sailed from Africa on my last stretch round the globe.

While I feebly portray the ignorance of these learned men, I have great admiration for their physical manhood. Much that I saw first and last of the Transvaal and the Boers was admirable. It is well known that they are the hardest of fighters, and as generous to the fallen as they are brave before the foe. Real stubborn bigotry with them is only found among old fogies, and will die a natural death, and that, too, perhaps long before we ourselves are entirely free from bigotry. Education in the Transvaal is by no means neglected, English as well as Dutch being taught to all that can afford both; but the tariff duty on English school-books is heavy, and from necessity the poorer people stick to the Transvaal Dutch and their flat world, just as in Samoa and other islands a mistaken policy has kept the natives down to Kanaka.

I visited many public schools at Durban, and had the pleasure of meeting many bright children.

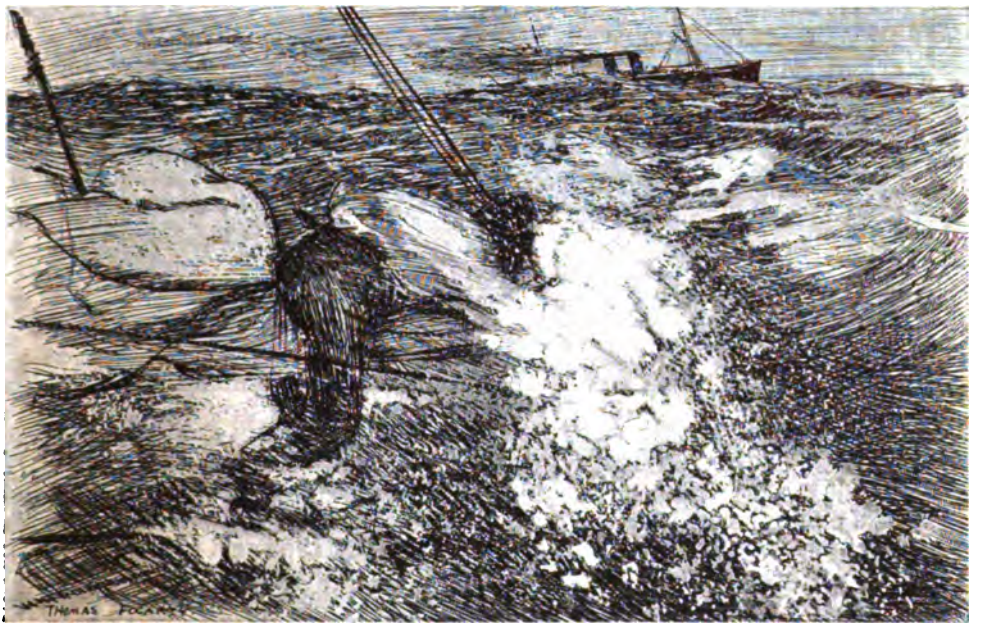
But all fine things must end, and December 14, 1897, the "crew" of the *Spray*, after having a fine time in Natal, swung the sloop's dinghy in on deck, and sailed with a morning land-wind, which carried her clear of the bar, and again she was "off on her alone," as they say in Australia.

The Cape of Good Hope was now the most prominent point to pass. From Table Bay I could count on the aid of brisk trades, and then the *Spray* would soon be home. On the first day out from Durban it fell calm, and I sat thinking about the end of the voyage. The distance to Table Bay, where I intended to call, was about eight hundred miles, over what might prove a rough sea. The early Portuguese navigators, endowed with patience, were sixty-nine years struggling to round this cape before they got as far as Algoa Bay, and there the crew mutinied. They landed on a small island, now called Santa Cruz, where they devoutly set up the cross, and swore they would cut the captain's throat if he attempted to sail farther. Beyond this was the edge of the world, which they also believed was flat; and fearing that their ship would sail over the brink of it, they compelled Captain Dias, their commander, to retrace his course.

all being only too glad to get home. A year later, we are told, Vasco da Gama at last sailed successfully round the "Cape of Storms," as the Cape of Good Hope was then called, and discovered Natal on Christmas or Natal day; hence the name. From this point the way to India was easy.

Gales of wind sweeping round the cape even now were frequent enough, one occurring, on an average, every thirty-six hours; but one gale was much the same as another, with no more serious result than to blow the *Spray* along on her course when it was fair, or to blow her back somewhat when it was ahead. On Christmas, 1897, I came to the pitch of the cape. On this day the *Spray* was trying to stand on her head, and she gave me every reason to believe that she would accomplish the feat before night. She began very early in the morning to pitch and toss about in a most unusual manner, and I have to record that, while I was at the end of the bowsprit reefing the jib, she ducked me under water three times for a Christmas box. I got wet and did not like it a bit: never in any other sea was I put under more than once in the same short space of time, say three minutes. A large English steamer passing ran up the signal, "Wishing you a Merry Christmas." I think the captain was a humorist; his own ship was throwing her propeller out of water.

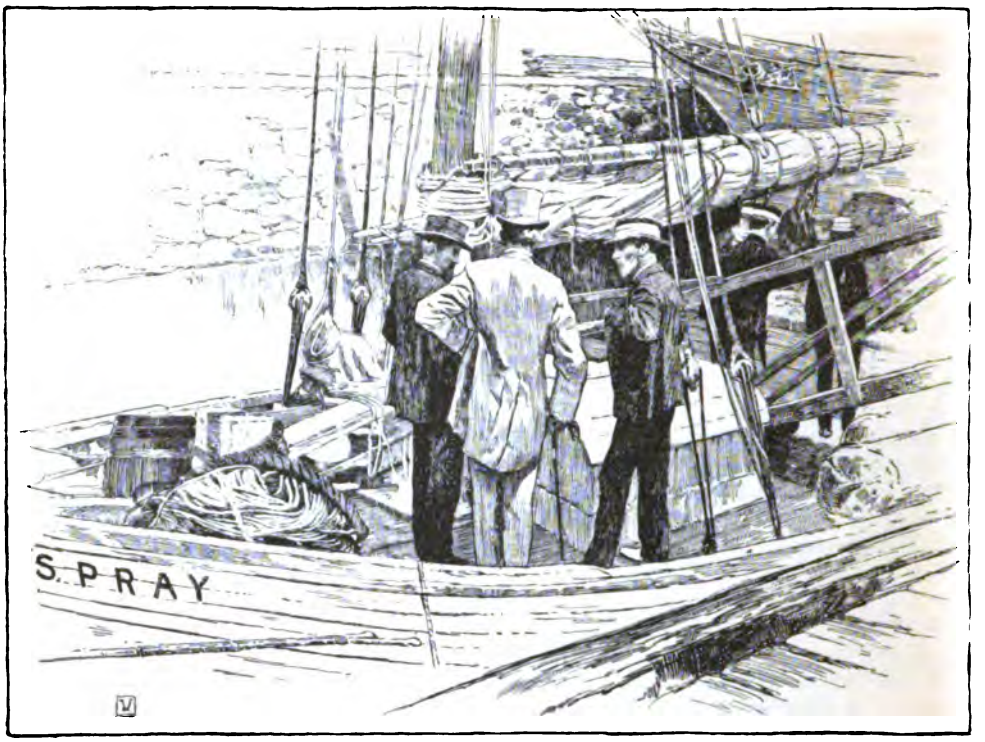
Two days later, the *Spray*, having recovered the distance lost in the gale, passed Cape Agulhas in company with the steamship *Scotsman*, now with a fair wind. The keeper of the light on Agulhas exchanged signals with the *Spray* as she passed, and afterward wrote me at New York congratulations on the completion of the voyage. The master of the light seemed to think the incident of two ships of so widely different types passing his cape together worthy of a place on canvas, and he went about having the picture made. So I gathered from his letter. At lonely stations like this hearts grow responsive and sympathetic, and even poetic. This feeling was shown toward the *Spray* along many a rugged coast, and reading many a kind signal thrown out to her gave me a grateful feeling for all the world.



"'WISHING YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS.'"

One more gale of wind came down upon the *Spray* from the west after she passed Cape Agulhas, but that one she dodged by getting into Simons Bay. When it moderated she beat around the Cape of Good Hope, where they say the *Flying Dutchman* is still sailing. The voyage then seemed as good as finished; from this time on I knew that all, or nearly all, would be plain sailing.

Here I crossed the dividing-line of weather. To the north it was clear and settled, while south it was humid and squally, with, often enough, as I have said, a treacherous gale. From the recent hard weather the *Spray* ran into a calm under Table Mountain, where she



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

CAPTAIN SLOCUM, SIR ALFRED MILNER (WITH THE TALL HAT), AND COLONEL SAUNDERSON, M. P., ON THE BOW OF THE "SPRAY" AT CAPE TOWN.

lay quietly till the generous sun rose over the land and drew a breeze in from the sea.

The steam-tug *Alert*, then out looking for ships, came to the *Spray* off the Lion's Rump, and in lieu of a larger ship towed her into port. The sea being smooth, she came to anchor in the bay off the city of Cape Town, where she remained a day, simply to rest clear of the bustle of commerce. The good harbor-master sent his steam-launch to bring the sloop to a berth in dock at once, but I preferred to remain for one day alone, in the quiet of a smooth sea, enjoying the retrospect of the passage of the two great capes. On the following morning the *Spray* sailed into the Alfred Dry-docks, where she remained for about three months in the care of the port authorities, while I traveled the country over from Simons Town to Pretoria, being accorded by the colonial government a free railroad pass over all the land.

The trip to Kimberley, Johannesburg, and Pretoria was a pleasant one. At the last-named place I met Mr. Krüger, the Transvaal president. His Excellency received me cordially enough; but my friend Judge Beyers, the gentleman who presented me, by mentioning incidentally that I was on a voyage around the world, unwittingly gave great offense to the venerable statesman, which we both regretted deeply. Mr. Krüger corrected the judge rather sharply, reminding him that the world is flat. "You don't mean *round* the world," said the president; "it is impossible! You mean *in* the world. Impossible!" he said, "impossible!" and not another word did he utter either to the judge or me. The judge looked at me, and I looked at the judge, who should have known his ground, so to speak, and Mr. Krüger glowered at us both. My friend the judge seemed embarrassed. I was delighted, for in those days I was fond of fun, and the incident pleased me more than anything else that could have happened. It was a nugget of information quarried out of Oom Paul, some of whose sayings are famous. Of the English he said, "They took first my coat and then my trousers." He also said, "Dynamite is the corner-stone of the South African Republic." Only unthinking people call President Krüger dull.

Soon after my arrival at the cape, Mr. Krüger's friend Colonel Saunderson, who had arrived from Durban some time before, invited me to Newlands Vineyard, where I met many agreeable people. His Excellency Sir Alfred Milner, the governor, found time to come aboard with a party. The governor found a seat on a box in my cabin; Lady Mu-

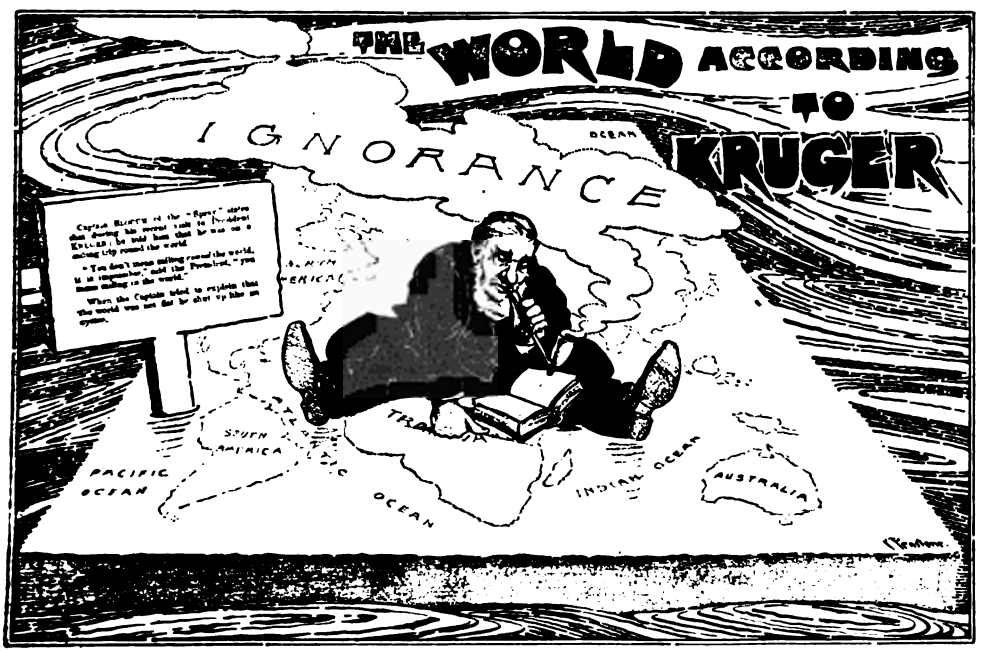
riel sat on a keg, and Lady Saunderson sat by the skipper at the wheel, while the colonel, with his kodak, away in the dinghy, took snap shots of the sloop and her distinguished visitors. Dr. David Gill, astronomer royal, who was of the party, invited me the next day to the famous Cape Observatory. An hour with Dr. Gill was an hour among the stars. His discoveries in stellar photography are well known. He showed me the great astronomical clock of the observatory, and I showed him the tin clock on the *Spray*, and we went over the subject of standard time at sea, and how it was found from the deck of the little sloop without the aid of a clock of any kind. Later it was advertised that Dr. Gill would preside at a talk about the voyage of the *Spray:* that alone secured for me a full house. The hall was packed, and many were not able to get in. This success brought me sufficient money for all my needs in port and for the homeward voyage.

After visiting Kimberley and Pretoria, and finding the *Spray* all right in the docks, I returned to Worcester and Wellington, famous for colleges and seminaries, traveling as the guest of the colony. The ladies of all these institutions of learning wished to know how one might sail round the world alone, which I thought augured of sailing-mistresses in the future instead of sailing-masters. It will come to that yet if we menfolk do not look alive.

On the plains of Africa I passed through hundreds of miles of rich but still barren land, save for scrub-bushes, on which herds of sheep were browsing. The bushes grew about the length of a sheep apart, and they, I thought, were rather long of body; but there was still room for all. My longing for a foothold on land seized upon me here, where so much of it lay waste; but instead of remaining to plant forests and reclaim vegetation, I returned again to the *Spray* at the Alfred Docks, where I found her waiting for me, with everything in order, exactly as I had left her.

I have often been asked how it was that my vessel and all appurtenances were not stolen in the various ports where I left her for days together without a watchman in charge. This is just how it was: The *Spray* seldom fell among thieves. At the Keeling Islands, at Rodriguez, and many such places, a wisp of cocoanut fiber in the door-latch, to indicate that the owner was away, secured my goods against even a longing glance. But when I came to a great island nearer home, stout locks were needed; the first night in port things which I had always left uncovered on deck disappeared, as if the deck had been swept by a sea.

(To be continued.)



CARTOON PRINTED IN THE CAPE TOWN "OWL" OF MARCH 5, 1898, IN CONNECTION WITH AN ITEM ABOUT CAPTAIN SLOCUM'S TRIP TO PRETORIA.

FELLOW-FEELING AS A POLITICAL FACTOR.

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

FELLOW-FEELING, sympathy in the broadest sense, is the most important factor in producing a healthy political and social life. Neither our national nor our local civic life can be what it should be unless it is marked by the fellow-feeling, the mutual kindness, the mutual respect, the sense of common duties and common interests, which arise when men take the trouble to understand one another, and to associate together for a common object. A very large share of the rancor of political and social strife arises either from sheer misunderstanding by one section, or by one class, of another, or else from the fact that the two sections, or two classes, are so cut off from each other that neither appreciates the other's passions, prejudices, and, indeed, point of view, while they are both entirely ignorant of their community of feeling as regards the essentials of manhood and humanity.

This is one reason why the public school is so admirable an institution. To it more than to any other among the many causes which, in our American life, tell for religious toleration is due the impossibility of persecution of a particular creed. When in their earliest and most impressionable years Protestants, Catholics, and Jews go to the same schools, learn the same lessons, play the same games, and are forced, in the rough-and-ready democracy of boy life, to take each at his true worth, it is impossible later to make the disciples of one creed persecute those of another. From the evils of religious persecution America is safe.

From the evils of sectional hostility we are, at any rate, far safer than we were. The war with Spain was the most absolutely righteous foreign war in which any nation has engaged during the nineteenth century, and not the least of its many good features was the unity it brought about between the sons of the men who wore the blue and of those who wore the gray. This necessarily meant the dying out of the old antipathy. Of course embers smolder here and there; but the country at large is growing more and more to take pride in the valor, the self-devotion, the loyalty to an ideal, displayed alike by the soldiers of both sides in the Civil War. We are all united now. We are all glad that the Union was restored, and are one in our loyalty to it; and hand in hand with this general recognition of the all-importance of preserving the Union has gone the recognition of the fact that at the outbreak of the Civil War men could not cut loose from the ingrained habits and traditions of generations, and that the man from the North and the man from the South each was loyal to his highest ideal of duty when he drew sword or shouldered rifle to fight to the death for what he believed to be right.

Nor is it only the North and the South that have struck hands. The East and the West are fundamentally closer together than ever before. Using the word "West" in the old sense, as meaning the country west of the Alleghanies, it is of course perfectly obvious that it is the West which will shape the destinies of this nation. The great group of wealthy and powerful States about the upper Mississippi, the Ohio, the Missouri, and their tributaries, will have far more weight than any other section in deciding the fate of the republic in the centuries that are opening. This is not in the least to be regretted by the East, for the simple and excellent reason that the interests of the West and the East are one. The West will shape our destinies because she will have more people and a greater territory, and because the whole development of the Western country is such as to make it peculiarly the exponent of all that is most vigorously and characteristically American in our national life.

So it is with the Pacific slope, and the giant young States that are there growing by leaps and bounds. The greater the share they have in directing the national life, the better it will be for all of us.

I do not for a moment mean that mistakes will not be committed in every section of the country; they certainly will be, and in whatever section they are committed it will be our duty to protest against them, and to try to overthrow those who are responsible for them: but I do mean to say that in the long run each section is going to find that its welfare, instead of being antagonistic to, is indissolubly bound up in, the

welfare of other sections; and the growth of means of communication, the growth of education in its highest and finest sense, means the growth in the sense of solidarity throughout the country, in the feeling of patriotic pride of each American in the deeds of all other Americans—of pride in the past history and present and future greatness of the whole country.

Nobody is interested in the fact that Dewey comes from Vermont, Hobson from Alabama, or Funston from Kansas. If all three came from the same county it would make no difference to us. They are Americans, and every American has an equal right to challenge his share of glory in their deeds. As we read of the famous feats of our army in the Philippines, it matters nothing to us whether the regiments come from Oregon, Idaho, California, Nebraska, Pennsylvania, or Tennessee. What does matter is that these splendid soldiers are all Americans; that they are our heroes; that our blood runs in their veins; that the flag under which we live is the flag for which they have fought, for which some of them have died.

Danger from religious antipathy is dead, and from sectional antipathy dying; but there are at times very ugly manifestations of antipathy between class and class. It seems a pity to have to use the word "class," because there are really no classes in our American life in the sense in which the word "class" is used in Europe. Our social and political systems do not admit of them in theory, and in practice they exist only in a very fluid state. In most European countries classes are separated by rigid boundaries, which can be crossed but rarely, and with the utmost difficulty and peril. Here the boundaries cannot properly be said to exist, and are certainly so fluctuating and evasive, so indistinctly marked, that they cannot be appreciated when seen near by. Any American family which lasts a few generations will be apt to have representatives in all the different classes. The great business men, even the great professional men, and especially the great statesmen and sailors and soldiers, are very apt to spring from among the farmers or wage-workers, and their kinsfolk remain near the old home or at the old trade. If ever there existed in the world a community where the identity of interest, of habit, of principle, and of ideals should be felt as a living force, ours is the one. Speaking generally, it really is felt to a degree quite unknown in other countries of our size. There are, doubtless, portions of Norway and Switzerland where the social and political ideals, and their nearness to realization, are not materially different from those of the most essentially American portions of our own land; but this is not true of any European country of considerable size. It is only in American communities that we see the farmer, the hired man, the lawyer, and the merchant, and possibly even the officer of the army or the navy, all kinsmen, and all accepting their relations as perfectly natural and simple. This is eminently healthy. This is just as it should be in our republic. It represents the ideal toward which it would be a good thing to approximate everywhere. In the great industrial centers, with their highly complex, highly specialized conditions, it is of course merely an ideal. There are parts even of our oldest States, as, for example, New York, where this ideal is actually realized; there are other parts, particularly the great cities, where the life is so wholly different that the attempt to live up precisely to the country conditions would be artificial and impossible. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the only true solution of our political and social problems lies in cultivating everywhere the spirit of brotherhood, of fellow-feeling and understanding between man and man, and the willingness to treat a man as a man, which are the essential factors in American democracy as we still see it in the country districts.

The chief factor in producing such sympathy is simply association on a plane of equality, and for a common object. Any healthy-minded American is bound to think well of his fellow-Americans if he only gets to know them. The trouble is that he does not know them. If the banker and the farmer never meet, or meet only in the most perfunctory business way, if the banking is not done by men whom the farmer knows as his friends and associates, a spirit of mistrust is almost sure to spring up. If the merchant or the manufacturer, the lawyer or the clerk, never meet the mechanic or the handicraftsman, save on rare occasions, when the meeting may be of a hostile kind, each side feels that the other is alien and naturally antagonistic. But if any one individual of any group were to be thrown into natural association with another group, the difficulties would be found to disappear so far as he was concerned. Very possibly he would become the ardent champion of the other group.

Perhaps I may be pardoned for quoting my own experience as an instance in point.

Outside of college boys and politicians my first intimate associates were ranchmen, cow-punchers, and game-hunters, and I speedily became convinced that there were no other men in the country who were their equals. Then I was thrown much with farmers, and I made up my mind that it was the farmer upon whom the foundations of the commonwealth really rested—that the farmer was the archetypical good American. Then I saw a good deal of railroad men, and after quite an intimate acquaintance with them I grew to feel that, especially in their higher ranks, they typified the very qualities of courage, self-reliance, self-command, hardihood, capacity for work, power of initiative, and power of obedience, which we like most to associate with the American name. Then I happened to have dealings with certain carpenters' unions, and grew to have a great respect for the carpenter, for the mechanic type. By this time it dawned upon me that they were all pretty good fellows, and that my championship of each set in succession above all other sets had sprung largely from the fact that I was very familiar with the set I championed, and less familiar with the remainder. In other words, I had grown into sympathy with, into understanding of, group after group, with the effect that I invariably found that they and I had common purposes and a common standpoint. We differed among ourselves, or agreed among ourselves, not because we had different occupations or the same occupation, but because of our ways of looking at life.

It is this capacity for sympathy, for fellow-feeling and mutual understanding, which must lie at the basis of all really successful movements for good government and the betterment of social and civic conditions. There is no patent device for bringing about good government. Still less is there any patent device for remedying social evils and doing away with social inequalities. Wise legislation can help in each case, and crude, vicious, or demagogic legislation can do an infinity of harm. But the betterment must come through the slow workings of the same forces which always have tended for righteousness, and always will.

The prime lesson to be taught is the lesson of treating each man on his worth as a man, and of remembering that while sometimes it is necessary, from both a legislative and social standpoint, to consider men as a class, yet in the long run our safety lies in recognizing the individual's worth or lack of worth as the chief basis of action, and in shaping our whole conduct, and especially our political conduct, accordingly. It is impossible for a democracy to endure if the political lines are drawn to coincide with class lines. The resulting government, whether of the upper or the lower class, is not a government of the whole people, but a government of part of the people at the expense of the rest. Where the lines of political division are vertical, the men of each occupation and of every social standing separating according to their vocations and principles, the result is healthy and normal. Just so far, however, as the lines are drawn horizontally, the result is unhealthy, and in the long run disastrous, for such a division means that men are pitted against one another in accordance with the blind and selfish interests of the moment. Each is thus placed over against his neighbor in an attitude of greedy class hostility, which becomes the mainspring of his conduct, instead of each basing his political action upon his own convictions as to what is advisable and what inadvisable, and upon his own disinterested sense of devotion to the interests of the whole community as he sees them. Republics have fallen in the past primarily because the parties that controlled them divided along the lines of class, so that inevitably the triumph of one or the other implied the supremacy of a part over the whole. The result might be an oligarchy, or it might be mob rule; it mattered little which, as regards the ultimate effect, for in both cases tyranny and anarchy were sure to alternate. The failure of the Greek and Italian republics was fundamentally due to this cause. Switzerland has flourished because the divisions upon which her political issues have been fought have not been primarily those of mere caste or social class, and America will flourish and will become greater than any empire because, in the long run, in this country, any party which strives to found itself upon sectional or class jealousy and hostility must go down before the good sense of the people.

The only way to provide against the evils of a horizontal cleavage in politics is to encourage the growth of fellow-feeling, of a feeling based on the relations of man to man, and not of class to class. In the country districts this is not very difficult. In the neighborhood where I live, on the Fourth of July the four Protestant ministers and the Catholic priest speak from the same platform, the children of all of us go to the same district school, and the landowner and

the hired man take the same views, not merely of politics, but of duck-shooting and of international yacht races. Naturally in such a community there is small chance for class division. There is a slight feeling against the mere summer residents, precisely because there is not much sympathy with them, and because they do not share in our local interests; but otherwise there are enough objects in common to put all much on the same plane of interest in various important particulars, and each man has too much self-respect to feel particularly jealous of any other man. Moreover, as the community is small and consists for the most part of persons who have dwelt long in the land, while those of foreign ancestry, instead of keeping by themselves, have intermarried with the natives, there is still a realizing sense of kinship among the men who follow the different occupations. The characteristic family names are often borne by men of widely different fortunes, ranging from the local bayman through the captain of the oyster-sloop, the sail-maker, or the wheelwright, to the owner of what the countryside may know as the manor-house—which probably contains one of the innumerable rooms in which Washington is said to have slept. We have sharp rivalries, and our politics are by no means always what they should be, but at least we do not divide on class lines, for the very good reason that there has been no crystallization into classes.

This condition prevails in essentials throughout the country districts of New York, which are politically very much the healthiest districts. Any man who has served in the legislature realizes that the country members form, on the whole, a very sound and healthy body of legislators. Any man who has gone about much to the county fairs in New York—almost the only place where the farm folks gather in large numbers—cannot but have been struck by the high character of the average countryman. He is a fine fellow, rugged, hard-working, shrewd, and keenly alive to the fundamental virtues. He and his brethren of the smaller towns and villages, in ordinary circumstances, take very little account, indeed, of any caste difference; they greet each man strictly on his merits as a man, and therefore form a community in which there is singularly little caste spirit, and in which men associate on a thoroughly healthy and American ground of common ideals, common convictions, and common sympathies.

Unfortunately, this cannot be said of the larger cities, where the conditions of life are so complicated that there has been an extreme differentiation and specialization in every species of occupation, whether of business or pleasure. The people of a certain degree of wealth and of a certain occupation may never come into any real contact with the people of another occupation, of another social standing. The tendency is for the relations always to be between class and class instead of between individual and individual. This produces the thoroughly unhealthy belief that it is for the interest of one class as against another to have its class representatives dominant in public life. The ills of any such system are obvious. As a matter of fact, the enormous mass of our legislation and administration ought to be concerned with matters that are strictly for the commonweal; and where special legislation or administration is needed, as it often must be, for a certain class, the need can be met primarily by mere honesty and common sense. But if men are elected solely from any caste, or on any caste theory, the voter gradually substitutes the theory of allegiance to the caste for the theory of allegiance to the commonwealth as a whole, and instead of demanding as fundamental the qualities of probity and broad intelligence—which are the indispensable qualities in securing the welfare of the whole—as the first consideration, he demands, as a substitute, zeal in the service, or apparent service, of the class, which is quite compatible with gross corruption outside. In short, we get back to the conditions which foredoomed democracy to failure in the ancient Greek and medieval republics, where party lines were horizontal and class warred against class, each in consequence necessarily substituting devotion to the interest of a class for devotion to the interest of the state and to the elementary ideas of morality.

The only way to avoid the growth of these evils is, so far as may be, to help in the creation of conditions which will permit mutual understanding and fellow-feeling between the members of different classes. To do this it is absolutely necessary that there should be natural association between the members for a common end or with a common purpose. As long as men are separated by their caste lines, each body having its own amusements, interests, and occupations, they are certain to regard one another with that instinctive distrust which they feel for foreigners. There are exceptions to the rule, but it is a rule. The average man, when he

has no means of being brought into contact with another, or of gaining any insight into that other's ideas and aspirations, either ignores these ideas and aspirations completely, or else feels toward them a more or less tepid dislike. The result is a complete and perhaps fatal misunderstanding, due primarily to the fact that the capacity for fellow-feeling is given no opportunity to flourish. On the other hand, if the men can be mixed together in some way that will loosen the class or caste bonds and put each on his merits as an individual man, there is certain to be a regrouping independent of caste lines. A tie may remain between the members of a caste, based merely upon the similarity of their habits of life; but this will be much less strong than the ties based on identity of passion, of principle, or of ways of looking at life. Any man who has ever, for his good fortune, been obliged to work with men in masses, in some place or under some condition or in some association where the dislocation of caste was complete, must recognize the truth of this as apparent. Every mining-camp, every successful volunteer regiment, proves it. In such cases there is always some object which must be attained, and the men interested in its attainment have to develop their own leaders and their own ties of association, while the would-be leader can succeed only by selecting for assistants the men whose peculiar capacities fit them to do the best work in the various emergencies that arise. Under such circumstances the men who work together for the achievement of a common result in which they are intensely interested are very soon certain to disregard, and, indeed, to forget, the creed or race origin or antecedent social standing or class occupation of the man who is either their friend or their foe. They get down to the naked bedrock of character and capacity.

This is to a large extent true of the party organizations in a great city, and, indeed, of all serious political organizations. If they are to be successful they must necessarily be democratic, in the sense that each man is treated strictly on his merits as a man. No one can succeed who attempts to go in on any other basis; above all, no one can succeed if he goes in feeling that, instead of merely doing his duty, he is conferring a favor upon the community, and is therefore warranted in adopting an attitude of condescension toward his fellows. It is often quite as irritating to be patronized as to be plundered; as reformers have more than once discovered when the mass of the voters stolidly voted against them, and in favor of a gang of familiar scoundrels, chiefly because they had no sense of fellow-feeling with their would-be benefactors.

The tendency to patronize is certain to be eradicated as soon as any man goes into politics in a practical and not in a dilettante fashion. He speedily finds that the quality of successful management, the power to handle men and secure results, may exist in seemingly unlikely persons. If he intends to carry a caucus or primary, or elect a given candidate, or secure a certain piece of legislation or administration, he will have to find out and work with innumerable allies, and make use of innumerable subordinates. Given that he and they have a common object, the one test that he must apply to them is as to their ability to help in achieving that object. The result is that in a very short time the men whose purposes are the same forget about all differences, save in capacity to carry out the purpose. The banker who is interested in seeing a certain nomination made or a certain election carried forgets everything but his community of interest with the retail butcher who is a leader along his section of the avenue, or the starter who can control a considerable number of the motormen; and in return the butcher and the starter accept the banker quite naturally as an ally whom they may follow or lead, as circumstances dictate. In other words, all three grow to feel in common on certain important subjects, and this fellow-feeling has results as far-reaching as they are healthy.

Good thus follows from mere ordinary political affiliation. A man who has taken an active part in the political life of a great city possesses an incalculable advantage over his fellow-citizens who have not so taken part, because normally he has more understanding than they can possibly have of the attitude of mind, the passions, prejudices, hopes, and animosities of his fellow-citizens, with whom he would not ordinarily be brought into business or social contact. Of course there are plenty of exceptions to this rule. A man who is drawn into politics from absolutely selfish reasons, and especially a rich man who merely desires to buy political promotion, may know absolutely nothing that is of value as to any but the basest side of the human nature with which his sphere of contact has been enlarged; and, on the other hand, a wise employer of labor, or a philanthropist in whom zeal and judgment balance each other, may know far

more than most politicians. But the fact remains that the effect of political life, and of the associations that it brings, is of very great benefit in producing a better understanding and a keener fellow-feeling among men who otherwise would know one another not at all, or else as members of alien bodies or classes.

This being the case, how much more is it true if the same habit of association for a common purpose can be applied where the purpose is really of the highest! Much is accomplished in this way by the university settlements and similar associations. Wherever these associations are entered into in a healthy and sane spirit, the good they do is incalculable, from the simple fact that they bring together in pursuit of a worthy common object men of excellent character, who would never otherwise meet. It is of just as much importance to the one as to the other that the man from Hester street or the Bowery or Avenue B, and the man from the Riverside Drive or Fifth Avenue, should have some meeting-ground where they can grow to understand one another as an incident of working for a common end. Of course if, on the one hand, the work is entered into in a patronizing spirit, no good will result; and, on the other hand, if the zealous enthusiast loses his sanity, only harm will follow. There is much dreadful misery in a great city, and a high-spirited, generous young man, when first brought into contact with it, has his sympathies so excited that he is very apt to become a socialist, or turn to the advocacy of any wild scheme, courting a plunge from bad to worse, exactly as do too many of the leaders of the discontent around him. His sanity and cool-headedness will be thoroughly tried, and if he loses them his power for good will vanish.

But this is merely to state one form of a general truth. If a man permits largeness of heart to degenerate into softness of head, he inevitably becomes a nuisance in any relation of life. If sympathy becomes distorted and morbid, it hampers instead of helping the effort toward social betterment. Yet without sympathy, without fellow-feeling, no permanent good can be accomplished. In any healthy community there must be a solidarity of sentiment and a knowledge of solidarity of interest among the different members. Where this solidarity ceases to exist, where there is no fellow-feeling, the community is ripe for disaster. Of course the fellow-feeling may be of value much in proportion as it is unconscious. A sentiment that is easy and natural is far better than one which has to be artificially stimulated. But the artificial stimulus is better than none, and with fellow-feeling, as with all other emotions, what is started artificially may become quite natural in its continuance. With most men courage is largely an acquired habit, and on the first occasions when it is called for it necessitates the exercise of will-power and self-control; but by exercise it gradually becomes almost automatic.

So it is with fellow-feeling. A man who conscientiously endeavors to throw in his lot with those about him, to make his interests theirs, to put himself in a position where he and they have a common object, will at first feel a little self-conscious, will realize too plainly his own aims. But with exercise this will pass off. He will speedily find that the fellow-feeling which at first he had to simulate was really existent, though latent, and is capable of a very healthy growth. It can, of course, become normal only when the man himself becomes genuinely interested in the object which he and his fellows are striving to attain. It is therefore obviously desirable that this object should possess a real and vital interest for every one. Such is the case with a proper political association.

Much has been done, not merely by the ordinary political associations, but by the city clubs, civic federations, and the like, and very much more can be done. Of course there is danger of any such association being perverted either by knavery or folly. When a partizan political organization becomes merely an association for purposes of plunder and patronage, it may be a menace instead of a help to a community; and when a non-partizan political organization falls under the control of the fantastic extremists always attracted to such movements, in its turn it becomes either useless or noxious. But if these organizations, partizan or non-partizan, are conducted along the lines of sanity and honesty, they produce a good more far-reaching than their promoters suppose, and achieve results of greater importance than those immediately aimed at.

It is an excellent thing to win a triumph for good government at a given election; but it is a far better thing gradually to build up that spirit of fellow-feeling among American citizens, which, in the long run, is absolutely necessary if we are to see the principles of virile honesty and robust common sense triumph in our civic life.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS AMONG THE NEGROES.

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

IN addition to the problem of educating eight million negroes in our Southern States and ingrafting them into American citizenship, we now have the additional responsibility, either directly or indirectly, of educating and elevating about eight hundred thousand others of African descent in Cuba and Porto Rico, to say nothing of the white people of these islands, many of whom are in a condition about as deplorable as that of the negroes. We have, however, one advantage in approaching the question of the education of our new neighbors.

The experience that we have passed through in the Southern States during the last thirty years in the education of my race, whose history and needs are not very different from the history and needs of the Cubans and Porto Ricans, will prove most valuable in elevating the blacks of the West Indian Islands. To tell what has already been accomplished in the South under most difficult circumstances is to tell what may be done in Cuba and Porto Rico.

To this end let me tell a story.

In what is known as the black belt of the South—that is, where the negroes outnumber the whites—there lived before the Civil War a white man who owned some two hundred slaves, and was prosperous. At the close of the war he found his fortune gone, except that which was represented in land, of which he owned several thousand acres. Of the two hundred slaves a large proportion decided, after their freedom, to continue on the plantation of their former owner.

Some years after the war a young black boy, who seemed to have "rained down," was discovered on the plantation by Mr. S——, the owner. In daily rides through the plantation Mr. S—— saw this boy sitting by the roadside, and his condition awakened his pity, for, from want of care, he was covered from head to foot with sores, and Mr. S—— soon grew into the habit of tossing him a nickel or a dime as he rode by. In some way this boy heard of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute in Alabama, and of the advantages which it offered poor but deserving colored men and women to secure an education through their own labor while taking the course of study. This boy, whose name was William, made known to the plantation hands his wish to go to the Tuskegee school. By each one "chipping in," and through the efforts of the boy himself, a few decent pieces of clothing were secured, and a little money, but not enough to pay his railroad fare, so the boy resolved to walk to Tuskegee, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles. Strange to say, he made the long distance with an expenditure of only twenty cents in cash. He frankly told every one with whom he came in contact where he was going and what he was seeking. Both white and colored people along the route gave him food and a place to sleep free of cost, and even the usually exacting ferrymen were so impressed with the young negro's desire for an education that, except in one case, he was given free ferriage across the creeks and rivers.

One can easily imagine his appearance when he first arrived at Tuskegee, with his blistered feet and small white bundle, which contained all the clothing he possessed.

On being shown into my office his first words were: "I 's come. S'pose you been lookin' for me, but I did n't come on de railroad." Looking up the records, it was found that this young man had been given permission to come several months ago, but the correspondence had long since been forgotten.

After being sent to the bath-room and provided with a tooth-brush,—for the tooth-brush at Tuskegee is the emblem of civilization,—William was assigned to a room, and was given work on the school farm of fourteen hundred acres, seven hundred of which are cultivated by student labor. During his first year at Tuskegee William worked on the farm during the day, where he soon learned to take a deep interest in all that the school was doing to teach the students the best and most improved methods of farming, and studied for two hours at night

in the class-room after his hard day's work was over. At first he seemed drowsy and dull in the night-school, and would now and then fall asleep while trying to study; but he did not grow discouraged. The new machinery that he was compelled to use on the farm interested him because it taught him that the farm work could be stripped of much of the old-time drudgery and toil, and seemed to awaken his sleeping intellect. Soon he began asking the farm-instructors such questions as where the Jersey and Holstein cattle came from, and why they produced more milk and butter than the common long-tailed and long-horned cows that he had seen at home.

His night-school teachers found that he ceased to sleep in school, and began asking questions about his lessons, and was soon able to calculate the number of square yards in an acre and to tell the number of peach-trees required to plant an acre of land. After he had been at Tuskegee two or three months the farm-manager came into my office on a cold, rainy day, and said that William was virtually barefooted, the soles of his shoes having separated from the uppers, though William had fastened them together as best he could with bits of wire. In this condition the farm-instructor found him plowing without a word of complaint. A pair of second-hand shoes was secured for him, and he was soon very happy.

I will not take this part of the story further except to say that at the end of his first year at Tuskegee this young man, having made a start in his books, and having saved a small sum of money above the cost of his board, which was credited to his account, entered the next year our regular day-classes, though still dividing his time between the class-room and work on the farm.

Toward the end of the year he found himself in need of money with which to buy books, clothing, etc., and so wrote a carefully worded letter to Mr. S——, the white man on whose plantation he had lived, and who had been, in slavery, the owner of his mother.

In the letter he told Mr. S—— how he got to Tuskegee, what he was doing, and what his needs were, and asked Mr. S—— to lend him fifteen dollars. Before receiving this letter Mr. S—— had not thought once about the boy during his two years' absence; in fact, did not know that he had left the plantation.

Mr. S—— was a good deal shocked, as well as amused, over such a request from such a source. The letter went to the waste-basket without being answered. A few weeks later William sent a second letter, in which he took it for granted that the first letter had not been received. The second letter shared the same fate as the first. A third letter reached Mr. S—— in a few weeks, making the same request. In answer to the third letter Mr. S—— told me that, moved by some impulse which he himself never understood, he sent William the fifteen dollars.

Two or three years passed, and Mr. S—— had about forgotten William and the fifteen dollars; but one morning while sitting upon his porch a bright young colored man walked up and introduced himself as William, the boy to whom he used to toss small pieces of money, and the one to whom he had sent fifteen dollars.

William paid Mr. S—— the fifteen dollars with interest, which he had earned while teaching school after leaving Tuskegee.

This simple experience with this young colored man made a new and different person of Mr. S——, so far as the negro was concerned.

He began to think. He thought of the long past, but he thought most of the future, and of his duty toward the hundreds of colored people on his plantation and in his community. After careful thought he asked William Edwards to open a school on his plantation in a vacant log cabin. That was seven years ago. On this same plantation at Snow Hill, Wilcox County, Alabama, a county where, according to the last census, there are twenty-four thousand colored people and about six thousand whites, there is now a school with two hundred pupils, five teachers from Tuskegee, and three school buildings. The school has forty acres of land. In addition to the text-book lessons, the boys are taught farming and carpentry, and the girls sewing and general house-keeping, and the school is now in the act of starting a blacksmith and wheelwright department. This school owes its existence almost wholly to Mr. S——, who gave to the trustees the forty acres of land, and has contributed liberally to the building fund, as well as to the pay of the teachers. Gifts from a few friends in the North have been received, and the colored people have given their labor and small sums in cash. When the people cannot find money to give, they have often given corn, chickens, and eggs. The school has grown so popular that almost every leading white man in the community is willing to make a small gift toward its maintenance.

In addition to the work done directly in the school for the children, the teachers in the Snow Hill school have organized a kind of university extension movement. The farmers are organized into conferences, which hold meetings each month. In these meetings they are taught better methods of agriculture, how to buy land, how to economize and keep out of debt, how to stop mortgaging, how to build school-houses and dwelling-houses with more than one room, how to bring about a higher moral and religious standing, and are warned against buying cheap jewelry, snuff, and whisky.

No one is a more interested visitor at these meetings than Mr. S—— himself. The matter does not end in mere talk and advice. The women teachers go right into the cabins of the people and show them how to keep them clean, how to dust, sweep, and cook.

When William Edwards left this community a few years ago for the Tuskegee school, he left the larger proportion in debt, mortgaging their crops every year for the food on which to live. Most of them were living on rented land in small one-room log cabins, and attempting to pay an enormous rate of interest on the value of their food advances. As one old colored man expressed it, "I ain't got but six feet of land, and I is got to die to git dat." The little school taught in a cabin lasted only three or four months in the year. The religion was largely a matter of the emotions, with almost no practical ideas of morality. It was the white man for himself and the negro for himself, each in too many cases trying to take advantage of the other. The situation was pretty well described by a black man who said to me: "I tells you how we votes. We always watches de white man, and we keeps watchin' de white man. De nearer it gits to 'lection-time de more we watches de white man. We keeps watchin' de white man till we find out which way he gwine to vote; den we votes 'zactly de odder way. Den we knows we is right."

Now how changed is all at Snow Hill, and how it is gradually changing each year! Instead of the hopelessness and dejection that were there a few years ago, there are now light and buoyancy in the countenances and movements of the people. The negroes are getting out of debt and buying land, ceasing to mortgage their crops, building houses with two or three rooms, and a higher moral and religious standard has been established.

Last May, on the day that the school had its closing exercises, there were present, besides the hundreds of colored people, about fifty of the leading white men and women of the county, and these white people seemed as much interested in the work of the school as the people of my own race.

Only a few years ago in the State of Alabama the law in reference to the education of the negro read as follows: "Any person or persons who shall attempt to teach any free person of color or slave to spell, read, or write shall, upon conviction thereof by indictment, be fined in a sum not less than two hundred and fifty dollars nor more than five hundred dollars."

Within half a dozen years I have heard Dr. J. L. M. Curry, a brave, honest ex-Confederate officer, in addressing both the Alabama and Georgia State legislatures, say to those bodies in the most emphatic manner that it was as much the duty of the State to educate the negro children as the white children, and in each case Dr. Curry's words were cheered.

Here at Snow Hill is the foundation for the solution of the legal and political difficulties that exist in the South, and the improvement of the industrial condition of the negro in Cuba and Porto Rico. This solution will not come all at once, but gradually. The foundation must exist in the commercial and industrial development of the people of my race in the South and in the West Indian Islands.

The most intelligent whites are beginning to realize that they cannot go much higher than they lift the negro at the same time. When a black man owns and cultivates the best farm to be found in his county he will have the confidence and respect of most of the white people in that county. When a black man is the largest taxpayer in his community his white neighbor will not object very long to his voting, and having that vote honestly counted. Even now a black man who has five hundred dollars to lend has no trouble in finding a white man who is willing to borrow his money. The negro who is a large stockholder in a railroad company will always be treated with justice on that railroad.

Many of the most intelligent colored people are learning that while there are many bad white men in the South, there are Southern whites who have the highest interests of the negro just as closely at heart as have any other people in any part of the country. Many of the negroes are learning that it is folly not to cultivate in every honorable

way the friendship of the white man who is their next-door neighbor.

To describe the work being done in connection with the public schools by graduates of Tuskegee and other institutions in the South, at such places as Mount Meigs, under Miss Cornelia Bowen; Denmark, South Carolina; Abbeville and Newville, Alabama; Christiansburg, Virginia, and numbers of other places in the Gulf States, would be only to repeat in a larger or smaller degree what I have said of Snow Hill.

Not very long after the last national election I visited a town in the South, to speak at a meeting which had for its object the raising of money to complete the schoolhouse. The audience was about equally divided between white men and women and black men and women. When the time for the collection came it was intensely satisfactory to observe that the white side of the audience was just as eager to make its small contributions as were the members of my own race. But I was anxious to see how the late election had been conducted in that community. I soon found out that the Republican party, composed almost wholly of the black people, was represented by an election officer in the person of one of the best-educated colored men in the town, that both the Democratic and Populist parties were equally well represented, and that there was no suspicion of unfairness.

But I wished to go a little deeper, and I soon found that one of the leading stores in this community was owned by a colored man; that a cotton-gin was owned by a colored man; that the sawmill was owned by another colored man. Colored men had mortgages on white men's crops, and vice versa, and colored people not only owned land, but in several cases were renting land to white men. Black men were in debt to white men, and white men were in debt to black men. In a word, the industrial and commercial relations of the races were interwoven just as if all had been of one race.

An object-lesson in civilization is more potent in compelling people to act right than a law compelling them to do so. Some years ago a colored woman who had graduated at Tuskegee began her life-work in a Southern community where the force of white public sentiment was opposed to the starting of what was termed a "nigger school." At first this girl was tempted to abuse her white sister, but she remembered that perhaps the white woman had been taught from her earliest childhood, through reading and conversation, that education was not good for the negro, that it would result only in trouble to the community, and that no amount of abuse could change this prejudice.

After a while this colored teacher was married to an educated colored man, and they built a little cottage, which, in connection with her husband's farm, was a model. One morning one of the white women who had been most intense in her feelings was passing this cottage, and her attention was attracted to the colored woman who was at work in her beautiful flower-garden. A conversation took place concerning the flowers. At another time this same white woman was so attracted by this flower-garden that she came inside the yard, and from the yard she went into the sitting-room and examined the books and papers.

This acquaintance has now ripened and broadened, so that to-day there are few people in that community more highly respected than this colored family. What did it all? This object-lesson. No one could explain that away. One such object-lesson in every community in the South is more powerful than all the laws Congress can pass in the direction of bringing about right relations between blacks and whites.

A few months ago an agricultural county fair, the first ever held in that county, was organized and held at Calhoun, Alabama, by the teachers in the Calhoun School, which is an offshoot of the Hampton Institute. Both the colored people and numbers of white visitors were astonished at the creditable exhibits made by the colored people. Most of these white people saw the school work at Calhoun for the first time. Perhaps no amount of abstract talk or advice could have brought them to this school, but the best hog, the largest pumpkin, or the most valuable bale of cotton possessed a common interest, and it has been a comparatively easy thing to extend their interest from the best hog to the work being done in the school-room. Further, this fair convinced these white people, as almost nothing else could have done, that education was making the negroes better citizens rather than worse; that the people were not being educated away from themselves, but with their elevation the conditions about them were being lifted in a manner that possessed an interest and value for both races.

It was after speaking, not long ago, to the colored people at such a county fair in North Carolina that I was asked the next morning to speak to the white students at their col-

lege, who gave me as hearty a greeting as I have ever received at Northern colleges.

But such forces as I have described—forces that are gradually regenerating the entire South and will regenerate Cuba and Porto Rico—are not started and kept in motion without a central plant—a power-house, where the power is generated. I cannot describe all these places of power. Perhaps the whole South and the whole country are most indebted to the Hampton Institute in Virginia. Then there is Fisk University at Nashville, Tennessee; Talladega College at Talladega, Alabama; Spelman Seminary, Atlanta University, and Atlanta Baptist College at Atlanta; Biddle University in North Carolina; Claflin University at Orangeburg, South Carolina; and Knoxville College at Knoxville, Tennessee. Some of these do a different grade of work, but one much needed.

At Tuskegee, Alabama, starting fifteen years ago in a little shanty with one teacher and thirty students, with no property, there has grown up an industrial and educational village where the ideas that I have referred to are put into the heads, hearts, and hands of an army of colored men and women, with the purpose of having them become centers of light and civilization in every part of the South. One visiting the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute to-day will find eight hundred and fifty students gathered from twenty-four States, with eighty-eight teachers and officers training these students in literary, religious, and industrial work.

Counting the students and the families of the instructors, the visitor will find a black village of about twelve hundred people. Instead of the old, worn-out plantation that was there fifteen years ago, there is a modern farm of seven hundred acres cultivated by student labor. There are Jersey and Holstein cows and Berkshire pigs, and the butter used is made by the most modern process.

Aside from the dozens of neat, comfortable cottages owned by individual teachers and other persons, who have settled in this village for the purpose of educating their children, he will find thirty-six buildings of various kinds and sizes, owned and built by the school, property valued at three hundred thousand dollars. Perhaps the most interesting thing in connection with these buildings is that, with the exception of three, they have been built by student labor. The friends of the school have furnished money to pay the teachers and for material.

When a building is to be erected, the teacher in charge of the mechanical and architectural drawing department gives to the class in drawing a general description of the building desired, and then there is a competition to see whose plan will be accepted. These same students in most cases help do the practical work of putting up the building—some at the sawmill, the brick-yard, or in the carpentry, brickmaking, plastering, painting, and tinsmithing departments. At the same time care is taken to see not only that the building goes up properly, but that the students, who are under intelligent instructors in their special branch, are taught at the same time the principles as well as the practical part of the trade.

The school has the building in the end, and the students have the knowledge of the trade. This same principle applies, whether in the laundry, where the washing for seven or eight hundred people is done, or in the sewing-room, where a large part of the clothing for this colony is made and repaired, or in the wheelwright and blacksmith departments, where all the wagons and buggies used by the school, besides a large number for the outside public, are manufactured, or in the printing-office, where a large part of the printing for the white and colored people in this region is done. Twenty-six different industries are here in constant operation.

When the student is through with his course of training he goes out feeling that it is just as honorable to labor with the hand as with the head, and instead of his having to look for a place, the place usually seeks him, because he has to give that which the South wants. One other thing should not be overlooked in our efforts to develop the black man. As bad as slavery was, almost every large plantation in the South during that time was, in a measure, an industrial school. It had its farming department, its blacksmith, wheelwright, brickmaking, carpentry, and sewing departments. Thus at the close of the war our people were in possession of all the common and skilled labor in the South. For nearly twenty years after the war we overlooked the value of the antebellum training, and no one was trained to replace these skilled men and women who were soon to pass away; and now, as skilled laborers from foreign countries, with not only educated hands but trained brains, begin to come into the South and take these positions once held by us, we are gradually waking up to the fact that we must compete with the white man in the industrial world if we would hold our own. No one under-

stands his value in the labor world better than the old colored man. Recently, when a convention was held in the South by the white people for the purpose of inducing white settlers from the North and West to settle in the South, one of these colored men said to the president of the convention: "'Fore de Lord, boss, we 's got as many white people down here now as we niggers can support."

The negro in the South has another advantage. While there is prejudice against him along certain lines,—in the matter of business in general, and the trades especially,—there is virtually no prejudice so far as the native Southern white man is concerned. White men and black men work at the same carpenter's bench and on the same brick wall. Sometimes the white man is the "boss," sometimes the black man is the boss.

Some one chaffed a colored man recently because, when he got through with a contract for building a house, he cleared just ten cents; but he said: "All right, boss; it was worth ten cents to be de boss of dem white men." If a Southern white man has a contract to let for the building of a house, he prefers the black contractor, because he has been used to doing business of this character with a negro rather than with a white man.

The negro will find his way up as a man just in proportion as he makes himself valuable, possesses something that a white man wants, can do something as well as, or better than, a white man.

I would not have my readers get the thought that the problem in the South is settled, that there is nothing else to be done; far from this. Long years of patient, hard work will be required for the betterment of the condition of the negro in the South, as well as for the betterment of the condition of the negro in the West Indies.

There are bright spots here and there that point the way. Perhaps the most that we have accomplished in the last thirty years is to show the North and the South how the fourteen slaves landed a few hundred years ago at Jamestown, Virginia,—now nearly eight millions of freemen in the South alone, —are to be made a safe and useful part of our democratic and Christian institutions.

The main thing that is now needed to bring about a solution of the difficulties in the South is money in large sums, to be used largely for Christian, technical, and industrial education.

For more than thirty years we have been trying to solve one of the most serious problems in the history of the world largely by passing around a hat in the North. Out of their poverty the Southern States have done well in assisting; many more millions are needed, and these millions will have to come before the question as to the negro in the South is settled.

There never was a greater opportunity for men of wealth to place a few million dollars where they could be used in lifting up and regenerating a whole race; and let it always be borne in mind that every dollar given for the proper education of the negro in the South is almost as much help to the Southern white man as to the negro himself. So long as the whites in the South are surrounded by a race that is, in a large measure, in ignorance and poverty, so long will this ignorance and poverty of the negro in a score of ways prevent the highest development of the white man.

The problem of lifting up the negro in Cuba and Porto Rico is an easier one in one respect, even if it proves more difficult in others. It will be less difficult, because there is the absence of that higher degree of race feeling which exists in many parts of the United States. Both the white Cuban and the white Spaniard have treated the people of African descent, in civil, political, military, and business matters, very much as they have treated others of their own race. Oppression has not cowed and unmanned the Cuban negro in certain respects as it has the American negro.

In only a few instances is the color-line drawn. How Americans will treat the negro Cuban, and what will be the tendency of American influences in the matter of the relation of the races, remains an interesting and open question. Certainly it will place this country in an awkward position to have gone to war to free a people from Spanish cruelty, and then as soon as it gets them within its power to treat a large proportion of the population worse than did even Spain herself, simply on account of color.

While in the matter of the relation of the races the problem before us in the West Indies is easier, in respect to the industrial, moral, and religious sides it is more difficult. The negroes on these islands are largely an agricultural people, and for this reason, in addition to a higher degree of mental and religious training, they need the same agricultural, mechanical, and domestic training that is fast helping the negroes in our

Southern States. Industrial training will not only help them to the ownership of property, habits of thrift and economy, but the acquiring of these elements of strength will go further than anything else in improving the moral and religious condition of the masses, just as has been and is true of my people in the Southern States.

With the idea of getting the methods of industrial education pursued at Hampton and Tuskegee permanently and rightly started in Cuba and Porto Rico, a few of the most promising men and women from these islands have been brought to the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, and educated with the view of having them return and take the lead in affording industrial training on these islands, where the training can best be given to the masses.

The emphasis that I have placed upon an industrial education does not mean that the negro is to be excluded from the higher interests of life, but it does mean that in proportion as the negro gets the foundation, —the useful before the ornamental,—in the same proportion will he accelerate his progress in acquiring those elements which do not pertain so directly to the utilitarian.

Phillips Brooks once said, "One generation gathers the material, and the next builds the palaces." Very largely this must be the material-gathering generation of black people, but in due time the palaces will come if we are patient.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Duel, and War.

NO man ever had a keener sense of honor than Sir Walter Scott. The martyrdom of his last years, when the great creature, wounded in heart and in body, worked like a galley-slave under the lash of his own conscience and pride to pay an "honourable debt," not of his own making—this heroic martyrdom, as recorded in the "Life" by Lockhart and in Scott's "Letters" and "Journal," will be an example to men as long as literature endures, and as long as manliness, courage, resolution, and a sense of honor are counted among human virtues.

How many eyes have moistened over the story as told in that "book of fate," the "Journal"—how he rejoiced in "the consciousness of discharging his duty" as a man of honor and honesty. "I see before me," he said, "a long, tedious, and dark path, but it leads to stainless reputation. If I die in the harrows, as is very likely, I shall die with honour; if I achieve my task, I shall have the thanks of all concerned, and the approbation of my own conscience."

We refer to this conspicuous trait of Sir Walter to show how one who had so fine and true a sense of honor, and of the demand that honor makes upon conduct, could entertain at the same moment, owing to the public opinion of the time in which he lived, what we of our day consider an utterly false sense of honor and its ethical requirements.

It was in 1827, after the publication of his "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," that there occurred the Gourgaud episode, which will be remembered with a smile by readers of the "Life" and of the since fully printed "Journal." General Gourgaud was one of Napoleon's attendants at St. Helena, and he objected to the references made to himself in Scott's "Life of Napoleon" — references based upon documents examined by Scott in the Colonial Office. Hints were thrown out in the papers that the general was inclined to "fix a personal quarrel" on the historian. The famous chronicler of wars and ructions great and small smelled the battle afar off, and prepared himself for the fray by preëngaging the services of a second in his friend "Will Clerk" of Edinburgh. Scott was entirely willing to settle the matter *off* the field of honor. He would show the general his authorities; but if he should ask "any apology or explanation for having made use of his name," it was his "purpose to decline it and stand to consequences." He was aware he could "march off upon the privileges of literature," but he had no taste for that species of retreat; "if a gentleman says to me I have injured him, however captious the quarrel may be, I certainly do not think, as a man of honour, I can avoid giving him satisfaction without doing intolerable injury to my own feelings, and giving rise to the most malignant animadversions."

In his "Journal" he acknowledged that at his years it was somewhat late for an affair of honor, and declared that as a reasonable man he would avoid such an arbitrament; but he was determined that the country should not be disgraced in his person. And so, though Scott knew and averred that he had "done Gourgaud no wrong," he felt the necessity of settling the affair with deadly weapons. Rather than do anything short of what his "honour demanded," he would "die the death of a poisoned

rat in a hole," out of mere sense of his own degradation.

Scott was particularly sensitive on the point of honor as a literary man. "It is clear to me," he said, "that what is least forgiven in a man of any mark or likelihood is want of that article blackguardly called *pluck*. All the fine qualities of genius cannot make amends for it." Above all, he did not wish to give color to the opinion that a poet was likely to be lacking in "this species of grenadier accomplishment." Fortunately, the career of the author of "Waverley" was never endangered by the bullet of an irate general from France.[1]

Sir Walter, six years before the Gourgaud affair, had been terribly disturbed by a duel between a friend of his son-in-law, who had taken Lockhart's side in a literary controversy, and a writer who had assailed Lockhart, the duel ending in the fatal wounding of Lockhart's enemy. Though Sir Walter was shocked at this death, the moral he drew was not abstention from the field of honor, but the desirability of a less satirical style on the part of Lockhart, whom he begged to sever immediately all connection with the magazine that tempted him to indulge in his favorite vein.

So felt Sir Walter Scott in 1827. Let us now see how felt another British poet in 1846. Among the most interesting passages in "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett" are those giving their clashing views on the subject of dueling. From page 41 to page 61, in the second volume of the correspondence (American edition), the debate was indeed a duel of brain and soul with brain and soul, such as has rarely been put into words. Browning's favorable, or at least apologetic, attitude was attacked by Miss Barrett with passionate eloquence. The affirmative could not be more nobly put, nor could the negative be argued with an ingenuity and fire more convincing and contagious. Browning's argument struck deep into the structure of society; but Miss Barrett took account of humanity itself. Said the woman: "I do advisedly declare to you that I cannot conceive of any *possible combination of circumstances* which could, . . . I will *not* say *justify*, but even *excuse*, an honourable man's having recourse to the duellist's pistol, either on his own account or another's. Not only it seems to me horribly wrong, . . . but absurdly wrong." "His honour! who believes in such an honour . . . liable to such amends and capable of such recovery! *You* cannot, I think—in the secret of your mind. Or if *you can*, . . . *you*, who are a teacher of the world, . . . poor world—it is more desperately wrong than I thought."

At the end Browning made plea that their argument proved true what he had said at the beginning, namely, that he was not "worthy," that he was "infinitely lower," but in this thing he said he was now "set far on toward right."

[1] In the remarkable St. Helena records soon to be published in THE CENTURY this same General Gourgaud will reappear in the pages of history.

One sees in these two incidents the strength, and the gradual fading out, in the English-speaking world of the tradition of the duel. Probably no English or American author of great prominence and high character would now think it dignified, or in any sense necessary for the maintenance of his "honor," to repel insult by a resort to "the code." The same cannot be said with regard to the sentiment on this subject among the people of other countries. Yet there is said to be some change in public opinion on this subject on the Continent—a change, by the way, partly attributable, we were once told by a European officer, to Mark Twain's paper on a French duel, which was translated into various languages, and has somewhat impaired the solemnity of a custom which does not thrive beneath the smile.

The romance-writers of an earlier day would have considered their calling greatly hampered and outrageously imperiled if the duel had been suddenly forbidden to their fiction. And yet the chronicler of modern society, among what are called Anglo-Saxons, has virtually to do without it.

Personal virtue is always in advance of corporate and of national virtue; but the loss of prestige which has befallen the duel may in the distant but not impossible future happen to glorious war itself. Notwithstanding the strides that have been taken toward international arbitration, recent warlike events seem to belie the expectations of those who believe that human warfare is on the wane. But let not disheartenment fall upon lovers of righteousness and peace and a wiser and humaner mode of settling questions of honor between nations. That was a profound truth to which John Morley gave utterance long ago: "In social things we may be sure that undying hope is the secret of vision."

The Son's Allowance.

IN his inaugural address President Hadley of Yale, referring to "college expenses" as "the second of our leading problems," says:

> Though the increase in this respect is less than is popularly supposed, there is no doubt that it is large enough to constitute a serious danger. It is far from easy to see how this danger is to be avoided. It is all very well to talk of returning to the Spartan simplicity of ancient times, but we cannot do it, nor ought we to if we could.

President Hadley is right in taking the ground that modern ideas of cleanliness and comfort are necessarily to be considered in providing for students in our day. The item of "living expenses" in the son's allowance is an easy matter to determine; the difficulty is to keep the items of amusement and luxury from increasing in like ratio.

While all fathers were of necessity once in the restricted sphere of dependent sons, in dealing with their children, especially after they leave home for college, they are prone to forget all about their own boyish tastes and impulses. In the

middle ground between adolescence and independence the natural tendency of these sons toward good or evil was strengthened or mitigated by a mother's ideal teachings. Thereafter the father's influence is paramount; yet, for the most part, it is a neutral influence. He assumes a tone reflective of what he wants his boy to think he was as a boy; he tries, therefore, to imitate the attitude of the mother, to treat the son as a character provided by nature with ideal promptings, and to offer advice singularly lacking in personal flavor. If he is too timid to trust himself on such easily undermined ground, he usually adopts a policy of silence, and, to justify himself in it, assumes that his son is in fact all that a father would naturally like to have a son be.

This is especially true of the relations subsisting between fathers and sons whose natural bonds of affection have been cemented with an "allowance." Sons who, after the primitive method, are merely boarded and clothed at home until they are able to shift for themselves, imbibe, as it were, a notion of moral self-reliance; in fact, the fathers of such sons impart advice only with the consciousness that free-will deference to it is a gratuity; and the extent to which the son renders himself amenable to parental guidance is measured by the father's capacity for comradeship.

But when an "allowance" comes between father and son, outside influences enter as licensed make-weights in determining conduct and in shaping character. A "decent respect to the opinions of mankind" leads the father to rely upon his son to furnish him with suggestions as to the amount needed to maintain the position of a subsidized heir, and even to supply the rules of action on which to pattern the attitude of a father *à la mode*. So the parent is actuated more by fashion than by the recollection of his own boyish temptations and aspirations, and even finds in what he is pleased to regard as "custom" a pleasant relief from responsibility.

The fashion of the day prescribes for sons of the merely well-to-do as much spending-money as in the days of their fathers' boyhood would have sufficed for a creditable professional income, and for sons of the rich allowances which, fifty years ago, would have enabled a prudent man to start in the banking business. This fashion is based on the theory that boys, on being sent away to school, should carry with them the means of reflecting the comfort, and even luxury, of the homes from which they have come. Thus they are launched early on waters abounding in insidious currents and hidden reefs, and allowed to steer their own course with the compass of conscience, the needle being subject to the disturbance of a large amount of current metal.

It is also the fashion to regard a boy's career at college as almost more important in determining the plane on which he will move socially in mature life than in providing him with intellectual training. The latter may not be despised, but it is undeniable that a high order of it is not an indispensable factor in the modern scheme of social happiness.

It is not the matter of an allowance in itself which should arouse questionings in a father's mind, but the size of it, and the inferences to be drawn from his own youthful experience of the use which will be made of the residuum after providing for necessary expenses, which on any natural basis of reasoning will be devoted to luxury. As regards the item of luxury, there is safety only in character: if it is unformed there is danger; if it is weak the boy is sure to be drawn toward the maelstrom of bad example. Many a son enjoys a legacy of principle for which he is not directly indebted to his father. Many a father is blind to the weakness of a son, from vanity or a false idea of parental dignity. Many such fathers, who could, nevertheless, be clear-sighted and wise in advising another man's son, would do well to exchange obligations with another father. "Give my son," he might say, "the benefit of your experience, and I will give yours mine," adding, by way of apology, "I am ready and able to pay his way, but I am incapable of placing a restraining influence in his path."

A Great Reform Accomplished.

It is not yet ten years since THE CENTURY for the first time called the attention of its readers to the crying need of a systematic policy for the preservation of the national forests. At that time, we believe, there was not a single acre of tree-land reserved for this purpose, with the exception of the Yellowstone National Park and the small Yosemite cañon, and in setting these apart the purpose was rather to safeguard notable scenery. From time to time, in numerous articles in this department, we have kept our readers informed of the progress of this important movement, to which the magazine has given cordial and active support. We believe that our readers have been in sympathy with the prudent policy of putting beyond the reach of spoliation or private ownership the great tracts which lie about the head waters of Western rivers, and that they will be glad to know that since August, 1898, President McKinley has established six new reservations and enlarged two others, so that, exclusive of one Alaska reserve not officially estimated, there are now thirty-six such tracts, created under the act of March 3, 1891, embracing an area of over forty-six million acres, and situated in Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Oregon, South Dakota, Washington, Wyoming, and Utah.

President McKinley, in thus continuing the wise action of his predecessors, Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland, may be sure of the approval of the country. The West has had an awakening to the importance of the matter; several Eastern States have followed the lead of the national government, and the interest in the general subject has spread to every part of the land. It has been accentuated of late by the governmental coöperation in the forestry of private estates which has been instituted by Mr. Gifford Pinchot, Director of Forestry of the Agricultural Department. A significant fact is the interest that women are beginning to take in the theory and practice of tree-culture.

It is greatly to be desired that the President shall give further evidence of his conviction of the magnitude of these interests by putting the forest service under the protection of the merit system before it becomes thoroughly saturated with the spoils idea. It is much to have set aside these valuable regions, but the work will not be complete until they are taken care of on business principles. Meanwhile what has been accomplished in ten years by a small group of men is matter for congratulation, as well as a good omen for those who are working for the public interest in other fields.

OPEN LETTERS

"The Century's" American Artists Series.

ELIZABETH NOURSE.

MISS ELIZABETH NOURSE, whose "Evening" ("La Veillée") is reproduced on page 337, is an American painter who, during twelve years' living in Paris, has attracted attention by her strong and truthful portrayal of peasant life. She was born in Cincinnati, and at thirteen entered the Art School of that city, where she received a thorough education in drawing. In 1887 she went to Paris. For a few months she studied in the Julien school, when, in deference to the advice of some of the best French artists, who feared the loss of her marked individuality from constant academic training, she began to paint alone, going for criticism to Carolus Duran and Henner. Her first picture, "Mother and Child," was accepted by the Salon of 1888 and hung on the line,—an unusual honor for a first contribution,—and since that time she has been represented each year by two or more pictures. The Royal Academies of London, Berlin, and Copenhagen have exhibited her work, which has been reproduced in the leading art journals of the Old World as well as in our own. In 1895 she was elected an associate member of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts of France, called the New Salon, or Salon of the Champ-de-Mars, and here she has since exhibited. Miss Nourse's pictures belong to the realistic school, but it is a realism that touches the heart. Living among the peasants, she has learned to love them, and reproduces the simplicity and beauty of their lowly lives. While she has painted many fine portraits and landscapes, it is in depicting this phase of life that she shows her greatest strength. At the Columbian Exposition she received a gold medal; two of her largest canvases were "Le Repas en Famille" and "Vendredi Saint." "Le Goûter," another important picture, is owned in Chicago. Washington, New York, Boston, St. Louis, and Cincinnati also possess some of her finest work. The engraving which we print is by M. Charles Baude, who has engraved a number of Miss Nourse's paintings. *S.*

C. C. COLEMAN'S "CHRIST WALKING ON THE SEA."

(See page 383.)

A RELIGIOUS subject from a painter who lives in Capri belongs to the unexpected. The pagan past, with its procession of Telebœans from Greece, its Etruscans from Phrygia, its voluptuous emperors from Rome, and its Moslem pirates from the African coast, outweighs the memory of its Christian occupants. Especially have the infamies told of Tiberius made a deep impression on men's minds ever since Suetonius wrote. Yet Capri has been Christian these fifteen hundred years, and its inhabitants have been able to display some of the Christian virtues, because their island, even with the distant coral fisheries thrown in, through the necessities of the case has procured for them no more than an honorable poverty. So important to the dwellers on that lovely but rocky island is the passage to and from Africa of a small but succulent migratory bird that the Bishop of Capri has been termed in derision the Bishop of Quails.

But Capri is far from lacking a touch of the Levant; it is a fair half-way house to Palestine, with its barren crags and fertile valley, its deep-blue sea and high-winged fishing-craft, its flat-topped houses, with here and there a dome or vaulted roof shining white among the foliage of laurel and lemon-tree, aloes and cactuses. A minaret and the dome of a mosque or saint's tomb would be entirely in keeping with its scenery. The good looks of its native population have been attributed to the early Greek immigrants, but may be explained better by the mixture of races and the simple lives of the people, which have tended to promote marriages for love rather than for lucre, beauty and manly vigor taking the palm from wedding-portions and riches.

Marriages for love rather than reason seem natural to Capri; nor have the foreign artists failed to bow to the subtle influence of the spot. Scot and German, Briton and Yankee, have succumbed to the sweet faces or the unaffected goodness of Capri girls and thrown worldly prudence to the wind by marrying them. One is famous in the island's tradition for having selected a very young and lovely girl, sent her to school, and married her when she grew of age.

Charles Caryl Coleman is the last of a little group of American and Scotch artists who found Capri so enthralling that its fascination could not be resisted. The others have torn themselves away, but Mr. Coleman, though he has never

Taking Baby's Picture.

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN.

MOTHER. Now sit up straight!
AUNT JANE. There, that 's a dear!
NEIGHBOR. Oh, is n't he too sweet!
BABY. Goo!
PHOTOGRAPHER. Just
A little farther forward—here.
MOTHER. Come, baby, come!
AUNT JANE. Yes, baby must.
BABY. Ya-ya-a!
SISTER. Don't cry, old tootsy-toot,
And get all scowly-owly-owl!
NEIGHBOR. We 'll not let naughty strange man shoot.
MOTHER (*firmly*). He *never* set up such a howl.
AUNT JANE. See, baby, see!
SISTER. Bow-wow!
NEIGHBOR. Ba-ba-a!
MOTHER. Oh, what a pitty picture-book!
PHOTOGRAPHER (*jingling keys*).
Here, baby!
SISTER. What a darling!
BABY. Ya-a!
AUNT JANE. Does baby want the birdie? Look!
MOTHER (*triumphantly*).
He 's all right now.
NEIGHBOR. The little man!
PHOTOGRAPHER (*wiping his forehead*).
Please place him as he was before.
You want him laughing?
MOTHER. If we can.
SISTER. Chick, chick!
BABY. Goo-goo!
PHOTOGRAPHER. We 'll try once more.
AUNT JANE. Hi-diddle-diddle!
PHOTOGRAPHER (*rattling keys*). Baby, see—
Clink, clink!
NEIGHBOR. Toot, toot!
AUNT JANE. Hi-diddle-day!
SISTER. He looks as solemn as can be.
MOTHER. How queer! He *never* is that way!
SISTER. The precious dear!
NEIGHBOR. The little judge!
BABY. Goo-goo!
AUNT JANE. He knows!
NEIGHBOR. Of course.
BABY. Goo-goo!
MOTHER. Well, take him sober. He 'll not budge.
He 's like his fath—

(*Baby laughs. Photographer snaps the shutter.*)

ALL THE WOMEN (*admiringly*). There! Baby knew!

(*Photographer wearily but thankfully wipes his forehead.*)

Edwin L. Sabin.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

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Paris of To-day, illustrated by Castaigne.

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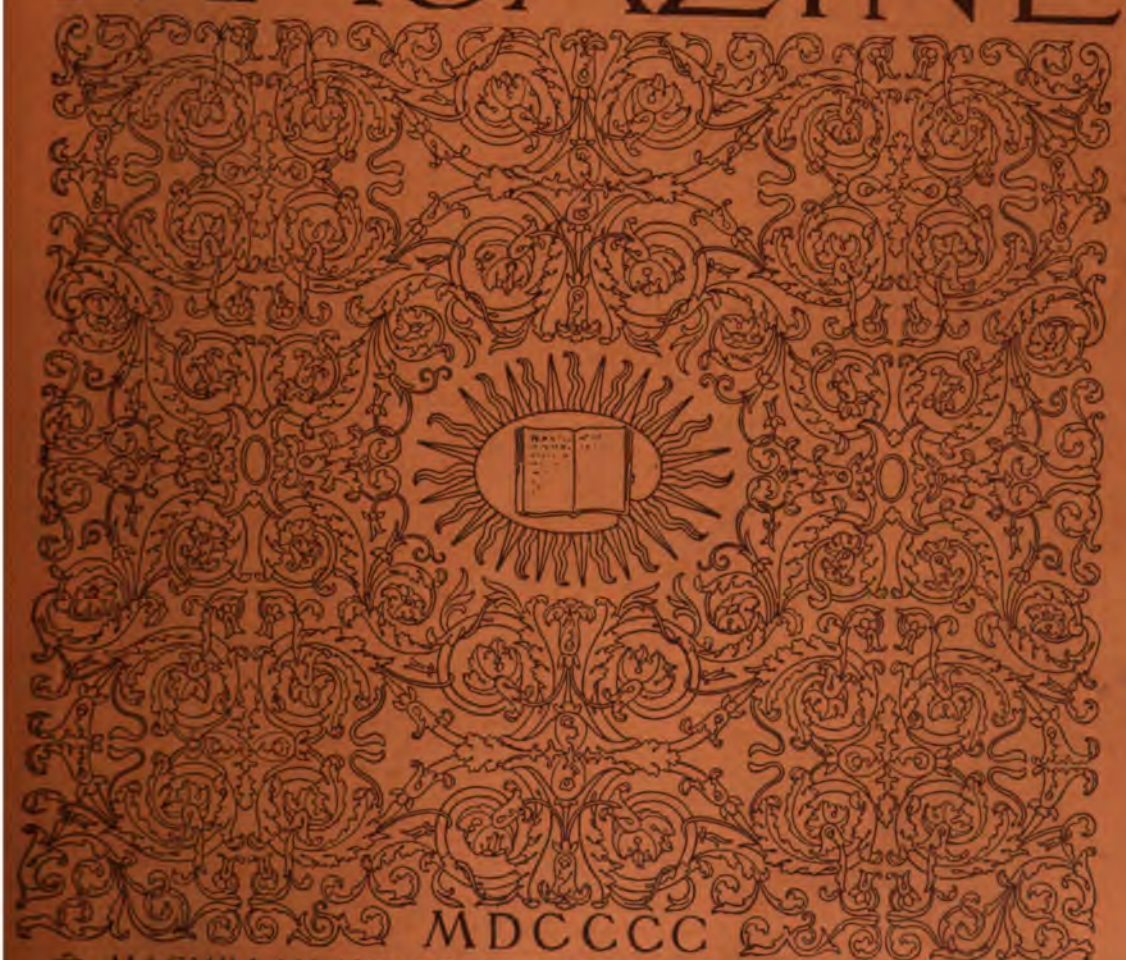

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ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE LOUVRE.

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PARIS REVISITED.

THE GOVERNMENTAL MACHINE.

BY RICHARD WHITEING,
Author of "No. 5 John Street," "The Island," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

A HOT August afternoon, and the cage slowly mounts with a handful of travelers to the top of the Eiffel Tower. We are not all sight-seers; at any rate, I can answer for one. The Paris plain is so hot that the ascent is, with me, a last despairing effort for a mouthful of air. It has unexpected advantages now that I am on the move. I see Paris as I have never seen it before. There is the Exhibition Building of 1900, yet to be in all its glory, and at present only a skeleton of timber. The monstrous litter of building-material fills all the Champ de Mars and lines the Seine on both banks, far beyond the esplanade of the Invalides—a perspective with no terminal point. Paris is once more being torn down. Were there a speaking-trumpet at hand, one would fain cry, "Why can't you let well enough alone?" to the pygmies below. This mood lasts until we reach the summit, when there is abundant evidence that they set up faster than they lay low. The Champ de Mars is covered and well-nigh roofed. The banks, if still a mighty maze, are not without a plan. So the saving power is once more in the constructive activities of this marvelous race. They have wiped out Paris a dozen times, and every time have left something better in its place. The legacy of the last exhibition was the permanent Museum of the Trocadéro. One legacy of this transformation is to be the Czar's Bridge. The first span is up, and its lines of red-coated iron, with the masses of masonry on each side, show that we are going to have one more of the finest things in the world.

The bridge does one the service of taking the view from the exhibition, which is, after all, only a secondary affair to Paris itself. There is the everlasting spectacle, more grandiose to-day than ever. From this elevation the city is manifestly outgrowing its mere walls, as a healthy boy outgrows last year's jacket. But for these walls Paris might enter into hopeful competition with London for primacy among the largest cities of the world. It stretches away in unbroken lines of milk-white masonry at every point. The inner circle, as one may already call the space within the fortifications, has yet an innermost ring—the Paris of the foreigner. This Tatar City may easily be traced from our present elevation, by taking the Round Point as its center, and the Arch as its circumference. Here are all the braveries of the fair for the happy few from many parts

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A BALL AT THE ÉLYSÉE PALACE.

of the world—a multitude in their aggregate. The British are an ever-diminishing colony; London is now their capital of pleasure for the whole empire. Good Americans have a tendency to look for their earthly paradise in the same quarter, consistently enough, for the site of that region is notoriously a speculative point. But the "balance" of mankind still seeks its cosmopolis here. Wealthy planters and traders from the four seas, *rastaquouères*[1] from South America, the pick of the Continental aristocracies, all flock this way in the season, and where they fail the French of the same category are quite ready to supply their place.

But, after all, these do not make Paris or the wealth of Paris. The city quite suffices to itself, with the good help of France in the background. It knows as much, and for years past has marked its sense of the fact by a certain want of deference to the outlander. Paris is one of the greatest manufacturing cities of France. Its industries are on the colossal scale. It is a huge exporter, not only of the articles that bear its name, the "Yankee notions" of taste for the bazaars of the world, but of all the wares of the market-place. So it has its own life, and that life lies far beyond the straggling band of fire which is to be traced every night in the Champs-Élysées and the boulevards. To my thinking, it is best seen in its own labor quarters. If we were on the hill of Montmartre instead of on this tower, we should find Paris at home. But, after all, we have it at home in Montparnasse, not far from our feet. Here are the people in their habit as they live, and in their ways untainted by the desire to please any but themselves.

The real problem at issue in all this prodigious activity is, Can an old people make itself young again? It is almost answered in its terms. Yet the hope is so fascinating that it tempts to new experiments again and again. Japan began it the other day, and is still encouraged or deluded with the belief that it is renewing its youth. The French began more than a hundred years ago, when they were still most ancient of days—of the moderns, unquestionably, the oldest folk in Europe. They were a polity and a civilization when the English analogue of the man in the street was Gurth the swineherd, and when Italy had for the moment crumbled back into the animate dust of the races out of which Rome was made. Oh, how old they are! It flashes on you without preoccupation and without warning in modern Paris as well as in the remote provinces. The wrinkles show in the majestic delays of their bureaucracy, in a thousand medievalisms of their ways of thought. I will not say they show under the paint, for that would do injustice to my meaning in doing injustice to them; for it is an honest attempt to effect the change by the diet of ideas and by the regimen of institutions. In the Revolution they were for doing away with the old Adam in a day and a night. It was the most prodigious day and night in all history; but when it was past the would-be stripling sat down and wiped his still furrowed brow, and relapsed into the habits of age—into aristocracy with the empire, into limited suffrages, into the theory of statehood as mere organized conquest. The new effort came with the downfall of the Second Empire, a catastrophe brought about solely by the failure of that system to serve the old military ideals. It is going on to-day. The problem is still unsolved. Is it better for a nation, as for an individual, to accept the inevitable, to take itself frankly at its actual count of years, and to make the best of it? Is there anything more to strive for than a mere artful prolongation of forces which are still necessarily on the decline? I have sometimes had a curious fancy that these ages of nations might be fixed by a sort of typical correspondence with the ages of individual man.

In this view England has turned sixty, but is still hale, hearty, and well preserved, still better equipped for a day on the moors of empire than many a youngster of them all, yet still within measurable distance of an allotted span. Poor Spain, as we have seen, is as rusty in the joints as her national hero of romance, and has manifestly entered her dismal inheritance of labor and sorrow. So has Italy. The grand republic is in the very prime of manhood, and therefore past the period of his first youth. He has lost some of his illusions, for he lives fast. He will be thirty next birthday—I hope I am not rude. Russia is younger, in spite of the chronologies, and the shock-headed young giant has not yet attained to the proper combing of his hair. Germany is five-and-forty if a day, but amazingly well preserved, thanks to an elaborate chamber gymnastic, the results of which have yet to be tested in the field-work of the world. France—well, it is an ungracious exercise of fancy at the best, and I leave it an open question, as I am at this moment in her presence. Sometimes

[1] "Foreign adventurer or swindler, generally hailing from the sunny South, or from South America."—A. Barrère.

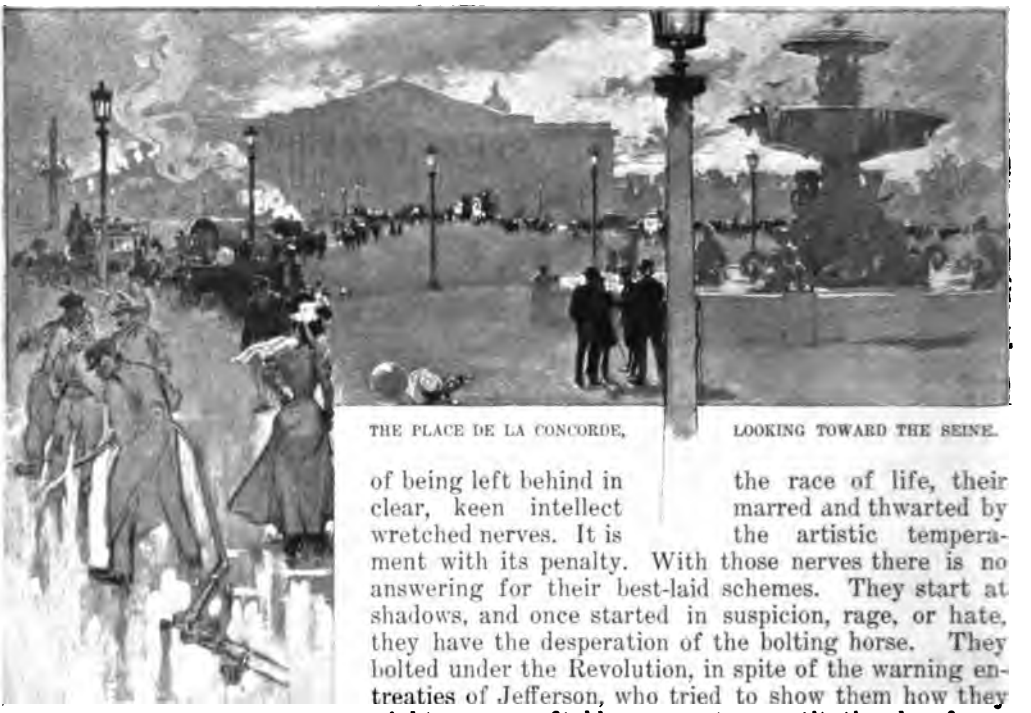
THE LONGCHAMP REVIEW ON THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY.

you hesitate to give her a day over twenty. Then comes an *affaire*, or some other disenchantment, and you are sure she will never see ninety again, and that, do what she may, she can never shake off the enemy as he creeps on with his fateful burden of old habits, old ways of life and thought.

But the activity, the mere civic and industrial energy, is prodigious. You return every few years to find a new city. The boasted Paris of the empire was a village compared with the Paris I see, as in panorama, to-day. The houses are more like palaces than ever they were before. "They cut the Pentelican marble as if it were snow," says Emerson of his Greeks. So the Parisian *sculpteur en bâtiment* cuts the softer stone of the Normandy quarries. The empire is nothing to the republic in the count of new avenues, of new public works of every kind. The perpetual advance of mere splendor and luxury, for what it is worth, may be traced in the Champs-Élysées. There are still left one or two quaint plaster-fronted houses, which represent the modest ideals of the time of Louis Philippe. Hard by, in any number, are the stone fronts of the empire, and, rapidly replacing these, the Cyclopean masses in which the modern millionaire swaggers in his pride—a perfect riot of carving in their rather gaudy fronts. Naturalistic infants disport themselves over all the vast façade of the new Palace Hotel, with other figures that may charitably be regarded as their mamas. It is not exactly good taste, but, with its still inalienable "quality," what foreign city might not be glad to have half of its complaint of bad? Those white patches in the distance, beyond the walls, are buildings only less superb and less opulent. The mere movement of human beings is amazing. While waiting for its underground railway, now more than half done, Paris travels by automobile and by huge two-decker street-trains, drawn by locomotives, which quite destroy the amenities of the interior scene. The old peaceful cross-roads near the Printemps are a terror, what with trumpeting engines, broughams, cycles, *chars-à-banc*, all driven by steam or electricity. The tramways here, as elsewhere, are destroying the streets, and the light fiacres bob and dance about over the tormented surface like dinghies in a gale.

I do not say that it is edifying; still less do I call it delightful. I cite it only in proof of the intensity of the movement. Those who find their account in mere rush and hurry should be in paradise here. The horse will soon have the air of a survival; the motor, for every kind of street use, is becoming a matter of course. In this invention England, and even America, have been left far behind. The pace is fearful, the accidents are fearful, but such as they are the administration seems to be thankful for them as a safety-valve for the energies that might otherwise have an explosive force in politics. It is a race to the devil that threatens the individual only, and not the state. For good or ill the giant city is all alive at every point. Everything seems to be rebuilding or rebuilt. The Saint-Lazare station is new; the Gare de Lyon is newer still. The Orléans line is pushing its way into town by a stupendous settlement that is to occupy the entire site of the Cour des Comptes, burned under the Commune. The whole square of the Invalides is to be undermined by another huge structure of the same sort. This is for Paris only, and, to scale, much the same thing is going on all over the territory in ports, harbors, branch railways, and vicinal roads. It is a rage of renewal. France will be young again if she dies for it. The mere growth is beyond question. If we could peer through the roofs from here we should see a working population of nearly a million and a half, which forms only a part of the total population of "all souls." It is one of the greatest manufacturing cities, as well as the greatest city of pleasure on the planet. Ninety-six thousand of these workers—Lilliputian from the level—would be found in the tailoring and dressmaking trades, helping to clothe the universe, and to make good Victor Hugo's boast, "I defy you to wear a bonnet that is not of Paris fashion or of Paris make." One hundred and twelve thousand are in metals, precious or otherwise. Over forty-four thousand of the wondrous pygmies would be hard at it in the book and printing trades; they were but twenty-seven thousand a dozen years ago. I could go on, with the help of a jubilant return lately issued by the Office of Labor, but I generously forbear.

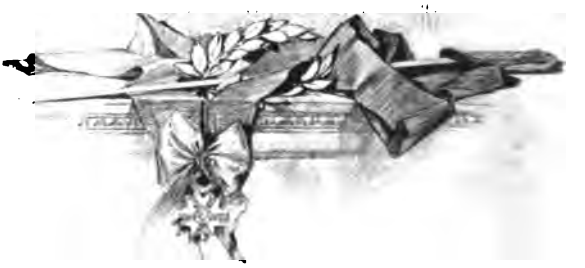
So this may serve to prepare the way for my paradox, that the French are really the most serious and purposeful folk in the world—a great, sad race, too, with a pessimistic bitter for the subflavor of their national gaiety, as it is the subflavor of their absinthe. They put on their high spirits as a garment, and, like the *Figaro* of their ideal, they laugh lest they should be obliged to weep. "Our lively neighbor," "the light-hearted Gaul"—what thoughtless locutions are these! Our Gauls are a gloomy and a brooding swarm, ever haunted with the fear



THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, LOOKING TOWARD THE SEINE.

of being left behind in the race of life, their clear, keen intellect marred and thwarted by wretched nerves. It is the artistic temperament with its penalty. With those nerves there is no answering for their best-laid schemes. They start at shadows, and once started in suspicion, rage, or hate, they have the desperation of the bolting horse. They bolted under the Revolution, in spite of the warning entreaties of Jefferson, who tried to show them how they might run a profitable course to constitutional reform. They are not always bolting, be it well understood. They have long and blessed intervals of national self-possession, ease, and grace, when butter would hardly melt in their mouths. But Mme. France is *journalière*, rising without any volition of her own in the humor that is to rule the day. When she comes down in the morning with one of her headaches, her nearest and dearest had better find an excuse for getting out of the way. The personification, however, is scarcely felicitous In point of temperament the men here are the women, and the women the men. The quiet, laborious, cool-headed housewife runs France. The secret of the malady is nature's; the secret of the cure is the people's own. There is none other so ploddingly, so remorselessly industrious. After every outbreak France picks up the pieces, and out of the ruin wrought by the paroxysm makes something finer than before. The fatal war was an attack of nerves. The Jew-baiting is another, and it may be described as a desperate attempt to reconcile Panama to national self-respect. The awful "affaire" is a third on the same lines. Each attack has been intensified by the new régime of liberty—still new, though it is nearly as old as the constitution of the present republic. Freedom as a habit is the growth of centuries, and these recently converted sinners of despotism are still subject to many a slip. So one part of the press of Paris—not the largest part, by a long way, thank God!—is still drunk with the license of invective and denunciation. The sots will sleep it off in the long run, I feel sure, and the better part of the nation will find a hearing for the still, small voice. But oh, just now it is weary waiting for the friends of France, and it is no time to take up the cry, "Courage, mon ami, le diable est mort!"

They know perfectly well what is



CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

the matter with them, and for their strait-jacket they have invented the administrative machine. This is by no means to be confounded with the purely political variety of the contrivance in use in other latitudes. It is the permanent civil service, the government—in a word, the great automatic contrivance that keeps them going in national housekeeping while they are on the rampage. Nowhere else, except perhaps in Germany, is there anything like it for efficiency of a kind. It is everything that they are not—stable, unchanging, the slave of tradition, a thing that moves from precedent to precedent, but with restraint instead of freedom for its aim. The first Napoleon was the inventor of it. The material with which he wrought was the wreckage of the old monarchy, still extremely serviceable in parts as a thing approved to the genius of the people by the experience of a thousand years. Dynasties, presidents, ministers, come and go, but the machine grinds on forever to do the work of the day. No matter what the tumult in Paris or at Versailles, the prefects are at their posts in the provinces, and their orders issue as calmly as if there was sleep at the center of the system. It is a Chinese bureaucracy in completeness, with the difference that it is in thorough repair. As a piece of clockwork it is one of the greatest of human inventions. At one end of the mechanism is the president of the republic; at the other the humblest of the thirty-six thousand odd mayors of the communes of France—say the little fellow who rules over Blanche-Fontaine in the Doubs, with its population of four-and-twenty souls, ten of them, if you please, municipal councilors. Each of these mayors is a president in his way, as the president is only a glorified mayor. There is no overlapping of areas, no conflict of jurisdictions, and lest there should be, the special contrivance of the Council of State provides for instant appeasement. If my view could extend from this tower to the whole of the territory, I should see one vast nerve system of centralized rule. The village mayor in his sabots stuffed with straw, and with his council equally fresh from the stable, is only the reduced image of the great man at the Élysée surrounded by his ministers. So many mayors and so many communes make a canton, with another council, and generally a superior mayor for its chief. So many cantons make an arrondissement, like the canton, less corporate in its personality, but with yet a council more,—always of superior persons, naturally, as we rise in the scale,—and with a subprefect at its head. With the arrondissement comes the electoral district for the Chamber. So many arrondissements make a department, and here the prefect sits enthroned again with his council, now a little parliament, for his guide and check. Beyond him is the minister of the interior in the capital, who commands the wires in every sense, and whose touches thrill by devolution and subtransmission throughout the mighty system. Beyond the minister of the interior there is really nothing but the Maker of the universe, and he, I believe, is not officially recognized in the constitution. Uniformity is the note, with certain exceptions of detail that are immaterial in the bird's-eye view. Paris is only a larger commune, though it has eighty mayors, because if it had seventy-nine less, the one left might rival the president in power. The twofold election of the council by the citizens, and of the mayor by the council, is the corner-stone of the system. The nation elects the Parliament and the Parliament the president in precisely the same way. The mayor, however, is still under control. He can be suspended for a month by the prefect, for three months by the minister of the interior, and forever by the president.

This, as I have said, was Napoleon's gift to France, and the wiser sort, who dread her moods and their own, esteem it above all his victories. France rails against it from time to time, but she would not get rid of it for the world. The machine carries on the business. It collects the taxes, spends them, welcomes the entry of every citizen into the world, educates, marries, tends him in sickness and in health, and buries him when all is done. It suits everybody in his heart of hearts as a sort of fixed point in a world of flux. All but the wildest aspire to no more than the control of the motive power, only to find, in the long run, that, by its immutable laws of mechanics, it controls them. If they strained it to bursting, they would be the first to mount sky-high. All the revolutions, with perhaps the single exception of the Commune, and I am not quite sure as to that, were really only schemes for securing the control of the machine. They aim merely at changing the course, not the engine. The institution is satisfactory; its occasional uses only leave something to be desired. I remember once calling on a friend who had been shut up in the old prison of Sainte-Pélagie for some offense under the press laws. I condoled with him, less on the hardships of his lot than on the want of respect for freedom

of opinion which it involved. "We must abolish these detestable cages for free thought," I cried, looking round on the comfortably furnished room. "You are right," he said; "all I live for now is to put the opposite party here." This is the moral of French tolerance for the machine. It is a very good instrument when you have the valves under your own hand.

The interior of a ministry—what a soothing suggestion of immutability! For the perfect association of ideas I prefer that it should be one of the ministries on this left bank, the other one abounding in patches of raw modernity that spoil the impression. Let it be in the Rue de Grenelle, for choice, or in the Rue de Varenne, not much more than a good stone's throw from our tower. Oh, the repose of its massive outer defenses of plain stone that keep the courtyard sacred to the sparrows and to the suitors for place! Within, it is cool, and echoing to the footfall, with, at first sight, the frequent porter for its only inhabitant. He is there for life. You may know it by his urbanity, his unhastingness, which betoken perfect freedom from the irritation of uncertainty. He exacts a first rough sketch of your business, as in duty bound, then passes you on to a man on the first flight, for whose further information you fill in the drawing with a sort of colorwash of sympathies and hopes. This man may be a little *cassant* (curt) if he has had words with his wife in the morning, but you are not to take it as personal to yourself.

Now you are just on the fringe of the life of the hive. It is a slippered life, and it is still ease. The messengers who pass to and fro between the porter's lodge and the rooms still suggest peace ineffable and the continuity of things. Some of them wear long brown holland blouses that eke out their modest incomes by saving their coats. They carry huge *dossiers*, or portfolios, which seem to memorialize the business of the world, and which, in their bulky universality, are sermons in leather on the insignificance of events. The imaginary perspective of these dossiers, as you might see them stored in the archives, would naturally strengthen the moral. They are the connecting-links of all

MORNING SCENE IN A PARIS POLICE COURT.

A PENSIONER OF THE INVALIDES.

the little systems, monarchical or republican, that have ceased to be, and they maintain the perfect sequence of administrative policy. Those under which the porters stagger for the moment are only the dossiers of the day, the passing wrinkles on the brow of France, which have come here to be smoothed out. They will be smoothed out by means of letters, faultless alike in style and handwriting, the very office-marks of which seem to link you with the present and the past. Now, haply, you come in touch with the clerical staff, but always in a discreet, secluded, monastic sort of way. The beardless dandies are often cadets of good families, who, with subventions from the private purse, are able to cut a figure on the stipend of a laborer. The employment in a ministry gives them position, and that is enough in a country which betrays its age by still cherishing a sort of prejudice against trade. Some of them scribble things for the papers in their abundant leisure; the detestable Rochefort began in this way. Others save themselves for social successes and a good match. The little bits of red ribbon in the buttonholes betoken the higher grades.

To see all the grades as in review, we must wait for the sacred hour of noon—the hour at which we might see the whole city below us black with the shifting specks that mark a whole population pouring out to luncheon. Then the bureaus begin to empty for a solemn lull of business, which lasts for the better part of two hours. The place looks more than ever permanent and unchanging in this view. The French *déjeuner*, the French dinner, give one faith in the stability of things. They are so purposeful, so deliberate; they betoken so much the assurance of the continuing city, in their orderly courses, with the coffee and *chasse-café* to follow, and the billiards, cards, or dominoes for the wind-up. The déjeuner is the solid break in the day, and the strange thing is that its associations of rest and ease do not tend to render the resumption of toil impossible. The staff comes back to new labors, though these are not unduly prolonged. Its output of work is still considerable, although it is slow—perhaps because it is slow. The plodding method makes each step sure, and precludes the delays of revision.

The crown of things in stability is the old head porter, who has seen them all come and go, the young sparks into the prefectures or into literature, the chief ministers into private life or into a sort of public obscurity after their brief average of the lime-light of

office. The man at the head is the only uncertain element of the composition. The underlings of every grade may remain forever if they like, rising by successive steps until they write *chef de bureau* after their names. Mutation is reserved for those who have made their mark in the struggles of the political arena, and have suddenly been "bombarded" from the outside into the highest seats by explosions of parliamentary applause. Many of these, under our modern scheme of equality of opportunity, have come from the humblest stations, and go back to them after their fall in a way which has something of Roman dignity. Once they might have hoped to save during their tenure of power.

Under the empire the ministers received a hundred thousand francs a year, with allowances; but in 1871 the salary was cut down to sixty thousand. This, in spite of free residence at the expense of the state, and other pecuniary privileges amounting in value to about forty thousand francs more, is insufficient. No minister can now make ends meet without a private fortune. They retire from their official state perhaps to the modest pay of a deputy, nine thousand francs a year, and to occasional earnings with the pen; from glittering banquets and receptions, at which they entertained the magnates of the official world, home and foreign, to the omelet with the cutlet to follow, served by some old peasant woman from Brittany in the fifth-floor flat from which they emerged. From this cage we might almost shake hands with some ministers in their exalted retirement. Their height of disgrace has its consolations. It removes them farther from an unjust earth, and nearer to the compensating stars. I used to find M. Jules Simon at a great elevation, moral as well as material, after a fall from power which perplexed the nations with fear of change. I found M. Yves Guyot *au quatrième* the other day, drawing his breath with difficulty, I thought, amid a too dense undergrowth of economic literature, and writing his daily article for the "Siècle" in championship of the prisoner of Rennes.

The *petits employés* have the best of it. Venerable figures, you may trace them in their old age to calm retreats in the leafy suburbs that bound our view, where they take the evening air in the zinc summer-houses of gardens relatively as small as their own souls, or under the shadows of plaster busts which figure the transient and embarrassed phantoms of forgotten ministers of the day, to whose favor they owed their place. They are reposing before dinner, after their game of bowls in the public avenue, played to a treble of applause from a circle of their own order.

Law and police form an integral part of the machine, enduring, unchanging, in their hierarchical condition a solid bulwark against the vagaries of the popular spirit. To feel this to the full one should attend the red mass at the Palais de Justice in early November, which marks the reopening of the courts after the long vacation. The Archbishop of Paris presides in person, as though to show the solidarity between all the powers that be. Here again one sees that this shifting society has still its foundation of conservative forces. It is the old order of this old, old people, still holding its own amid the new. The Revolution may have changed the forms; it could not change the spirit—the way of looking at things, in which habit proves itself the true heir of the ages. The great judges are in their robes of red; hence the name of the function. Nothing much seems to have happened for centuries, as they file in. So they robed and so they filed when the Bastille still frowned over Paris, and when the oubliettes of the feudal castles were the best-remembered things in France. It is all pure middle age. The black-robed judges of the Tribunal of Commerce—a touch of novelty by virtue of their office—might be visible from here as they pass from their court on the other side of the boulevard, through a dense crowd. Within the palace the Council of the Order of Advocates, with the *bâtonnier* at its head, defiles from the prisoners' gallery to join the judges. The procession moves toward the Sainte-Chapelle, where Saint Louis went to church seven centuries and a half ago, as we may go to church to-day. The rich toilets of the visitors feed the blaze of color. Here, on the front benches, is the red of the Court of Appeal and of the Court of Cassation, that famous court which stemmed the torrent of popular fanaticism in the "affaire." Silk and ermine, velvet and lace, nothing is wanting in the trappings to carry the mind back to the ages of faith. Justice is solidly established in France, and it is organized on much the same principle as the administration. The justice of the peace, who is the magistrate of the first degree, sits in the chief town of the canton. He is removable only by the president.

The members of the higher courts hold their places for life. Their social sympa-

ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC. OUTSIDE THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, DURING A MUNICIPAL BALL.

thies sometimes tincture their judgments. They cannot always forget that they belong by tradition to an order which was one of the nobilities of France—the nobility of the robe. They have therefore a sort of fellow-feeling with the nobility of the sword. The bar is a great trade-union, in spite of republican reforms. It is one of the few privileged institutions left, the last of the corporations, and as such about the only complete survival of prerevolutionary France. Its council decides on the admission of candidates, and has a tendency to reject them if they are not of the right sort. In spite of this, the country is overrun by needy lawyers, who push up to Paris as deputies, get dazzled there by the social splendors, and go into isthmian canals, unfortunately not to drown there, but to make their fortunes and enjoy *bon souper, bon gîte, et le reste* with the glittering crowd. The council is most favorably disposed to those who keep the right company, think, and even shave, in the right way. Its upper lip, like that of the bench, is generally a terror, in the pitiless severity of its naked lines. The bar has its own cafés, its own drawing-rooms, its own jokes. The oratory is just what you might expect from the lips. It is the revived oratory of the old school, which went straight to the reason, and left the feelings to take care of themselves. Some of these men—some of the judges especially—glory in the thought that they have not read a work of literature of later date than the earlier eighteenth century, when, according to them, classic prose reached its high-water mark. Their art, like all art whatsoever in France, is a structure with a plan. They know exactly what they are going to say, and how they are going to say it, and when, by chance, their voice trembles, be sure it trembles to order. The looking-glass has had their first confidences in every effect of gesture. Their hearers know it and expect it, and applaud the structural skill.

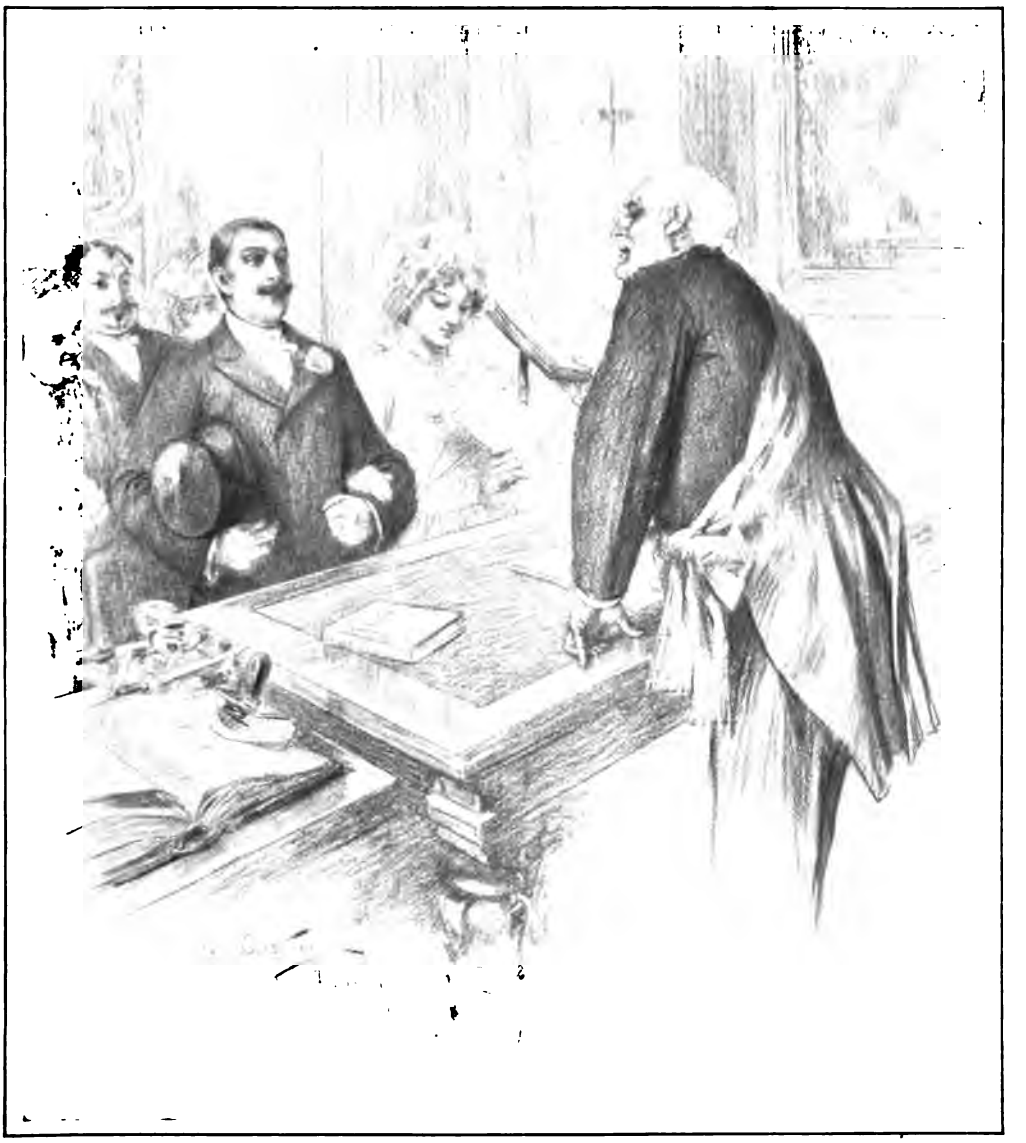
Cléry, whom I used to meet in old days, sometimes terrified me by his facility as a speaking-machine. He even sounded the two *n*'s whenever they came together, as they pride themselves on doing at the Français. Nothing was wanting but the suggestion that the driving power of the amazing organism came from the blood. Maître Rousse was a master of this style—hard, glittering, impeccable. But the hardness was grit. He stuck to his post during the Commune, and fought that usurpation all through with the weapons of law. He must have congratulated himself every night that he still had, not so much a pillow to lie on, as a head to lay on it. Maître Demange, who has fought so valiantly for justice at Rennes and elsewhere, is another strong man. He has more animation, but, whether gay or grave, his manner is throughout tempered by finished ease, and he always keeps within the bounds of the natural note. In spite of recent reforms, the procedure is still absolutely antiquated in its presumption of the original sin of the accused, and in its regard for the sanctity of the accusation. How often has that dismal prison hard by seen wretched suspects in murder cases confronted with the remains of the victim, to the end of drawing conclusions from their tremors, and from the pallor of their cheek?

Believe me, you cannot have been a power and a polity as far back as Charlemagne for nothing. We have seen lately how they still watch the slumbers of captives, and flash search-lights, the rays of which are expected to reach the conscience, on the blinking eyes. The rule of prudence in France is to contrive always to be the accuser, and to get the first blow in with your charge. Perhaps that is why they exhibit such a tendency to arrest one another all round in street rows. I have seen them standing in a sort of charmed circle of nervous excitement, each with a hand on a neighbor's necktie. Do not be too hard on them; they have been brought up on theories of the innate depravity of human nature. Then they are so quick-minded, so acute. A very little knowledge of your own heart soon constrains you to the sorrowful admission that the other man must be a bad lot.

To see a poor devil at his worst, I think, one must see him, not in the rat-pit of a court of justice, but in the preliminary stage of his examination by M. Bertillon. You know him, the official in charge of the bureau of anthropometric measurement for criminals, the March Hare turned expert in handwriting at the Dreyfus trial. He has the genius, and, at the same time, the disease of minutiæ. He has found out that, if you can only measure a man by certain bone-measurements that never vary, the coincidence of, say, half a dozen of these is a certain clue to his identity. You have no doubt heard the invention described a thousand times. Have you ever seen it put into use? I have, in that very Palais de Justice, when they bring the prisoners in for identification before taking them into the presence of the magistrate. The drift of the inquiry lies in the question, "Have you ever been here before?" "No, monsieur; never," is, of course, but the one thing to say. At this early stage they never expect you to confess; it would spoil sport for the machine. The morning charges at the Paris police courts are, I suppose, with a difference of local color, the morning charges everywhere. It is no doubt a terrible thing to be a suspect; the unsuspected are against you almost in spite of themselves. The very contrast of each unkempt, unshaven creature with the trim *garde de Paris* by his side is to his detriment. Then he is led to the measuring-stand,—invited to place himself there is, I believe, the proper phrase, —and the attendant, who might be cutting his hair or taking his orders for a suit of clothes, cries out measurement No. 1. It is noted on a card. There may be a thousand measurements like it, among the hundreds of thousands of records to which they have constant access, so our old offender may still keep a good heart. But at the second call, of course, assuming a further correspondence, we make a huge stride from the general to the particular. Somebody, clearly, has been here before with the two measurements, say of mid-finger joint and frontal bone, exactly answering to these new ones. Should a third correspondence be established, all but the "dead beats" begin to look grave. Yes, there is certainly another card up there in the archives in perfect agreement so far with the one we are making out. At this point M. Bertillon, feeling that there is no more sport with this bird, seems politely to inquire if he is to go on: "Come, own up!" But most hunted things run till they die; and "No, monsieur; never here before," is still the rule. Finally they close down on him, by taking down the old card, and showing him his old photograph neatly pasted on the back, and dated perhaps a dozen years ago. With this the baffled wretch shrugs his shoulders as a sign that the game of hide-and-seek is up, and is

marched off into another room to have his portrait taken anew for the appendix to the record. He is often betrayed by his stare of amused curiosity at the old one, as he recognizes a forgotten necktie, a forgotten trimming of the hair, perhaps some traces of a forgotten candor of youth. The Bertillon method is the perfection of the governmental machine, in one of its purely mechanical developments. It is fascinating to an eminently scientific nation to think that, with the aid of science, justice can work with this positive certainty. Some of them, no doubt, dream of a day when the Röntgen rays will be turned with success into the criminal mind, and trials and confessions will alike become a superfluity.

The towers of Notre Dame, standing clear against the sky, may serve to remind us of the great struggle on the part of the statesmen to bring the church into the machine, as a real effective force working heart and soul for the republic. But they are thwarted by the free-thinkers on the one side, who would like to make agnosticism a cult, and by the church itself, with its traditional



A CIVIL MARRIAGE.

respect for the monarchical system. The too logical mind of the French abhors a transaction on the principle of give and take. It is for all or none, and it better understands the tyranny of an opponent's usurpation than what it regards as the weakness of his compromise. The Pope has made unheard-of efforts to bring the parties together by enjoining a hearty acceptance of the republic on the part of the Clerical and Monarchical parties. And it is to be noted that, at the last elections, the "Ralliés," who represent the Royalists that have come over to the republic, returned in increased numbers. But, then, so did the Socialists, and between these two there is, I think, racial war. The Radicals, as a free-thinking party, dream of a scheme of reasoned morality that shall take the place of the old religion and be a new one. So they issue neat little manuals, in which they show, Socratically, the logical necessity of doing good to your neighbor, and, as it were, defy you to be other than virtuous if you have a due regard for the syllogism. The late Paul Bert spent no little of his precious time in these exercises. The church, all the churches, are constitutionally parts of the machine. They are subventioned by the state —Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and even

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

THE PRESIDENT (FÉLIX FAURE) BESTOWING THE HAT UPON A CARDINAL.

Mohammedans, alike. They are under the supervision of the minister of public worship. The bishops are nominated by the government, and even when the French cardinals have received their appointment from the Pope, they still come back to have their hats handed to them by the president in solemn audience. It has been said that if the church could see its way to a perfect reconciliation, it might yet form the basis of a dominant conservative party, and that most Frenchmen want no more than to have the priest in his place. I doubt it. Besides, can he consent to take a mere place with the rest? By virtue of his profession, he aspires to nothing less than the dominion of the whole of life. The Radicals are just as strenuous in their determination to find a substitute for him. Ingersoll was only a criticism, after all. Free thought here is, in thousands of minds, a working scheme. "Ni Dieu ni Maître" was the device of fierce old Blanqui, that tameless lion of revolt. There is a whole literature of religion without God.

Right below us lies the sinister military school. The men that rule there form part of the machine, and the difficulty with them just now is that they want to be the whole of it. They sulk with the civil power on the one side, as the church sulks with it on the other. The hold of the army on opinion is enormous, just because it has become identified with the people as a vast national militia. Every man serves, and most men bring away with them some professional sympathy with the service. As the grocer watches the passing regiment at Longchamp, he feels that he is with comrades, and that their very cloth is only a sort of best suit he has in reserve. The whole future of free institutions in France lies in that grocer's frame of mind. If he remembers that he is a citizen first and a soldier afterward, the republic is safe. If not, and he keeps the citizen in the background, then there is no knowing what usurpations may not be dared and done. I am assured by one who ought to know that the soldier is still the citizen, and the republican citizen, in arms. But the same authority admits that, when he served his term, he scarcely looked at a newspaper, or took any interest in the questions of the day. The barrack spirit had marked him for its own. The prevalent uncertainty on this point is sometimes ludicrous in its effects. On the return of a successful commander the first care of the government is to keep him out of the way. When General Dodds came back from Dahomey he was isolated as though he had brought the plague with him. It was the same with poor Major Marchand the other day. If America were France, Admiral Dewey would be invited, not to say ordered, to recruit his health in the country, and the government, while still constrained to offer him a smiling welcome, would tremble every time he approached Washington or New York. In distant colonies, far, far beyond the purview of the tallest of conceivable Eiffel Towers, the generals have sometimes flatly refused obedience to the civil governor. The trembling government, which would have liked to shoot them, has had to go on smiling. Take with all this, as symptomatic, the despatches just to hand from the French Sudan. An officer was recalled for cruelties. He turned, with his native following, on another officer who bore the message, and massacred him and the whites of his mission to a man. Such is the official account of an unverified report, and they may still succeed in shifting the blame to the natives; but some of the wilder newspapers say that an African satrapy under a soldier of fortune would be entirely to their taste.

The machine is only less strong in social than in political influence. The administrative institutions are *corps de société* as well as *corps d'état*. Each of them has its salons, managed by clever women who, in intriguing for their husbands, often against one another, still strengthen the general framework. The prefect's wife looks after the department, as the president's wife is supposed to look after the state. She encourages waverers, gives the disaffected to understand that they need not be altogether without hope. Society proper, or improper, may think itself entitled to gibe and scoff, as it sometimes does, I believe, in other republics. But nothing can deprive the official world of influence, since it holds patronage and power. Every one of the provincial capitals lying beyond us on all sides in the depths of the haze has its official circle, where the powers that be try to agree not to differ too openly, in the interest of the general stability of things. The university professors and their wives belong to this set. The superior clergy do not refuse their countenance when the professors show a proper outward conformity of respect for the church, and reserve the Voltairean epigram for the fireside. The general in command of the district, or, more strictly speaking, Mme. la Générale, brings the officers to the official dances, at which also the district bench and bar shake a loose leg.

THE DOWNFALL OF A MINISTRY IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

A ball at the Élysée is a great function which has been in process of gradual democratization ever since the foundation of the republic. Mme. de MacMahon was about the last who tried to keep it select. It was an anachronism. The old *couches sociales* sulked, and begged to reserve themselves for her private parties. The new were not asked. The true theory of such a gathering is the one that now prevails. It is a review of all the forces that make for order and for stability, and it excludes no one who has a place of importance in the administrative machine.

The diplomatists still have the privilege of a room to themselves. But this is more or less open to the public gaze, and it serves to concentrate some of the most striking effects of the spectacle. To-night's ball at the Hôtel de Ville, which, if we could stay long enough, might presently signalize itself to us as a scheme of illumination, is a still more characteristic sight. It is a festival of all the civic forces, where the municipal councilor and the district mayor may feel that they have been admitted to the great partnership of the government. The note of brotherhood, rather than of class distinction, at all these gatherings is the cross of the Legion of Honor, in all its glittering grades. Most other orders seem to cry, "Stand off!" to the mass of mankind. This one cries, "Come over and help us!" to every active brain and strong hand. To have it not is more of a reproach than to have it is a distinction. Its true and entirely sound significance is there. It is a public certificate of the fact that, whatever your work may be, you have done that work well—a universal brevet of eminence in every line of labor and of effort conducive to the common good. You may not want it, but—what will people think? One day Gustave Doré began to languish with a sort of green-sickness of melancholy which no one could precisely diagnose. His aged mother was called into consultation, and affirmed with emphasis that he was pining for the Legion of Honor. The matter was immediately referred, in confidence, to the minister of fine arts, and the result was a cross and a cure.

Such is the great governmental machine —a national invention, like the corset, and indispensable to the figure of France. It keeps the country in shape amid a thousand shocks. It has scarcely known change since the time of its founder. It has served the varying purposes of Louis XVIII and Charles X and Louis Philippe, of the republic of 1848 and the Second Empire, and while the servant, it has also been the master of all. It has kept up the real continuity of institutions, and has saved the democracy from itself by opposing a solid rampart to social, as distinct from merely political, innovation. It is a sort of supreme court in the domain of action, ever engaged in looking after the foundations of things, and tempering the wind of crude doctrine to the lamb of the body politic so frequently shorn. Without it, or something like it, that is to say without a strong executive of a kind, France would have gone to pieces a dozen times this century.

But no human contrivance is perfect, and the machine has one weak spot. Its heel of Achilles is the Parliament, and especially the Chamber of Deputies. The Chamber would be well enough if it were *à l'Américaine*, instead of *à l'Anglaise*—if it had not the fatal power of unmaking ministries by a vote. With reasonably permanent cabinets, policy would be fairly continuous, as well as administration. As it is, almost any determined minority can upset the ministerial apple-cart by an intrigue. The malcontents have only to lie in wait, and snatch a hostile division when nobody is looking, and out the government goes, though it may have just given itself the proud title of the "strongest of modern times." Something is wanted that would confine the deputies to their business of making the laws, and secure the administration in its function of executing them.

The wrecking of ministries has become a mere trick, like the spot stroke in billiards, and, in the interests of France, it should be barred. It was a reproach as far back as the time of Louis Philippe. Murger's Bohemian, on moving into new lodgings, orders the concièrge to wake him every morning by calling through the keyhole the day of the week and of the month, the moon's quarter, the state of the weather, and "the government under which we live." Amid Moderate Republicans, Radical Republicans, Radical Socialists, Socialists dyed in the wool, Reactionary Monarchists ditto, and Ralliés, who have graciously accepted the republic under the promise of a reasonable share of the loaves and fishes, there is always sure to be somebody to offend. If you hold the disinterested position of a mere observer, and have access to the lobbies, you may spy the tempest on the horizon when the cloud is no bigger than a man's hand. I have seen M. Clémenceau as storm-fiend-in-chief, and M. Clovis Hugues in subcharge of the Cave of the Winds—the latter perhaps with a twitch-

ing palm which manifestly itches for its threatened application to another member's face. The cloud bursts as by order; the ministry is laid on its back. Sometimes there is no warning, and the catastrophe comes as by a bolt out of a clear sky. The machine, of course, is no more disturbed by it than the solid rock would be in the like case; but the moral effect is none the less to be deplored. The worst evil is the way in which it uses up the governing men. They get tired of being laid on their backs for nothing, and at every fresh crisis there is a greater difficulty in finding entries for this foolish sport. The positive refusals to serve become more numerous and more embarrassing, and the fear grows that the president will finally have to advertise in the newspapers for a minister. There ought to be a club of ex-ministers, or a monthly dinner of them, where they might meet and compare notes on the futility of all effort to please a people with disease of the nerves.

As the bell gives the signal, and it is "all aboard" for the descent, I reflect that France will have to watch herself, or she may find this disease incurable. Her misfortune is that she has been taught to live from this part of the organism in public affairs. Her private life is free from all reproach of the kind. There the nation is serious, calculating, close, ever haunted by the melancholy of a too keenly prophetic vision of the possibilities of ill. It must find an outlet somewhere for the mere spiritual waste of its despondency, and, like the rest of us, it has a tendency to dump its rubbish into the public domain. I am convinced that it would be less frivolous in conduct if it were less sad at heart.

COLE'S OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.

GEORGE MORLAND (1763–1804).

BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE.

STRANGE tales are told of Morland's childhood, of his marvelous drawings at three years of age, of his being locked in a room and made to paint while his father sold his pictures, of his carousals with companions when he could escape the paternal vigilance. No one knows how true the stories may be, but it seems certain that the boy received only a haphazard education at the hands of his father, and that he began working for money at an early age. During his life he never ceased to work for money. At seventeen he had a certain reputation, and had been presented to Reynolds and was an honorary exhibitor at the Royal Academy; but the dealers got all his pictures. At twenty-one, when he left his father and set up for himself, he did so in a dealer's house. The demand for his pictures was large. He sold them on the easel as fast as he could paint them, and on the proceeds dressed like a dandy, bought horses, affected the gentleman; and yet about his only associates were pot-boys, pugilists, and jockeys. He had a blathering contempt for nobility and society. At one time Mrs. Fitzherbert was fond of his work and would have patronized him, but Morland never improved the opportunity. He preferred his tavern friends, his horses, and his gin. Started early on this devil-may-care course, he left it only once, and that temporarily. He broke away from London, went to Margate, and afterward made a short visit to France. He soon returned to London and married William Ward's sister, Ward at the same time marrying Morland's sister. The two couples went to housekeeping together, and for a time Morland seemed a veritable case of reformation. But the women quarreled in the house, and the Morlands moved to Great Portland street, where the painter speedily fell from grace and returned to the bottle. He never absolutely separated from his wife, but he had a happy-go-lucky way of leaving her for months at a time while he was wandering from shop to tavern, and she, being both fond and foolish, seems to have spent most of her life following him about the town.

The tale runs on that at this time Morland was scarcely ever sober. Hard working and hard drinking, dealers and debts, horses and low company, were the chief ingredients in what has been called his "gay life." Yet it is remarkable the number and excellence of the pictures he painted during the twenty

years of his suicidal career. It is remarkable, too, how actually overrun he was by popular favor. People fought for his pictures, and upward of two hundred and fifty of them were engraved. Of course with such unprecedented success Morland finally grew careless, sold pictures that were half finished, lost in drawing and in color, and allowed his brother, who was a dealer, to copy his pictures by the dozens and to sell them as originals. But in spite of his large sales and his apparent prosperity he was always in debt, and had to keep moving about London to elude the bailiffs. They caught up with him in 1799, and it was not until 1802 that he was released from prison under the Insolvent Debtors' Act. His habits had not improved, and his left hand had become palsied; but he still painted, a bottle on one side of him and his color-box on the other. He was soon arrested again, and while under restraint died suddenly in a sponging-house in Eyre street on October 27, 1804. His poor wife was so overcome by his death that she died three days later, and the pair were buried together. Morland's own epitaph on himself was, "Here lies a drunken dog."

The product of such a life is difficult to summarize. There is always an appeal from Morland drunk to Morland sober, but, drunk or sober, Morland had some human element at the bottom of his art, or he would never have had his popular success. He was one of the people, and he painted as best he could the life of the people. Women and children, cottage life, tavern scenes, stables, horses, cattle, pigs, smugglers, boats, coast scenes, —in fact, almost every genre imaginable,—came from his brush and found a welcome with his public. If Morland believed in anything, he believed in his surroundings, and was sincere in painting them. Then, besides his popular subjects, his pictures had a story to tell and a moral to point—features which have always been fetching with the masses. It was cheap enough story-telling, to be sure, —a sort of penny-dreadful literature in paint, —but when have the masses ever rebelled against that? In fact, the sentiment of Morland's stories was the most acceptable feature of his art. An audience that accepted the emotional claptrap peculiar to Mrs. Opie's heroines was not one to find fault with Morland's half-baked pathos about the "Lass of Livingston" or the "African Slave-trade." Artistically the excessive sentiment stood for Morland drunk, but popularly it represented Morland sober, and was heartily relished.

But aside from such extraneous features of Morland's pictures there was a painter's reason for their popularity. They show Morland's remarkable sense of the picturesque. It is not given to every one to see the world pictorially, and Morland saw everything composed, painted, and hanging upon the wall—a stable-yard as well as a drawing-room, a litter of pigs as well as a band of children playing at soldiers. How gracefully his women and children group themselves in oval frames! How picturesque appears his wayside inn with the romantic traveler on horseback, the maid with the pot of ale, the horse-boy, the dogs, and all that! Then the sea with its waves, the tossing ship, the rocky shore, and the landing smugglers—how charmingly he focused the scene! There was no end to his invention, but his execution was not so clever. He could compose figures with graceful swirling lines, but his knowledge of anatomy was limited, and he never knew drawing in any academic sense. Even perspective bothered him, and he seldom gave the planes of a picture with correctness. His landscape was merely a makeshift for a background, and his lighting was an arbitrary arrangement of a white dress or horse or dog as a central spot from which the illumination radiated into shadow. In color he had more shrewdness. Not that he sounded its depths, but he handled it with facility and taste, often producing pictures of a fine lyric quality. But his greatest excellence was his ability with the brush. He could cover over defects very prettily by his cunning surfaces. A luring quality of texture or color in animals, people, or buildings blinded people's eyes to the want of drawing. All of his great predecessors were somewhat like him in this respect. They were clever handlers of the brush, though they knew not impeccable drawing.

Morland's life is too much of a nightmare to trace his styles of painting with any accuracy. It is said that he threw off upward of four thousand pictures, and it seems that at first he was fond of women and children as subjects. These he executed with grace, charm, and a refinement of taste that would suggest more of France than England. Toward the last he changed his subjects to stables, inns, and animals, grew careless and heavy in touch; but in refinement of feeling he was quite the same to the end, in spite of his brutish life. A strange life, to be sure, but not without its saving grace, its scrap of beauty flashing like a jewel from the gutter.

THE WEST, AND CERTAIN LITERARY DISCOVERIES;

OR, HOW FICTION MAY BE STRANGER THAN TRUTH.

BY E. HOUGH,
Author of "The Story of the Cowboy."

I.

IN order to write a novel of New England life, it is necessary that one have at hand a mortgage, a spinster of rather slender habit, a young man who went away, and a quiet graveyard. These, with accessories such as an old settle or two, a tall clock, and a household interior of wax-like neatness, will always serve to meet a certain standard in books descriptive of life in New England, and from books of such nature a great many persons gain a portion of their knowledge of that region. It may be urged that such a knowledge must of necessity be a narrow and imperfect one. This is perhaps true. Yet you shall not change this thing!

The distinctively Western population of the United States does not read many of the books written about the West, and it does not write such books. Literature descriptive of the West is bought most largely in the Eastern States, and written most generally by Eastern writers. Perennially favorite among such works are those written by persons who have suddenly and to their own surprise discovered the West, and found it to be inhabited by certain types. The West without the frontiersman, the cow-boy, the boomer, the West without the hat and the "gun" and the acre tract—to whom shall you offer the story of such a West? Verily the wax-like interior and the tall clock and the quiet graveyard are avenged.

Thus we observe the statement that Columbus discovered America to be misleading. The South was never discovered until after the war. The East has never been discovered at all. The West has been discovered by a great many persons—by what a train of Leif Ericsons; nay, of Marco Polos! Yet you shall not change this thing! There are many who would rather read Marco Polo than Macaulay. Far be it from a humble man to raise a hand against the spotless interior of the New England home, or to remove one gun from the Western cow-boy's belt. To the contrary, were it within his power to add one cubit to the stature of the New England clock, or one more fantastic adornment to the cow-boy character, he were sinful who did not make this addition to the literature of the land.

It may be said that in fiction, at least, all is fair, and that the East of the quiet graveyard may be offset against the West of the hat and gun. Yet softly. We say that the West does not read books about the West. Upon the other hand, neither does it write books about the East. There has been no Western cult of literary discovery. It may perhaps some day happen, as it is vaguely promised, that we shall have a school of Western writers. Perhaps then our young men will invade the East on voyages of discovery. Ah, what St. Bartholomews then, my countrymen! For, as we may well imagine, our young men will then not need to tarry overlong, but will care merely to adventure. A couple of journeys overland, a stop of a few months in some of the larger

towns, then off home again. So hurried a grounding for descriptive literary effort, even in works of fiction, might be called undesirable and perhaps unjust. The good folk of that day, newly discovered, might say: "Let us have truce. In ethics it is as wrong to decry a thrifty housekeeper as it is to caricature an honest cavalryman or cow-puncher, and, as we now see, either the one or the other may well resent it." This attitude might be unwelcome to the young men of the school, but however unwelcome, they must needs recognize its justice.

We may fairly deem grotesquely ignorant and technically bad, not to say unjust, that literary view which does not reflect things fundamental as well as things superficial. The unpardonable literary sin lies in thinking one order of things better than another, without remembering that perhaps the two arose out of entirely different conditions. The art that has digged deep enough to reach causes is an art which never has been and never will be known to smirk or to deride. For real art the cry of sectionalism has no terrors, and, indeed, that cry is raised only by those too ignorant to reflect that sections in civilization, in manners, in all ways of life, must of necessity exist. It is matter of pity that the great wave of nationalism to-day does not extend into our American literature, where first of all we should expect to find wisdom as well as shrewdness, and breadth as well as candor in thought. Yet it is perhaps well within facts to say that we have still in American literature a sectionalism which shows upon the one side superficiality and superciliousness, upon the other resentment and suspicion. These facts are due partly to that slovenly form of literary art the realism of which necessitates a continual search for "local color." The literary market demands this. It is not necessary to have a knowledge of a field. The writer finds nothing in the environment immediately about him, because he already knows it too well. He goes into a new field, his senses receive a fillip, and he—writes. It is not always necessary for him first to see and think, not to say first to sympathize and understand. True, such work does not endure. No great book was ever written in such haphazard fashion. Yet at the hands of such crude craftsmanship as this the West has certainly suffered. It might be within moderation to say that the West has had quite enough of discoverers who do not discover, who have nothing to say, and who say it brilliantly. One interesting fact which most of these writers have overshot is the simple one that the West no longer exists.

Let us suppose that one of our literary discoverers of the West holds dispassionate conversation with one of the natives whom he has, as it were, detected in the act of living in the new-found land. The former finds occasion to remark:

"Of course the West owes to the East its best principles of living, the moral character of the old Puritans."

"Not in the least," replies the other. "The West was settled from the South as much as or more than from the North, so far as an American population is concerned. Its people were descendants of the Cavaliers as well as of the Roundheads."

"You do not catch my thought in its entirety. I mean to say that I find in the Western type a certain crudeness, a sort of —in fact, a sort of *je ne sais quoi!*"

"It is true. Upon the souls of those men you see the hall-mark of the land."

"Yet the East sent a great many men to the West. Your vaunted West is built of Eastern blood, at least in part."

"True. We kept the best of your young men, and sent the others back to you. Yet those whom we kept have not changed the West. The West has changed them."

"But the barrenness of your life in gentler ways—I mean to say that in your culture, your art—"

"Where has ever been seen art more gentle, yet more virile, more unsupported and unasking?"

"True, we should perhaps grant you time."

"Grant us no time. We have stolen a generation of time."

"Then, after all, your boasted West is changing, it is going. We"—triumphantly —"have discovered that."

"Yes. The West has known and wept over these changes for a score of years."

"And your cow-boy is gone."

"He is at Washington."

"And your plainsman is no more."

"He is raising a section of wheat."

"And your prospector—"

"Is in the Klondike, founding a family tree."

"And all your wild men are coming to be shorn."

"Friend, where have you slept these years?"

"Perhaps, then, a new day is, after all, dawning for the West."

"Friend, it is already noon."

II.

It is indeed true. The West of the good old days is gone forever. It costs a thousand dollars now to kill a grizzly, with luck and a Western guide thereto. For a million dollars you may not lawfully kill a buffalo. There is no West. Our young men long for one more such country. From the old days to the new was only a short step in years, but it covered a century of what is known as progress. The causes and the means of such changes were manifold. Among them were wire, railroads, Russians.

A few years ago a villager down in Illinois bent a bit of iron about a strand of fence wire, and noticed that his cattle avoided it. Out of this idea grew a system of fencing which has preserved our pine forests a few decades longer, but which brought to an end many decades earlier the glorious free days of the open and unfenced West. The great cattle ranges, over which roamed one of the most independent populations ever seen on earth, could never have been fenced by rails, or stone walls, or boards of pine. It was difficult enough for the spider-like genius of advancing civilization to keep them fenced with the ever-renewed web of the fatal wire against which the wild men of the early days rebelled so strenuously. Yet mile by mile, thousands of miles after thousands of miles, the cheap and easily spun web crawled out across the West and held it hard and firm. You can never uncoil the deadly web, neither can you replace the victim which it strangled.

Little more than a dozen years ago the writer was with a party hunting for buffalo calves in the upper part of the Panhandle of Texas, where we knew of a little herd still remaining of those great animals, even then considered virtually extinct. It was a weary and desolate land, where between water-hole and water-hole lay sixty or seventy miles of absolute desert. Not a tree broke the endless monotony of the plains. The soil was like flint. The sky had for months been guiltless of a drop of rain. It was a region so utterly unsuited for the habitation of mankind that these last few representatives of a passing race of great American animals had chosen it as their final place of refuge, thinking that perhaps there they would never again hear the sound of rifle-shot or see again the face of man. Yet one morning, as we faced the sun of another waterless day, we came upon a line of strong wire fence, coming from where no man could tell, and running in one unbroken line to the uttermost limits of our vision! It was no delusion, no miracle, no wonder of the wild mirage. It was an accursed fact. It had no right there, on that free land, where even the wind had swept for ages unfettered by so much as a leaf or stem of straggling tree. As we marveled and muttered at this thing, we saw, in the red light of the east, a little moving band of great forms which we knew to be those of the buffalo. They saw us also, and with the instinct of a generation of persecution swept away at once in flight. Across their line lay this fourfold abomination, this corded barrier, this new thing, this infamy never before dreamed of on these free plains. Close bunched, the buffalo struck it with the force of a heavy locomotive, and crushed through it and over it as though they passed so many straws. Ah, there was a thing dramatic, admirable, out there on that far-away desert! It was the old West rending the net of the retiarius, casting aside the strands set for its undoing, and standing on unhindered, free! Seeing the beauty of this spectacle, our best roper, a cow-puncher born on the old range, rose in his stirrups and took off his hat to cheer the buffalo as they lumbered on. For twenty panels the fence lay flat, and we rode across it. Along its inner side was a path worn inches deep by the feet of countless antelope, cut off by this fence from their ancient way to some unknown water-hole. No man of our party felt glad at this evidence of approaching civilization, this fence thrusting out into the wild land. Every man was partizan for the buffalo and the antelope, and exulted at this prostration of their enemy, though knowing with sorrow how brief must be their little victory.

Of all possible agencies, it is of course the railroads which have done the most utterly to wipe from the earth the old West. One who has not lived through the rapid changes caused by the advent of a railroad into a region formerly quite wild cannot have any just idea of the extent and thoroughness of the revolution. The pioneer roads are now built. There is no longer any new country in which we may note such vast, such rapid and intense action. The first of the great Western through lines saw the past and the present, the old and the new, rush up against each other in fore-front collision. Heat, friction, fusion—it was all over in the twinkling of an eye. It was grand, or terrific, as you chose to look at it. It was a fight, a conquest. It was Plymouth Rock again, in any one of a thousand spots, all over a great and rugged region of which, even after the

railroads had long been built, but little was accurately known. It was Plymouth Rock again, but in the mind of the man who had lived "west of the river" there was no thanksgiving for that day.

Indiscriminate immigration was the last great factor in the obliteration of the ancient West. The railroad must have population. It hung out its banners and cried off free homes to all the corners of the earth. Over the unbroken, iron soil of the West came a quiet invasion, one of those multifold, unnamed invasions which successively swept across that country. To many Old-World dwellers the opportunities of these hostile plains seemed those of Paradise compared with the tooth-and-nail fight to which they and their children were condemned in the land that bore them into bondage. Russians, Slavs, Poles, many mixed nationalities, folk with sheepskin jackets and flaring caps and wrinkled boots, folk who bore with them in their shiny coffin-shaped boxes all they had on earth of goods, men with long hair and ox-like eyes and heavy tread—many sorts of these sent their swarms out into the farther West. To these the railroad gave seed-wheat and stock-cattle, continuing the policy of building up a support for itself. The peasants of the Old World took these things, and pressed out into the West, an army of invasion with eternal night behind it, with the ray of day ahead. No wonder this army held on with grim energy to the escarpment of that bitter region, that it swarmed over it, dotted the foughten field with homes. Yet how the first Westerner, the old plainsman, hated these people as he saw them coming in over the land that had so long been his own domain—that land belonging in fee to all bold souls, and in severalty to no man in whose bosom beat a peasant's heart! I see him now, that rancher of the past, sitting his horse at the summit of some wind-swept ridge and looking down at the farming-lands where the wheat began to show. "Ah, if it were in the old days!" he muttered. "If the old times were but back again, beshrew me but my cattle should eat up your wheat, and my rifle should account for you!"

Yet to-day the rangeman and his herds are gone, and behind him are low dark houses clinging to the sod, and barns protecting the cattle which once knew naught of shelter. It is only a memory now, that of the great, mournful, melancholy but comforting plains, rolling on and on, mystic, indeterminate, awful, and alluring. These foreigners may tenant these plains to-day, but they do not own them. They are not heirs to the secrets of the plains, and they will never fathom them. The title to these lands lies not in them, but in the men of the old days who first saw them and knew and loved them, and in whose hearts their picture will always remain unchanged, wide, gray, forbidding, fascinating.

This, it seems to me, is the real West that needs discovering, even to-day, not superficially, but fundamentally; that West which not all men now living in the West ever fully knew, that departed West so grand, so strangely fascinating to all acquainted with it. Speak to the roughest plains-dweller to-day, at any little Western village, of the old days before the railroad, and his face will sadden as he talks with you. If only, anywhere in all this world, there were another West! That is the burden of his thought, even thus far into what we call the new days. He sees always the West lying beneath the farms. He hears ever the thunder of the buffalo.

In parts of the West to-day, newly opened mining regions or extreme outlying plains communities, there may still be seen examples of the old life, uneventful commercially, yet with strong currents of affairs. We of older communities are tempted to speak with commiseration of these crude little towns, and to pity the men who sit in the sun and wait for the turn of Fortune's wheel. Yet, after all, the crowded treadmill of the older cities may not be so much better. There Hope is appalled, and dare not lift her head, or show her face to the hurrying thousands of the poor. In the splendid investiture of the plains and the mountains it is the blessing that one still can hope, and that once in a while his dreams come true. It is not written that the dwellers of these little settlements have ever asked for pity. When, within the past few years, the pinch of "hard times" fell very heavily upon many of the agricultural communities in the doubtful farming regions of the West, the women went in calico, and the men opened their trunks and brought out the wedding-coats which they had laid away many years before, when life was younger; but they did not ask for pity. At the city of Omaha recently there was shown a car-load of mortgages which these same men had paid. To many of these men it may seem as noble to farm a section of land as to write a book.

III.

UP and down this great land runs the chain of the Rockies, noblest mountain system of

the world. From the high peaks of the great St. Mary's group upon the northern boundary, the reaches of this majestic range run south and still south, falling and breaking and upheaving and expanding across Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, until they spill out in the far Southwest in the Spanish sun, and sink off to sleep in a hundred dark-brown cradles. They lie, forever blessed and forever great, a magnificent panorama, marking and shielding the treasure of a nation, and marking and shielding a treasure of their own. All over this vast mountain-range, it is true, there is heard the ring of ax and the puff of steam. Little towns hang at the cliff-sides or perch upon the arms and shoulders of the great hills. Yet here and there the paths of the elk and deer are still untracked by the foot of man. The forests still remain uncut. The hills are as vast and as mysterious as they were at the beginning. The brooding spirit of the West is here, and when its grip falls upon one then he cannot fail to see how the charm of the old days attracted the strong and cast away the weak. Strong, savage, smiling, inscrutable, there is the subimage. You still may hear the voices that summoned the adventurers.

In the far North, greatly to the east of the vast mountain-ranges, lie the immeasurable upper plains. You cross that country now, day after day, upon the steadily flying railroad-train. Towns and the smoke of many homes you see, then fewer and fewer towns, and then none, so that at last you feel the full spell of the open prairies, that monotonous but enthralling region which overcomes the weak and makes stronger the strong. You see the rustling grasses, or betimes the short gray cover suited to the wind-swept hills. You imagine that upon the horizon, in that far-off mirage, you see waving plumes and moving horsemen. To you the West seems come back again. That smoke, so straight and blue, surely it arises not from the settler's shack, but from the tepee of the aborigine! Surely man cannot have taken this region for his own forever! In the winter, when the awful cold and the snow have come upon it all, the white covering seems as fit as the green or gray of earlier seasons. Wide, wide, hundreds of leagues wide it lies out, barren of the suggestion of human occupancy, and imposing in its sense of absolute solitude. A chance animal, bunched up and shivering in rigors indicative of death, serves as a figure to break the flat monotone of blue and white. But there are more coyotes than cows. It is desolation, grim, silent, certain, that confronts you. Surely here is the claw of the old West thrust up through the covering! You look, and your heart leaps. You may have studied political economy, and you may know something of applied politics, but tell you that this day would pass away and the old West would come back again, and in spite of yourself you would exult.

Still journeying far to the east of the Rockies, you fall upon the middle plains, with their wide areas of fertile and well-tilled farms. You forsake the homestead, cross the coulée, go back of the nearest ridge, and look out beyond. Again you see the West. Fatal spell! Get you to the railroad, else you will turn heretic to progress! You fare farther to the south, across the wide lower plains. Still the same iron country, the short grass, the unspeakable brilliance of the air, the same joy of living, the same instinct of prevailing, the same content with what is about you. You see some little yellow trees, some shallow gashes on the ground, a fallen wall, a filled-up hole into which a roof has tumbled. Student though you be, or business man, beware lest you exult at the devastation! For here the West is claiming her own again. These are antelope, and not cattle, that you see upon yonder far and wavering horizon. And though you should pass yet farther to the south, over the dry and waterless country, until you came into broken outlying mountains, or even until you reached the land of hanging moss, you still might see here and there, even to-day, the sphinx face of the old West, smiling, mysterious, alluring.

Can one learn the riddle of this sphinx, can he catch the import of this message to humanity, divine this intimate appeal to the heart of man, and understand forthwith the character of those who have listened all their lives to this speech, when the most that he can give of thought and study is a few curious hours or days or months of prowling among "types" and "color" and "atmosphere," or by whatever name be termed the literary float-rock which all too often is taken for the vein? Forbid it that such smattering be ever called a part of the literature of America, or that discovery such as this shall ever claim permanent classification beneath the name of art!

IV.

ALL America, I conceive, may, like all Gaul, be divided into three parts—the East, the West, and the South. These are our three

great regions, and each shows a definite and established order of things. The venturer who leaves any one of these regions to go into another finds that he does not change it, but that it changes him. Each grew up out of its own conditions, its own environment, and each in its way is well, or it would not exist. These institutions survived because they were meant to survive, because they were fit, because they were an expression. To ask that phenomena or conditions should be alike for all America would be to presuppose that nature had restricted this country in its birthright or shrunken it in its appointed form. To ask that the natural fruit, the natural expression, of one set of conditions shall conform to that of a different set of conditions is to ask that the men dwelling by the sea shall be the same as those born of the mountains, that the people of the plains shall be like those of the mountains or the sea.

Yet to-day do we not think of ancient Gaul as a country entire, in spite of Cæsar's divisions? Who can describe any of these three "parts"? The three made one land, one country, faded and forgotten as that now is. And America to-day, unfading, never to be forgotten while there remains to be written the history of human liberty and human progress, is one country, a country with a mission still unfulfilled, yet certain of fulfilment. In the support of that high calling, and in the recording of that ultimate attainment in all noble and elevating things, it is not for any part of America to insist upon its own superiority, or to ask perpetuity for its own identity. The men of the one or the other region belong to one country; they live beneath one flag; and most of all they belong to that common humanity whose sorrowings and sinnings, whose hopes and joys and little triumphs constitute the great story which all the pens of time have tried to tell—the story which leads back and sets man face to face with the Undiscoverable.

THE YEARNING GOD.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

KING of all worlds and the sole Emperor,
To whom the spheres sing music night and day,
For whom the lightning fountains ever play
In that great court where cherubim adore,
Thy power is infinite—so great, no more
Of glory could be thine; thy splendid sway
The fire-touched seraphim to laud essay,
Unheard because a child weeps at thy door.
Yet thou didst come to earth, thou mighty One,
Yet thou didst linger with the mean of earth,
As heart of us and of our flesh and bone,
Kissed by the frost, infolded by the sun;
In yearning love thou of our own took birth—
Thou, Love, in thy great palace wert alone.

"A THING APART."

BY GEORGE HIBBARD,
Author of "Iduna," "The Woman in the Case," etc.

IT had become so dark, for the twilight fell early now, that the fire, glimmering in the grate in the large library, threw shifting reflections on the polished tiles, and even cast dancing rays on the backs of the books across the room, causing the gold lettering to sparkle brightly. Although it was little more than afternoon, the sliding center of the big chandelier, pulled down over the table, was aglow, and the circle of soft illumination made the duskiness elsewhere seem the more intense.

They, with their heads very close together, were leaning over a large volume spread open before them.

"When you have the map you see a lot of places that you never would remember in the world," she said.

"Yes," he replied.

"It will be a great deal better to go there," she pursued decidedly. "Of course every one goes to Mexico nowadays, and there is n't any novelty about it; but really, is there a reason for having any novelty about a wedding-trip anyway?"

"No," he said.

"Of course not," she continued confidently; "and the best thing is not to try to make it anything exceptional, but just treat it simply and conventionally. We 've both of us been pretty much everywhere else, but neither of us happens to have been in Mexico, and we 'll have the car, and we can be comfortable, and quite as much alone as in any other place."

"Yes," he said.

"Then it 's settled that we go to Mexico," she continued.

His right hand was covering the hand with which she supported herself on the edge of the table, and her right hand, with the first finger extended, was wandering over the big colored page.

"And it will be warm, and, to tell the truth, I 've always wanted to go there. I remember when I was a child reading those nice Prescott books, all about the wise, clean, polite savages; for that 's the way I thought of them from what he said, and Mexico appeared a most attractive place—all gold and feathers."

He laughed as he always did when she said anything that was not altogether serious, and she rewarded him with a smile.

"And then," she pursued with great gravity, for she saw that he was pleased with the way she was treating the subject, "they have such delightful names. Think of going to a place spelled T-l-a-t-l-a-u-q-u-i-t-e-p-e-c! And," she exclaimed, running her fingers over the page, "there is Zacapoaxtla and Ixtacamaxtitlan and Iztaccihuatl—all nice places for a honeymoon. Oh, I could n't miss it for the world! Yes," she announced conclusively, "we 'll come down through California, stopping at Monterey and Santa Barbara as long as we like, and then go on. I don't see where the railways run, but I know they go to the city of Mexico, and we can have the car as far as that, and then make separate expeditions to those nice opera-bouffe-*ish*-sounding places, where I am

sure there must be a basso-profundo governor and a tenor bull-fighter, a prima donna with black lace mantilla, and a short-skirted chorus to dance the chica or the cachucha. It will take us about six weeks or two months, just as long as we planned first; but I have another idea—"

She paused impressively, and although evidently about to speak, he checked himself.

"Why," she asked with great deliberation and emphasis—"*why* should n't we have the yacht sent down to meet us—there—at Vera Cruz? I know that 's the right place. And then we can go over to Cuba, and that place where they have revolutions,—Haiti,—and do lots of things. Later we can cross over to Florida and come up comfortably. It would n't take more than a month more, and we 'd get back to town for a few weeks in the spring, and then— I think it 's a splendid idea," she cried, looking up excitedly; "don't you?"

"Yes," he replied slowly.

"You don't—I see you don't," she said; "what is it?"

"As you said," he suggested, "we thought that we should only be gone about six weeks or two months."

They had been engaged for a year, and at last it seemed that there had come an end to the slight incidents and accidents that had several times compelled the postponement of the marriage. The invitations had been issued, the first wedding-presents had been received, and as the day of the ceremony was very near, the question of where they should go required settlement. It was very difficult, chiefly because they were quite able to go anywhere. It was not really necessary to consider time or space, and they had the whole world before them where to choose. They had decided against Europe because they both knew so much about it, and then they found it impossible to settle about anything at home because they knew so little. Finally she had hesitatingly suggested Mexico, with some doubt as to distance and discomfort, but he had replied that they could take their own car, and that had seemed to settle it. They had not spoken of the matter for some days, when she announced that it might be well if they made more definite plans, and they had withdrawn at once to the library to consult a map.

As he spoke she turned and looked at him in astonishment.

"But," she remonstrated, "what possible difference can that make?"

"None, I suppose, really," he said slowly; "only I supposed that we should be getting back to town about then."

"But," she repeated, with wide-open eyes, "what is the possible difference?"

"It 's a good while to be away," he answered, "in out-of-the-way places."

"You don't want to do it," she said, looking up at him.

"Yes; Mexico and all that," he replied quickly, "I think will be cracking good sport; but I don't know about Cuba and Haiti and all the rest of it."

"Oh!" she exclaimed disappointedly.

"Don't you think," he asked, "that you 'll be tired of it before then; want to get back and do something else?"

"No," she said decidedly; "I laughed a moment ago at the idea of a wedding-journey, but really it is a significant, *sacred* thing. There 's nothing else in our lives can ever be like it, and I am not going to treat it lightly when there is no reason that we should do so. If we were marrying each other, as so many that we know do marry, carelessly, almost *casually*, it might be different; but I am really, really in love with you, and I think you like me a little bit, and just because wedding-journeys are rather absurd I 'm not going to spoil this one. It 's our honeymoon, and let them say what they please, when people are in love with one another it 's a nice time, and I 'm going to be silly and sentimental, and—and spoony."

"But," he suggested, "it would n't be, you know, as if we were not going to be together. We 'd be just as much together if we came North immediately as if we went cruising among all the islands of the West Indies. Don't imagine that I should n't go in for it heart and soul if we were going to be separated, but we can always make a solitude whether we 're in Fifth Avenue or on the deck of a yacht in the Gulf of Mexico."

"It 's different," she insisted, "and I want a long, lazy, loafing, ideal time. I 've set my heart on picnics under the big palm-trees on bright, cool noondays, and music under the awning on board the yacht in the warm, splendid tropical nights in quiet harbors, where the gleam of the stars and the glitter of the lights of the town mingle, tremble, and shake on the deep, dark, still waters."

She shut her eyes, as if by so doing she could view the vision that her imagination had created, and so stood for a moment silent.

"Yes," he said, "that would be awfully jolly, and we 'll do it all—"

With a satisfied little gasp she opened her eyes and turned toward him.

"Sometime, of course," he stumbled on.

"Sometime!" she repeated.

"Yes. You see, I thought we were only going to be gone two months at the most, and I have made arrangements for being back—"

"Unmake them," she commanded.

"But the matter 's rather important," he replied helplessly.

"What can be more important than our trip, our being together?"

"As I said, we should be together anyway," he continued. "Of course that 's important, but besides *being* together there are other things."

"Oh!" she exclaimed contemptuously.

"It happens," he said, "that I 'm a director in the T. S. & C. T.—"

"What 's that?" she commanded.

"Trans-State and Connecting Terminal."

"A railway!" she observed.

"Yes, a railway," he replied a little indignantly; "a railway with which I have been obliged to have a great deal to do. It has n't been very prosperous, and if it goes to smash a good deal of money will be lost by a good many people, while, on the other hand, if it does what I expect, I stand to gain a lot."

"Of money?" she commented.

"Of money," he repeated with the same tone of slight impatience. "Now, if it is leased by the L. B. & S., and becomes part of the big Susquehanna system, as it should, everything will be all right. The question will come up in about two months, and I ought to be here."

"But if it is n't 'all right,' should n't we be just the same as we are now?"

"Yes," he answered; "it would n't matter much, really, I suppose; still, if it does 'go,' it would mean that we should have so much more."

"And you could give up going on just to make a little more money?" she said reproachfully.

"It would be a good deal," he said: "you could build a bigger country house with it; you could get a larger yacht; you could—"

"No," she interposed; "I will not be bribed, and I can't understand how you can think of it for a moment."

"It seems almost as if it were one's duty when there is such a chance," he said—"as if it were the practical thing to do."

"And," she insisted, "you would shorten our honeymoon in order to be—*practical.* Do you think that is nice?"

"No, no," he answered slowly; "but it would n't be shortening it; this would only be not making it longer."

"Don't you think that being together, as we should be there, is worth more than any superfluous, unnecessary money?"

"Yes," he replied decidedly.

"Very well," she concluded.

He did not speak.

"You don't think so," she resumed, as she saw that he said nothing.

"I do—I do," he insisted. "But really, it is n't altogether a matter of money. I 've got some pride about it. No one believed the thing could be made to succeed, and I did, and I kept putting money into it until I hold a controlling interest. Everybody knows what I have been doing, and they 've chaffed me a lot. If it fails, they 'll say, 'I told you so,' and all that; if it goes through, I shall have the best of it. Really, I don't care so much about money. The loss of that would n't make any difference. But I don't like to have all the men who know me think I 've been making a fool of myself. Yes, if it were only the money I should n't say another word about it, but it is n't."

He looked at her, but she was looking intently at the map, and his questioning glance was lost upon her.

"It 's been a regular joke at the club—one of the stock witticisms—to ask me about my railway. Those who wished to be particularly facetious always made a point of begging me to give them a chance to 'come in,' and I had to take it all good-naturedly or make an idiot of myself. Honestly, it is n't the money; I don't care any more about that than you do: but it 's rather disagreeable, after all that 's been said, to let it all go. This very morning I got a letter from a responsible man among the Susquehanna people, and he says the subject of the lease will come up, and that if I am here he feels confident that it will be easily arranged. I wrote at once that he could count on me. I have my answer here," he said, drawing a letter from his pocket; "I meant to post it before, but I did n't."

"And this," she said, taking the letter that he held in his hand, "is what is going to cut short our pleasure."

"If I sent that," he replied, "I ought certainly to come back. Things would be done, and they would have a right to count on my being here."

"Everything depends on whether this letter is sent?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, "really."

"And you want it to go?"

"I want this scheme to succeed," he replied; "I 've given a good deal of attention to it—have in a way committed myself to it, and I can't very well back out."

"But—" she began.

"We 'd have just as much time as we counted upon at first," he interrupted.

"Yes," she admitted.

"And this has for some time been a pet interest of mine," he urged.

"An interest?" she murmured, slowly nodding her head.

"Yes," he went on; "every fellow has some interest, I suppose, even such an idler as myself. If it is n't horse-raising, it 's yacht-building, and if it is n't either, it 's mountain-climbing, or collecting, or something. Now, by accident or heredity, I took up a broken-down railway and made an interest of that."

"Yes," she said.

"Don't you think I should?" he asked, surprised by her tone.

"I suppose so," she said mournfully, "as you say *every* one does."

He stared at her in marked astonishment.

"Then why is it wrong for me to want to get this matter satisfactorily settled?"

"It is n't wrong," she said; "it 's only natural—only too natural."

"I don't understand," he confessed blankly.

"Why," she said steadily, "it 's the first time I happen to have encountered this—naturalness, and I can't help being disappointed." She suddenly crumpled up the letter she held in her hand. "I hate," she said passionately, "your horrid railway."

"But—" he began, aghast at the sudden outburst.

"It 's unjust," she said.

"Unjust!" he exclaimed, in amazement.

"What interest have I," she cried, letting her eyes fall as she finished the sentence in a lower tone, "but you?"

He stared at her wonderingly.

"You cannot answer me," she said; "I give you all my life, and I can have only a part of yours. You have an 'interest,' other interests. Oh!"

She turned swiftly away from the table, and going to the shelves that lined the side of the room nearest to her, drew from one of them a book, which she found after a moment's search. Running hastily over the pages, she at length held one back and looked up.

"You know it," she said, and then glancing down she read:

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'T is woman's whole existence."

She looked up again and quickly went on: "There is n't anything about railways here; but I find mentioned 'sword, gown, gain, glory,' and 'pride, fame, ambition,' and perhaps a railway does come in somewhere among them." She shut the book with a sharp bang, and concluded briskly, "That 's the reason I say it 's unfair."

"Still I don't see," he continued.

"A woman gives so much, her 'whole existence,' and a man has so little to give! Of course when a man has to work, to earn a living, I can understand that he should have *some* interests, cares, prospects, hopes, but even then the practical ones are n't the only ones. He has others all of his own, just as you have who don't have to do anything. So, you see, that is a general principle, a universal rule."

"But a man's life is different," he urged weakly, for he had been quite taken by surprise.

"That is the excuse for everything," she cried hotly, "when he does wrong in a great many ways: 'A man's life is different.' Well, it *is* different, but why should it be different?"

"Because—because," he went on, "his position is different. He has to do things—"

"But you have n't. The principle is presented in its simplest form, without any accidental circumstances of situation. You have n't anything to do, and you go and make something. It is perfectly true—men are not satisfied with what satisfies women; they want something more. They want the approbation of their associates, power over their fellow-men, a name that 's going to live—something."

"Is n't it natural?" he asked defensively.

"It has come to be something so much a matter of course," she answered, "that it seems natural. The world has for such a long time agreed that it is right, that women have insensibly fallen into this unquestioning acceptance of an unfair bargain. We are expected to give everything—ourselves, every moment of our time, every thought of our life; and a man—just as much as he pleases."

He was silent, evidently seeking to find some efficient answer to the sudden and unexpected attack.

"But you know," he said at length, "that I care more about you than I do about anything."

"I believe that fully," she replied promptly,

"but you don't care about me *alone*. That is what it is. I care more about you than anything else, too, and, moreover, I don't care about anything else. I am deeply in love with you, and you are—well—deeply in love with me—and a railway. It is n't evenly balanced, and I am jealous."

"Jealous of a railway?" he said, laughing.

"Yes," she replied firmly; "jealous of a railway. I should n't be jealous otherwise, for I should consider, if I were, that I should be insulting you. It would be implying that I considered that you could do something that was dishonorable, and that would be an insult. But jealousy of a railway, of a greater fortune to be won, of a speech to be made, of an election to be carried, is a perfectly legitimate jealousy for a woman. What is jealousy? A fear that some one, generally some one for whom we care very much, is not giving us all that we ask or deserve. That 's what this is. I feel that you are not giving me all that I ask and deserve."

"Simply because I am in a way compelled to attend to one of the thousand things that make up every-day life."

"This is only one," she said; "but there are always others. If there can be one now, think what there will be when—you don't care as much about me as you do now. I am jealous. The time will come when the 'interests' will wholly absorb you, and I shall be nothing, and we shall be like so many others. Is n't it 'natural' that I should be jealous when I, for the first time, come upon this manifestation of something that in the end is going to separate us?"

"Separate us!" he remonstrated.

"Yes, separate us," she insisted. "Shall we not be separated when your mind is occupied with your 'interests' and I am forgotten?"

He was about to speak, but she held up her hand.

"Of course you will always be nice to me, very likely will never be cold, or even indifferent; but you will have 'interests,' while you will be my only interest."

"I did n't think," he said humbly, "when I spoke, that it was such a great matter."

"Of course you did n't. To you it only seemed 'natural' that it should all be so. You did n't think. That is just it. If you had really cared you would have thought."

"But," he said earnestly, "you know I do."

"Yes," she replied a little repentantly; "as much as a man can care. You are only doing what any man would do, and I suppose I am very, very wrong to blame you. I should accept fate with better grace; I should n't ask for more than is given to others—"

"A woman does n't like a man to be too much of an idiot about her," he remarked sagely.

"No," she said quickly; "but she wants to be able to feel that he is willing to make sacrifices for her."

"You know," he answered warmly, "that I should be willing to make any sacrifice in the world for you, or rather that nothing I could do that you wanted would be a sacrifice."

She hesitated an instant as if mastered by an impulse to reward him in some way for his speech, but she checked the evident inclination.

"Very well," she said; "I want to be gone longer than we expected, and do what I said."

"But," he suggested doubtfully, "is it wise, is it sensible, reasonable?"

"When a woman wants a thing," she said, with fine scorn, "whether it is reasonable or not has nothing to do with the matter for the man who is in love with her, if he really is in love. There are no end to the foolish things men have done for the women with whom they have been in love; history is full of them. A woman does n't want a man to be too much of an idiot about her, that is true, but she wants to be conscious that at times he is willing to do idiotic things for her—to be an idiot about her, if you like. You think," she went on, "that you care about me, and you do; but how much do you care when the opinion of a few men at the club, some of whom you dislike and some of whom you despise, makes any difference? Indeed, if you care about them at all, you care about them more than you do about me."

"I don't understand," he interposed blankly.

"Anyway, if something that is n't much to you can make you forget me, then I am not very much to you."

"There is n't anything more."

"Possibly not; but with me there is n't anything less, is n't anything at all, and, as I have said, I am jealous. I want you," she continued, taking a step toward him; "I want to feel that you are all mine, that there is n't anything that can take you away from me."

"There is n't."

"Not when this railway can do what it is doing," she exclaimed—"when you are willing to give up a longer honeymoon for—it?"

"But I am not."

"You are doing it," she said.

She turned and seated herself in a big chair by the fireplace, and resting her chin on her hand, gazed disconsolately at the blazing logs.

"I hate it! I hate it!" she said. "I know that it is nothing uncommon, that it is always so when two people are married. But I wanted our lives to be different, to be perfect. It has all been perfect so far. This is just the first little bit of the chill of reality, and I feel a little—withered."

She sighed deeply, and he, crossing to her, stood looking down at her.

"I suppose," he said seriously, "that there's got to be more or less of what you call reality. I don't believe that any one ever escapes it for a very long time. Come, we must face it and make the best of a bad job."

"And send the letter," she said, turning over the envelop and looking at it. "You have directed it very nicely, and put the stamp very squarely in the right-hand corner."

"Don't be absurd," he said gently; "I really ought to do this, and there 's lots and lots of time to go to the West Indies, or the East Indies, if you like."

"But it is n't the same," she maintained.

"Don't make it difficult," he said; "it 's hard enough to have to give up going, and I have to give it up. You don't understand."

"The trouble is that I do," she answered rebelliously.

"What do you understand?"

"That you do not care, when the railway seems a reality and the other nonsense. You can't. Is there any reality that would count with me for an instant? I have cared too much. If I had n't, all this would n't make any difference to me now. I have made a mistake. I am going to try to do better. I am going to try not to care—so foolishly. I am going to try to have 'interests,' and then you will not think I am absurd and unreasonable; but—" she suddenly stopped short, and twisting herself around let her head fall on her arms, which were outstretched across the great arm of the chair, "oh, I can't, I can't! I am afraid I care hopelessly, and—and the reality hurts."

He stood in serious dismay, irresolutely doing nothing.

It had become really dark at last, and although a slight sound unmistakably indicated that the door at the farther end of the large room had been opened, no form could be discovered, and it was even impossible to see whether any one had really entered. She heard the noise made by the opening door, and sat up quickly.

"Yes?" she said, looking around. "Is it you, Beaton?"

A dubious and apologetic cough proceeded from the darkness.

"Yes, Miss Amy," said the old servant; "if I might speak to you."

"Some one wants me," she said, springing up, and evidently glad of an excuse to escape.

He was standing before the fire when, a few moments later, she again slowly entered the room. With his right hand he had clasped a protruding ledge of the mantel, and was half supporting himself by it. He did not turn or raise his head as she came forward and sat down in the chair she had just left.

"I have been thinking," he said at length.

"Yes," she replied quietly.

"I have been thinking," he repeated very slowly; then he straightened himself up, and stepping quickly across the hearth, paused before her.

"Give me this letter," he said, bending down and taking from her unresisting grasp the crumpled envelop that she held in her hand.

"Why?" she asked.

Without taking his eyes from her face, he crushed the paper still tighter, and cast it into the mass of glowing cinders, where it flared up immediately in a wild blaze.

"There!" he said.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, rising, as her hands went out to him; but she drew them back, and clasping them together, looked at him with a smile slowly changing the lines of her face. "Why did you do that?"

"Because it was the quickest way of showing you what I have been thinking."

"You mean," she said, "you give up about the railway?"

"Yes, entirely," he said.

"And that 's the reason you burned that letter?" she went on, smiling with greater content.

"What other reason would there be?"

"You—" she began ecstatically, and then she paused—"you are sure that you have no regret?"

"None," he replied decidedly. "You were perfectly right. What is anything in comparison with our being together?"

"You did not feel that a moment ago," she remonstrated.

"I did really. It was only because I did

not stop to think. As I tell you, the railway scheme was a favorite one—"

"I know," she said, nodding her head up and down, as she had done once before.

"But what 's any scheme, plan, ambition, success?" he said. "There is n't a thing on earth I would n't give up for you, and why should I think for a moment of giving up you for anything?"

He had evidently expected that she would receive his renunciation with greater enthusiasm, and he paused doubtfully.

"I have been thinking, too," she said, almost as if in answer to his unasked question.

"Suppose," he exclaimed, "that we don't think any more!"

"But we must. We are reasonable people, and we can't escape it," she responded. "And you are sure," she continued, "that you are wise?"

"I don't care now," he said, "whether I am wise or not."

"But suppose I said that I had been wrong; that a man should do things, and that a woman should n't stop him and hinder him: then would n't you be sorry for your determination?"

"No," he said hastily.

"You are saying that without thinking," she remonstrated.

"I don't have to think."

With a soft exclamation she fell forward, and his arms went quickly about her.

"You are so good—so good," she murmured; "and I am so glad it has happened just as it has; and you were willing to give this up."

"It was n't anything," he said contemptuously.

"It was everything," she asserted; "I won't have you say it was n't. Now I don't ever care how many 'interests' you have, for I know that if I really, really wanted anything I should be the most important."

Again the indefinable noise made by the opening door broke the momentary silence. She sprang quickly back, and he turned with an air of great unconcern to the book on the table.

Prefacing his remark with the same cough, Beaton advanced into the light.

"I gave the letter to the second man to post as you ordered, Miss Amy," he reported, "an' though I don't say he is n't careless, I think there 'll be no mistake, as I kep' my eye on him myself all the way to the post-box at the corner."

"Thank you, Beaton," she said; "that is all. I only wanted to be sure."

"There," she said, looking up and laughing as the servant left the room, "you see, too."

"What?" he asked.

"That I 've been thinking," she replied softly. "Your letter—"

"My letter!" he exclaimed; "it 's burned."

"No, it is n't," she cried; "it 's in the post-box at the corner."

"My letter in the post-box at the corner," he repeated, again crossing over to her; "then what did I burn?"

"Oh," she answered, laughing softly, "you—you dear, big, noble goose! That was only a note which I just got, when I went out, from Daisy Scammel, asking for an address, and which I brought back crumpled up in my hand to throw in the fire."

"And you have sent the letter saying that I would come back?"

"It was all ready to send, was n't it?" she asked, with a great air of ingenuousness.

"Yes," he said; "but—but—"

"It 's all right," she interrupted. "I told you I had been thinking, and I thought *really* that it was right for you to be here, and so I sent the letter. But I am so glad, so very glad you burned the other, dear. And I 've been wanting to say it for some time, indeed it was awfully nice what you said about nothing you could do for me being a sacrifice."

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

"'YOU ARE SO GOOD.'"

MIDWINTER IN NEW YORK.

BY JACOB A. RIIS,
Author of "How the Other Half Lives," "Out of Mulberry Street," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

THE very earliest impression I received of America's metropolis was through a print in my child's picture-book that was entitled "Winter in New York." It showed a sleighing-party, or half a dozen such, muffled to the ears in furs, and racing with grim determination for some place or another that lay beyond the page, wrapped in the mystery which so tickles the childish fancy. For it was clear to me that it was not accident that they were all going the same way. There was evidently some prize away off there in the waste of snow that beckoned them on. The text gave me no clue to what it was. It only confirmed the impression, which was strengthened by the introduction of a half-naked savage who shivered most woefully in the foreground, that New York was somewhere within the arctic circle and a perfect paradise for a healthy boy, who takes to snow as naturally as a duck takes to water. I do not know how the discovery that they were probably making for Gabe Case's and his bottle of champagne, which always awaited the first sleigh on the road, would have struck me in those days. Most likely as a grievous disappointment; for my fancy, busy ever with Uncas and Chingachcook and Natty Bumpo, had certainly a buffalo hunt, or an ambush, or, at the very least, a big fire, ready at the end of the road. But such is life. Its most cherished hopes have to be surrendered one by one to the prosy facts of every-day existence. I recall distinctly how it cut me to the heart when I first walked up Broadway, with an immense navy-pistol strapped around my waist, to find it a paved street, actually paved, with no buffaloes in sight and not a red man or a beaver-hut.

However, life has its compensations also. At fifty I am as willing to surrender the arctic circle as I was hopeful of it at ten, with the price of coal in the chronic plight of my little boy when he has a troublesome hitch in his trousers: "Oh, dear me! my pants hang up and don't hang down." And Gabe Case's is a most welcome exchange to me for the ambush, since I have left out the pistol and the rest of the armament. I listen to the stories of the oldest inhabitant, of the winters when "the snow lay to the second-story windows in the Bowery," with the fervent wish that they may never come back, and secretly gloat over his wail that the seasons have changed and are not what they were. The man who exuberantly proclaims that New York is getting to have the finest winter-resort climate in the world is my friend, and I do not care if I never see another snowball. Alas, yes! though Deerslayer and I are still on the old terms, I fear the evidence is that I am growing old.

In the midst of the rejoicing comes old Boreas, as last winter, for instance, and blows down my house of cards. Just when we thought ourselves safe in referring to the great blizzard as a monstrous, unheard-of thing, and were dwelling securely in the memory of how we gathered violets in the woods out in Queens and killed mosquitos in the house in Christmas week, comes grim winter and locks the rivers and buries us up to the neck in snow, before the Thanksgiving dinner is cold. Then the seasons when Gabe's much-coveted bottle stood unclaimed on the shelf in its bravery of fine ribbons till far into the New Year, and was won then literally by a scratch on a road hardly downy with white, seem like a tale that is told, and we realize that latitude does not unaided make temperature. It is only in exceptional winters, after all, that we class for a brief spell with Naples. Greenland and the polar stream are never long in asserting their claim and Santa Claus's to unchecked progress to our hearths.

And now, when one comes to think of it, who would say them nay for the sake of a ton of coal, or twenty? If one grows old, he is still young in his children. There is the smallest tot at this very moment sliding under my window with shrieks of delight, in

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY HENRY DAVIDSON.

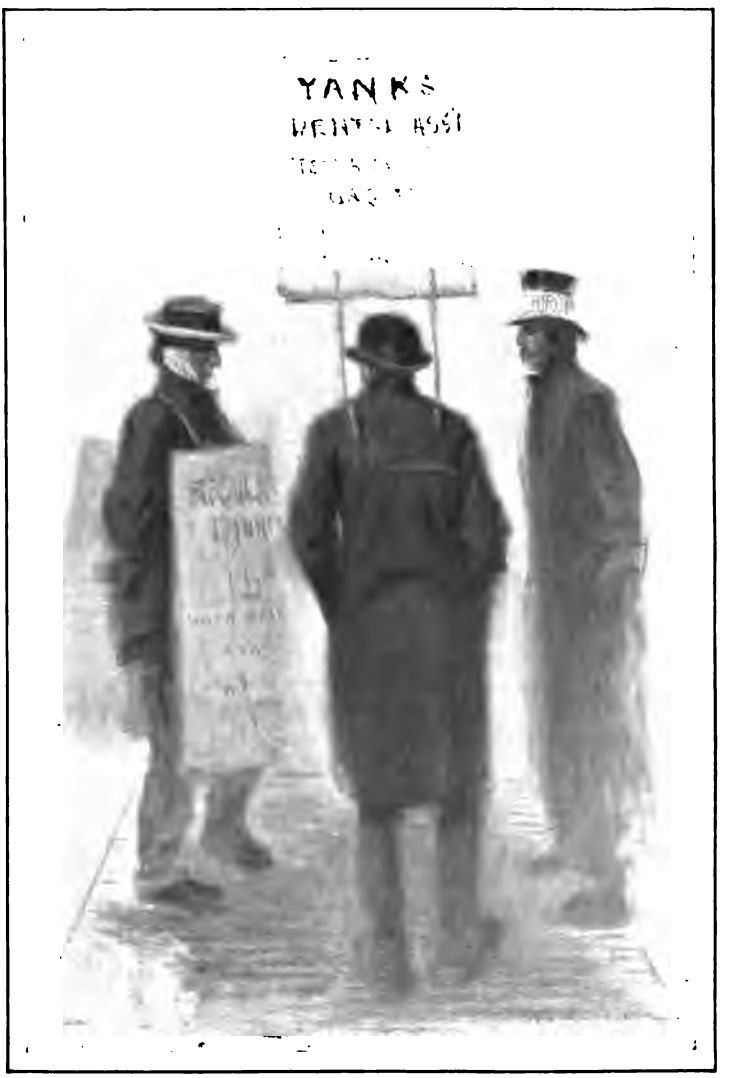
MIDNIGHT OF SUNDAY — THE SALOON OPENS.

REMOVING THE SNOW AT UNION SQUARE.

the first fall of the season, though the November election is barely a week gone, and snowballing the hired girl in quite the fashion of the good old days, with the grocer's clerk stamping his feet at the back gate and roaring out his enjoyment at her plight in a key only Jack Frost has in keeping. A hundred thousand pairs of boys' eyes are stealing anxious glances toward school windows today, lest the storm cease before they are let out, and scant attention is paid to the morning's lessons, I will warrant. Who would exchange the bob-sled and the slide and the hurricane delights of coasting for eternal summer and magnolias in January? Not I, for one—not yet. Human nature is, after all, more robust than it seems at the study fire. I never declared in the board of deacons why I stood up so stoutly for the minister we called that winter to our little church. —with deacons discretion is sometimes quite the best part of valor,—but I am not ashamed of it. It was the night when we were going home, and Neighbor Connery gave us a ride

on his new bob down that splendid hill,—the whole board, men and women,—that I judged him for what he really was—that resolute leg out behind that kept us on our course as straight as a die, rounding every log and reef with the skill of a river pilot, never flinching once. It was the leg that did it; but it was, as I thought, an index to the whole man.

Discomfort and suffering are usually the ideas associated with deep winter in a great city like New York, and there is a deal of it—discomfort to us all and suffering among the poor. The mere statement that the Street-Cleaning Department last winter carted away and dumped into the river 1,679,087 cubic yards of snow at thirty cents a yard, and was then hotly blamed for leaving us in the slush, fairly measures the one and is enough to set the taxpayer to thinking. The suffering in the tenements of the poor is as real, but even their black cloud is not without its silver lining. It calls out among those who have much as tender a charity as is ever alive among those who have little or nothing and who know one another for brothers without needing the reminder of a severe cold snap or a big storm to tell them of it. More money was poured into the coffers of the charitable societies last February, I believe, than they could use for emergency relief; and the reckless advertising in sensational newspapers of the starvation that was said to be abroad called forth an emphatic protest from representatives of the social



THE GRATING OVER THE BOILER.

settlements and of the Charity Organization Society, who were in immediate touch with the poor. The old question whether a heavy fall of snow does not more than make up to the poor man the suffering it causes received a wide discussion at the time, but in the end was left open as always. The simple truth is that it brings its own relief to those who are always just on the verge. It sets them to work, and the charity visitor sees the effect in wages coming in, even if only for a brief season. The far greater loss which it causes, and which the visitor does not see, is to those who are regularly employed, and with whom she has therefore no concern, in suspending all other kinds of outdoor work than snow-shoveling.

Take it all together, and I do not believe even an unusual spell of winter carries in its trail in New York such hopeless martyrdom to the poor as in Old-World cities, London for instance. There is something in the clear skies and bracing air of our city that keeps the spirits up to the successful defiance of anything short of actual hunger. There abides with me from days and nights of poking about in dark London alleys an impression of black and sooty rooms, and discouraged, red-eyed women blowing ever upon smoldering fires, that is disheartening beyond anything I ever encountered in the dreariest tenements here. Outside, the streets lay buried in fog and slush that brought no relief to the feelings.

Misery enough I have seen in New York's tenements; but deep as the shadows are in the winter picture of it, it has no such darkness as that. The newsboys and the sandwich-men warming themselves upon the cellar gratings in Twenty-third street and elsewhere have oftener than not a ready joke to crack with the passer-by, or a little jig step to relieve their feelings and restore the circulation. The very tramp who hangs by his arms on the window-bars of the power-house at Houston street and Broadway indulges in safe repartee with the engineer down in the depths, and chuckles at being more than a match for him. Down there it is always July, rage the storm-king ever so boisterously up on the level. The windows on the Mercer-street corner of the building are always open—or else there are no windows. The spaces between the bars admit a man's arm very handily, and as a result there are always on cold nights as many hands pointing downward at the engineer and his boilers as there are openings in the iron fence. The tramps sleep, so suspended, the night long, toasting themselves alternately on front and back.

The good humor under untoward circumstances that is one of the traits of our people never comes out so strongly as when winter blocks river and harbor with ice and causes no end of trouble and inconvenience to the vast army of workers which daily invades New York in the morning and departs again with the gathering twilight. The five-minute trip across sometimes takes hours then, and there is never any telling where one is likely to land, once the boat is in the stream. I have, on one occasion, spent nearly six hours on an East River ferry-boat, trying to cross to Fulton street in Brooklyn, during which time we circumnavigated Governor's Island and made an involuntary excursion down the bay. It was during the Beecher trial, and we had a number of the lawyers on both sides on board, so that the court had to adjourn that day while we tried the case among the ice-floes. But though the loss of time was very great, yet I saw no sign of annoyance among the passengers through all that trip. Everybody made the best of a bad bargain.

Many a time since have I stood jammed in a hungry and tired crowd on the Thirty-fourth-street ferry for an hour at a time, watching the vain efforts of the pilot to make a landing, while train after train went out with no passengers, and listened to the laughter and groans that heralded each failure. Then, when at last the boat touched the end of the slip and one man after another climbed upon the swaying piles and groped his perilous way toward the shore, the cheers that arose and followed them on their way, with everybody offering advice and encouragement, and accepting it in the same good-humored way!

In the two big snow-storms of last winter, when traffic was for a season interrupted, and in the great blizzard of 1888, when it was completely suspended, even on the elevated road, and news reached us from Boston only by cable via London, it was laughing and snowballing crowds one encountered plodding through the drifts. It was as if real relief had come with the lifting of the strain of our modern life and the momentary relapse into the slow-going way of our fathers. Out in Queens, where we were snow-bound for days, we went about digging one another out and behaving like a lot of boys, once we had made sure that the office would have to mind itself for a season.

It is, however, not to the outlying bor-

oughs one has to go if he wishes to catch the real human spirit that is abroad in the city in a snow-storm, or to the avenues where the rich live, though the snow to them might well be a real luxury; or even to the rivers, attractive as they are in the wild grandeur of arctic festooning from mastheads and rigging; with incoming steamers, armored in shining white, picking their way as circumspectly among the floes as if they were navigating Baffin's Bay instead of the Hudson River; and with their swarms of swift seagulls, some of them spotless white, others as rusty and dusty as the scavengers whom for the time being they replace ineffectually, all of them greedily intent upon wresting from the stream the food which they no longer find outside the Hook. I should like you well enough to linger with me on the river till the storm is over, and watch the marvelous sunsets that flood the western sky with colors of green and gold which no painter's brush ever matched; and when night has dropped the curtain, to see the lights flashing forth from the tall buildings in story after story until it is as if the fairyland of our childhood's dreams lay there upon the brooding waters within grasp of mortal hands.

Beautiful as these are, it is to none of them I should take you, nevertheless, to show you the spirit of winter in New York. Not to "the road," where the traditional strife for the magnum of champagne is waged still; or to that other road farther east upon which the young—and the old, too, for that matter—take straw-rides to City Island, there to eat clam chowder, the like of which is not to be found, it is said, in or out of Manhattan. I should lead you, instead, down among the tenements, where, mayhap, you thought to find only misery and gloom, and bid you observe what goes on there.

All night the snow fell steadily and silently, sifting into each nook and corner and searching out every dark spot, until when the day came it dawned upon a city mantled in spotless white, all the dirt and the squalor and the ugliness gone out of it, and all the harsh sounds of mean streets hushed. The storekeeper opened his door and shivered as he thought of the job of shoveling, with the policeman and his "notice" to hurry it up; shivered more as he heard the small boy on the stairs with the premonitory note of trouble in his exultant yell, and took a firmer grip on his broom. But his alarm was needless. The boy had other feuds on hand. His gang had been feeding fat an ancient grudge against the boys in the next block or the block beyond, waiting for the first storm to

GULLS DOWN THE BAY.

SNOWBALLING ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE.

wipe it out in snow, and the day opened with a brisk skirmish between the opposing hosts. In the school the plans for the campaign were perfected, and when it was out they met in the White Garden, known to the directory as Tompkins Square, the traditional dueling-ground of the lower East Side; and there ensued such a battle as Homer would have loved to sing.

Full many a lad fell on the battlements that were thrown up in haste, only to rise again and fight until a "soaker," wrung out in the gutter and laid away to harden in the frost, caught him in the eye and sent him to the rear, a reeling, bawling invalid, but prouder of his hurt than any veteran of his scars, just as his gang carried the band-stand by storm and drove the Seventh-streeters from the Garden in ignominious flight. That night the gang celebrated the victory with a mighty bonfire, while the beaten one, viewing the celebration from afar, nursed its bruises and its wrath, and recruited its hosts for the morrow. And on the next night, behold, the bonfire burned in Seventh street and not in Eleventh. The fortunes of war are proverbially fickle. The band-stand in the Garden has been taken many a time since the police took it by storm in battle with the mob in the seventies, but no mob has succeeded that one to clamor for "bread or blood." It may be that the snow-fights have been a kind of safety-valve for the young blood to keep it from worse mischief later on. There are worse things in the world than to let the boys have a fling where no greater harm can befall than a bruised eye or a strained thumb.

In the corner where the fight did not rage, and in a hundred back yards, smaller bands of boys and girls were busy rolling huge balls into a mighty snow-man with a broom for a gun and bits of purloined coal for eyes and nose, and making mock assaults upon it and one another, just as the dainty little children in curls and leggings were doing in the up-town streets, but with ever so much more zest in their play. Their screams of delight rose to the many windows in the tenements, from which the mothers were exchanging views with next-door neighbors as to the probable duration of the "spell o' weather," and John's or Pat's chance of getting or losing a job in consequence. The snow-men stood there till long after all doubts were settled on these mooted points, falling slowly into helpless decrepitude in spite of occasional patching. But long before that time the frost succeeding the snow had paved the way for coasting in the hilly streets, and discovered countless "slides" in those that were flat, to the huge delight of the small boy and the discomfiture of his unsuspecting elders. With all the sedateness of my fifty years I confess that I cannot to this day resist a "slide" in a tenement street, with its unending string of boys and girls going down it with mighty whoops. I am bound to join in, spectacles, umbrella, and all, at the risk of literally going down in a heap with the lot.

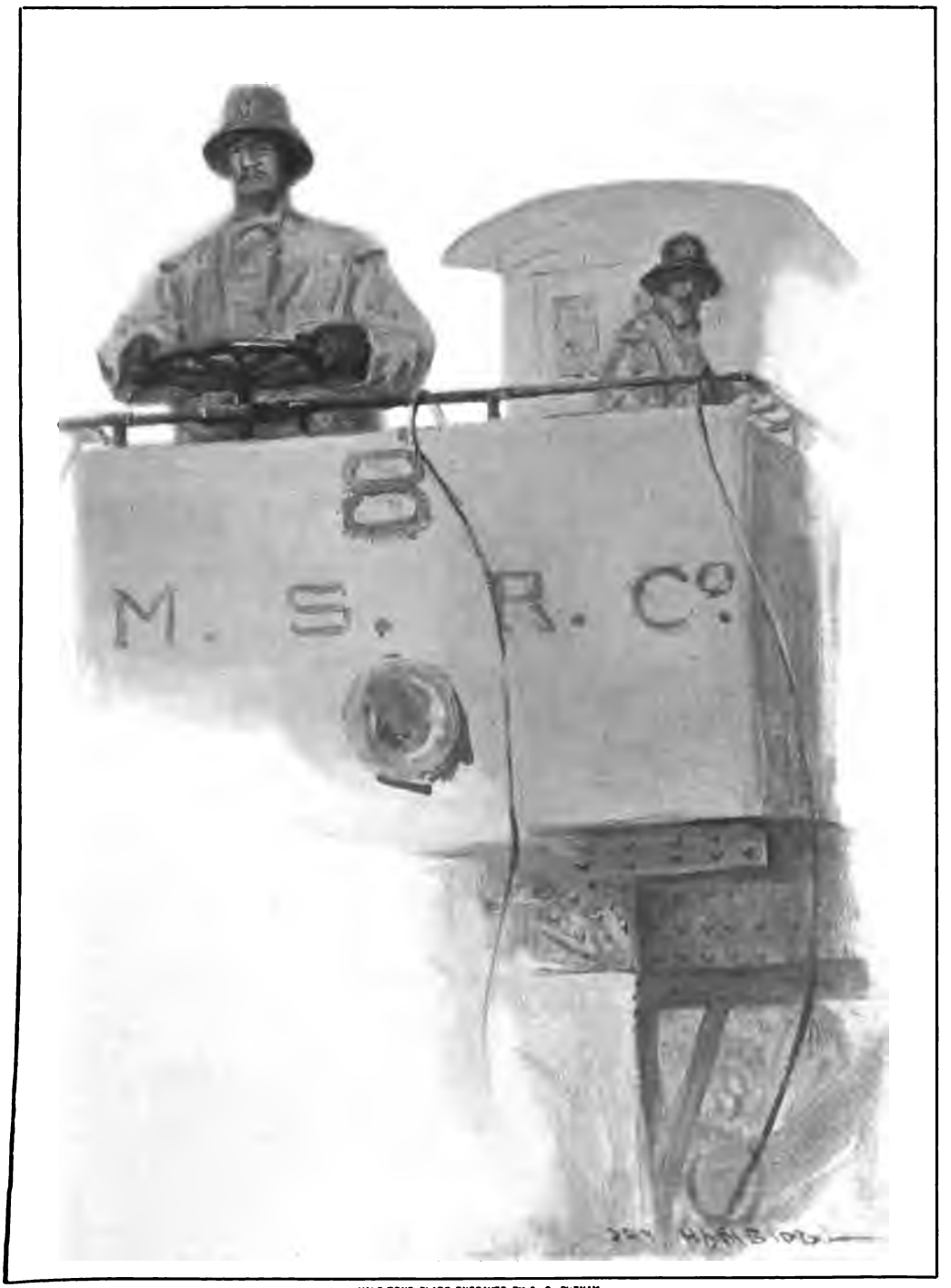
There is one over on First Avenue, on the way I usually take when I go home. It begins at a hydrant, which I suspect has had something to do in more than one way with its beginning, and runs down fully half a block. If some of my dignified associates on various committees of sobriety beyond reproach could see me "take it" not once, but two or three times, with a ragged urchin clinging to each of the skirts of my coat, I am afraid —I am afraid I might lose caste, to put it mildly. But the children enjoy it, and so do I, nearly as much as the little fellows in the next block enjoy their "skating on one" in the gutter, with little skids of wood twisted in the straps to hold the skate on tight.

In sight of my slide I pass after a big storm between towering walls of snow in front of a public school which for years was the only one in the city that had an outdoor playground. It was wrested from the dead for the benefit of the living, by the condemnation of an old burying-ground, after years of effort. The school has ever since been one of the brightest, most successful in the city. The snowbanks exhibit the handiwork of the boys, all of them from the surrounding tenements. They are shaped into regular walls with parapets cunningly wrought and sometimes with no little artistic effect. Last winter the walls were much higher than a man's head, and the passageways between them so narrow that a curious accident happened, which came near being fatal. A closed wagon with a cargo of ginger-beer was caught between them and upset. The beer popped, and the driver's boy, who was inside and unable to get out, was rescued only with much trouble from the double peril of being smothered and drowned in the sudden flood.

But the coasting! Let any one who wishes to see real democratic New York at play take a trip on such a night through the up-town streets that dip east and west into the great arteries of traffic, and watch the sights there when young America is in its glory. Only where there is danger from railroad crossings

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

CLEARING THE TRACKS—THE OLD WAY.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

THE ELECTRIC SNOW-PLOW.

do the police interfere to stop the fun. In all other blocks they discreetly close an eye, or look the other way. New York is full of the most magnificent coasting-slides, and there is not one of them that is not worked overtime when the snow is on the ground. There are possibilities in the slopes of the "Acropolis" and the Cathedral Parkway as yet undeveloped to their full extent, but wherever the population crowds, it turns out without stint to enjoy the fun whenever and as soon as occasion offers.

There is one hill over on Avenue A, near by the East River Park, that is typical in more ways than one. To it come the children of the tenements with their bob-sleds and "belly-whoppers" made up of bits of board, sometimes without runners, and the girls from the fine houses facing the park and up along Eighty-sixth street, in their toboggan togs with caps and tassels, and chaperoned by their young fellows, just a little disposed to turn up their noses at the motley show. But they soon forget about that in the fun of the game. Down they go, rich and poor, boys and girls, men and women, with yells of delight as the snow seems to fly from under them and the twinkling lights far up the avenue come nearer and nearer with lightning speed. The slide is lined on both sides with a joyous throng of their elders, who laugh and applaud equally the poor sled and the flexible flier of prouder pedigree, urging on the returning horde that toils panting up the steep to take its place in the line once more. Till far into the young day does the avenue resound with the merriment of the people's winter carnival.

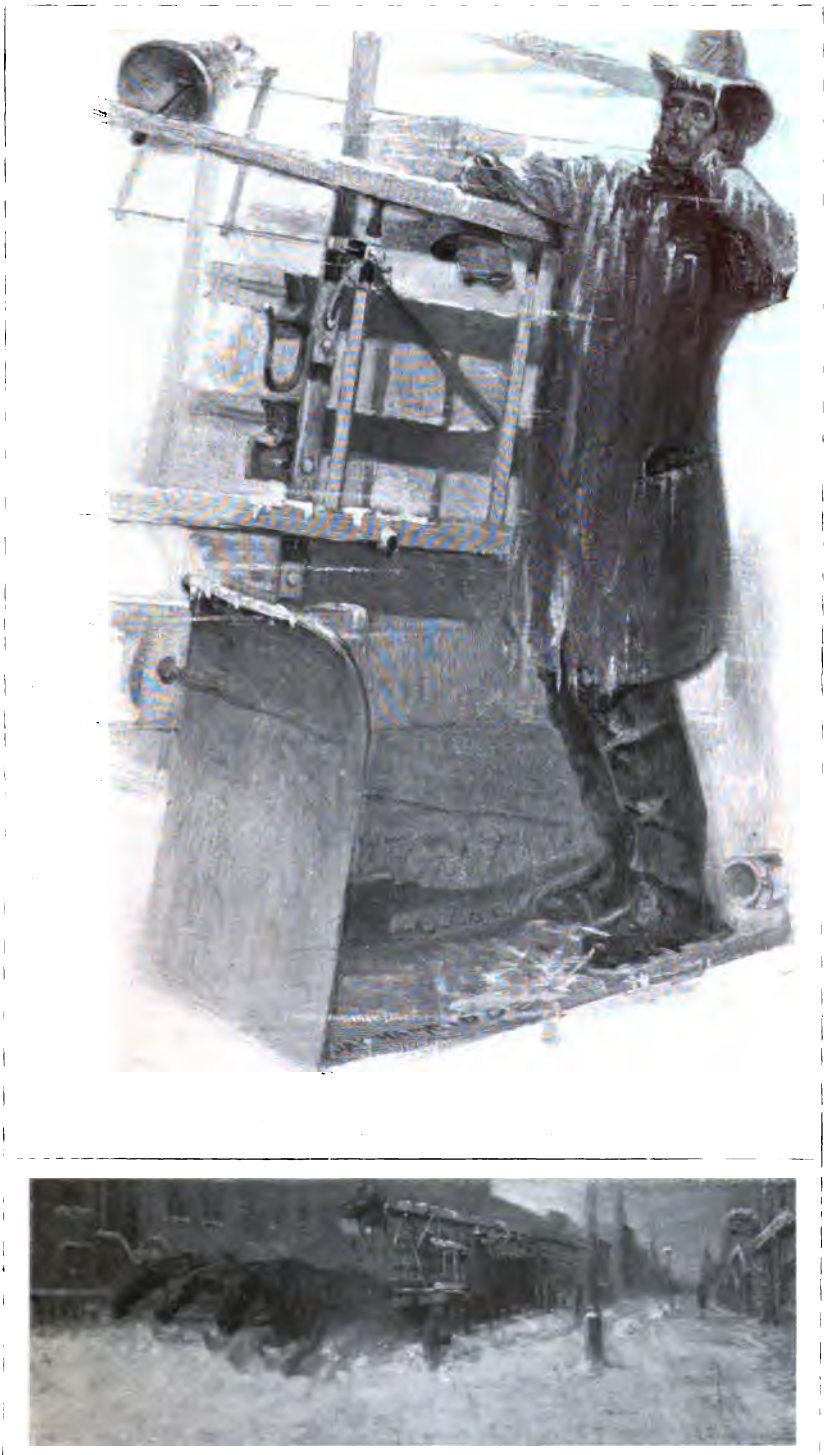
On the railroad streets the storekeeper is still battling "between calls" with the last of the day's fall, fervently wishing it may be the last of the season's, when whir! comes the big sweeper along the track, raising a whirlwind of snow and dirt that bespatters him and his newly cleaned flags with stray clods from its brooms, until, out of patience, and seized at last, in spite of himself, by the spirit of the thing, he drops broom and shovel and joins the children in pelting the sweeper in turn. The motorman ducks his head, humps his shoulders, and grins. The whirlwind sweeps on, followed by a shower of snowballs, and vanishes in the dim distance.

One of the most impressive sights of winter in New York has gone with so much else that was picturesque, in this age of results, and will never be seen in our streets again. The old horse-plow that used to come with rattle and bang and clangor of bells, drawn by five spans of big horses, the pick of the stables, wrapped in a cloud of steam, and that never failed to draw a crowd where it went, is no more. The rush and the swing of the long line, the crack of the driver's mighty whip and his warning shouts to "Jack" or "Pete" to pull and keep step, the steady chop-chop thud of the sand-shaker, will be seen and heard no more. In the place of the horse-plow has come the electric sweeper, a less showy but a good deal more effective device.

The plow itself is gone. It has been retired by the railroads as useless in practice except to remove great masses of snow, which are not allowed to accumulate nowadays, if it can be helped. The share could be lowered only to within four or five inches of the ground, while the wheel-brooms of the sweeper "sweep between every stone," making a clean job of it. Lacking the life of the horse-plow, it is suggestive of concentrated force far beyond anything in the elaborate show of its predecessor.

The change suggests, not inaptly, the evolution of the old ship of the line under full canvas into the modern man-of-war, sailless and grim, and the conceit is strengthened by the warlike build of the electric sweeper. It is easy to imagine the iron flanges that sweep the snow from the track to be rammers for a combat at close quarters, and the canvas hangers that shield the brushes, torpedo-nets for defense against a hidden enemy. The motorman on the working end of the sweeper looks like nothing so much as the captain on the bridge of a man-of-war, and he conducts himself with the same imperturbable calm under the petty assaults of the guerrillas of the street.

From the moment a storm breaks till the last flake has fallen, the sweepers are run unceasingly over the tracks of the railroads, each in its own division, which it is its business to keep clear. The track is all the companies have to mind. There was a law, or a rule, or an understanding, nobody seems to know exactly which, that they were to sweep also between the tracks, and two feet on each side, in return for their franchises: but in effect this proved impracticable. It was never done: Under the late Colonel Waring the Street-Cleaning Department came to an understanding with the railroad companies under which they clear certain streets, not on their routes, that are computed to have a surface space equal to that which they would have had to clean had they



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

GOING TO AN EARLY MORNING FIRE.

lived up to the old rule. The department in its turn removes the accumulations piled up by their sweepers, unless a providential thaw gets ahead of it.

Removing the snow after a big storm from the streets of New York, or even from an appreciable number of them, is a task beside which the cleaning of the Augean stables was a mean and petty affair. In dealing with the dirt, Hercules's expedient has sometimes been attempted, with more or less success; but not even turning the East River into our streets would rid them of the snow. Though last winter the department employed at times as many as four thousand extra men and all the carts that were to be drummed up in the city, carting away, as I have said, the enormous total of more than a million and a half cubic yards of snow, every citizen knows, and testified loudly at the time, that it all hardly scratched the ground. The problem is one of the many great ones of modern city life which our age of invention must bequeath unsolved to the coming century.

In the Street-Cleaning Department's service the snow-plow holds yet its ancient place of usefulness. Eleven of them are kept for use in Manhattan and the Bronx alone. The service to which they are put is to clear at the shortest notice, not the traveled avenues where the railroad sweepers run, but the side streets that lead from these to the fire-engine and truck houses, to break a way for the apparatus for the emergency that is sure to come. Upon the paths so made the engines make straight for the railroad tracks when called out, and follow these to the fire.

A cold snap inevitably brings a "run" of fires in its train. Stoves are urged to do their utmost all day, and heaped full of coal to keep overnight. The fire finds at last the weak point in the flue, and mischief is abroad. Then it is that the firemen are put upon their mettle, and then it is, too, that they show of what stuff they are made. In none of the three big blizzards within the memory of us all did any fire "get away" from them. During the storm of 1888, when the streets were nearly impassable for three whole days, they were called out to fight forty-five fires, any one of which might have threatened the city had it been allowed to get beyond control; but they smothered them all within the walls where they started. It was the same last winter. In the November blizzard the men of Truck 7 got only four hours' sleep in four days. When they were not putting out fires they were compelled to turn in and shovel snow to help the paralyzed Street-Cleaning Department clear the way for their trucks. Their plight was virtually that of all the rest.

What Colonel Roosevelt said of his Rough Riders after the fight in the trenches before Santiago, that it is the test of men's nerve to have them roused up at three o'clock in the morning, hungry and cold, to fight an enemy attacking in the dark, and then have them all run the same way,—forward,—is true of the firemen as well, and, like the Rough Riders, they never failed when the test came. The firemen going to the front at the tap of the bell, no less surely to grapple with lurking death than the men who faced Mauser bullets, but with none of the incidents of glorious war, the flag, the hurrah, and all the things that fire a soldier's heart, to urge them on,—clinging half naked with numb fingers to the ladders as best they can while trying to put on their stiff and frozen garments,—is one of the sights that make one proud of being a man. To see them in action, dripping icicles from helmet and coat, high upon the ladder, perhaps, incased in solid ice and frozen to the rungs, yet holding the stream as steady to its work as if the spray from the nozle did not fall upon them in showers of stinging hail, is very apt to make a man devoutly thankful that it is not his lot to fight fires in winter. It is only a couple of winters since, at the burning of a South-street warehouse, two pipemen had to be chopped from their ladder with axes, so thick was the armor of ice that had formed about and upon them while they worked.

The terrible beauty of such a sight is very vivid in my memory. It was on the morning when Chief Bresnan and Foreman Rooney went down with half a dozen of their men in the collapse of the roof in a burning factory. The men of the rank and file hewed their way through to the open with their axes. The chief and the foreman were caught under the big water-tank, the wooden supports of which had been burned away, and were killed. They were still lying under the wreck when I came. The fire was out. The water running over the edge of the tank had frozen into huge icicles that hung like a great white shroud over the bier of the two dead heroes. It was a gas-fixture factory, and the hundreds of pipes, twisted into all manner of fantastic shapes of glittering ice, lent a most weird effect to the sorrowful scene. I can still see Chief Gicquel, all smoke-begrimed, and with the tears streaming down his big, manly face, —poor Gicquel! he went to join his brothers

in so many a hard fight only the other day, —pointing back toward the wreck with the choking words, "They are in there!" They had fought their last fight and won, as they ever did, even if they did give their lives for the victory. Greater end no fireman could crave.

Winter in New York has its hardships and toil, and it has its joys as well among rich and poor. Grim and relentless, it is beautiful at all times until man puts his befouling hand upon the landscape it paints in street and alley, where poetry is never at home in summer. The great city lying silent under its soft white blanket at night, with its myriad of lights twinkling and rivaling the stars, is beautiful beyond compare. Go watch the moonlight on forest and lake in the park, when the last straggler has gone and the tramp of the lonely policeman's horse has died away under the hill; listen to the whisper of the trees, all shining with the dew of Boreas's breath, of the dreams they dream in their long sleep, of the dawn that is coming, the warm sunlight of spring, and say that life is not worth living in America's metropolis, even in winter, whatever the price of coal, and I shall tell you that you are fit for nothing but treason, stratagem, and spoils; for you have no music in your soul.

ELIZA HEPBURN'S DELIVERANCE.

BY HENRY B. FULLER,
Author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

I.

No house up and down the whole length of the street showed more gentility without than that of Miss Eliza Hepburn, or yielded a more depressing dismalness within. The gentility was perfectly obvious to the most careless passer-by, and was thrown into yet higher relief by the pressing advances of the many boarding-houses that had driven most of the old-time residents from the neighborhood. The dismalness was more largely a matter of conjecture and of intuition, for the tight-shut blinds were in the highest degree non-communicative, and those who penetrated to the secluded interior of the house and brought back reports on the precise degree of deadness that prevailed there were few indeed.

The old lady was supposed to be without a relative in the world. She lived alone with another woman of her own age, who served at once as housekeeper and companion, and nobody called with any frequency or regularity save the young man who, for the last four or five years, had had charge of the Hepburn properties. So Eliza Hepburn lived alone, by herself and for herself, and moldered among her mildewed millions. These millions pervaded the street, and Miss Hepburn's name, when mentioned at any one of the boarding-house tables, passed readily as a vague but easily accessible symbol of limitless wealth.

Very few of her old neighbors and acquaintances still remembered her, and few of those who did so ever troubled themselves to wonder, at this late day, whatever could have induced Eliza to enter upon so retired a way of living. It was known that she had developed, early in life, tendencies toward the remote and the fantastic, that she had

ADAGIO.

spent abroad a youth that might more profitably have been spent at home. The more painstaking among her former associates recalled that she had passed her girlhood at Florence, and one old body, who was herself still engaged in living heartily, even ravenously, declared that Eliza had stopped living as far back as 1855.

Another friend, who remembered Eliza as a beautiful though somewhat haughty girl, wondered why there had never been a *man*. Others assured her that there had been a man, according to the general impression, and the languid conclusion finally reached was this: that Eliza in her youth must have possessed a rich and vivid imagination; that no man could have hoped to move her without having moved her imagination first; that this imagination of hers required, for its manœuverings, room, distance, atmosphere, perspective; and that she had found her suitor—her suitors, perhaps—too contemporaneous and too near at hand.

There was a dim tradition of Eliza's pilgrimage to Pisa. She had spent a winter in Florence, deep in the verses of Byron and Shelley, and when spring came it called her down the valley of the Arno to the dead old town where her poets had lived and written. With Eliza—even with Eliza in Florence—romance was always about so many miles away and about so many years behind. Her poets had been dead a quarter of a century. Their shrine could be reached by a long day in the diligence. This was far enough in point of distance, but not too far, and remote enough in point of time, but not too remote. The finger of romance beckoned Eliza Hepburn to Pisa, and to Pisa she went gladly, eagerly. She carried her imagination with her as well as her trunk, and spent the happiest week of her life in mooning up and down the Pisan Lungarno, and in shedding a roseate atmosphere over the silent and empty streets that had witnessed the intimate daily comings and goings of her favorite bards.

But forty years lay between that day and this. Her early romances were now as worn as her massive old wardrobes, and as dusty as her tinkling old chandeliers, and there was no particular consolation in the general situation save this, that she was able to get for herself anything that money could buy. But she did not always know what it was she wanted, nor did she understand just what steps to take to get it, and the days were frequent enough when she felt deserted and ineffective and forlorn. Here was the end, then; the eager studies, the passionate enthusiasms of her earlier years had led to nothing more than this. These were the days when she sank weakly back upon her shabby old sofa, and spread her thin palms across her temples, and told herself once again that she had put a great deal into life and had got very little out of it.

She seldom left the house, and that usually to go to concerts and to exhibitions of pictures. At concerts she would wait cheerfully through the heavy German quartets and sonatas that sometimes held off for so long the delivery of a good old-fashioned Italian aria, and at exhibitions she would creep along each wall, intent as ever upon Roman peasants and scenes from the Venetian lagoons. She had a Sassoferrato Madonna that was down in her will to go to the museum; and she had one particular organ-grinder who knew that when he had once halted his instrument upon the billowy brick pavement, under a certain spindling elm, it was merely a matter of time when a given pair of shutters should be opened on a crack, and a piece of silver deposited upon the sill. The man was a newcomer, and had brought over his instrument with him. It played pieces all alien to us and to our day—things from "Nabucco" and "Belisario" and other operas that seem never to have crossed the ocean in their entirety; and long after the operator had withdrawn from the sated neighborhood, one lonely old woman, busy in a belated and futile fashion over her dictionaries and readers,—it was still Eliza Hepburn's balked ambition, at sixty, to speak Italian,—would hum softly and tremulously at intervals,

> Life hath no power to move me to sadness
> While fondly held to thy bosom in gladness,

and then drop her text-books to relapse into memories of other days.

This continued state of quiescence and of retirement was perfectly satisfactory to Agatha Mills, who went on airing the linen-closets, interviewing the grocer, and regarding herself as the chief, if not the only, person to have a place in old Eliza's will. As for young Dart, he gave this worthy attendant no cause for solicitude. He went on looking after the affairs of the estate with faithfulness and efficiency; but he was so serious and heavy that his attendance never produced a scintilla of brightness or of diversion, and this particular variety of devotion, however unimpeachable, however long-enduring, never meets any such ac-

knowledgment from a woman as to push gratitude beyond the bounds of discretion. No; John Dart would be rewarded on a strictly businesslike basis, and old Eliza's lifelong friend and confidante would reap her full reward at last.

II.

ONE day, after an unbroken fortnight of her customary coma, Eliza Hepburn experienced a sensation—nay, two. The first of these came to her at one of her annual exhibitions.

The hall was almost empty of visitors. A dozen people loitered about, looking at cows, portraits, French peasants; and a pair of earnest truth-seekers were conscientiously pursuing a haystack that occupied seventeen broad gilt frames, one after another, and displayed itself under seventeen different atmospheric conditions at seventeen different times of day.

Eliza Hepburn, grazing along the wall with her tall, slender figure bent forward, and her fine black brows intent upon possible contadini and gondolas, suddenly realized her intrusion into the hay-field. With a toss of the head she dismissed the twelve stacks that still loomed before her, and passed her practised eye rapidly along to what lay just beyond them. It was here that she received her first sensation, one that instantly brought out of her a gasp and a start.

The canvas was only a small affair, little more than a foot either way; it made apparently no address, no appeal to others; no one else seemed to share her interest in it. But it touched Eliza to the quick; it set her trembling for pure joy, and brought an instant tear to each of her black eyes.

For she found herself face to face with a daring little fantasia upon the one theme that could still move and thrill and satisfy her—the everlasting and inexhaustible theme of Italy. Some ardent and audacious young man, combining the fortunate moment and the felicitous hand, had summoned up all of his airy boldness, and had fixed upon one mere shred of cloth his epitome of the whole fair Italian land—not the land that is, but the land that is not, and yet must and shall be; the Italy that we need and demand, and will not be denied. It was no mere literal Italy, of any actual time, of any set scene; it was Italy in its spirit, in its *fine fleur*, in its essence essenced yet again. It was not the Italy of to-day, or of yesterday, or of the days of eld; it was the Italy of all three. It was not the Italy of mountain, or of sea, or of plain, but again of all three. Cloud and wave, and temple column and olive grove, and bell-tower and sunlit sail, all joined in one suave and alluring chorus, "If you are of the kingdom, enter." Eliza Hepburn heard their song, and knew herself of the kingdom, and entered forthwith proudly.

"Where have they brought me?" she asked herself in a tremulous undertone. Her moist eyes tried to fix themselves upon the canvas, her wavering hand stretched out caressingly toward the very frame that inclosed it. "Is it Garda? Is it the Gulf of Spezia? Is it the coast of Calabria?" Yet she knew it was none of these, but all of them, and more. She saw that this tiny landscape symbolized the whole peninsula, just as crown and scepter symbolize the power that governs it. She felt a key extended toward her,—a key to unlock the realm of fancy, of memory, of joy,—and she took a firm hold upon it and passed on into her own.

A mountainous sea-coast, at sunset, with a fishing-village and its port—this, in substance, was all that the picture offered to the strolling visitor. And such, in truth, was its bare theme; but treatment, development, counterpoint, if one may say so, were such as to send the air resounding with infinite reverberations through the depths of old Eliza's nature.

She felt on her cheek the light breeze that turned the stilling waves all scintillant before the enkindled western sky, and stirred the branches of the cleft and somber cypresses that drew their solemn line up the hillside to the gateway of the old Palladian villa. She heard the Ave Maria ring out from the shafted loggia of the ancient Lombard bell-tower, and caught the click of sliding tackle as the red sail dropped from the mast of the last sloop arrived in port. She scented the odor of lemon-trees that stood in yellowed rows under the long-drawn shield of piliared pergolas, and felt beneath her feet the crunching of myrtle in dusky and long-forgotten gardens. But before all, beyond all, above all, the sky and its clouds charmed her, enchanted her, overpowered her. They half filled the heavens, they swathed the blue mountain-peaks, they canopied the sea—great masses of delicate, softly rounded cumuli, glowing with ethereal pink in the last moments of the sunset. Their luminous vapors flooded, tinged, transfigured everything: sea, earth, and sky, man, nature, man's monuments in nature, all

appeared a roseate phantasmagoria under their light—such a light as never is, indeed, and yet justly should be—oh, sometime, somewhere.

Tremors of joy and of longing, too strong to stand against, ran through poor Eliza's body; she cast about weakly for the support of some sympathizing bench. She felt her old limbs giving way; the address of "No. 144" had been too acute, too pungent, too penetrating. She disposed her dark skirts, like so many dusky petals, over a shimmering oak settle just behind her, and closed her eyes, and placed a hand upon her breast, and felt herself blissfully dying—the rose, the very rose itself—in aromatic pain.

A few moments passed before she ventured to reopen her eyes. The picture was still there, and shining more than ever. It shone, and glittered, and glimmered, and swam, and wavered, and disappeared, and Eliza, with a conclusive sob, pulled out her pocket-handkerchief and wiped the tears away. Then she took one more long look at the picture, and rose and walked out into the corridor, and approached the desk of the young woman who sold catalogues and answered inquiries.

"Caroline," she said, "give me one of those yellow tickets."

The young woman opened a drawer and handed out a card on which were the letters SOLD.

"When can I take it away?" asked Eliza.

"The exhibition will be over in a week," replied the attendant.

Eliza marched back to the painting with her ticket and thrust it into a corner of the frame. Then she sat down on the bench and looked again at the one picture in the world, and presently her head drooped into the hollow of her hand, and Italy had once more claimed her and her thought as its own.

After a little the scanty attendance of a lowering day was increased by one. A prepossessing young fellow of twenty-four or twenty-five looked in at the doorway, and his glance, too, was drawn toward the one picture in the world. He saw the placard it bore, and a general illumination began forthwith. The sulking sun burst through the skylight, and the whole universe was flooded with the same glow that glorified that bit of Italian sea-coast.

Then a slight frown displaced the smile of surprise and delight upon the young fellow's face. There indeed shone his picture, plainly marked with the approval of some connoisseur; yet who gave it the slightest heed, who was even within ten yards of it? Nobody but a dismal old soul moping on the bench just in front of it, who could not appreciate it to the extent of merely lifting her head to look upon it!

III.

ELIZA'S second sensation came to her that same evening, within her own house, or, I should perhaps say, within her own garden; for behind the house she cultivated a few beds of flowers and one or two clumps of shrubbery,—all that the narrow town lot would allow,—and she was accustomed to spend the twilight hour contemplating this little plantation from the height of her back porch, a structure half inclosed by ornate iron grilles, whose stubborn tendency to rustiness was corrected by a pendulous growth of wistaria, reminiscent of Como. The early moon, at its full, threw the shadow of the syringas across the bed of mignonette, and the hubbub of the city sounded merely as a confused rumble in the far distance.

All at once a chord was struck on a piano; the sound seemed to come through the open window of one of the boarding-houses close by. Another chord followed, then others still—in progressions usual, then unusual, then freakish, then altogether unauthorized and impossible. Then a few chromatic runs were reeled off, and then a few arpeggios; then the performer, having tried the instrument, as it seemed, and found it good, made an orderly advance into a sedate but cheerful little movement by Haydn or Mozart, repeating the more grateful phrases, and even throwing them into other keys.

Agatha Mills, seated beside Eliza Hepburn beneath the canopy of rust and of bloom, made a quick gesture of impatience.

"There 's that same old piano starting up again!" she protested.

"It is n't the same old piano," returned Eliza; "it 's a new one."

The invisible performer suddenly abandoned Haydn in the midst of a bar and entered the field of the *Volkslied*. Two or three familiar bits of melody came up for treatment, a treatment markedly plaintive and sentimental, and when the emotional charge seemed incomplete on the first playing of an air, there would be a second playing of it. Then the performer left the Germans altogether and went over to the Italians. The abruptness of the transition was softened by a pause on Bellini; the instrument gave out two or three airs from "Norma,"

and did not allow their pathos and cloying sweetness to be impaired. Eliza breathed a little sigh of content, for the player was just entering her own favorite field. Eliza looked up at the moon, too, and thanked that beneficent orb for so well-timed a presence. What, indeed, were *Casta Diva* without it?

Agatha Mills twitched in her rocking-chair.

"That young woman might leave us at least one evening of peace," she grumbled.

"It is n't a woman," rejoined Eliza; "it 's a man."

The musician now left the realm of sentiment for that of melodrama. He began to revel among the crass and coarse-grained sins of the young Verdi. He threw himself into a finale from "Ernani," which he executed with great *brio*, casting in abundant runs and modulations of his own, and ending with a bit of free fantasia, that might have been taken either as an offhand characterization of the composer's style, or as a frank burlesque upon it. But it was taken seriously enough by Eliza. To her it was the music of very romance, and so fittest of all music to harmonize with the hour and the place and the emotions of her day.

The piano suddenly ceased.

"Well," observed Agatha Mills, "I hope the old fellow has finally played himself out."

"It is n't an old fellow," retorted Eliza; "it 's a young one."

After a moment the young fellow—for Eliza was perfectly correct in her surmise of the player's age and sex—resumed his labors.

"Dear me!" began Miss Mills, protestingly.

"Agatha," said Eliza, "keep still!"

The abrupt Alpine grandeur of this remark was as astounding to Eliza's companion as would have been the intrusion of Mont Blanc, in all its chilling majesty, into their placid garden. During the thirty years of their association Eliza Hepburn had never used that tone till now. Agatha was as one struck dumb.

Eliza was the soul of kindness, but she felt herself justified, for the first notes of the resumed attack put matters upon an entirely new footing. Eliza was now listening, not to a mere piano, but to a full orchestra, and the orchestra, after the naïve old fashion of 1835, had transformed itself into a vast guitar, and its very first phrase, a "plunky-plunky, plunk, plunk" of unmistakable import, heralded an operatic situation than which none could be more moving or more endeared. Eliza had emerged from the swaying shadows of her rusty back porch, and had moved up once more to the front of her box at the Pagliano in Florence, and *Lucy Ashton* had just signed the marriage contract, and the principals were sorting themselves out from the chorus and lining up along the footlights, and everybody on the boards and off joined in the moment of hushed expectancy that always precedes the bursting of the most harmonic of all stage storms. "I *will* enjoy this in quiet!" muttered Eliza, as her fingers gripped the arms of her chair; and then, upon the very beat, she began with the violins, the clarinets, and the black-cloaked tenor. "'Chi mi frena in tal momento?'" she hummed softly; she knew the opening words of scores of the old operatic airs.

But with the termination of the first movement the player, yielding to peculiar temptations held out by key and rhythm, effected a sudden change of scene: he left the throng of Scottish wedding-guests with their acute problem on their hands, and airily moved off to Mantua, to pause at the lonely inn where the jester's daughter meets her fate. "Bella figlia dell' amore," blithely began the duke, to the puzzlement of Eliza, who felt the irregularity without being able to detect it. The duke finished with a little flourish and grace-note, and the rippling phrases of the fluent *Maddalena* were now clearly due; but the player seemed suddenly to recall the dilemma of the house of Ashton, and returned to the Highlands forthwith, to voice in phrases of vigorous sweep and dignity the protests of the baritone brother. Eliza was at home once more, and the light cloud of uncertainty was dispelled. But alas! the situation of *Rigoletto* and his child claimed the attention of the young man once again, and presently poor *Gilda* was gasping out her woes in dotted eighths and sixteenths far above the top line of the staff. Then, as a crowning effect, the cynical young fellow summoned all his hardihood and nerve to clench his demonstration of the fact that it was as easy to juggle with the old masters in pairs as apart; he took the closing phrases of both pieces, and wove them into a finale of the utmost vigor, humor, pomp, passion, irony, and grandiloquence. The piano itself, new to his touch, was astonished, the neighborhood rang, and a frank young voice near by, at the player's elbow perhaps, broke out into laughing applause.

Eliza was delighted. The irony of the thing passed her by; the vigor she accepted

for earnestness, and the passion she refined to sentiment. Ah, Florence, Florence! where she had so often heard these same airs bawled melodiously by shabby youths who strolled along the Lungarno Acciajoli under the sweet Tuscan stars. Nor were they the less lovely here to-night. The moon beamed down, the syringas rustled in the breeze, that lovely picture would hang upon her wall within a week—ah, it was almost too much for one day!

"Well, he can play, anyhow," conceded Agatha Mills when all was over.

"I bought one of his pictures to-day," said Eliza, out of a full heart.

"Why, Eliza!" exclaimed the other, with a shade of surprise, even of reproach, in her voice, "I should n't quite have expected *that!*"

"Why not, pray?"

"I supposed it was only—only girls who bought photographs of these public entertainers. He is giving concerts here, then, is he?"

"I did n't say 'photograph,'" retorted Eliza, sharply; "I said 'picture.' I might have said 'painting,' perhaps."

"Then he 's not a—"

"Not a pianist; he 's a painter. I bought one of his things at the Academy to-day."

"How much did you give for it?"

"I don't know; I never thought about the price."

"Tut, tut!" Then, "What is his name?"

"Chester; that is the way it was signed."

"Is it a good one?"

"It 's the loveliest thing you ever—"

"I don't believe it."

"Why not?"

"All this would be too much for one man to do, and do so well."

"The picture, Agatha, is as beautiful as the music. You don't understand," pursued Eliza, with a serious emphasis that seemed the only thing to interfere with a threatened lapse into reverie, "how two such talents may unite in the same person. I do."

"You are mistaken about him," insisted Agatha. She eyed her companion curiously.

"Not at all," rejoined Eliza. "Or, if I am, we can soon find it out. I shall send in and invite him to call. I 'll write the note the first thing to-morrow morning, and you can have Oliver leave it at the door."

"But, Eliza—"

"'Sh! I 'm going to do exactly as I please. I 'm old enough. This house needs young people. So do I. Come, let us step inside. Have the lamp lit in the library. I 'm going to write to-night."

IV.

"YES," said Eliza to herself, as she extended her hand to put out the gas, preparatory to getting into bed, "he shall come to see us, and shall turn his own picture into his own music. No two men—to-day—could have the feeling for Italy that he has, and I am sure that he can improvise as freely in the one field as he can invent in the other."

Eliza rose next morning in the same mood and with the same opinion, and kept both till nearly lunch-time, when Agatha Mills came in to alter them.

"Oliver has brought back your note. There is no one of the name of Chester in the house. They told him, though, that a young man of that name had called once or twice lately to inquire after one of their lodgers."

"What was the lodger's name?"

"Why, how do we know?"

"Find out."

In the course of the day Agatha did so.

"His name is Flagg," she reported.

"Is he a musician?"

"Yes."

"Is he my musician?"

"Probably."

"Very well; I shall send in a note for *him*."

The next evening Clement Flagg, thus imperiously and unceremoniously summoned, appeared in Eliza Hepburn's drawing-room. The whole boarding-house knew about it. The whole boarding-house table talked about it. The new and unknown occupant of the second-floor back bedroom became at once a person of consequence.

Eliza looked him over rather shyly as he stood under the flickering candles set in one of her old brass sconces, and wondered whether she would be able to accept half the loaf for the whole. He was a young man of twenty-seven, and seemed gentlemanly enough, good-looking enough, and self-possessed enough. "However," said Eliza to herself, "he seems—slight; I hope he won't turn out to be frivolous and skittish. I doubt if he has ever had any real experiences, if he has ever really got beneath the surface. And I wonder if he has quite found himself yet."

But she brushed all these cursory characterizations aside, and presented the young man to Agatha Mills, and told him frankly why she had asked him to come. Eliza let herself out; she said what she meant and what she felt. No one could do less than meet her open-mindedness half-way, and the young

man, accommodating himself readily enough to her enthusiasm, bowed and smiled, and presently found himself in place on the piano-stool.

He began discreetly with Henselt and Grieg and a little dab of Gluck. He knew it was no place, no time, for a *Concertstück*, but he gave her some of the choicest bits out of his repertory, and played them with complete care. When the last of them was over he paused and turned round.

"Thank you," said Eliza, coldly.

The Northern schools, then, would not do. He changed to Scarlatti and Paisiello.

"Thank you," said Eliza, less coldly.

The old Neapolitan school was not quite the thing. He burst into Rossini's "Inflammatus."

"Thank you so much!" cried Eliza, warmly.

The young fellow tossed his fluffy locks and laughed.

Eliza crossed the room and took a little lyre-backed chair close by the instrument.

"Why is your name Flagg instead of Chester?" she asked abruptly.

He laughed again.

"I don't know. It happened that way. Perhaps because I flutter. The name of Chester belongs to somebody else—to my closest friend. We share the two names between us; that is the best I can do for you."

"Is your friend a painter?"

"Very much so."

"There, Agatha!" cried Eliza, toward Miss Mills, half invisible in her dusky corner. Then: "Does he live here? Is he in town now? Will you bring him here with you?"

"He lives over in the next street."

"I have just bought one of his pictures."

"*The* one?"

"Yes," replied Eliza, confidently, "*the* one."

"Good; that will please him."

"How old is he?"

"A few years younger than I."

"Where did you meet him?"

"In Venice."

"Have you ever been to Florence?"

"No; I have never been south of the Apennines. I studied at Stuttgart, and sometimes spent my vacations at Milan and Como, so I saw several of the towns of the north—Venice, Verona, and so on. I knew some fellows who were studying at the Milan Conservatory. They were full of opera and nothing else. They almost filled me!"

He sat sidewise on his seat, one leg thrown over the other, and his hands, as he spoke, carelessly wound vague bits of old-fashioned melody through a maze of modulations.

"I like what you are playing," said Eliza; "what is it?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. A 'Ricordo di Milano,' you might call it."

"Play it again."

"Again? Impossible. A thing past is past; I never try to fish it back."

"You were improvising, then?"

"Yes."

"I felt sure you could. It seems so easy for you, too."

"As easy as breathing."

"Go on with it. I prefer that to anything else."

"Give me a theme."

"Tell me about Venice. I was never there but once, and only for a week. It rained the whole time."

He smiled quizzically. "You wish a barcarole?"

"No; decidedly not!" retorted Eliza, indignantly.

"A fête with lanterns?"

"Not at all; you can do better than that," declared Eliza, with some severity.

Flagg bowed, but no longer smiled; he felt himself put upon his mettle.

"Give me the Venice I used to feel so keenly and to think about so often. Make it a suite—like this: Part One—'The Beginnings.' Give me the humble settlement made by those who fled from Attila to the lagoons and founded this wonderful city-state. Think how weak, how obscure—"

"Ah, it is easy enough to make music weak and obscure!"

Eliza gave a tight smile and tossed her head. "Part Two—'Venice in her Heyday;' or, 'The Pride of Life.' How would that title strike you?"

"It 's fine!"

"When you play that part you are to think of Veronese and Lepanto and the Bucintoro, and all those fêtes and magnificences, and—"

"It goes like this, I suppose?"

The young man chose a remote key and burst into a pompous and magniloquent march. It was full of a stately arrogance; it seemed to portray not only the pride of life, as Veronese knew it, but the lust of the eye, as made manifest by Titian, and it gave hints not only of the world,—the great world of pomp and pleasure and show,—but of the flesh and of the devil, too.

"And what is Part Three?" he asked, stopping abruptly in the middle of a measure.

"'The Decadence,'" replied Eliza.

He fingered his mustache thoughtfully. He made a little survey of old Eliza and of old Eliza's dusky drawing-room—the ancient cornice shrinking away into the dim recesses of the ceiling; the somber and faded portraits that looked out so dully from the tarnished ovals of their frames; the dingy chandelier, whose broken prisms gave out now and then a feeble tinkle; the furnishings, so old, so worn, so out of date. "I believe I will play the third movement first," he said.

"Think of Tiepolo and of the Ridotto," counseled Eliza.

"Tiepolo shall fresco your ceiling; but as for the Ridotto, let us not look to be too gay."

He began with a few pensive and plaintive phrases, full of light hints of delusive splendor, of fictitious gaiety, of airy abandon half checked in the middle of its course, and threw over the whole a languishing rococo charm, an air of dreamy fatigue. Eliza dropped her chin into her elbow, and Agatha Mills, in her shaded corner, resolutely set her face against any impending address to her feelings.

Presently the note became more poignant; each tone seemed a winged dart of personal appeal. Plaintiveness turned to wistfulness. An opulent nature had spent itself in vain; want followed upon waste, and dust upon decay. Two clever hands threw down all bars that set off the field of the ineffective, the disappointed, the superseded, and invited any who would to set foot within that populous void. The note deepened. The burden became that of lost youth, lost hopes, lost ideals. The player, allowing his hands to shift for themselves, had fixed a close scrutiny upon Eliza. She, with her eyes on the floor, and oblivious of all save the music, hardly realized herself a-tremble; but Agatha Mills, with a keen regard fastened on Flagg, felt a rising indignation at what seemed to her the complacent cruelty of youth.

"He is playing upon her feelings," she muttered, "and is enjoying doing so. I won't have it."

Eliza was filled by this music; it was speaking to her and for her as she herself never could have spoken, and she was upon the point of passing from trembling to tears. Flagg played on; it all grew more poignant, more personal, more pathetic, with every measure; he was delighted, in his youthful egotism, to have found so impressionable, so responsive a subject, and smiled at the thought of all those reservoirs of sweet and exquisite torture at his command, yet still unopened.

A lingering minor cadence came, eloquent of hopelessness and of regret. Eliza's bosom rose and fell, and Agatha Mills's loyal elbow brushed a book from the table beside which she sat. The book struck the floor with a smart slap, the music suddenly ceased with an impatient gesture from the performer, and Eliza's respiration presently became normal again.

She thanked her new protégé with a little pant or two, and when he rose to go she asked him, with complete tranquillity, to return soon, and to bring his friend.

"Tell him I shall have his picture on my walls within a few days. He shall say where it is to hang. And let him bring any sketches that he may happen to have by him."

"Ah," thought Flagg, as he went down Eliza's front steps, "why bring in Austin and his pictures—at least so promptly? I and my art should suffice for the entertainment of any reasonable woman. How much does she want anyway?"

V.

"DEAR me, yes," said Flagg, in answer to Chester's inquiry; "she is as original and independent as you please. She seems to know what she wants, and does n't hesitate to ask for it."

The two were just mounting Eliza's steps, and Chester viewed with some apprehension the hand that his companion extended toward the door-bell.

"I hope she does n't presume on her money?"

"Oh, no."

"On her age, then?"

"Not exactly; more on her needs, I should say."

They found Eliza in her drawing-room. The picture had just come home, and she was trying, in the lingering light of the late afternoon, to find the proper place for it. She carried it about from one side of the room to the other, just as if it were a restless child. Clasped in her arms, it seemed the very Benjamin of her little pictorial flock.

Eliza welcomed young Chester with a frank and flattering transport that quite paled her reception of Flagg. She liked him immediately, and liked him very much. He

seemed more modest, more quiet, more stable than the other. Whatever the natural ardor of his temperament, he burned before this opulent and elderly stranger with an enthusiasm steady, but well moderated. In the course of half an hour Eliza felt that he was like an open grate fire after a flaring torch.

She thanked him fervently, and complimented him with a ready richness of phrase that surprised even herself. She deferred completely to his advice about the hanging of the picture, and put him through an ardent catechism relative to his Italian journeyings.

He had been everywhere, just as she had felt from the start. He took her off to Sicily and into the remoteness of Apulia and the Basilicata, and told her of Taormina and Taranto and Trapani. His sketch-books teemed with towns whose names she had never even heard—towns in the Abruzzi, in the Marches, in Tuscany itself. She felt her picture—happily disposed, at last, above the piano—to be drawn from sources richer and more remote than she had supposed; but she would not ask for details, nor would the painter, perhaps, have given them. Pluck the rose apart, petal by petal, and what is left?

"Is n't it glorious!" she cried, clasping her hands and lifting adoring eyes toward her little masterpiece. "Play it for me," she said, turning to Flagg.

Flagg, with the intrepidity of his years and the self-confidence of his talents, attempted the impossible. He exhausted his art and his own nature on the theme; but Eliza could only pretend—no more—that he had satisfied her.

"Something is wanting, eh?" he said, looking at her over his shoulder; "and I know what it is, I think: I have forgotten the clouds."

He had an intense disdain of the composer who falls back upon the mere portrayal of natural phenomena—the most banal variety of "program music," to his mind; but this wealthy and sympathetic woman must be pleased at all costs, nor must the primacy pass from him to the newcomer (whom he himself had introduced) without an effort to retain it.

"Pink sunset clouds require a different key and a different tempo. Listen, now. I shall do them in six sharps and in twelve-eight time."

He repeated his former theme with some freedom, and set it off by a waving, billowy movement, light but firm, and delicate yet broad. The clouds loomed up bravely and flooded his composition just as they flooded the landscape itself. Eliza was pleased, and made her pleasure plain.

"But," she murmured, "where are my trees, my olives, my cypresses?"

"Ah, the Tree," rejoined Flagg, disguising a possible impatience; "that is a topic by itself. It opens up quite a new field."

"Well, open it," commanded Eliza.

"The Tree—a suite," proclaimed Flagg. "In four parts. Four parts—then why not make it a sonata? Or, if you can orchestrate it, a symphony? Can you?"

"I can," said Eliza, firmly.

"First movement—*allegretto*," proceeded Flagg. "Now, what tree would invite a wholesome, straightforward treatment in common time and the key of C?"

"Try an apple-orchard," suggested Chester.

"No," objected Eliza; "the apple is too familiar, too prosaic. There is the oak—the evergreen oak—and there is the chestnut. Think of those tawny groves round Maggiore, with the October wind sweeping through them!"

"Good; the chestnut, then. Second movement—*adagio*. The Lombardy poplar?"

"Dear me, no," protested Eliza; "the cypress. A funereal cypress avenue, by all means, with plenty of trombones and horns. I will undertake to play them; I hear the sad procession already."

"Third movement—*scherzo*," proceeded Flagg. "I should like to know who has got any suggestion for *that!*"

"So should I," observed Eliza, in grave uncertainty.

"The olive," called Chester, boldly.

"The olive?" cried the others. "Of all sad trees the saddest!"

"But take it on a clear day," persisted Chester, "under a bright blue sky, when a light breeze is abroad, and all the leaves rustle together and turn up their white under sides. Who shall say, then, that the poor, world-weary old thing is not making a rueful jest of its own feebleness and futility and discontent? Take the olives of San Remo, of Girgenti—"

"We accept the olive," said Eliza; "only we shall have to divide our violins up into eight or ten parts."

"Like this," said Flagg, executing a kind of rapid tremolo on the upper octaves of the piano with both hands. "Then the finale—*allegro furioso*. Of course we are all agreed about that: a storm sweeping through the

ALLEGRO.

pine forest on some rugged mountain-side. Only"—to Eliza—"there will have to be considerable activity among the double basses."

"I can play a dozen as easily as one," she replied. "And so our woodland symphony is complete. Chestnut-trees from Pallanza; cypresses from Verona—the Giusti Gardens, you know; olives from—oh,"—to Chester, —"we shall have to fall back upon your drawings."

The young man modestly opened a new portfolio, and Eliza threw herself upon it with abandon. The symphony, though ready to run off Flagg's finger-tips, remained, to his mortification, in abeyance, while Eliza rushed headlong into her rash plan for the correlation of the arts, and the merging of two artists' personalities in one.

She fluttered leaves rapidly; she seized upon this one and exclaimed over that. "You must make me a set of four paintings," she cried to Chester; "you have all the material here. Yes, you shall paint my symphony!" Flagg had played Chester's work, and Chester must now paint Flagg's work —even before it came to be performed, as it seemed.

"And they shall be shown," cried Eliza, with unabated vivacity. "You must have an exhibition of your works."

"But as to that—" began Chester.

"You have enough to *make* an exhibition?"

"Oh, yes; but who knows me, who cares about me, who would come to see them?"

"Nobody knows you? All the more reason for showing."

"But the gallery, the difficulties, the expense—"

"There shall be no difficulty about that," declared Eliza.

Chester withdrew, full of flattering hopes. Flagg, who accompanied him out, was less elate; the symphony was still awaiting performance.

"Is my art an independent thing?" he asked himself. "Am I possessed of an individual personality, or am I only a part of somebody else? Or does the ravenous creature require the fusion of two personalities to produce a single complete one? Or what?"

(To be concluded in the next number.)

THE MILITARY ELEMENT IN COLONEL WARING'S CAREER.

THIS portrait of Colonel George E. Waring, Jr., shows him as he appeared to the artist Henry Peters Gray at the outset of the Civil War. The uniform worn is apparently that of the Frémont Hussars, the battalion of cavalry organized by him in the summer of 1861, after he had been sent to the department commanded by General John C. Frémont, with headquarters at St. Louis, Missouri. Major Waring in May of that year (he was then twenty-eight) had gone to the front as major of the Garibaldi Guards, otherwise known as the Thirty-ninth New York. He had been with that regiment at the first battle of Bull Run, serving in General Miles's brigade, which was held in reserve, and which assisted in covering the retreat from that disastrous field.

As commander of the Frémont Hussars, Major Waring operated against the bands of guerrillas which infested Missouri. In December, 1861, he made a report to General Asboth in regard to the fugitive slaves which had flocked to his camp. An order had been issued requiring fugitive slaves to be excluded from the lines, and Major Waring had been compelled by a special order to deliver up a negro woman, the cook of his own mess, to her alleged owner. He said in his remonstrance: "These negroes all claim and insist that they are free. Some of them I

have no question are so. Others I have as little doubt have been slaves, but no one is here to prove it, and I hesitate to take so serious a responsibility as to decide arbitrarily, in the absence of any direct evidence, that they are such. If I turn them away I inflict great hardship upon them, as they would be homeless and helpless. Furthermore, such a course would occasion much personal inconvenience and sincere regret to other officers no less than to myself. These people are mainly our servants, and we can get no others. They have been employed in this capacity for some time—long enough for us to like them as servants, to find them useful and trustworthy, and to feel an interest in their welfare. . . . The negroes in my camp are employed, in accordance with the Army Regulations, as officers' servants, teamsters, and hospital attendants, and, with the exception of one little child, are such as we are authorized to have in the camp. It seems to me that they are without the pale of the order and the intention of the commanding general, and I trust that I may be excused for awaiting more explicit instructions before doing what may be an extra-official act, at which my private feelings revolt. I recognize the fact that obedience to General Orders, No. 3, is a part of my military duty, and I shall unflinchingly comply with it, in the consciousness that I am in no way responsible therefor; but I am personally responsible for my decision when it is to affect the happiness and security of others. May I ask you, general, to relieve me of this responsibility by giving me your formal decision at your earliest convenience?"

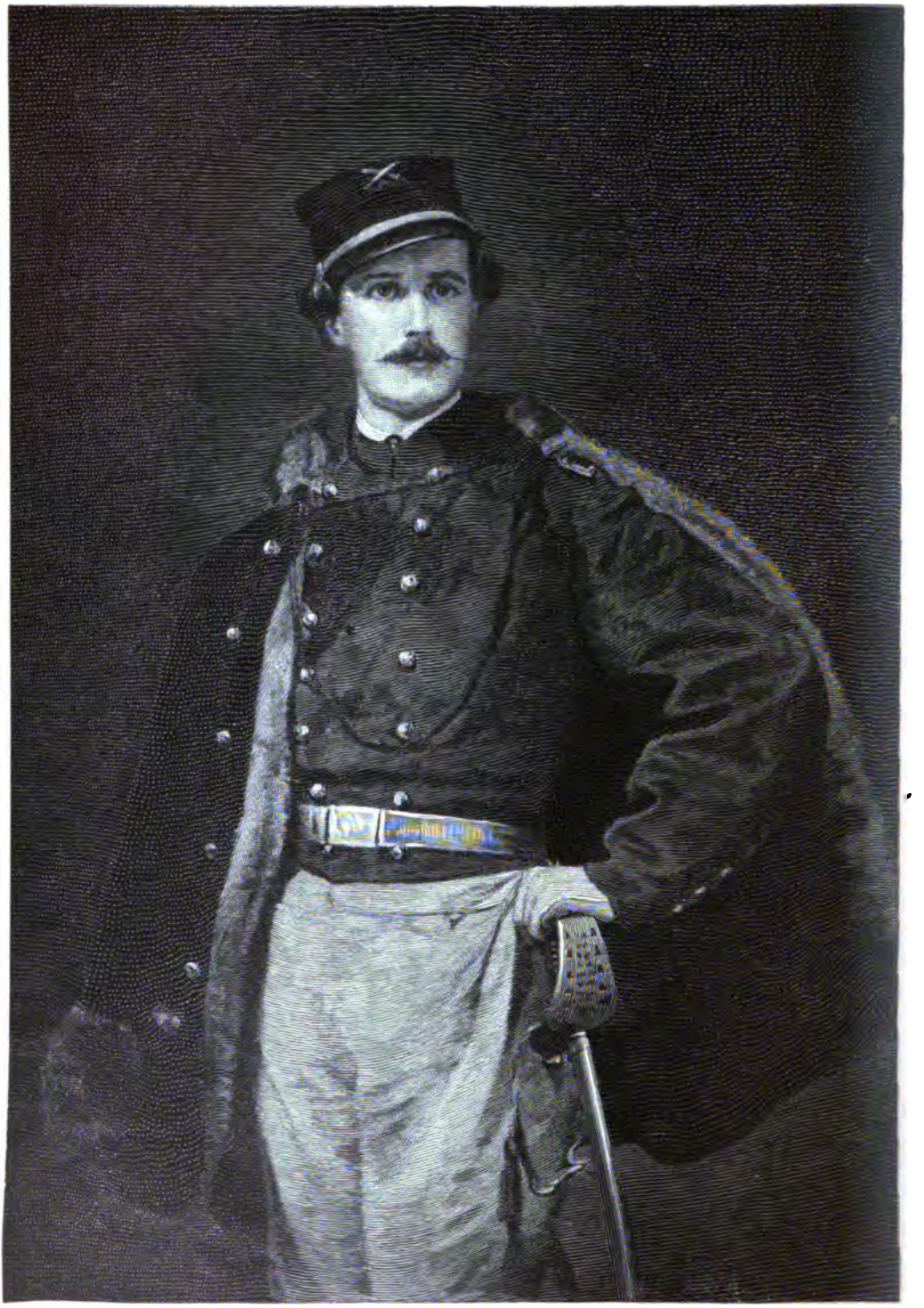
General Halleck, who had superseded General Frémont in the command of the department, the latter having been removed on account of differences due partly to his emancipation order, at once took action on Major Waring's remonstrance, and decided that, while fugitive slaves must be kept out of the camps, the order did not apply to negroes who were authorized private servants of officers or were employed by proper authority in the camps. He enjoined on the officers of his command also that they might furnish fugitive slaves food and clothing, "outside the lines," by way of exercising "all proper offices of humanity."

In January, 1862, the Frémont Hussars were consolidated, with other battalions, to form the Fourth Missouri Cavalry, Colonel Waring being commissioned as its colonel. To the end of the war he was identified with it, most of the time, however, being assigned to command the brigade of which that regiment formed a part, and for a time being in command of the cavalry division of the Sixteenth Army-Corps.

In 1863 he was in command of the post at Columbus, Kentucky, and was in charge of a force stationed at Union City, Tennessee, to thwart the efforts of the Confederates to pick up conscripts and gather supplies. Early in February, 1864, Colonel Waring's brigade joined in the Sooy-Smith expedition toward Meriden, Mississippi. In proceeding from Union City to join the main body under Sooy-Smith, Colonel Waring's brigade surmounted the greatest difficulties. Owing to the January thaw the Obion River suddenly rose, overflowing the bottom-lands, and the command floundered through water and ice and leagues of mud. On February 20 the expedition, which had reached West Point, Mississippi, was threatened by a force under Forrest, and Sooy-Smith determined to retreat. On the 22d Forrest came up with the Union forces, and a fierce fight ensued, in which Colonel Waring's brigade took a prominent part. Late in May of the same year General Sherman ordered a similar expedition into the same region, to encounter again the redoubtable Forrest. That expedition was under the command of General Samuel D. Sturgis, whose troops included two brigades of cavalry and three of infantry. At Brice's Cross-roads Colonel Waring's brigade repulsed two charges of the enemy; in the third charge it gave way, but reformed behind a part of the infantry which had just arrived. Owing to the wide separation of the cavalry and infantry at the outset, Forrest virtually succeeded in beating Sturgis's forces in detail. These two expeditions entailed great hardships and sacrifices on the troops and the subordinate commanders.

At the close of the war Colonel Waring renewed his interest in scientific and practical agriculture. He wrote many books on farm life, and on his specialty, sanitary engineering. One of his books, "Whip and Spur," reflected his military tastes and his inborn love for the horse, particularly revealed in the charming story of "Vix."

His extraordinary success in New York as street-cleaning commissioner under Mayor Strong was due as much to his military character and experience as to his political independence and his determination that fitness, and not favor, should be the passport to place and promotion in his little army. His conception of an effective street-cleaning force as a



PAINTED BY HENRY PETERS GRAY, FROM LIFE AND FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY PETER AITKEN. OWNED BY THE CENTURY CLUB, NEW YORK.

GEORGE E. WARING, JR., WHEN COLONEL OF THE FOURTH MISSOURI CAVALRY.

body of men kept in form and held to duty by the iron grasp of military discipline was emphasized at the outset by the choice of Captain F. M. Gibson and Major H. C. Cushing, both United States army officers, for leading positions in the department.

He further manifested his military tendencies by the methodical and thorough manner in which he brought order out of chaos, first, by putting the force in a unique white garb, and, second, by instilling in the minds of all that absolute discipline was the basis of successful organization, and that it must be observed and exercised to the letter. How well he succeeded in these efforts was shown by the grand parade of the uniformed force of the department in May, 1896, when, after a short period of daily drills at the conclusion of the day's work, the men marched down Fifth Avenue in platoon fronts, properly officered and with military tread and precision, a pride not only to themselves and their families, but to the citizens of New York city. After that parade the feeling of degradation on account of their uniforms, felt by many of the men, vanished forever. Since then more men have been willing to wear the uniform than could be provided with places.

In his conduct of the department Colonel Waring showed his military traits in his fearlessness of speech and action, his boldness, his decision, and his fairness. His love of just treatment for all is illustrated by the organization within his department of the Committee of Forty-one, chosen by the men from among themselves, and the Board of Conference, composed of ten members, five chosen by the commissioner and five by the Committee of Forty-one. The function of those two bodies was to pass upon the cases of members of the uniformed force who might feel that they had been unjustly punished either by fine or by dismissal. When such a case was appealed to the Committee of Forty-one it was first considered by them, and if they found no merit in it the matter went no further; if they did, they made a recommendation to the Board of Conference, and if the latter concurred, the case was brought before the commissioner, who took final action. In the great majority of cases Colonel Waring's action was in accordance with the recommendations of the Committee of Forty-one and the Board of Conference, both of which are still in existence.

When an emergency arose, Colonel Waring was at the front like a general inspecting his line of battle. A fall of snow came the night after he took charge of the department, and at three o'clock in the morning, in his long military cloak and slouch-hat, he sallied forth to direct the attack with shovel and cart, achieving results which amazed the citizens, who had never before seen the streets systematically and speedily cleared of snow. Touched by the sight of working-women wetting their feet and skirts in snow and slush on their way to and from their daily tasks, Colonel Waring gave particular attention to carting away the snow from the thoroughfares of the tenement-house districts. Only a short time elapsed after the white-duck street-cleaners were sneeringly nicknamed "Waring's Angels" before rich and poor alike had reason to regard them as angels of mercy.

Colonel Waring's call to go to Havana in order to report on the sanitary condition and improvement of that pest-ridden city came as the order to advance under fire to a soldier. The prompt response was made like a soldier, and also the sacrifice.

WARING.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

BRAVE was that earliest song of our English race,
Of the Dragon-Slayer, who died by the dragon's breath;
Glad of his clear deeds done, he laughed in the eyes of Death,
Facing the stony Face.

Brave by the blue North Sea!—Nor thou less brave,
Thou Fever-Slayer, yet slain by the breath abhorred;
Spirit that forthright flashed, like the straight-blade Saxon sword;
Soldier who died to save!

THE TATTLING WITCH.

BY MAUDE CALDWELL PERRY.

WITH PICTURES BY HENRY McCARTER.

"For it is well known that the shame of a man's sin liveth while he liveth."—OLD ANNALIST.

I.

HE runs along the desert rim,
  A leopard's pelt his girth,
  And red as ruddy earth
The long and slender shape of him.

II.

A lissome witch beside him runs;
  All yellow is her skin,
  And dead her hair, and thin,
Bleached in a thousand thousand suns.

III.

One leprous finger follows back
  To where a crimson stain
  Steeps on the blistered plain,
And oozes slow across the track.

IV.

She laughs because he will not see.
"Between the day and night
I 'll turn thy young beard white—
I heard the slung stone sing," quoth she.

V.

A tear falls just before he turns.
"Yon shadowy dune beside
I take another guide
That knows not!" Dry his eyelid burns.

VI.

Beside the shadowy dune they rest,
And all the while he sleeps
The witch the night-fire keeps
Beneath a red moon in the west.

VII.

With morning wind another 's there;
A moment, bone to bone,
They whisper, crone and crone,
And gibber in their hempy hair.

VIII.

"He slung the killing stone in wrath:
Now, till by day and night
His young beard turneth white,
Drag we the man-blood on his path!"

IX.

Then with the wind the first witch flies.
The second mutters fell:
"To-night one more I tell,"
And wakes him with her stealthy eyes.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"'I TOOK MY OWN HEAD ABOUT BOOKS, AND HAD MY FIRST GREAT ORGY OF THE RUSSIANS.'"

"A TOUCH OF SUN."

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,
Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "The Chosen Valley," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

MR. THORNE had changed his seat, and the sound of a fresh chair creaking under his comfortable weight was a touch of commonplace welcomed by his wife with her usual laugh, half amused and half apologetic.

"Why do you go off there, Henry? Do you expect us to follow you?"

"There 's a breeze around the corner of the house!" he ejaculated fervently.

"Go and find it, then; we do not need you. Do we?"

"*I* need him," said the girl, in her sweetest tones. "He helped me once, without a word. It helps me now to have him sitting there—"

"Without a word!" Mrs. Thorne irrepressibly supplied.

"Why can't we let her finish?" Thorne demanded, hitching his chair into an attitude of attention.

It was impossible for Miss Benedet to take up her story in the key in which she had left off. She began again rather flatly, allowing for the chill of interruptions:

"To go back to that summer; I was in my sixteenth year, and the policy of expansion was to have begun. But father's health broke, and mama was traveling with him and a cortège of nurses, trying one change after another. It was duller than ever at the ranch. We sat down three at table in a dining-room sixty feet long, Aunt Isabel Dwight, Fräulein Henschel, and myself. Fräulein was the resident governess. She was a great, soft-hearted, injudicious creature, a mass of German interjections, but she had the grand style on the piano. There had been weeks of such weather as we are having now. Exercise was impossible till after sundown. I had dreamed of a breath of freedom, but instead of the open door I was in straiter bonds than ever.

"I revolted first against keeping hours. I would not get up to breakfast, I refused to study, it was too hot to practise. I took my own head about books, and had my first great orgy of the Russians. I used to lie beside a chink of light in the darkened library and read, while Fräulein in the music-room held orgies of her own. She had just missed being a great singer; but she was a master of her instrument, and her accompaniments were divine. What voice she had was managed with feeling and a pure method, and where voice failed her the piano thrilled and sobbed, and broke in chords like the sea.

"I can give you no idea of the effect that Tolstoi, combined with Fräulein's music, had upon me. My heart hung upon the pauses in her song; it beat, as I read, as if I had been running. I would forget to breathe between the pages. One day Fräulein came in and found me in the back chapters of 'Anna Karénina.' She had been playing one of Lizst's rhapsodies—the twelfth. Waves of storm and passion had been thundering through the house, with keen little rifts of melody between, too sweet almost to be endured. She was very negligée, as the weather obliged us to be. Her great white arms were bare above the elbow, and as wet as if she had been over the wash-tub.

"'That is not a book for a *jeune fille*,' she said.

"I was in a rapture of excitement; the interruption made me wild. 'All the books are for me,' I told her. 'I will read what I please.'

"'You will go mad!'

"I went on reading.

"'You have no way to work it off. You will not study, you cannot sing, you write no letters, the mother does not believe—'

"'Do go away!' I cried.

"'—in the duty to the neighbor. Ach! What will you do with the whole of Tolstoi and Turgenieff shut up within you?'

"'I can ride,' I said. 'If you don't want me to go mad, leave me in the evenings to

myself. Take my place in the carriage with Aunt Isabel, and let me ride alone.'

"Fräulein had lived in bonds herself, and she had the soul of an artist. She knew what it is, for days together, to have barely an hour to one's own thoughts; never to step out alone of a summer night, after a long, hot, feverish day. She let me go with old Manuel, the head groom, as my escort. He was no more hindrance to solitude than a pine-tree or a post.

"The reading and the music and the heat went on. I was in a fever of emotion such as I had never known. Fräulein perceived it. She recommended 'My Religion' as an antidote to the romances. I did not want his religion! I wanted his men and women, his reading of the human soul, the largeness of incident, the sense of time and space, the intricacy of family life, the problems of race, the march of nations across the great world-canvas.

"I rode—not alone, but with the high-strung beings that lived between the pages of my books: men and women who knew no curb, who stopped at nothing, and who paid the price of their passionate mistakes. Old Manuel, standing by the horses, looked strange to me. I spoke to him dramatically, as the women I read of would have spoken. Nothing could have added to or detracted from his own manner. He was of the old Spanish stock, but for the first time I saw his picturesqueness. I liked him to call me 'the Niña,' and address me in the third person with his eyes upon the ground.

"All this was preparatory. It is part of my defense; but do not forget the heat, the imprisonment, the sense of relief when the sun went down, the wild, bounding rapture of those night rides.

"One evening it was not Manuel who stood by the horses in the white track between the laurels. It was a figure as statuesque as his, but younger, and the pose was not that of a servant. It was the stand-at-ease of a soldier, or of an Indian wrapped in his blanket in the city square. This man was conscious of being looked at, but his training, of whatever sort, would not permit him to show it. Plainly the training had not been that of a groom. I was obliged to send him to the stables for his coat, and remind him that his place was behind. He took the hint good-humoredly, with the nonchalance of a big boy condescending to be taught the rules of some childish game. As we were riding through the woods later I caught the scent of tobacco. It was my groom smoking. I told him he could not smoke and ride with me. He threw away his cigarette and straightened himself in the saddle with such a smile as he might have bestowed on the whims of a child. He obeyed me exactly in everything, with an exaggerated, ironical precision, and seemed to find amusement in it. I questioned him about Manuel. He had gone to one of the lower ranches; would not be back for weeks. By whose orders was he attending me? By Manuel's, he said. He must then have had qualifications.

"'What is one to call you?' I asked him.

"He hesitated an instant. 'Jim is what I answer to around here,' said he.

"'What is your *name?*' I repeated.

"'The lady can call me anything she likes,'—he spoke in a low, lazy voice,—'but Dick Malaby is my name.'

"We have better heroes now than the Cheyenne cow-boys; but I felt as a girl to-day would feel if she discovered she had been telling one of the men of the *Merrimac* to ride behind!"

"They would not need to be told," Mrs. Thorne interjected.

"No; that is the difference: but discipline did not appeal to me then; recklessness did. Every man on the place had taken sides on the Wyoming question; feeling ran high. Some of them had friends and relatives among the victims. Yet this man in hiding had tossed me his name to play with, not even asking for my silence, though it was the price of his life, and all in a light-hearted contempt for the curious ways of the 'tony set,' as he would have called us.

"I signed to him one evening to ride up. 'I want you to talk to me,' I said. 'Tell me about the cattle war.'

"'Miss Benedet forgets—my place is behind.' He touched his hat and fell back again. Lesson for lesson—we were quits. I made no further attempt to corrupt my own pupil.

"We rode in silence after that, but I was never without the sense of his ironical presence. I was conscious of showing off before him. I wished him to see that I could ride. Fences and ditches, rough or smooth, he never interfered with my wildest pace. I could not extract from him a look of surprise, far less the admiration that I wanted. What was a girl's riding to him? He knew a pace—all the paces—that I could never follow. I felt the absurdity of our mutual position, its utter artificiality, and how it must strike him. In the absence of words between us, externals spoke with greater force. He had the Greek line of head and

throat, and he sat his horse with a dare-devil repose. The eloquence of his mute attitudes, his physical mastery of the conditions, his strength repressed, tied to my silly freaks and subject to my commands, while his thoughts roamed free! That was the beginning. It lasted through a week of starlight and a week of moonlight—lyric nights with the hot, close days between; and each night an increasing interest attached to the moment when he was to put me on my horse. I make no apology for myself after that.

"One evening we approached a gate at the farther end of our longest course, and the gate stood open. He rode on to close it. I stopped him. 'I am going out,' I said. It was a resolution taken that moment. He held up his watch to the light, which made me angry.

"'Go back to the stables,' I said, 'if you are due there. *I* don't want to know the time.'

"He brought his horse alongside. 'Where is Miss Benedet going, please?'

"'Anywhere,' I said, 'where it will be cool in the morning.'

"'Miss Benedet will have a long ride. Does she wish for company?'

"I did not answer. Something drove me forward, though I was afraid.

"'Outside that gate,' he went on quietly, '*I* shall set the pace, and I do not ride behind.' Still I did not answer. 'Is that the understanding?'

"'Ride where you please,' I said.

"After that he took command, not roughly or familiarly, but he no longer used the third person, as I had instructed him, in speaking to me. The first time he said 'you' it sent the blood to my face. We were far up the mountain then, and morning was upon us.

"I wish to be definite here. From the moment I saw him plainly face to face the illusion was gone. Before, I had seen him by every light but daylight, and generally in profile. The profile is not the man. It is the plan in outline, but the eyes, the mouth, tell what he has made of himself. So attitude is not speech. As a shape in the moonlight he had been eloquent, but once at my side, talking with me naturally—I need not go on! From that moment our journey was to me a dream of horror, a series of frantic plans for escape.

"All fugitives on the coast must put to sea. The Oakland ferry would have answered my purpose. I would never have been seen with him in the city—alive.

"But at Colfax we met your husband. He knows—you know—the rest."

In thinking of the one who had first pitied her, pity for herself overcame her, and the proud penitent broke down.

Mr. and Mrs. Thorne sat in the shy silence of older persons who are past the age of demonstrative sympathy. The girl rose, and as she passed her hostess she put out her hand. Mrs. Thorne took it quickly and followed her. They found a seat by themselves in a dark corner of the porch.

"Your poor, good husband—how tired he is! How patiently you have listened, and what does it all come to?"

"Think of yourself, not of us," said Mrs. Thorne.

"Oh, it 's all over for me. I have had my fight. But you have *him* to grieve for."

"Shall you not grieve for him yourself a little?"

The girl sat up quickly.

"If you mean do I give him up without a struggle—I do not. But you need not say that to him. I told him that it was all a mistake; I did not—do not love him."

"How could you say that—"

"It was necessary. Without that I should have been leaving it to his generosity. Now it remains only to show him how little he has lost."

"But could you not have done that without belying yourself? You do—surely you still care for him a little?"

"Insatiate mother! Is there any other proof I can give?"

"Your hand is icy cold."

"And my face is burning hot. Good night. May I say, 'Now let thy servant depart in peace'?"

"I shall not know how to let you go tomorrow, and I do not see, myself, why you should go."

"You will—after I am gone."

"My dear, are you crying? I cannot see you. How cruel we have been, to sit and let you turn your life out for our inspection!"

"It was a free exhibition! No one asked me, and I did not even come prepared, more than seven years' study of my case has prepared me.

"I was a child; but the fault was mine. I should have been allowed to suffer for it in the natural way. No good ever comes of skulking. But they hurried me off to Europe, and began a cowardly system of concealment. They made me almost forget my own misconduct in shame for the things they did by way of covering it up. My mother never took me in her arms and cried over my disgrace. She would not speak of it, or allow

me to speak. Not a word nor an admission; the thing must be as though it had never been!

"They ruined Dick Malaby with their hush-money. They might better have shot him, but that would have made talk. My father died with only servants around him. Mama could not go to him. She was too busy covering my retreat. Oh, she kept a gallant front! I admired her, I pitied her, but I loathed her policy. Does not every girl know when she has been dedicated to the great god Success, and what the end of success must be?

"I told mama at last that if she would bring men to propose to me I should tell them the truth. Does Lord So-and-so wish to marry a girl who ran away with her father's groom? That was the breach between us. She has thrown herself into it. She is going to marry a title herself, not to let it go out of the family. Have you not heard of the engagement? She is to be a countess, and the property is controlled by her, so now I have an excuse for doing something."

"My dear!" Mrs. Thorne took the girl's cold hands in hers. "Do you mean that you are not your father's heiress?"

"Only by mama's last will and testament. We know what that would be if she made it now!"

"It was *then* you came home?"

"It was then, when I learned that one of my rejected suitors was to become my father. He might be my grandfather. But let us not be vulgar!"

"Are n't you girls going to bed to-night?" Mr. Thorne inquired, with his usual leaning toward peace and quietness. "You can't settle everything at one sitting."

"Everything is settled, Mr. Thorne, and I am going to bed," said Miss Benedet.

Mrs. Thorne did not release her hands. "I want to ask you one more question."

"I know exactly what it is, and I will tell you to-morrow."

"Tell me now; it is perfectly useless going to your room; the temperature over your bed is ninety-nine."

"The question, then! Why did I allow your son to commit himself in ignorance?"

"No, *no!*" Mrs. Thorne protested.

"Yes, yes! You have asked that question, you must have. You are an angel, but you are a mother, too."

"I have asked no questions since you began to tell your story; but I have wondered how Willy could have found courage, in one week, to offer himself to such gifts and possessions as yours."

"A mother, and a worldly mother!" Miss Benedet apostrophized. "I did not look for such considerations from you. And you are troubled for the modesty of your son?"

"My dear, he has nothing, and he is—of course we think him everything he should be—but he is not a handsome boy."

"Thank Heaven, he is not."

"And he does not talk—"

"About himself. No."

"Ah, you do care for him! You understand him. You would—"

Miss Benedet rose to her feet with decision.

"You have not answered my question," the unconscionable mother pursued. "Does he know—is it known that you are not the great heiress your name would imply?"

"Everything is known," said the girl. "You do not read your society column, I see. Six weeks ago you might have learned the fate of my father's millions."

She stood by the balustrade and leaned out under the stars, taking a deep breath of the night's growing coolness. A rose-spray touched her face. She put it back, and a shower of dry, scented petals fell upon her breast and sleeve.

"There is always one point in every true story," she said in a tired voice, "where explanations cease to explain. The mysteries claim their share in us, deny them as we will. I don't know why it was, but from the time I threw off all that bondage to society and struck out for myself, I felt made over. Life began again with life's realities. I came home to earn my bread, and on that footing I felt sane and clean and honest. The question became not what I am or was, but what could I do? I discussed the question with your son."

"You discussed!"

"We did, indeed. We went over the whole field. East and west we tested my accomplishments by the standards of those who want teachers for their children. I have gone rather further in music than anything else. Even Fräulein would hardly say now I lacked an outlet. I was working things off one evening on the piano—many things beyond the power of speech—the help of prayer, I might say. There were whispers about me already in the house."

"What *do* you mean?"

"People talking—my mother's old friends. It was rather serious, as I had been thinking of their daughters for pupils. I thought I was alone, but your son—the 'boy,' as you call him—was listening. He came and stood beside me. For a person who does not talk

he can make himself quite well understood. I tried to go on playing. My blinded eyes, the wrong notes, told him all. I lay and thought all night, and asked myself, why might I not be happy and give happiness, like other women of my age. I denied to my conscience that I was bound to tell him, since I was not, never had been, what that story in words would report me. Why should I affect a lie in order literally, vainly to be honest? So a day passed, and another sleepless night. And now I had his image of me to battle with. Then it became impossible, and yet more necessary, and each day's silence buried me deeper beyond the hope of speech. So I gave it up. Why should he have in his wife less than I would ask for in my husband? I want none of your experienced men. Such a record as his, such a look in the eyes, the expression unawares of a life of sustained effort—always in one direction—"

A white arm in a black sleeve pointed upward in silence.

"And you would rob him of his reward?" said the mother, in a choked voice.

"Mrs. Thorne! Do you not understand me? I am not talking for effect. But this is what happens if one begins to explain. I did not come here to talk to you for the rest of my life! It was your sweetness that undid me. I will never say again what I think of parents in general."

"MAGGIE, do you know what time it is?" a suppressed voice issued an hour later from that part of the house supposed to be dedicated to sleep. "Are you going to sit up till morning?"

"I am looking for my letter," came the answer in a tragic whisper.

"What letter?"

"My letter to Willy, that you would n't let me read to you last night."

"You don't want to read it to me now, do you?"

There was no reply. A careful step kept moving about the inner rooms, newspapers rustled, and small objects were lifted and set down.

"Maggie, do come to bed! You can't mail your letter to-night."

"I don't want to mail it. I want to burn it. I will not have it on my conscience a moment longer—"

"I wish you 'd have me on your conscience! It 's after one o'clock." The voices were close together now, only an open door between the speakers.

"Won't you put something on and come out here, Henry? There is a light in Ito's house. I suppose you would n't let me go out and ask him?"

"I suppose not!"

"Then won't you go and ask if he saw a letter on my desk, sealed and addressed?"

Mr. Thorne sat up in bed disgustedly. "What is Ito doing with a light this time of night?"

"Hush, dear; don't speak so loud. He 's studying. He 's preparing himself to go into the Japanese navy."

"He is, is he! And that 's why he can't get us our breakfast before half-past eight. I 'll see about that light!"

"The letter, the letter!" Mrs. Thorne prompted in a ghostly whisper. "Ask him if he saw it on my desk—a square blue envelop, thin paper."

The studious little cook was seated by a hot kerosene-lamp, at a table covered with picture-papers, soft Japanese books, and writing-materials. He was in his stocking-feet and shirt-sleeves, and his mental efforts appeared to have had a confusing effect on his usually sleek black hair, which stood all ways distractedly, while his sleepy eyes blinked under Mr. Thorne's brusque examination.

"I care fo' everything," he repeated, eliminating the consonants as he slid along. "Missa Tho'ne letta—all a-ready fo' mail—I putta pos'age-stamp, gifa to shif'-boss. I think Sa' F'a'cisco in a mo'ning. I care fo' everything!"

"Ito cares for everything," Mr. Thorne quoted, in answer to his wife's haggard inquiries. "He stamped your letter and sent it to town yesterday by one of the day-shift men."

"Now what shall be done!" Mrs. Thorne exclaimed tragically.

"I know what *I* shall do!" Mr. Thorne wrapped his toga around him with an air of duty done. But a husband cannot escape so easily as that. His ministering angel sat beside his bed for half an hour longer, brooding aloud over the day's disaster, with a rigid eye upon the question of personal accountability.

"If you had not stopped me, Henry, when I tried to confess about my letter! There 's no time for the truth like the present."

"My dear, when a person is telling a story you don't want to interrupt them with quibbles of conscience; if it made it any easier for her to think us a little better than we are, why rob her of the delusion?"

"I shall have to rob her of it to-morrow. To think of my sitting there, a whited

sepulcher, and being called generous and forbearing and merciful, with that letter lying on my desk all the time!"

"It would be lying there still except for an accident. She will see how you feel about it. Give her something to forgive in you. Depend upon it, she 'll rise to the occasion."

As the mother passed her guest's room next morning she paused and looked remorsefully at the closed door.

"I ought to have told her that we never shut our doors. She must be smothered. I wonder if she can be asleep."

Mr. Thorne went on into the dining-room. Mrs. Thorne knocked, in a whisper as it were. There was no answer. She softly unlatched the door, and a draft of air crept through, widening it with a prolonged and wistful creak. The sleeper did not stir. She had changed her pillows to the foot of the bed, and was lying in the full light, with her window-curtains drawn. In all the room there was an air of abandonment, an exhausted memory of the night's despairing heat. Mrs. Thorne stepped across the matting, and noiselessly bowed the shutters. A dash of spray from the lawn-sprinkler was spattering the sill, threatening to dampen a pile of dainty clothing laid upon a chair. She moved the chair, looked once more at the lovely dark-lashed sleeper, and left her again in peace.

Beside her plate at the breakfast-table there was a great heap of roses, gathered that morning, her husband's usual greeting. She praised them as she always did, and then began to finger them over, choosing the finest to save for her guest. Rare as they were in kind, and opened that morning, there was not a perfect rose among them. Each one showed the touch of blight in bloom. Every petal, just unclosed and dewy at the core, was curled along the edges, scorched in the bud. It was not mildew or canker or disease, only "a touch of sun."

"I won't give them to her," said the mother; "they are too like herself."

She saw her husband go forth into the heat again, and blamed herself, according to her wont of a morning after the night's mistakes, for robbing him of his rest and heaping her self-imposed burdens upon him. He laughed at the remorse tenderly, and brushed away the burdens, and faced the day's actualities with the not too fine remark, "I must go and see what 's loose outside."

Everything was "loose" apparently. Something about a "hoist" had broken in the night, and the men were still at work without breakfast, an eighteen-hour shift. The order came for Ito to send out coffee and bread and fruit to the famished gang. Ito was in the lowest of spirits; had just given his mistress warning that he could not stay. The affair of the letter had wounded his susceptibilities; he must go where he would be better understood. All this in a soft, respectful undertone, his mistress trying to comfort him, and incidentally hasten his response to the requisition from outside. At eleven o'clock Mr. Thorne sent in a pencil message on a card: "I shall not be home to lunch. Does she want to get the 12:30 train?" Mrs. Thorne replied in the same manner, by bearer: "She did, but she is asleep. I don't like to wake her."

The darkened house preserved its silence, a restless endurance of the growing heat. Mrs. Thorne, in the thinnest of morning gowns, her damp hair brushed back from her powdered temples, sat alone at luncheon. Ito had put a melancholy perfection into his last salad. It was his valedictory.

She was about to rise when Miss Benedet came silently into the room with her long, even step. Her dark eyes were full of sleep. Mrs. Thorne rang, and began to fuss a little over her guest to cover the shyness each felt at the beginning of a new day. They had parted at too high a pitch of expression to meet again in the same emotional key.

Miss Benedet looked at the clock, lifting her eyebrows wearily. "I have lost my train," she remarked, but added no reproaches. "Is there an evening train to the city?"

"Not from here," Mrs. Thorne replied; "but we could send you over to Colfax to catch the night train from there. I hoped we could have you another day."

"That would be impossible," said Miss Benedet; "but I shall be giving you a great deal of trouble."

"Oh, no; it is only ten miles. Mr. Thorne will take you; we will both take you. It is a beautiful drive by moonlight through the woods. Was I wrong not to call you?"

"If you were, you will be punished by having me on your hands this long, hot afternoon. I ought to have gone last night. When one has parted with the very last bit of one's self, one should make haste to remove the shell."

"Then you would have left me with something remaining on my mind, something I must get rid of at once. Come, let us go where we cannot see each other's faces. I am deeply in the wrong concerning you."

Mrs. Thorne went on incriminating herself so darkly in her preface that when she came to the actual offense her confessor smiled. "I am so relieved!" she exclaimed. "This is much more like real life. I felt you must be keeping something back, or, if not, I could never live up to such a pitch of generosity. I am glad you did not reach it all at once."

"But what becomes of the truth—the story as it should have been told to Willy? Oh, I have sinned, for want of patience, of faith—not against you, dear, but my son!"

After a silence Miss Benedet said: "Now for the heart of my own weakness. Suppose I had a hope. Suppose that I laid the responsibility upon you, the parents, hoping that you would decide for happiness, mere happiness, without question of desert or blame. And suppose you had defended me to him. Would that have been best? Where then would be his cure? Now let us put away all cowardice, for him as well as for ourselves. Happiness for him could have but one foundation. You have told him the facts; if he cannot bear them as all the world knows them, that is his cure. I thank you. You knew where to put the knife."

"Oh, but this is cruel!" said the mother. "I don't want to be your judge. You have had your punishment, and you took it like a queen. Now let us think of Willy!"

"Please!" said the girl. "I cannot talk of this any more. We must stop sometime."

The time of twilight came; the gasping house flung open doors and windows to the night. Mr. Thorne pursued his evening walk alone among the fruits and vegetables, counting his egg-plants, and marking the track of gophers in his rows of artichokes. The women were strolling toward the hill. Miss Benedet had put on a cloth skirt and stiff shirt-waist for her journey, and suffered from the change, but did not show it. Her beauty was not of the florid or melting order. Mrs. Thorne regarded her inconsolably, noting with distinct and separate pangs each item of her loveliness, as she moved serene and pale against the dark, resonant green of the pines. They followed a foot-path back among the trees to a small gate or door in the high boundary-fence. Mrs. Thorne tried it to see if it were locked.

"Willy used to live, almost, on this hill when he came out for his vacations." She spoke dreamily, as if thinking aloud. "He slept in that tent. It looks like a little ghost to me these nights in the moonlight, the curtains flap in such a lonely way. That gate was his back door through the woods to town. His wheel used to lean against this tree. I miss his fair head in the sun, and his white trousers springing up the hill. But one cannot keep one's boy forever. You have made him a man, my dear."

The mother put out her hand timidly. She had ventured on forbidden ground once more. But she was not rebuffed. The girl's hand clasped hers and drew it around a slender waist, and they walked like two school friends together.

"I cannot support the idea that you will never come again," mourned the elder. "It is years since I have known a girl like you—a girl who can say things. I can make no headway with girls in general. They are so big and silent and athletic. They wear pins and badges, and belong to more *things* than I have ever heard of!"

Miss Benedet laughed. "I am silent, too, sometimes," she said.

"But you are not dense!"

"I 'm afraid you go very much to extremes in your likes and dislikes, dear lady, and you are much younger than I, you know."

"I am quite aware of that," said Mrs. Thorne. "You have had seven years of Europe to my twenty of Cathay."

"Dear Cathay!" the girl murmured, with moist eyes; "I could live in this place forever."

"Where have you lived? Tell me in how many cities of the world."

"Oh, a great many—all the big ones. We were two years in Vienna. I worked there. I was a pupil of Leschetizky."

"What!"

"Did I not tell you? I can play a little."

"A little! What does that exactly mean?"

"It means too much for drawing-room music, and not enough for the stage."

"You are not thinking of that, are you?"

"Why that voice of scorn? Have I hit upon one of your prejudices?"

"I am dreadfully old-fashioned about some things—publicity, for instance."

"It depends upon the kind, does n't it? But you will never hear of me on the concert stage. Leschetizky says I have not the repose I might have had. He is very clever. There was a shock, he says, to the nerve-centers. They will never again be quite under control. It is true. At this moment I am shivering within me because I must say good-by to one I might have had all my life for a friend. Was it so?"

"It is so. My dear, if you mean me, I love you!"

"Call me Helen, then. You said 'my dear' before you knew me."

"Before I meant it?"

"I WONDER who can be arriving. That is the carriage I came out in last night."

A light surrey with two seats passed below the hill, and was visible an instant against a belt of sky.

"It is going to stop," said Mrs. Thorne. "Suppose we step back a little. I shall not see visitors to-night. Very likely it is only some one for Mr. Thorne."

A tall young man in traveling-clothes stepped out upon the horse-block, left his luggage there, and made ten strides up the walk. They heard his step exploring the empty piazzas.

"It is Willy!" said Mrs. Thorne, in a staccato whisper.

"Then good-by!" said Miss Benedet. "I will find Mr. Thorne in the garden. Dearest Mrs. Thorne, you must let me go!"

"You will not see him? Not see Willy!"

"Not for worlds. He must not know that I am here. I trust you." She tore herself away.

Mrs. Thorne stood paralyzed between the two—her son advancing, and her fleeing guest.

"Willy!" she cried.

Her tall boy was bending over her. Once more the high, fair head, the smooth arch of the neck, which she could barely reach to put her arms about it.

"Mother!" The word in his grave man's voice thrilled her as once did the touch of his baby hands.

"I am afraid to look at you, my son. How is it with you?"

"I am all right, mother. How are things here?"

"Oh, don't speak of us! Did you get my letter?"

"This morning."

"And you read it, Willy?"

"Of course."

There was a silence. Mrs. Thorne clasped her son's arm and leaned her head against it.

"I am sorry you worried so, mother."

"What does it matter about me?"

"I am sorry you took it so hard—because—I knew it all the time."

"You knew it! What do you mean?"

"A nice old lady told me. She was staying in the house. She cornered me and told me a long story—the day after I met Miss Benedet."

"What an infamous old woman!"

"She called herself a friend of yours, warned me for your sake, she said, and because she has sons of her own."

"Oh! Has she daughters?"

"Two—staying in the house."

"I see. She told it brutally, I suppose?"

"Quite so."

"Worse than I did, Willy?"

William the Silent held his peace.

"You did not believe it? How much of it did you believe?"

"Mother," he said, "do you think a man can't see what a girl is?"

"But what do you know about girls?"

"Where is she?"

"What!"

"Where is Helen? The man from Lord's said he brought her out here last night."

"Did you not get her letter?" Mrs. Thorne evaded.

"Where shall I find her?"

"Willy, I am a perjured woman! I have been making mischief steadily for two days."

"You might as well go on, mater." Willy beamed gravely upon his mother's career of dissimulation.

"Don't, for pity's sake, be hopeful! She said she would not see you for worlds."

"Then she has n't gone."

Willy took a quick survey of the premises. He had long gray eyes and a set mouth. He saw most things that he looked at, and when he aimed for a thing he usually got somewhere near the mark.

"She is not in the house," he decided; "she is not on the hill—remains, the garden."

MRS. THORNE stood alone, meditating on Miss Benedet's trust in her. She saw her husband, her stool of repentance and her mercy-seat in one, plodding toward her contentedly across the soft garden ground, stepping between the lettuces, and avoiding the parsley bed. He knocked off a huge fat kitchen weed with his cane.

"Where is that girl?" he said. "It's time you got your things on. We ought to be starting in ten minutes."

"If you can find Willy you 'll probably find 'that girl'!" Mrs. Thorne explained, and then proceeded to explain further, as she walked with her husband back to the house.

"Well," he summed up, "what is your opinion of the universe up to date? Got any faith in anything left?"

THE END.

GORDON'S REPRIEVE.[1]

BY GERTRUDE POLAND GREBLE.

COLONEL BRACE sat at his table writing, his legs incased in furs, his heavy military cloak slipping from one stalwart shoulder. Rays of pale sunlight, filtering through the single dingy pane at his side, lightened the gloom of the log hut sparingly, and rested with feeble warmth upon his pain-seamed features. Outside, at intervals, the crunching step of a sentinel could be heard; in the tiny camp-stove green cottonwood logs hissed an angry remonstrance to the caresses of a feeble flame. The scratching of the pen was the only other sound that disturbed the frost-bound silence.

The officer continued his work with an uninterrupted frowning intentness till a bugle, clamoring harshly across the crisp stillness of the afternoon, sounded the call to stables; then he laid down his pen, folded the closely written sheets in methodical military fashion, and paused to watch the rough antics of the soldiers as they turned out, muffled beyond recognition, in answer to the summons. When they had tramped away in the direction of the corral he gathered his cloak about him, reached for a pair of canes which lay on the bunk beside him, drew himself painfully to his feet, opened the door, and called:

"Orderly!"

"Yes, colonel." The man sprang toward him, one hand at the vizor of his coonskin cap.

"Take these despatches to the quartermaster and ask him to look them over. Find the adjutant, give him my compliments, and tell him I wish to see him. When you have finished, go to your supper. I shall not want you till after retreat."

The man saluted and started down the line. The colonel, steadying himself against the framework of the cabin, closed the door and stepped out upon the path.

At the beginning of the campaign, when the mass of troops had been hurried to the seat of the Indian troubles, the War Department had ordered a battalion of infantry to the vicinity of the R—— Agency, in the hope that the presence of the soldiers might prevent the disaffection of its still neutral tribes. To this out-of-the-way pocket among the hills the little force had accordingly made its way, and here for the last five weeks it had remained, holding in check, by the mere moral force of its trained fighters, the savage hordes who waited, like hounds in leash, for the fortunate moment when they too might join in the rebellion. Buffeted by the storms of an unusually severe winter, and apparently forgotten,—save when its transportation was wrested from it to meet the more pressing demands in the north,—the situation of the command had become increasingly difficult.

As he stood there, leaning on his canes, the mask of chieftainship for the moment dropped, and an irrepressible anxiety betrayed itself upon the colonel's haggard face. Daily, in spite of protests, he had seen his rations

[1] At the request of the author, the editor desires to state that this story was accepted by THE CENTURY MAGAZINE long before the publication, in "The Black Cat" for May, 1897, of a story entitled "A Modern Goliath," with a similar motive.

lowered and his wagons taken away. Though the Indians had become openly sullen and vicious, appeals for reinforcements had remained unheeded, and the climax which the events of the last twenty-four hours had thrust before him was one which even he could not coolly contemplate. An unprejudiced observer must have found something depressing in the situation of the little camp, hemmed in on three sides by jagged foot-hills, on the fourth facing a reach of prairie, snow-covered and unbroken, except for the indentations of the river-bottom. To the eye of the veteran, weakened by illness, burdened by responsibility for the safety of his handful of men in the face of overpowering odds, and harassed by a compulsory inactivity at a time when instinct bespoke action as the only proper course, every undulation seemed fraught with hidden danger. He sighed impatiently, and turned his attention to the more immediate details of his surroundings.

To the right and left, projecting some distance toward the front, were the ends of the barricade which protected the camp on three sides, and which had been built with great labor from the cord-wood piled upon the river-bank. Between these were the lines of the respective companies, the tents pitched so close from lack of room that the guy-ropes crossed and recrossed in the spaces between their walls. They looked gray and dingy beside the newly fallen snow, and the canvases strained at their fastenings with every gust of wind. In the rear the fires from the cook-tents were sending up columns of smoke, which mounted high into the clear air, blurring the purity of the sky. Opposite and nearer was the guard-tent, the sergeant in charge stamping up and down as he chatted with the bugler of A Company, who was warming the mouthpiece of his instrument in his hand preparatory to sounding retreat.

As the last notes of the first call died away a tent-flap in the officers' row swung hastily open, and a fur-enveloped form advanced.

"Pleasant prospect, is n't it?" said a deep voice when the figure had come within earshot. "Jones said you wanted me. There 's bound to be something wrong when a man in your condition takes to admiring the landscape. Shall I order out the men for fatigue?"

The speaker's tone was full of cheerful unconcern, the last words ended in a laugh, and the cloud upon the colonel's face lightened. Then he laid his hand for a moment on the other's arm. "Come in, Jack; come in," he said, and hobbled inside.

The acquaintance of the two men dated from their entrance into the academy. Years of service spent shoulder to shoulder, amid the stress of early frontier warfare, had cemented a friendship based upon mutual admiration and respect. Kane followed his chief into the cabin with a face full of compassion, but he said nothing. Instead, he shook himself out of his furs, seated himself on a box beside the stove, and began coaxing the hissing logs into a flame. That done, he busied himself with the filling and lighting of a small brier-wood pipe.

The colonel was the first to break the silence.

"Jack," he said abruptly, "unless we can get help the jig 's up; we 're done for!"

The younger man started, drew a long whiff from the newly lighted pipe, and, satisfied as to its condition, flung the stump of the match into the stove. "We 've been in the devil of a mess for some time," he said coolly; "is it anything new?"

The colonel nodded.

"It 's the crisis. Just before stables a courier arrived—the only one of three started by General B—— that got through; the other two were shot at the Bend five miles up the trail. The whole outfit at Three Forks is moving. They can't spare us any wagons, and they want us, unless the situation is desperate,"—he laughed grimly,—"to hold out!"

"Well?"

"Well, this morning Two Bears, who is still friendly, sent to warn me that day after to-morrow these tribes intend to cut us off. There are forty-five hundred of them, Kane, and I have in all a little over two hundred men. We have only five days' rations left. Even if we stand them off successfully, which I doubt, they can starve us out in a week. If we don't get reinforcements there can be but one ending."

Kane gave a low whistle.

"We must send for help," he said decisively. "If a messenger gets through, a forced march will bring reinforcements from L—— by to-morrow night. It 's a desperate chance, but our only one."

"It is a desperate chance," said the colonel. "The Indians, of course, know by this time of the death of those men. They will be prepared for something of the sort, and keep a close watch upon the road. The man who makes the venture will take his life in his hand." He leaned back wearily in the

creaking chair, and the fire, flaring up with sudden strength, revealed the pallor which had overspread his face.

Kane puffed away in silence.

"Only the right man should be allowed to go," he observed presently, "and to find him it may be best to trust to volunteers. You will keep the matter secret, I imagine," he added parenthetically; "it 's hardly worth while to let the men know more than they need. They have stood enough already during this infernal trip."

Brace nodded.

"It might be better to send two men by different routes," he observed thoughtfully, after an interval.

Kane laid down his pipe and rested his elbows on his knees.

"You might send one ahead as a decoy," he suggested. "Let him go early by Jet Pass, and start the man you depend on at midnight, telling him to follow the river road. The snow has blown off it in most places, and it is not as likely to be guarded as the mail route. Brace," he added earnestly, "I should be glad if you would give me permission to go myself."

The colonel started.

"Stuff!" he said hurriedly; "your duty lies here. I can't get on without you. Besides, you 're too heavy. It needs a youngster, light and wiry, a good rider, one who knows the country well—" He stopped short, and his eyes met Kane's with sudden suggestiveness. "Good Lord!" he muttered, "if I only dared!"

Kane drew his breath sharply and dropped his pipe.

"Try it!" he exclaimed suddenly, with a ring in his voice, "try it, for God's sake! He 's cut out for it. He rides like an Indian and knows the country as well as any frontiersman. If he lives, it 's his professional salvation; if he dies, he will die a soldier's death—a far better thing for him than life, shadowed as his must henceforth be."

The person referred to was their junior lieutenant, Richard Gordon. He had come into the regiment under exceptionally pleasant circumstances. He was the son of an old tent-mate of Brace's, and his mother, as Kane knew, was the only woman who had ever exerted any decided influence over the colonel. From the day he had reported, walking into the office with a letter from that recently widowed lady commending her son to his charge, the colonel's interest in the lad had amounted to a passion. And the boy had seemed quite worthy of it. He was a fine shot and a crack cross-country rider, carrying off the honors in many a hardly contested race. He had seemed to hold his regiment's honor second only to that of his country, and was full of eagerness to add to the renown of a name made famous by a long line of soldier ancestors. Merry, generous, and honorable, there had been nothing to prepare his comrades for the inexplicable occurrence which had closed his brief career.

For the twentieth time, in the pause which followed Kane reviewed the circumstances which had preceded it. He recalled Gordon's excitement over rumors of approaching trouble; his enjoyment of each detail of preparation when their marching orders came; the eagerness with which he had anticipated an engagement; the enthusiasm with which he had taken command of a detachment on the morning of their encounter with the enemy. Half an hour later he had been found, white and helpless, beside the bodies of some dead soldiers, his men waiting vainly, and in consternation, for the orders which should have led them forward. That evening Kane had been sent to demand the boy's sword. Subsequent investigation had only increased the severity of the charge against him. The regiment's record had been an exceptional one; his cowardice had changed victory into a barely averted defeat; his disgrace had laid a blot upon the regimental honor; and Kane suspected the severity of the blow to the colonel from the fact that even to him the lad's name had never been mentioned since the issuing of the order necessary for his arrest.

Brace broke the silence jerkily.

"Think of his mother! think of his mother!" he said under his breath. "He 's all she 's got!"

The stem of Kane's pipe snapped suddenly under his clenched teeth.

"The woman is a soldier's daughter," he said; "she would be the last to bid him stay. And even if it were not so,"—his voice grew slow and stern,—"for the Lord's sake, George, don't let such a consideration as that stand in the boy's way! Think of him! Think of his future, ridiculed by the men, despised by his comrades, branded as a coward before the world! Give him a last chance to wipe out this awful stain—with his blood if necessary. If he refuses to take it he will meet his deserts, and go down like the cur he will have proved himself to be. If he succeeds, no one can breathe a word against him; the past will be forgiven and

forgotten, and he will return an honorable man."

The colonel drew a deep breath, opened his mouth as if to speak, eyed his adjutant curiously, and yielded.

"Have it as you will," he said desperately, "but remember, if evil comes to him I shall never forgive myself. However," he added, his face brightening involuntarily, "he may refuse."

Kane laughed shortly, rose, and began pulling on his coat.

"He 'll not refuse," he said grimly; "I 'll see that he does n't!"

"What horse can he take?"

"My own—the Rajah; Gordon has raced him often. He has tremendous endurance and is accustomed to heavy roads. If you have no further orders I had better go—"

The colonel detained him by a gesture.

"I know you 're right, Jack," he said humbly, half apologetically—"you 're right; but I love the boy like a son. His disgrace almost broke my heart. I can't bear to send him on such an errand as this."

The adjutant pulled the vizor of his cap lower over his eyes.

"Of course," he said, and then gently—his hand was on the latch—"don't bother, George, I understand!"

The tent which Kane sought stood at the end of the line, slightly apart from the rest. Its occupant, sitting dejectedly on his low camp-bed, sprang up as the adjutant entered, saying involuntarily, though he stood at attention:

"Oh, is it you, lieutenant?"

"Yes, my boy," answered the officer, an unaccustomed tenderness in his tone: rapid as the change had been, he had noted the lad's attitude. He laid his hand, not unkindly, on the youngster's shoulder, but his expression was more critical than charitable. Face to face with the experiment, he experienced an ugly doubt as to the success of his self-imposed task, and unconsciously his manner grew a little hard.

Gordon felt it. As their glances met, he moved restively under Kane's hand, the flush of pleasure faded, and his face took on a hunted, sullen look, oddly at variance with his blond boyish beauty. In the pause which followed, his companion had time to note the changes which the strain of the last few weeks had wrought,—the uneasy, shifting glance, the sad droop of the mouth, the apathetic bearing,—changes the more pitiful because so foreign to the boy's nature.

The older man's face softened.

"Sit down, Dick," he said gently. "We have had important news this afternoon. It will take some time to explain matters"; and placing the lantern so that its light fell full upon the lad's face, he seated himself, and began feeling his way carefully toward the climax of the situation.

At first Gordon heard him passively. Gradually, as Kane proceeded, his excitement betrayed by the tremor of his usually quiet voice, it dawned upon the boy that there must have been some special motive for the visit. He caught his breath, listening with an intensity which seemed fairly to drag the words from the other's lips—words spoken more and more slowly, and with heavier emphasis, till Kane leaned forward, saying in a husky whisper:

"It will take a youngster, light and wiry, a good rider, one who knows the country well." He stopped, his eyes full of mute appeal.

The boy's face had whitened.

"A youngster," he repeated mechanically with dry lips; "a good rider! I 'm that—" Then he shrank back trembling. "Ah," he cried desperately, "why have you come here? Why, in God's name, have you come to tell me this?"

Kane's figure rose suddenly to its full height. Reaching out his long arm, he caught the lad by the collar and jerked him to his feet.

"You contemptible cur!" he hissed, shaking the slight form to and fro in the violence of his anger, "you contemptible, cowardly cur! You must go! Do you hear? You must!" He let go his hold and stepped back, still, stern, relentless.

Gordon stared at him dully.

"I go?" he muttered, raising his hand to his head in the effort to comprehend. "You have come here to tell me I may go? I—I—am to be trusted on such an errand as this! Oh,' he cried, suddenly breaking down, "don't trifle with me! I don't deserve much, but I can't stand that!" Then, looking in his friend's face, he saw the truth. He trembled violently, and falling on his knees by the bed, burst into tears.

For a moment Kane stood there silent; then he laid his hand awkwardly, but with a touch of great tenderness, on the bowed head. "Boy, boy," he muttered, "God bless you!" and raising the canvas softly, he stepped outside, leaving the lad alone.

From Gordon's tent the adjutant went to the corral to give the orders for his horse. He walked rapidly, his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his coat.

The camp, vaguely outlined, dark, save where an occasional deserted fire shed a glow upon the drifts beside it, lay like some sleeping monster on the blank white plain. The wind, rising fitfully, swept through the bottom in wailing murmurs, rattled the bare limbs of the cottonwoods, and flung the snow in stinging crystals against Kane's face. On the prairie, at intervals, the yapping cry of a coyote answered the deep howl of a prairie-wolf. The dreariness of the scene thrust itself upon the officer like an omen, and he paused to cast an anxious glance at the horizon,—the foot-hills stood out black and distinct against a starlit sky,—and with a sigh of relief he answered the challenge of a sentinel and moved forward.

The next two hours were passed in a final consultation with the colonel, and the selecting and despatching of the decoy—a mustang-mounted half-breed, from whose cunning Kane hoped much. It was nearly eleven before he found himself once more before Gordon's tent.

When he entered, the lad was seated on the side of the bed, examining a brace of pistols.

"Your striker brought these down just now," he said, looking up gratefully. He was fully equipped, lightly but warmly clothed, and beside him on the blanket was a packet tied with tape, sealed and addressed. This he presently handed to Kane, saying, as he satisfied himself with regard to the condition of his weapons:

"It 's to mother. I 've told her all about it. I never could before." He laid down the pistols and began filling his belt with cartridges. "If I should not come back," he continued, "I want to feel that you will take it to her, and tell her about to-night, and—whatever there may be to tell. Do you think," he went on after a pause, "that the colonel would be willing to see me? I have never seen him since—that morning, and there is something I should like to say to you both."

Kane nodded, and waited, silent, till the boy had collected the last things, then, side by side, the pair made their way to the commander's cabin.

After the first greetings silence fell on the three men. Brace had not seen Gordon since that awful moment when, with a face almost as white as the lad's own, he had sent him to the rear. Kane, never quite able to rid himself of the conviction that there must be an explanation for the boy's conduct, suspected that the chief's harshness had risen from a secret mistrust of his own feelings, but to Gordon his unbending severity had been the hardest trial of all. The boy's voice trembled when he spoke.

"I want first, sir," he said, "to thank you for your goodness in giving me this chance. It 's more than I expected. It 's more than I had a right to expect, and because you 've done it I can't help thinking I must have thought you harder on me than you were."

"Sit down," said the colonel, briefly. He turned so that his face was in the shadow, and the boy went on:

"I 've wanted to explain to you ever since the day of the fight, but you did n't give me a chance. Besides, it 's an explanation a court would hardly accept, and I was afraid you might n't believe it; but now—" he raised his hand with a sudden gesture of appeal—"now, when I 'm going away, and I may be talking to you for the last time, you 'll believe me, and think the best you can of me, I feel sure." Then sitting down on the edge of the camp-bed, booted and spurred for his wild ride, he told them, briefly and simply, the story of his downfall. As he finished, a horse's hoofs clicked on the path outside. He looked from one to the other of his silent hearers, a vague disappointment in his eyes. Then he took out his watch. "There 's my horse, colonel," he said quietly.

The colonel raised his head with a long sigh, and rose.

"There are your despatches," he said, taking an envelop from the table. "I give you no orders; only get them through. Our lives are in your keeping." Then he laid his hands gently, almost solemnly, on the young subaltern's shoulders. "God keep you!" he said wistfully. Their glances met, and in the sudden shadowing of the keen, kind eyes Gordon read his forgiveness.

No one who has once felt the charm of those desolate Northern plains is ever quite insensible to its influence. As the horse trotted away, swift and noiseless in the yielding snow, the young lieutenant's naturally buoyant disposition asserted itself. He drew a deep breath and patted the Rajah's neck. "Bravo, old boy!" he said exultingly. "We 've done it often for fun; we 'll do it now in earnest!" Then, as the horse floundered down the side of a ravine to the bed of the river, he shortened his stirrups, gripped his pistols, and realized that he was fairly launched upon the adventure.

The river road, as Kane had said, was for the

most part free from snow, and the horse was able, without difficulty, to keep up the stride which had made him famous. It carried them forward swiftly till Gordon saw by certain landmarks that their first great danger had ended. Another interval, and a branching trail turned to the right and entered the hills. It was a short cut, rarely used, saving twenty miles of winding along the river. Gordon guided the Rajah into it, drew rein to let the animal recover his wind, struck a match, and pulled out his watch. "Twenty minutes to three," he muttered complacently; "fifteen miles done, and the best of the night before us!" He settled himself in the saddle, dropped the reins upon the horse's neck, and let the sagacious beast take his own time. Then his mind reverted to the events of the evening.

His confession had brought him a wonderful sense of relief. Physical inability to bear the sight of blood, inherited, uncontrollable, had from boyhood afflicted him with a depressing sense of inferiority. Since his entrance into the army he had concealed it as a weakness ridiculous to the verge of shame, but the possibility of its interfering with the performance of his duty had, oddly enough, never occurred to him till the moment of that first awful test upon the battle-field. He shivered even now at the recollection. Despite the misery of the weeks which had intervened, its anguish remained supreme; he could still see that poor, stricken wretch at his side moan and gag as the blood poured over his face and blotted out his features. The sight had caused him no consciousness of fear, only an agonizing weakness, at the mere memory of which the sweat started. He bared his head to the cold and turned to the thought of pleasanter things—the expression of Kane's face at parting and the close pressure of his hand.

His progress over a snow-covered, boulder-strewn path was slower than he had anticipated, and when he again reached the open country he cast an anxious glance toward the east. The darkness was less dense. He could already in fancy distinguish the bluff on which the fort was built, and between it and him lay the camps of the hostile Indians.

He dismounted, tightened the girths, and washed out the Rajah's mouth with water from his canteen. "Now, old boy," he said, setting his foot in the stirrup. The animal laid back his ears and pawed the ground impatiently, and a moment later horse and rider were speeding across the prairie. As they went, half a dozen dusky figures, indiscernible in the dim light, stole from the brush by the river-bank, and settled like hounds upon their trail.

After that first wild rush the boy reined in his steed to a steadier pace. Dusk had changed to dawn, and the post was only a short distance away when he drew rein for the last time. On the horizon to the right and left the camps of the hostiles showed like brown blots against the sky; before him, wind-swept and free from snow, stretched the broad level used during the last season as the race-course of the fort's garrison. He marked its blankness thankfully, then a sudden instinct turned him to the road over which he had come, and he uttered an exclamation. The snow had muffled the sound of hoof-beats—his pursuers were close upon him! A bullet whistled by his ear as they scattered to surround him; they were too many for resistance. His one chance of safety lay in flight.

A sudden fierce joy thrilled through Gordon's veins. Ahead, outlined against the sky, lay the old goal; before him, almost at his feet, was the beginning of the old home stretch, the scene of so many contests, of so few defeats; and under him was the same good horse! Fate herself had flung him a challenge this time—a challenge supreme, with life and honor and the safety of his friends for its stake. He bent, gripping the reins close to the horse's neck, and the Rajah quivered under the pressure of his master's knees; the hoof-beats were growing louder, the same fever was in the veins of both. A wild exultation filled the boy's heart; the Rajah's breath struck in a frozen mist against his face; the old loved rhythm of hoofs and rushing wind was in his ears; he drew up his knees and leaned close—so, in the old days, they had been wont to win the finish.

The pace was tremendous. Looking back, Gordon found he had gained perceptibly; they were not, however, out of rifle-range, and he urged the horse to greater speed. As he did so, the foremost Indian raised his gun, and a bullet, humming under Gordon's elbow, plowed its way raggedly along the Rajah's neck. The horse swerved slightly in his tracks, but there was no slackening of his stride. The wound was superficial, and Gordon remained for the moment ignorant of what had happened. His eyes were fixed on the road ahead, every nerve tense with the effort to avoid a misstep. Suddenly he looked down.

A shrinking horror overspread the boy's

face, and he caught his breath. He fought bravely, trying to fix his attention on the path, on the prairie, on the walls of the fort, now so near that he could distinguish the individual buildings. It was useless; his gaze returned, dragged back with an irresistible fascination, to the wound and the sheet of red slowly soaking the horse's side.

He shut his teeth hard. Here, on the threshold of his triumph, the old demon had him in its clutches! With a supreme intensity of purpose he forced himself to realize all that his failure must mean. Dimly, as through a maze, he heard the chief's voice calling, "I give you no orders; only get them through."

The road grew black before him. With a last effort he leaned forward and wound his arms about the horse's neck. There was blood, blood, everywhere. He smelled its sickening odor in the steam which came from the animal's hide; his gloves became saturated with it. His jaws shut convulsively. In his agony he was only vaguely aware of the whistling of bullets, the labored breathing of the horse, and now a sudden sharp pain in his side.

The loosened rein, the unaccustomed weight about his neck, proved the last straw to the Rajah's failing endurance. His stride slackened, and the Indians, seeing it, hailed the lessening distance to their prey with yells which pierced more and more loudly through Gordon's flagging consciousness.

The effect was unexpected. Hitherto overcome by his own weakness, he had entertained no doubt of the Rajah's victory. The unforeseen danger did for him what no effort of his own had succeeded in doing. It was as if a new element had entered into the contest. Slowly, feebly, with the perspiration dripping from his forehead, he raised himself in the saddle to drive his spurs into the horse's sides. The Rajah answered with a final burst of speed; foam dripped from his jaws; he was running with pounding jerks. The boy looked about him desperately for some last chance of escape.

The road made a sudden bend and stretched straight to the gates of the fort. A little to the right stood a clump of bushes bedded in a mass of sandstone; in the days of their steeplechasing it had marked the beginning of the home stretch, and at the sight of it, like an inspiration, the memory of the Rajah's habits flashed into Gordon's mind. As he dashed around the curve, the boy took out his despatch-case and fastened it to the ring of his saddle. Then he glanced over his shoulder; he was, for the moment, hidden from his pursuers' view; and coming abreast of the bushes, he gave the Rajah a vicious cut with the reins and flung himself from the saddle.

The horse, relieved of his burden, dashed forward toward the gate which led to his old stable in the corral. Gordon crawled into the thicket and waited. The sense of ignominious helplessness which had burdened him in the past had vanished, never to return. Weak still, and growingly aware of an odd throbbing agony in his side, contact with the cold snow had cleared the last mists from his brain. He gripped his pistols firmly as he faced the advancing figures, mentally reserving a bullet for himself in case they should force his stronghold.

Suddenly his pursuers scattered to the right and left. The gates of the stockade had opened, and a squad of cavalry came through them. The black horse, recognizing his associates, stopped, and Gordon saw the troopers gather around him. Presently a soldier led him into the fort, and the others came forward toward the boy's hiding-place. He sprang to his feet and rushed out upon the road. "Saved!" he cried, tears of excitement streaming down his face; "dear God, saved and free!"

He stood a moment, his arms outstretched to the advancing men, a great rush of triumph filling his soul.

A silver ribbon of smoke mounted into the air on the plain behind him, a parting shot cut the glittering stillness. He uttered a cry and fell, his face illumined by the joy of his victory, while the stealing sunlight changed the shadows about him to the white splendor of a winter day.

Half an hour later he opened his eyes to stare vaguely at the whitewashed walls of his room in the hospital. He glanced in wonder from them to his blood-stained bandages and the surgeon in attendance. The clatter of hoofs outside roused him to a sudden and more vivid interest. The doctor was a man who had seen service and proved his mettle on various fields, but there was a certain inflection of reverence in his voice when he answered the unspoken inquiry in the lad's face.

"They are starting the reinforcements for your colonel," he said, "and you are to make yourself quite easy. General B—— told me to tell you there was no doubt they would get there in time."

OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

FOURTH PAPER.

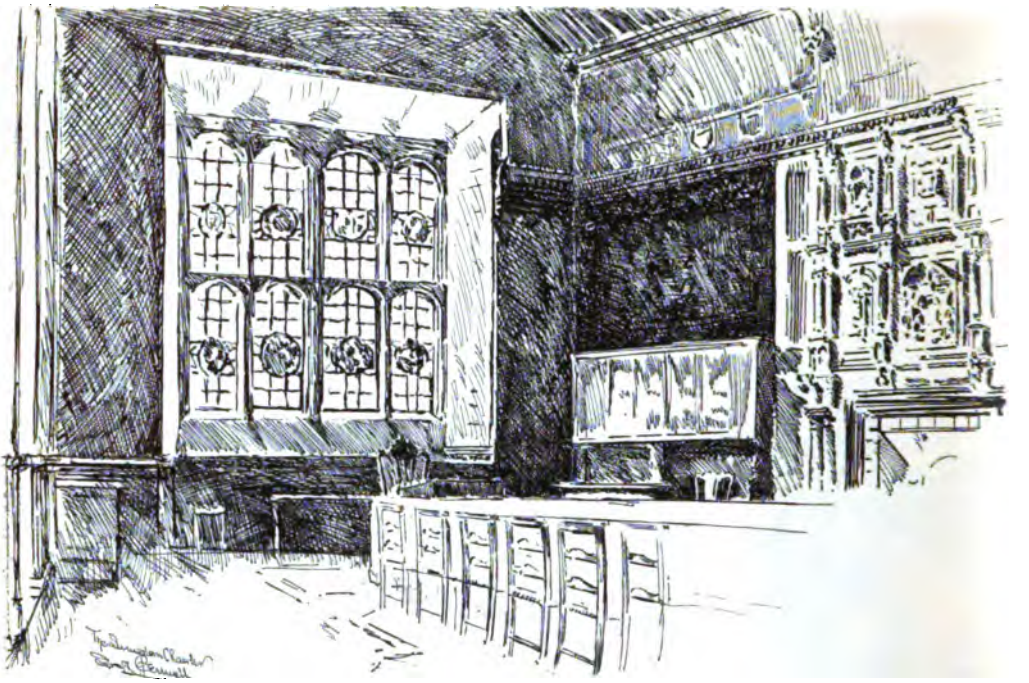
XIII. THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY.

LET us not forget that with the march of these events a march of ideas proceeded, of no less interest for mankind. The slow fluctuations of the war from Edgehill to Marston left room for strange expansions in the sphere of religion, which were quite as important as the fortune of battle itself. The Solemn League and Covenant in the autumn of 1643, and the entry of the Scots upon the scene, gave a new turn to religious forces, and ended in a remarkable transformation of political parties. We have already seen the break-up of the Parliament, in the year before the raising of the royal standard, into Royalist on the one hand and non-Episcopalian on the other. Now occurred a further division. Every war tends to create a peace party, even if for no other cause, from the innate tendency of men to take sides. By the end of the year of Marston Moor, political differences of opinion upon the terms of peace had become definitely associated with the religious difference between Presbyterian and Independent. The Presbyterians were the peace men, and the Independents were for relentless war until the ends of war were gained. Henceforth these are the two great party names, and of the Independents Cromwell's energy and military success rapidly made him the most powerful figure. When it was that Cromwell embraced Independent views of church organization, we cannot with precision tell. He deferred signing the Presbyterian Covenant as long as possible (February, 1644), and he was to show himself in later years as indifferent to details of church government as he was to the endless series of propositions for peace with the king, or the early proposals for constitutional reform, which were so fruitless at the time, and remain so infinitely tiresome since. He was against exclusion and proscription, but on grounds of policy, and from no reasoned attachment to the ideal of a free church. He had a kindness for zealots, because zeal, enthusiasm, even fanaticism, was in its best shape his own temper, and even in its worst shape promoted or protected his own policy. In other words, his was the practical character, in the sense, that is, that he first asked about a thing whether it helped or hindered some other thing being done. Even men who did not like Independents perceived that the Independent Thorough marked the true course. The fact that the Presbyterians were the peace party was quite enough to make Cromwell Independent. When his policy of war yet hung in the balance, it was the Independents who, by their action, views, and temper, created his opportunity. By their fervor and sincerity they partly impressed him with their tenets, and opened his mind to a range of new ideas that lay beyond their own. Three months before Marston he had made the side he took so clear as to be called the "great Independent."

A grander intellect than Cromwell's was, in the sphere of the idealist, at the same time making the same advance. Near the end of 1644 was published "Areopagitica," that noble plea for human freedom, in which, among other things of deeper and more durable concern, Milton now pronounced bishops and presbyters to be just the same to him both in name and thing—each a dominion no better than the other, and neither of them a friend to the seeker after truth. Nor was it only among the master spirits that ancient landmarks were swiftly disappearing. The flames of fanaticism were blazing with a fierceness not congenial to the English temper, and that has hardly possessed Englishmen before or since. It was not merely that controversy was rough and coarse, though it was not much less coarse in Puritan pulpits than it had ever been on the lips of German friars or Jesuit polemists in earlier stages. In Burton's famous sermon,

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

CROMWELL DRILLING HIS TROOPERS.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER, WESTMINSTER.

for which he suffered punishment so barbarous, he calls the bishops Jesuitical polypragmatics, antichristian mushrooms, factors for Antichrist, dumb dogs, ravening wolves, robbers of souls, miscreants. Even the august genius of Milton could not resist the virulent contagion of the time. As difficulties multiplied, coarseness grew into ferocity. The fiery rage of the old Red Dragon of Rome itself, or the wild battle-cries of Islam, were hardly less appalling than these dark transports of Puritan imagination. Even prayers were often more like imprecation than intercession. When Montrose lay under sentence of death, he declined the offer of the Presbyterian ministers to pray with him, for he knew that the address to Heaven would be: "Lord, vouchsafe yet to touch the obdurate heart of this proud, incorrigible sinner, this wicked, perjured, traitorous, and profane person, who refuses to harken to the voice of thy kirk." It was a day of wrath, and the gospel of charity was for the moment sealed.

The ferment was tremendous. Milton, in striking words, shows us how London of that time (1644), the city of refuge encompassed with God's protection, was not busier as a shop of war, with hammers and anvils fashioning out the instruments of armed justice, than it was with pens and heads sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, and revolving new ideas, or others fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. Another observer, of a different spirit, tells how hardly a day passed (1646) without the brewing or broaching of some new opinion. People are said to esteem an opinion mere diurnal—after a day or two scarce worth the keeping. "If any man have lost his religion, let him repair to London, and I 'll warrant him he shall find it. I had almost said, too, and if any man has a religion, let him come but hither now, and he shall go near to lose it." Well might the zealots of uniformity tremble. Louder and more incessant, says Baxter, than disputes about infant baptism or antinomianism, waxed their call for liberty of conscience, that every man might preach and do in matters of religion what he pleased. All these disputes, and the matters of them, formed a focus in the Westminster Assembly of Divines.

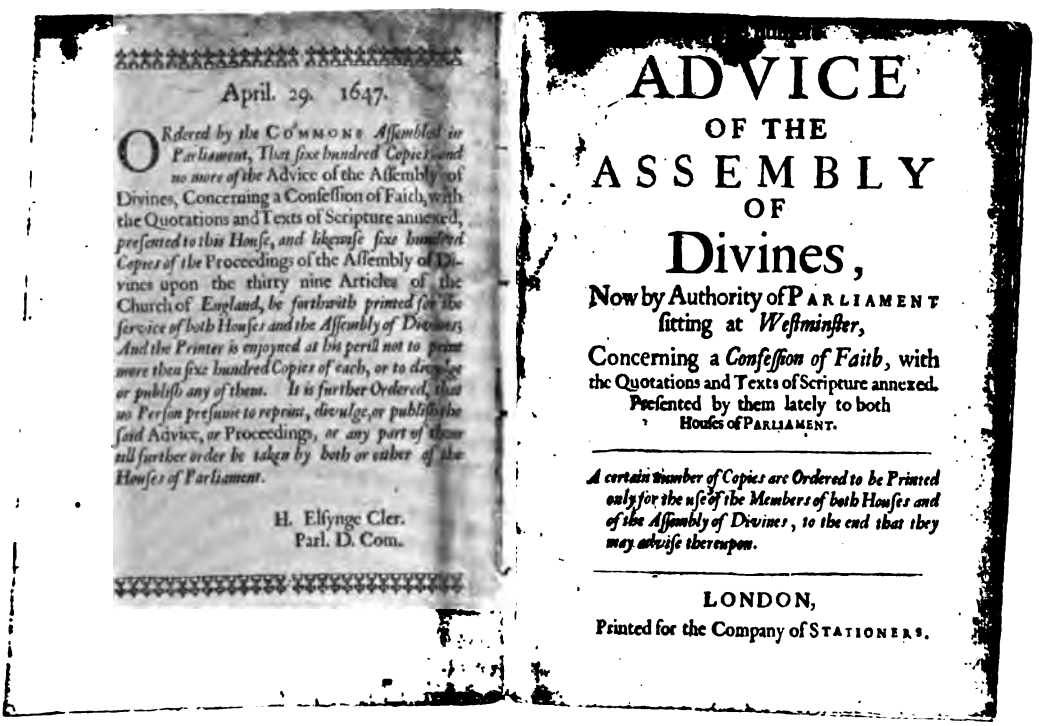
THE only great Protestant council ever assembled on English soil has, for various reasons, lain mostly in the dim background of our history. Yet it is no unimportant chapter in the eternal controversy between spiritual power and temporal, no transitory bubble in the troubled surges of the Reformation. Dead are most of its topics, or

else, in the ceaseless transmigration of men's ideas as the ages pass, its enigmas are now propounded in many altered shapes. Still, as we eye these phantoms of old debate, and note the faded, crumbling vesture in which once vivid forms of human thought were clad, we stand closer to the inner mind of the serious men and women of that time than when we ponder political debates either of soldiers or of Parliament. In a Puritan age citizenship in the secular state fills a smaller space in the imaginations of men than the mystic fellowship of the *civitas Dei*, the city of God; hence the passionate concern in many a problem that for us is either settled or indifferent. Nor should we forget, either, what is a main element in the natural history of intolerance, that in such times error ranks as sin, and the most monstrous shape of sin.

In the first year of the Long Parliament men had desired a general synod of pious, learned, and judicious divines, both home and foreign, to consider the discipline, liturgy, and government of the Church of England. It was not until the summer of 1643 that this synod was appointed by the Parliament. It was nominally composed of one hundred and fifty members, including not only Anglicans, but Anglican bishops, and comprehending, besides divines, ten lay peers and twice as many members of the other house. The Anglicans never came, or else they immediately fell off; the laymen, with the notable exception of Selden, took but a secondary part; and it became essentially a body of divines, some seventy in number, mainly Presbyterian, and all deeply imbued with Calvinism. Episcopacy had been abolished, and the chief question was what form of church government to instal in its place.

The Assembly was simply to advise. Parliament had no more intention of letting the divines escape its own direct control than Henry VIII or Elizabeth would have had. The Assembly was the creature of a parliamentary ordinance. To Parliament it must report, and without assent of Parliament its proceedings must come to naught.

They first met in Henry VII's Chapel (July 1, 1643), but when the weather grew colder they moved into the Jerusalem Chamber—that Old-World room, where anybody apt, "in the spacious circuit of his musing," to wander among far-off things may find so many memorable associations, and none of them more memorable than this. For most



April. 29. 1647.

Ordered by the COMMONS Assembled in Parliament, That five hundred Copies, and no more of the Advice of the Assembly of Divines, Concerning a Confession of Faith, with the Quotations and Texts of Scripture annexed, presented to this House, and likewise five hundred Copies of the Proceedings of the Assembly of Divines upon the thirty nine Articles of the Church of England, be forthwith printed for the service of both Houses and the Assembly of Divines; And the Printer is enjoyned at his peril not to print more than five hundred Copies of each, or to divulge or publish any of them. It is further Ordered, that no Person presume to reprint, divulge, or publish the said Advice, or Proceedings, or any part of them till further order be taken by both or either of the Houses of Parliament.

H. Elsynge Cler.
Parl. D. Com.

ADVICE
OF THE
ASSEMBLY
OF
Divines,
Now by Authority of PARLIAMENT
sitting at *Westminster*,
Concerning a *Confession of Faith*, with
the Quotations and Texts of Scripture annexed.
Presented by them lately to both
Houses of PARLIAMENT.

A certain number of Copies are Ordered to be Printed only for the use of the Members of both Houses and of the Assembly of Divines, to the end that they may advise thereupon.

LONDON,
Printed for the Company of STATIONERS.

FROM A COPY OF THE FIRST EDITION IN THE LIBRARY OF THE UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, NEW YORK.

THE WESTMINSTER CONFESSION OF FAITH—FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST AND LAST PAGES.

of five years and a half they sat—over one thousand sittings. On five days in the week they labored from nine in the morning until one or two in the afternoon. Each member received four shillings a day, and was fined sixpence if he was late for prayers at half-past eight. Not seldom they had a day of fasting, when they spent from nine to five very graciously. "After Dr. Twisse had begun with a brief prayer, Mr. Marshall prayed large two hours most divinely. After, Mr. Arrowsmith preached one hour, then a psalm, thereafter Mr. Vines prayed near two hours, and Mr. Palmer preached one hour, and Mr. Seaman prayed near two hours, then a psalm. After, Mr. Henderson brought them to a short, sweet conference of the heart confessed in the Assembly, and other seen faults to be remedied, and the convenience to preach against all sects, especially Baptists and Antinomians." Debate proceeded by parliamentary rules. They harangue long and very learnedly, says Baillie, studying the questions beforehand, and preparing their speeches; "but withal they are prompt and well spoken, and I do marvel at the very accurate and extemporal replies that many of them do usually make." But their prolixity, he says, beat even the Council of Trent, and that, too, with church and kingdom lying in open confusion. The divines knew they were setting up a scheme of worship and discipline for all time to come, and they insisted on examining every point solidly and at their leisure.

There were learned scholars and theologians, but no governing churchman of the grand type rose up among them—nobody who at the same time comprehended states and the foundation of states, explored creeds and the sources of creeds, knew man and the heart of man. No Calvin appeared, nor Knox, nor Wesley, nor Chalmers. Alexander Henderson was possessed of many gifts in argument, persuasion, counsel, but he had not the spirit of action and command. Sincere Presbyterians of to-day turn impatiently aside from what they call the miserable logomachies of the Westminster divines. Even in that unfruitful gymnastic, though they numbered pious and learned men, they had no athlete. They made no striking or original contribution to the strong and compacted doctrines of Calvinistic faith. To

FROM A MINIATURE BY SAMUEL COOPER AT MONTAGU HOUSE. BY PERMISSION OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.

JOHN MILTON.

turn over the pages of Lightfoot's journal of their proceedings is to understand what is meant by the description of our seventeenth century as the middle ages of Protestantism. Just as medieval schoolmen discussed the nature and existence of universals in one century, and the mysteries of immortality and a superhuman First Cause in another century, so now divines and laymen discussed predestination, justification, election, reprobation, and the whole unfathomable body of theological metaphysics by the same method —verbal logic drawing sterile conclusions from unexplored authority.

The two most momentous questions of the age, Uniformity and Toleration, were forced into full view, and issues opened of the first magnitude. If this were a general history we should have to inquire what are the true principles of religious freedom, what multifarious causes have promoted them, and what schools of thought have done most to embody them in modern society. As it is, the questions at Westminster were narrower. Ought the state to associate itself with one common rule of religious ordering and belief? Ought it to tolerate the practice of any other particular form, or the practice of all forms indifferently? The Presbyterian majority answered the questions in principle just as Laud or the Pope would have answered them—one church, one uniform rule and no other. Covenanted uniformity was the key to their ideals; they held in equal horror popish prelacy on one side and Protestant schism on the other.

It was now that Cromwell began to stand out as the champion of the other way. He had inspired an order in Parliament (September, 1644) recommending an accommodation between the two parties in the Assembly, or else the seeking of a way by which tender consciences unable to submit to the common rule should be borne with. His authority after Marston Moor carried it; but as the military impression faded, the accommodation order was left a dead letter.

FROM THE MINIATURE AT WINDSOR CASTLE, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

THOMAS, LORD FAIRFAX.

Not less powerful in fact than either the Presbyterian theory or the Independent was that other doctrine named with dubious propriety from the renowned Thomas Erastus, the Swiss physician and divine, who had died at Heidelberg in 1583. What Erastus actually intended to teach does not concern

us here. The Erastians, who vexed the souls of the orthodox at Westminster, as do the bearers of the same ill-omened nickname to this day, were men who upheld the authority of the civil magistrate in the sphere of spiritual interests, and limited the powers of church officers to teaching and persuasion. No doctrine offended the Presbyterian more. The minority again urged that to set up a national synod for church purposes would be destructive to the civil state, and Selden brought all his learning and acuteness to the same view, that church supremacy must be the foe of political freedom. Yet even the least illiberal among them were strong that the magistrate beareth not the sword for naught. So far from accommodation drawing nearer, the breach widened as time went on, and by 1645 its repair was hopeless.

A deliberative assembly tends to make party spirit obdurate. "Oh, what may not pride do!" cries Baxter; "and what miscarriages will not faction hide!" The Reconcilers, who called for unity in necessary things, liberty in things indifferent, and charity in all things, could not be heard. The result, instead of a moderate settlement on the basis of toleration, was the transfer of the open quarrel to the army, and the end of that quarrel, when it came, was ruin to both sides, Presbyterian and Independent alike.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALKER & BOUTALL OF THE ORIGINAL IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY. BORDER BY F. C. GORDON.

SIR WILLIAM WALLER.

WE need not follow the vicissitudes of party, or the changing shadows of military and political events as they fell across the zealous scene. One incident must be noted. While Presbytery had been fighting its victorious battle in the Jerusalem Chamber, the man whose bad steering had wrecked his church was sent to the block. The execution of Archbishop Laud (January 10, 1645) is the best of all the illustrations of the hard temper of the time. Laud was more than seventy years old. He had been for nearly five years safe under lock and key in the Tower. His claws were effectually clipped, and it was certain that he would never again be able to do mischief, or if he

were, that such mischief as he could do would be too trivial to be worth thinking of in sight of such a general catastrophe as could alone make the old man's return to power possible. The execution of Strafford may be defended as a great act of retaliation or prevention, done with grave political purpose. So, plausibly or otherwise, may the execution of King Charles. No such high considerations justify the execution of Laud, several years after he had committed the last of his imputed offenses and had been stripped of all power of ever committing more. It is not necessary that we should echo Dr. Johnson's lines about Rebellion's vengeful talons seizing on Laud, and Art and Genius weeping round his tomb; but if we rend the veil of romance from the Cavalier, we are bound not to be overdazzled by the halo of sanctity in the Roundhead.

FROM A PRINT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

SIR JACOB ASTLEY, AFTERWARD LORD ASTLEY.

In January, 1645, Parliament, by resolution, definitely adopted Presbyterianism as the national substitute for Episcopacy, though it was not until March, 1646, that the new system was established by ordinance. In January, 1645, the Westminster Directory of Worship was adopted, and a few months later the use of the Prayer-book was made penal even in private houses. In the autumn of 1646 Episcopacy was abolished by Parliament, and, what was still more important, the church lands were ordered to be sold for the public use. That uniformity which had rooted itself in Scotland, and had been the center of the Solemn League and Covenant, was now nominally established throughout the island. But in name only. It was soon found, in the case of church and state alike, that to make England break with her history is, as it has ever been in all her ages, a thing more easily said than done.

The Westminster divines went plowing manfully through their Confession of Faith until the end of the year. They were far from accepting Bishop Hall's proposition that the most useful of all books of theology would be one with the title of "De paucitate credendorum"—of the fewness of the things that a man should believe. After long and tough debates about the

decrees of election, they had duly passed the heads of Providence, Redemption, Covenant, Justification, Free Will, and a part of Perseverance. But they were still haunted by the red specter of Toleration, the burning question that severed parties. The Independents had advanced a demand for toleration not only for themselves, but even for all the other sects (November, 1645). With horror the Presbyterians saw schisms and heresies, for want of saving discipline, daily increasing in every corner of the land. Never, they exclaimed, in the history of man and churches had blasphemy been so rampant; yet they beheld the sectarian party persisting in their infatuations, and joined with Erastian lawyers in persuading Parliament to spoil that scheme of church government which, they were very sure, would soon have made an end of the scandalous scene.

FROM THE PORTRAIT AT HINCHINBROOK, BY STONE, AFTER VAN DYCK. BY PERMISSION OF THE EARL OF SANDWICH. BORDER DRAWN BY F. C. GORDON.

WILLIAM LAUD, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

One vastly important fact survived, and still abides. The Assembly, as has been pointedly said, though called by an English Parliament, held on English ground, and composed of English divines, with only a few Scotsmen among them, still, as things turned out, existed and labored mainly for Scotland. In England the Presbyterian system struck no abiding root. Why Presbyterianism, which at one time seemed to attract so many leading minds in England, should with such rapidity have lost its chance as a solution of church difficulties is an interesting political question, which deserves more attention than it seems to have received. But the formularies of doctrine, discipline, and church government, the Confession of Faith, and the catechisms, settled by the Westminster Assembly, and ratified by the Long Parliament, are still the standards not only of the Church of Scotland, but of the great body of Presbyterian churches grouped all over the English-speaking world, and numbering many millions of strenuous adherents. The effect of familiarity with the Shorter Catechism upon the intellectual character of the Scottish peasantry, and the connection between Presbyterian government and a strongly democratic turn of thought and feeling in the community, are accepted commonplaces. Perhaps this fruit of the labors of the Westminster Assembly, appraise it as we may, was in one sense the most lasting and positive product of the far-famed Long Parliament that set it up and controlled it.

TOLERATION rapidly became the fighting issue, and Cromwell was the man of action who did most to make it so. A long series of controversies as to what a man ought to believe was in England, as elsewhere, followed, as the result of events, by another series as to the right way of treating differences of belief. What is the true form of church government—prelacy, Presbytery, Independency? Ought the bishop or the synod to have coercive jurisdiction against the outward man, his liberty, life, or estate? Ought the state to impose one form of church government upon all citizens, or to leave to free choice, or to favor one form, but without compulsion on dissidents? Ought the state to proscribe or punish the practices of any church, or adhesion to any faith?

This great group of questions, one following another, arose upon the very threshold of the Reformation. Of all the changes that have swept in turn the minds of men, none is more striking than the decline in the demand

or hope for religious uniformity. Variation is now as widely accepted as unity ever was. Toleration has become a standard commonplace, springing often from indifference, often from languor, sometimes from skepticism, but rooted among men of understanding in the perception that the security for a living conscience is freedom, not authority. At the Reformation things were different. Unity of belief about the truths of religion seemed as natural as to-day seems unity about the law of gravitation. The Reformers dislodged the Pope and tore up tradition, but they placed in the vacant shrine the open Bible; one infallibility followed another; and to dispute the new was as much rebellion against Heaven as it had been to dispute the old. This was natural. All truth was in the Book. All the grounds of belief, all its forms, all the history of the typical dealings of the Creator with his creation, all his purposes, the government of his church upon earth, its discipline and services—everything that concerned the right ordering of life and the saving of souls was in the inspired Word. What the Reformers exulted in was not so much the call of the individual conscience to awake and rise erect as the recovery of a body of priceless truth and the unsealing of fresh and abundant fountains of spiritual life.

For the rulers of states a practical perplexity rose up. How was a system resting on the rights of individual conscience and private reason to be reconciled with either authority or unity? Calvin had not been many years in Geneva before he saw the thorny path that was opening out in front of him. He refused admission into the pastoral body to Castellion, who was for excluding the Song of Solomon from the canon of the sacred books (1544). This was only a beginning. Castellion's case was decided with soberness and even with a breath of regret. But only nine years later the intervention of the civil power for the repression of heresy had grown under Calvin's influence to be accepted both as doctrine and practice. The grim Genevan crowd complacently watched the unhappy Servetus at the stake, and heard from the flames and the smoke his pitiful cry to Heaven for mercy on his soul. The spirit of that atrocious crime passed with Knox into Scotland, and the theory of it in mitigated forms haunted the Jerusalem Chamber.

Religious toleration was no novelty either in great books or in the tractates of a day. Men of broad minds, like More in England and L'Hôpital in France, had not lived for nothing; and though Bacon never made religious tolerance a political dogma, yet his exaltation of truth, knowledge, and wisdom tended to point that way. Nor should we forget that Cromwell's age is the age of Descartes and of Grotius, men whose lofty and spacious thinking, both directly and indirectly, contributed to create an atmosphere of freedom and of peace in which it is natural for tolerance to thrive. To say nothing of others, the irony of Montaigne, in the generation before Cromwell was born, had drawn the true moral from the bloodshed and confusion of the long, fierce wars between Catholic and Huguenot. Beyond theories in books, Presbyterians at Westminster might have seen both in France and in Holland rival confessions standing side by side, each protected by the state. At one moment, in this very era, no fewer than five Protestants held the illustrious rank of marshals of France. The Edict of Nantes, indeed, while it makes such a figure in history (1598–1685), was much more of a forcible practical concordat than a plan reposing on anybody's acceptance of a deliberate doctrine of toleration. It was never accepted by the clergy, any more than it was in heart accepted by the people. Even while the edict was in full force, it was at the peril of his authority with his flock that either Catholic bishop or Protestant pastor in France preached moderation toward the other communion, or hinted that its tenets were not soul-destroying, the mystery of iniquity, and the shame of Babylon. It was in vain that a writer here and there insisted that the state rests ultimately on constraint, while religion rests upon gentleness and persuasion. The natural history of toleration seems simple, but it is in truth one of the most complex of all the topics that engage either the reasoner or the ruler; and until nations were, by their mental state, ready for religious toleration, a statesman responsible for order might pause before committing himself to a system which might mean only that the members of rival communions would fly at one another's throats, like Catholics and Huguenots in France, or Spaniards and Beghards in Holland. In history we ought to try to understand the possible reasons and motives for everything, even for intolerance. For all this, religious liberty prevailed in France while it was still unknown in England. It was not French example, but domestic necessities, that in England tardily brought toleration into men's minds. Helwisse, Busher, Brown,

sectaries whose names find no place in literary histories, had from the opening of the century argued the case for toleration, before the more powerful plea of Roger Williams; but the ideas and the practices of Amsterdam and Leyden had perhaps a wider influence than either colonial exiles or home-bred controversialists in gradually producing a political school committed to freedom of conscience.

Slow in England was the dissolution of the deep-rooted idea of Catholic unity and ecclesiastical uniformity. Schism, indeed, was too flagrant a fact not to be recognized, both among the sects at home and the dispersed churches abroad. But Protestants deplored it, and cast the blame on the ancient pride and corruption of Rome. They sought comfort for a time in the idea of a grand communion, of which all reformed churches in every land should be incorporated members.

The limit set to toleration in the earlier and unclouded days of the Long Parliament had been fixed and definite. So far as Catholics were concerned, Charles stood for tolerance, and the Puritans for rigorous enforcement of persecuting laws. The growth of sects opened another channel for the bitter stream, and one school of Puritanism became as ready for tormenting another school as they both were for suppressing popery itself. In that great protest for freedom, the Grand Remonstrance itself, the authors had declared it to be far from their purpose or desire to let loose the golden reins of discipline and government in the church, to leave private persons of particular congregations to take up what form of divine service they please; "for we hold it requisite," they went on to say, "that there should be throughout the whole realm a conformity to that order which the laws enjoin according to the Word of God." It was the rise of the Independents to political power that made Toleration a party question and forced it into the effective prominence that belongs to party questions.

Milton's lofty genius performed the noble work of bringing great universal ideas into active relation with what all men could understand, and what all practical men wished for. There were others, indeed, who set the doctrine of toleration in a fuller light; but in Milton's writings on church government he satisfies as well as Socinus, or Roger Williams, or any of his age, the test that has been imposed of making toleration "at once a moral, a political, and a theological dogma." With him the law of tolerance is no birth of skepticism or languor or indifference. It is no politician's argument for reconciling freedom of conscience with public order, nor a pungent intellectual demonstration, like Bayle's half a century later. Intolerance is dishonor to the victim, dishonor to the tyrant. The fountainhead from which every worthy enterprise issues forth is a pious and just honoring of ourselves; it is the sanctity and freedom of the man's own soul. The scornful distinction between lay and cleric is an outrage on this noble self-esteem. The coercive power of ecclesiastics is an impious intrusion into that inner sanctuary of the soul into which shame may enter, and remorse and reverence for good men may enter, and a dread of becoming a lost wanderer from the communion of the just and holy may enter, but never the boisterous and carnal tyranny of unlawful and unscriptural jurisdiction. In all this Milton was constructing a plea against prelacy, but in fact his moving argument, at once so delicate and so haughty, for the rights and self-respecting obligations of "that inner man which may be termed the spirit of the soul," contains the mainspring of Puritanism under all its aspects, both religious and political. It is the clue to the revolt against formalism, against authority, and almost against church organization in any of its forms. Finally, it is the base of toleration. Alas! even Milton halts and stammers when he comes to ask himself why, on the same arguments, popery may not plead for toleration. Here he falls back upon the regulation commonplaces. Popery is not a religion, it is a Roman principality; and reason of state, not ground of religion, justifies the civil magistrate in proscribing it. Well may Clarendon say of these times that the very whisper of popery "intoxicated all men and deprived them of all faculties to examine and judge."

Milton's ideas, which were at the heart of Cromwell's vaguer and less firmly molded thinking, were in direct antagonism to at least three broad principles that hitherto ruled the minds of men. These ideas were fatal, first, to uniformity of belief, not merely as a thing within reach, but as an object to be desired. Next, they shattered and destroyed authority, whether of clergy or laity, or of a king by the grace of God over Parliament and people. Finally, Milton's ideas dealt to history as a moral power one of the blows that seem so naturally to mark the course of all modern revolutions. For it is the essence of every appeal to reason or to the

individual conscience to discard the heavy-woven garments of tradition, custom, inheritance, prerogative, and ancient institution. History becomes, in Milton's own exorbitant phrase, no more than the perverse iniquity of sixteen hundred years. Uniformity, authority, history—to shake these was to move the foundations of the existing world in England. History, however, shows itself a standing force; it is not a dead, but a living hand; the sixteen hundred years that Milton found so perverse had knit fibers into England's national growth that even Cromwell and all the energy of Puritanism were powerless to pluck out.

XIV. THE NEW MODEL.

AFTER the victory at Marston, followed, as it was, by the surrender of York, men expected other decisive exploits from Lord Manchester and his triumphant army. He was directed to attend on the motions of the indomitable Rupert, in whom the disaster before the walls of York seemed to have stirred fresh energy. Manchester saw a lion in every path. His men needed rest, he said. The Eastern Association, which had raised his army and was supposed to pay it, would stop both pay and recruiting if its protectors started after Rupert. If they went off toward Chester and the west, their supplies would have to pass under the walls of half a dozen strong places of the king, which they could neither take nor block. These and the other difficulties made by Manchester were not devoid of reason, but a nation in a crisis seeks a general whom difficulties confront only to be overcome.

Essex meanwhile had been overtaken by grievous disaster in the southwest. He had escaped by sea from Plymouth, leaving his army to find their way out by fighting or surrender, as best they could. So great was his influence and popularity that, even in face of this miscarriage, Essex almost at once received a new command. Manchester was to coöperate with him in resisting the king's eastward march from Cornwall to his fixed headquarters at Oxford. He had objected to the plan in council, and insisted that to oppose the king in the present condition of the respective armies would expose them to scorn and ruin. He professes to obey, but he loiters, delays, and finds excuses, until even the Derby House Committee lose patience, and send a couple of their members to kindle a little fire in him, just as in the next century the French Convention used to send two commissioners to spur on the revolutionary generals. "Destroy but the king's army," cried Waller, "and the work is ended." This temper Manchester could not, for reasons of his own, be brought to share. At length the forces of Essex, Waller, and Manchester combined, and attacked the king at Newbury. In this second battle of Newbury (October 27, 1644), though the Parliamentarians under Manchester and Waller were nearly two to one, the result was so little conclusive that the king made his way almost without pursuit from the field. He even returned within a fortnight, offered battle once more on the same ground, and, as the challenge was declined, returned at his ease to Oxford.

At length vexation at inactivity and delay grew so strong that Cromwell (November 25), seizing the apt moment, as was his wont, startled the House by opening articles of charge against his commander. Manchester, he said, ever since the victory of Marston Moor, had acted as if he deemed that to be enough; had declined every opportunity of further advantage upon the enemy; and had lost occasion upon occasion, as if he thought the king too low and the Parliament too high. It was not the military, but the moral and political slackness that provoked Cromwell. "Oversights of a commander," he said, "can rarely be avoided in military affairs, and I must acknowledge myself guilty of oversight." He anticipated the modern saying that all generals make mistakes, and the greatest is only he who makes the fewest. No man had ever less in him than Cromwell of the malcontent subordinate. "At this time," Waller says of him before Marston, "he had never shown extraordinary parts, nor do I think he did himself believe that he had them; for although he was blunt, he did not bear himself with pride or disdain. As an officer he was obedient, and did never dispute my orders or argue upon them." His letters to Fairfax at a later date are a pattern of the affectionate loyalty due from a man second in command to a general whom he trusts. What alarmed him was not Manchester's backwardness in action, his aversion to engagement, his neglect of opportunities, but the growing certainty that there was behind all this half-heartedness some actual principle of downright unwillingness to prosecute the war to a full victory, and a deliberate design not to push the king too hard nor to reduce him too low. We do not know what view Cromwell took at this time of the possibility or the necessity of some ultimate accommodation with the king, nor

whether he thought differently now from what he thought two years later, when he himself tried to deal with the king. This, at least, is certain, that he never at any time swerved as to the destruction of the king's military power being an indispensable preliminary. If Manchester thought otherwise, in Cromwell's eyes it could only be because the accommodation that he desired was really no better than a surrender of the good cause. Cromwell recalled many expressions of Manchester that plainly betrayed a desire not to end the war by the sword, but to make a peace on terms that were to his own taste. On one occasion the advocates of a fight urged that to let the king get off unassailed would strengthen his position at home and abroad, whereas if they only beat him now, he and his cause were forever ruined. Manchester vehemently urged the alternative risks. "If we beat the king ninety-nine times," he cried, "he will be king still and his posterity, and we subjects still; but if he beat us but once, we shall be hanged and our posterity undone." "If that be so," said Cromwell, "why did we take up arms at first? This is against fighting ever hereafter. If so, let us make peace, let it be never so basely." Within the next eighteen months he was to find to his cost that there might be more in Manchester's leanings than he now supposed, and that some of his own soldiers would retort his present taunts upon himself.

There were abundant recriminations. The military question became a party question. It was loudly flung out that on one of the disputed occasions nobody was so much against fighting as Cromwell, and that, after Newbury, Cromwell, when ordered to bring up his horse, asked Manchester in a discontented manner whether he intended to flay the horse, for if he gave them more work, he might have their skins, but he would have no service. He once made a speech very nearly a quarter of an hour long against running the risk of an attack. While insinuating now that Manchester had not acted on the advice of his councils of war, yet he had at the time loudly declared that any man was a villain and a liar who said any such thing. He was always attributing to himself all the praise of other men's actions. Going deeper than such stories as these, were the reports of Cromwell's inflammatory sayings; as that he once declared to Lord Manchester his hatred of all peers, wishing there was never a lord in England, and that it would never be well till Lord Manchester was plain Mr. Montagu. Then he expressed himself with contempt of the Westminster divines, of whom he said that they were persecutors of honester men than themselves. He desired to have none in the army but such as were of the Independent judgment, because these would withstand any peace but such as honest men would aim at. He vowed that if he met the king in battle he would as lief fire his pistol at the king as at anybody else. Of their brethren the Scots he had used contumelious speech, and had even said that he would as cheerfully draw the sword upon them as upon any in the army of the king.

The exasperation to which events had brought both the energetic men like Cromwell and the slower men like Essex had reached a dangerous pitch. In the French Revolution such situations were instant questions of life and death, and it depended on the swift decision of a moment which party sent the other to the guillotine. Ours was a tamer rehearsal of the "revolution swallowing its children." One evening very late the two lawyers Whitelocke and Maynard were summoned to attend Lord Essex. They found the Scotch commissioners with him, along with Holles, Stapleton, and others of the Presbyterian party. The question was whether by English law Cromwell could be tried as an incendiary, as one who kindles coals of contention and raises differences in the state to the public damage. Of this move the Scots were the authors. "Cromwell is no good friend of ours," they said, "and ever since our army came into England he has used all underhand and cunning means to detract from our credit." He was no friend, either, to their church. Besides that, he was no well-wisher to the lord general, whom they had such good reason to love and honor. Was there law enough in England to clip his wings?

The lawyers gave a sage reply. English law, they said, knows, but not very familiarly, the man who kindles the burning flames of contention. But were there proofs that Oliver was such an incendiary? It would never do for persons of so great honor and authority as Essex and the Scots to go upon ground of which they were not sure. Again, had they considered the policy of the thing? "I take Lieutenant-General Cromwell," said Whitelocke, "to be a gentleman of quick and subtle parts, and one who hath, especially of late, gained no small interest in the House of Commons; nor is he wanting of friends in the House of Peers, or of abilities in himself to manage his own defense to the best advantage." "As for proofs and particulars,"

said Maynard, "I confess I do not in my private knowledge assure myself of any such particulars, and I believe it will be harder than some of us imagine to fasten this upon him." The bitter Holles and his Presbyterian group were very keen for proceeding; they thought that there was plenty of evidence, and they did not believe Cromwell to be so strong in the Commons as was supposed. It was the Scots who judiciously saved their English allies from falling into the scrape. They were not so forward to adventure after they had heard the good sense of the lawyers, and at two o'clock in the morning the party broke up. Whitelocke or another secretly told Cromwell what had passed, with the result that he grew only more eager than before.

A HUNDRED and thirty years later a civil war again broke out among the subjects of the British crown. The issues were not in form the same. Cromwell fought for the supremacy of Parliament within the kingdom; Washington fought against the supremacy of Parliament over Englishmen across the Atlantic Ocean. It is possible that if the Stuart king had only possessed an ampler leaven of the tough cunning of the Hanoverian king the struggle on English ground might have run a different course. However that may be, in each case the two wars were in their earlier stages not unlike, and both Marston Moor and Bunker Hill rank among those engagements that have a lasting significance in history, where military results were secondary to moral effect.

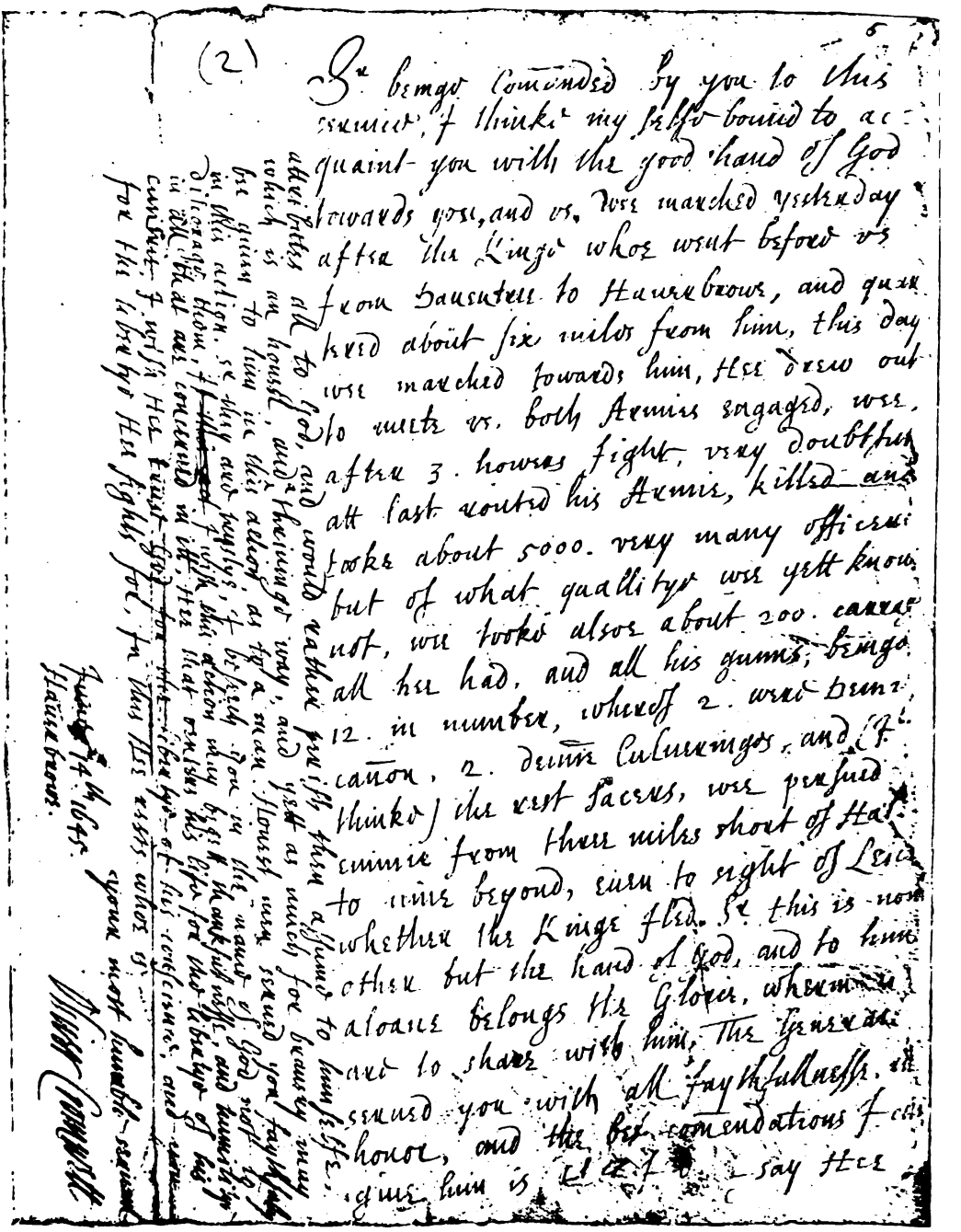
It was these encounters that first showed that the champions of the popular cause intended, and were able to make, a stand-up fight against the forces of the monarchy. In each case the combatants expected the conflict to be short. In each case the battle of popular liberty was first fought by weak bodies, ill paid, ill disposed to discipline, mounted on cart-horses and armed with fowling-pieces, mainly anxious to get back to their homes as soon as they could, and fluctuating from month to month with the humors, the jealousies, or the means of the separate counties in England or the separate States in America. "Short enlistments," said Washington, "and a mistaken dependence on militia, have been the origin of all our misfortunes; the evils of a standing army are remote, but the consequence of wanting one is certain and inevitable ruin. To carry on the war systematically, you must establish your army on a permanent and national footing." What Washington said in 1776 was just what Cromwell said in 1644.

It is unjust to Essex and Manchester to lay all the blame on their want of heart in the cause. The system had broken down. Officers complained that their forces melted away, because men thought they would be better treated in other counties, and all comers were welcomed by every association. One general grumbles that another general is favored in money and supplies. The governors of strong towns are in hot feud with the committee of the town. Want of pay made the men sulky and mutinous, and there were always "evil instruments" ready to trade on such moods. Furious passages took place between pressed men and the county committees.

Apart from the squalor and brutality intrinsic in all war, the general breakdown of economic order might well alarm the instincts of the statesman. "Honest industry," cried one voice of woe, "is quite discouraged, being almost useless. Most men that have estates are betrayed by one side or another, plundered, sequestered. Trading—the life and substance of thousands—decaying, eaten up with taxes; your poor quite ready to famish, or to rise to pull relief from rich men's hands by violence. Squeezed by taxes, racked by war, the anvil, indeed, of misery, upon which all the strokes of vengeance fell. A woeful nation! Once the finest people in the world, now the veriest slaves—slaves not to *one*, but many masters." A covetous eye had long been cast upon the emoluments of the church. "The stop of trade here," Baillie wrote even so far back as 1641, "has made this people much poorer than ordinary; they will noways be able to bear their burden if the cathedrals fall not." From its first phases in all countries the Reformation went with designs upon the church lands. And so it was in England now.

With such a spectacle every day before him, with the knowledge of all the discontent that must be burning in the hearts of his countrymen, Cromwell's inborn love of good order, and his passionate interest in the good cause, must alike have fired him with the conviction that only a new system of action could avert ruin. Hypotheses of selfishness or personal ambition are superfluous.

"You will never get your service done," said Waller, "until you have an army entirely your own, and at your own command." This theme was the prime element in the New Model—the substitution of one army under a single commander-in-chief, supported by the Par-



(2)

Sr beinge Comended by you to this
service, I thinke my selfe bound to ac-
quaint you with the good hand of God
towards you, and vs. wee marched yesterday
after the Kinge whoe went before vs
from Danentree to Hauerbrowe, and quar-
tered about six miles from him, this day
wee marched towards him, Hee drew out
to meete vs. both Armies engaged, wee,
after 3. howers fight, very doubtful
att last routed his Armie, killed and
tooke about 5000. very many officers
but of what quallitye wee yett know
not, wee tooke alsoe about 200. carrage
all hee had, and all his gunns, beinge
12. in number, whereof 2. were Demi-
canon, 2. demie Culueringes, and (I
thinke) the rest Sacers, wee persued
enimie from three miles short of Hal-
to nine beyond, euen to sight of Leic
whether the Kinge fled. Sr this is non
other but the hand of God, and to him
aloane belongs the Glorie, wherein
are to share with him, The Generals
serued you with all faythfullnesse, in
honor, and the best comendations I can
giue him is [illegible] say Hee

attributes all to God, and would rather perish then assume to himselfe,
which is an house, and a thrininge way, and yett as much for brauery may
bee guen to him in this action, as to a man. Honest men serued you faythfully
in this action. Sr they are pupilys, I beseech you in the name of God not to
dishonage them, I wish this action may begett thankfullnesse, and humilitye
in all that are concerned in it, Hee that ventres his life for the libertye of his
conscience, I wish Hee trust God for the libertye of his conscience, and now
for the libertye Hee fights for, In this Hee rests whoe is

your most humble seruant

Fairfax 14th 1645.
Hauerbrowe.

Oliver Cromwell

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

LETTER FROM OLIVER CROMWELL TO WILLIAM LENTHALL, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. WRITTEN ON THE DAY OF THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

liament, instead of sectional armies locally levied and locally paid. The second feature was the weeding out of worthless men, a process stigmatized by Presbyterians out of temper as a crafty means of filling the army with sectaries, a vile compound of Jew, Christian, and Turk, mere tools of usurping ambition. The third was the change in the command. The new army was intrusted to Sir Thomas Fairfax as commander-in-chief, with liberty to name his own officers, subject to ratification by the two houses. The hon-

est Skippon, a valiant fighter and a faithful man, was made major-general, and the higher post of lieutenant-general was left significantly open. It is curious to find that the army was reduced in numbers. The army of which Essex was lord general numbered twenty-five thousand foot and five thousand horse. The army of the New Model was to consist only of twenty-two thousand men in all, fourteen thousand four hundred being foot and the rest horse and dragoons. A trooper received about what he would have received for labor at the plow or with the wagon.

We have a picture of discipline at its highest in Hutchinson's orders to the garrison at Nottingham. Anybody found idly standing in the street, or playing any game on Sabbath or fast day, was fined half a crown. Anybody drinking in a tavern on Sabbath or fast day was to pay a shilling, and the innkeeper was also to pay a shilling, and for a second offense to be allowed to sell liquor no more. If anybody swore, for every oath he was liable to a fine of threepence. Burnet says he well remembers three English regiments coming to Aberdeen when Monk was busy in subduing Scotland. There was an order and discipline, he says, and a face of gravity and piety among them, that amazed all people. Most were Independents and Anabaptists; they were all gifted men, and preached as they were moved. But they never disturbed the public assemblies in the churches save once. They came and reproved the preachers for laying things to their charge that were false. Burnet was present; the debate grew very fierce; at last they drew their swords, but there was no hurt done: yet Cromwell displaced the governor for not punishing even this.

The average substantive wealth in the army was not high. Royalists were fond of taunting them with their meager means, and vowed that the whole pack of them, from the lord general to the horse-farrier, could not muster one thousand pounds a year in land among them. Yet in Fairfax's new army, of the officers of the higher military rank no fewer than thirty out of thirty-seven were men of good family. Pride the drayman, and Hewson the cobbler, and Okey the ship-chandler, were among the minority who rose from the common ranks. When Cromwell spoke to Hampden about an army of decayed serving-men and tapsters, his own men had never been of the tapster tribe. They were most of them freeholders and freeholders' sons, who upon matter of conscience engaged in the quarrel, and "thus being well armed within by the satisfaction of their own consciences, and without by good iron arms, they would as one man stand firmly and charge desperately."

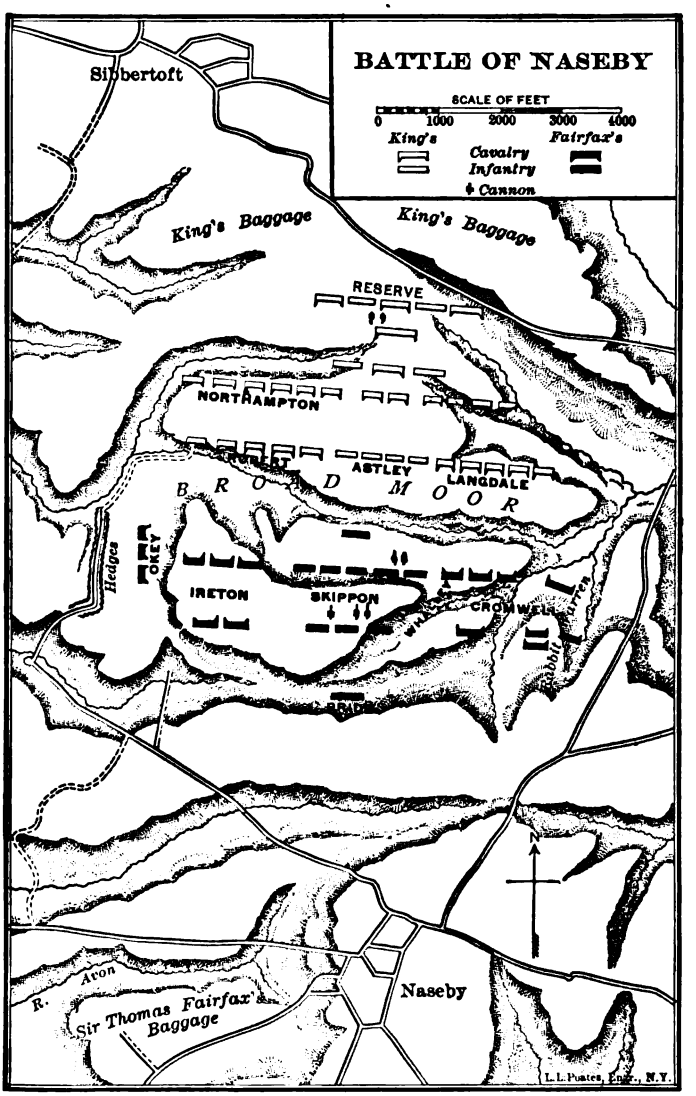
That was the ideal of the New Model. We cannot, however, assume that it was easy or possible to procure twenty thousand men of militant conscience, willing for the cause to leave farm and shop, wife and home, to submit themselves to iron discipline, and to face all the peril of battle, murder, and sudden death. Even if Cromwell's ideal was the prevailing type, it has been justly pointed out that constant pay must have been a taking inducement to volunteers in a time when social disorder had made work scarce. If we remember, again, that a considerable portion of the new army were not even volunteers, but had been impressed against their will, the influence of Puritan zeal can hardly have been universal, even if it were so much as general.

There were several steps in the process of military transformation. In December the Commons, acting upon Cromwell's argument from the suspicion with which people looked upon lords and commoners in places of high command, passed the famous ordinance by which no member of either house should have any office of civil or military command. In January the handful who now composed the House of Lords threw out the ordinance. A second ordinance was sent up to them in February, and they passed it with amendments. In the middle of February (1645) the New Model ordinance was finally passed. Six weeks later the Self-denying Ordinance was brought back in a revised form, only enacting that within forty days members of either of the two houses should resign any post that the Parliament had intrusted to them. Essex, Manchester, Denbigh, Warwick, Waller, resigned without waiting for the forty days.

It must have been an anxious moment, for Essex was still popular with the great body of the army, and if he had chosen to defy the ordinance he might possibly have found support both in public opinion and in military force. "But he was not for such enterprises," says Clarendon, with caustic touch. Honorable and unselfish men have not been so common in the history of states and armies that we need approve the sarcasm. Clarendon might better have deplored his royal master's wretched statesmanship, when even in this crucial hour he could not see the wisdom of so framing his

policy as to make such men as Essex and Manchester his friends.

Cromwell followed a line that was peculiar, but might easily have been foretold. The historian in our own day tells us that he finds it hard to avoid the conclusion that Cromwell was ready to sacrifice his own unique position in the army, and to retire from military service. This is surely not easy to believe, any more than it is easy to believe another story, for which the evidence comes to extremely little, that at another time he meant to take service in Germany. It is true that in inspiring and supporting the first version of the Self-denying Ordinance, Oliver seemed to be closing the chapter of his own labors in the field. Yet nobody can deny that his proceedings were oblique. It is incredible that the post of lieutenant-general should have been left vacant otherwise than by design. It is incredible that even those who were most anxious to pull Cromwell down should not have foreseen that, if the war was to go on, the most successful and popular of all their generals would inevitably be recalled. That he had confidence in the courage and military talents of Fairfax, and that his confidence was justified, was true. But it would have been an incredibly foolish underestimate of himself to suppose that his own influence, his fierce energy, his determination, and his natural gift of the soldier's eye, could all be spared at an hour when the struggle was drawing to its most hazardous stage.



What happened actually was this. The Self-denying Ordinance was passed on April 3, and Cromwell was bound to lay down all military command within forty days. Meanwhile he was despatched toward the west. The end of the forty days found him in the Oxford country. The Parliament passed a special ordinance, not without misgivings in the Lords, extending his employment for forty days more, until June 22. Before the expiry of this new term, Fairfax and the officers, following the Common Council who had demanded it before, petitioned the houses to sanction the appointment of Cromwell to the vacant post of lieutenant-general, with command of the horse. The Commons agreed (June 10), and Fairfax formally appointed him. At the moment, Cromwell had been sent from Oxford (May 26) into the eastern counties to protect the Isle of Ely. He was taken by legal fiction or in fact to have complied with the Self-denying

Ordinance by resigning, and, strictly speaking, his appointment required the assent of both houses. But the needs of the time were too sharp for ceremony. The campaign had now begun that almost in a few hours was to end in the ever-famous day of Naseby.

XV. THE DAY OF NASEBY.

ARMED Puritanism was now first to manifest all its strength. Faith that the God of Battles was on their side nerved its chosen and winnowed ranks with stern confidence. The fierce spirit of the Old Testament glowed like fire in their hearts. But neither these moral elements of military force, nor discipline, technical precision, and iron endurance, would have sufficed to win the triumph at Naseby without the intrepid genius of Oliver. This was the day on which the great soldier was first to show himself, in modern phrase, a Man of Destiny.

The first movements of the campaign of 1645, which was to end in the destruction of the king's arms, were confused and unimportant. The Committee of Both Kingdoms hardly knew what to do with the new weapon now at their command, and for many weeks both Fairfax and Cromwell were employed in carrying out ill-conceived orders in the west. In May Charles left his headquarters at Oxford, with a design of marching through the midlands northward. On the last day of the month he took Leicester by storm. The committee at Westminster were filled with alarm. Was it possible that he intended an invasion of their stronghold in the eastern counties? Fairfax, who lay before the walls of Oxford, was immediately directed to raise the siege and follow the king.

FROM A PRINT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

SIR MARMADUKE LANGDALE, THE FIRST LORD LANGDALE.

The modern soldier is struck all through the war with the ignorance on both sides of the movements, plans, and position of the enemy. By June 13 the two armies were in Northamptonshire, only some seven miles apart, Fairfax at Guilsborough, Charles at

PAINTED BY W. B. WOLLEN, R. I.^A

AFTER NASEBY.

Daventry; and yet it was not until the Parliamentary scouts were within sight of the Royalist camp that the advance of Fairfax became known. The Royalists undoubtedly made a fatal mistake in placing themselves in the way of Fairfax after they had let Goring go; and the cause of their mistake was the hearty contempt felt by the whole of them, from king to drummer, for the raw new army and its clownish recruits. The Cavaliers had amused themselves, we are told, by cutting a wooden image in the shape of a man, and "in such a form as they blasphemously called it the god of the Roundheads, and this they carried in scorn and contempt of our army in a public manner a little before the battle began." So confident were they of teaching the rabble a lesson. While the king had scores of officers of military experience, the Parliamentarians "had not ten that could pretend to any experience beyond what the war had given them." Charles spoke of Fairfax as "their new brutish general," a man as much above Charles in loyalty and sense of honor as in the talents of the soldier. Doubting friends thought as ill of the New Model as overweening foes. "Their new-modeled army," says Baillie, like all the Presbyterians at this moment, hardly knowing what he ought to wish, "consists for the most part of raw, unexperienced, pressed soldiers. Few of the officers are thought capable of their places; many of them are sectaries; if they do great service, many will be deceived."

Disaster, however, was not to be. Cromwell, as we have seen, had been ordered off eastward, to take measures for the defense of the Isle of Ely. These commands, says a contemporary, "he, in greater tenderness of the public service than of his own honor, in such a time of extremity disputed not, but fulfilled." After securing Ely he applied himself to active recruiting in Cambridgeshire, with the extraordinary success that always followed his magnetic energy. As soon as the king's movements began to create uneasiness, Fairfax, knowing Cromwell's value as commander of horse, applied in haste to the Parliament that he should be specially permitted to serve. The Committee of Both Kingdoms gave him plenary leave accordingly (June 2). The general despatched constant expresses to Cromwell himself, to inform him from time to time where the army was, so that he might know in case of danger where to join them. When he found battle to be imminent, Oliver hastened over the county border as hard as he and six hundred horsemen with him could go. They rode into Fairfax's quarters at six o'clock on the morning of June 13, and were hailed, as we can easily conceive, with the liveliest demonstrations of joy by the general and the whole army. "For it had been observed," says an onlooker of those days, "that God was with him, and that affairs were blessed under his hand." He was immediately ordered to take command of the marshaling of the horse. There was not an instant to lose, for before the field-officers could even give a rough account of the arrangements of the army, the enemy came on amain in excellent order, while the plan of the Parliamentary commanders was still an embryo. This was the moment that Cromwell has himself in glowing phrase described: "I can say this of Naseby, that when I saw the enemy draw up and march in gallant order toward us, and we a company of poor, ignorant men, to seek how to order our battle,—the general having commanded me to order all the horse,—I could not, riding alone about my business, but smile out to God in praises, in assurance of victory, because God would by things that are not bring to naught things that are."

The number of men engaged, like the manœuvers that preceded the battle, is a matter of much uncertainty. One good contemporary authority puts the Parliamentary forces at eleven thousand, and says that the two armies were about equal. Mr. Gardiner, on the other hand, believes the Parliamentarians to have been 13,600, and the Royalists only 7500, or not much more than one to two —a figure that is extremely hard to reconcile with two admitted facts. One is that nobody puts the number of Royalist prisoners lower than four thousand (and one contemporary even makes them six thousand), while the slain are supposed to have been not less than one thousand. This would mean the extinction by death or capture of two thirds of the king's total force, and no contemporary makes the disaster so murderous as this. The admission, again, that the Royalist cavalry after the battle was practically intact, increases the difficulty of accepting so low an estimate for the total of the king's troops, for nobody puts the Royalist horse under four thousand. The better opinion undoubtedly seems to be that, though Fairfax's troops outnumbered the king's, yet the superiority can hardly have approached the proportion of two to one.

The country was open, and the only fences were mere double hedges with an open grass-track between, separating Naseby from Sulby on the west and Clipston on the

east. On the right of Fairfax's line, where Cromwell and his troopers were posted, the action of cavalry was much hindered by rabbit burrows, and at the bottom there was boggy land, equally inconvenient to the horsemen of the king. The level of the Parliamentary position was some fifty feet, that of the Royalist position not more than thirty, above the open hollow between them. The slope was from three to four degrees, thus offering little difficulty of incline to either horse or foot.

If the preliminary manœuvers cannot be definitely made out in detail, or carried beyond a choice of alternative hypotheses each as good as the other, the actual battle is as plain as any battle on rather meager and fragmentary reports can be considered plain. As usual on both sides, the infantry were posted in the center, with the cavalry on each flank. Fairfax seems to have taken up his ground on the ledge of the hill running from east to west. Then, possibly at Cromwell's suggestion, he drew his men back a hundred paces from the ledge, so as to keep out of the enemy's sight, knowing that he could recover the advantage when he pleased. The Royalists took this move for retreat, and hastened their advance. As they drew nearer, the Parliamentarians marched up to the brow again. Such, so far as can be made out from very entangled evidence, is the simplest view of Fairfax's position. Cromwell, in command of the horse, was stationed on the Parliamentary right, and Ireton on the left. The veteran Skippon commanded regiments of foot in the center. On the opposite slope, across Broadmoor, Rupert faced Ireton, and Sir Marmaduke Langdale, with his northern horse in the doubtful humor of men who wished to go homeward, faced Cromwell, while Lord Astley led the infantry in the center. Fairfax directed the disposition of his men, and was conspicuous during the three hours of the engagement by his energy, vigilance, and persistence. He was by constitution a slow-footed man, but when he drew near action in the field then another spirit came upon him, men said, and another soul looked out of his eyes. King Charles, though inferior in military capacity, was not behind him in either activity or courage.

DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

1. NASEBY, THE CHURCH AND VILLAGE. 2. OBELISK ON OR NEAR NASEBY. THE INSCRIPTION SAYS "ON THIS FIELD," BUT ACCORDING TO LOCAL TRADITION THE FIGHT WAS ABOUT A MILE OFF. 3. ON THE BATTLE-GROUND OF NASEBY.

The word was on the one side "Mary," the king's favorite name for the queen; on the other side, "God with us." The Royalists, opening the attack, advanced their whole line a hundred yards or so across the flat and up the slope toward the opposite ridge. The Parliamentarians came into view upon the brow from which they had recently retired. In a few moments the foot in the center were locked in stubborn conflict. They discharged their pieces, and then fell to it with clubbed muskets and with swords. The Royalist infantry pressed Skippon so hard that his first line at last gave way and fell back on the reserve. Ireton, with his horse on the Parliamentary left, launched one of his divisions to help the foot on his right, but with little advantage to them and with disaster to himself. For Rupert, dashing through the smart musketry fire from Okey's dragoons posted behind Sulby hedges, came crashing with irresistible weight upon the other portion of Ireton's horse on the western slope of the ridge, broke them up, and pursued the scattered force toward Naseby village. On the right, meanwhile, things had gone better, for here Cromwell stood. He had detailed a force of his cavalry under Whalley to meet Langdale in front with the

Royalist right wing, and himself swept round on to Langdale's left flank with the main body of his own horse. Whalley, thundering down the slope, caught the left of the opposing horse with terrific impetus, before the enemy could charge up the higher ground. Nothing could stand against him. Oliver's charge on the other flank completed Langdale's ruin, some of the enemy dashing in headlong flight from the field toward others finding their way to the king's reserve, and there halting huddled together until they were by and by re-formed. They were mainly from Yorkshire and the north, and had gone into battle with half a heart. Such was Cromwell's first onset.

The main battle was less victorious. The right of the Parliamentary foot stood firm, but the rest, being overpressed, gave ground and fell back in disorder. The officers made fruitless attempts to check the confusion of their inexperienced forces, and were obliged to fall into the reserves with their colors, "choosing rather to fight and die than to quit the ground they stood on." It was at this point that Cromwell executed his second movement; it was the crisis of the battle. With singular exactness he repeated the tactics that had won the memorable day at Marston. There as here, Cromwell's wing victorious, the other wing worsted, the foot in the center hard pressed, Cromwell re-forming to the rescue. Rupert, like Goring's men at Marston, instead of leaving a detachment to pursue Ireton's fugitive horse, and turning to help the king's infantry in their work at the center, lost time and a decisive opportunity. Cromwell, as at Marston, observing the difficulties of the Parliamentary foot, collected his whole force, save one regiment detailed to watch or pursue the flight of Langdale's horsemen, formed them again in line, set a new front toward the left flank of the enemy's foot, and flung them with uplifted right arms and flashing swords to the relief of the hotly pressed infantry of Fairfax and Skippon. One of the Royalist brigades offered an obstinate resistance. "The Parliamentarians strove hard to break them, but even the Ironsides could not drive them in, they standing with incredible courage and resolution, though we attempted them in flank, front, and rear." No impression was made until Fairfax called up his own regiment of foot. Then the stubborn brigade gave way, and in a short time there was little left in the whole of the field but the remnant of the king's horse.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTE.

ARMOR OF CHARLES I.

Though some, says the modern soldier, may hold Marston to offer a greater variety of striking pictures and moments of more intensity (Hoenig, i. 203), there is scarcely a battle in history where cavalry was better handled than at Naseby. Of the tactics of Naseby this second charge of the Cromwellian horse stands out conspicuous for skill and vigor. There was still, however, one more move to make before victory was secure.

Though aware of the disaster that was overwhelming him, the king strove bravely to rally the broken horse of his left wing. He was joined by Rupert, at last returning from the baggage-wagons and Naseby village, with his men and horses exhausted and out of breath. Here the Royalists made their last stand. It was in vain. The Parliamentary generals, with extraordinary alacrity, prepared for a final charge, and their preparation was hardly made before all was over and the day won. Ireton, though severely wounded in the beginning of the battle, had got his men together again, and he took an active part in the new attack. The Parliamentary foot, who had been thrown

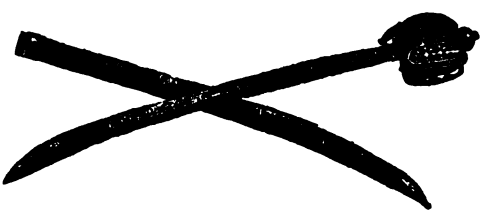
into disorder by the first charge, and had then rallied "in a shorter time than imaginable," now advanced at the best of their speed to join the horse. For Oliver had got his force of cavalry once more in hand, and made ready to bear down on the enemy for a third and final charge. The horsemen were again drawn up in two wings within carbine-shot of the enemy, "leaving a wide space between the wings for the battle of the foot to fall in. Thereby," says the eye-witness, "there was framed, as it were in a trice, a second good battalia at the latter end of the day, which the enemy perceiving, and that if they stood they must expect a second charge from our horse, foot, and artillery (they having lost all their foot and guns before), and our dragoons having already begun to fire upon their horse, they, not willing to abide a second shock upon so great disadvantage as there was like to be, immediately ran away, both fronts and reserves, without standing one stroke more." To the king, gallantly heading his line, a curious and characteristic thing happened. Lord Carnwath, riding by his side, suddenly laid his hand upon the king's bridle, and swearing sundry Scotch oaths, cried out, "Will you go upon your death in an instant?" "Then," says Clarendon, "before the king understood what he would have, he turned his horse round, and upon that they all turned their horses and rode upon the spur, as if they were every man to shift for himself."

MEDAL OF CHARLES I AND HENRIETTA MARIA, BY T. RAWLINS. IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The fight, which was desperately maintained at every point throughout the day, with its issue often doubtful, lasted three hours. The killed and wounded were about five thousand. The Irish camp-followers were slaughtered in cold blood. All the king's guns, all his wagons and carriages, his colórs and standards, were taken, and, worst of all, his private cabinet, containing his most secret correspondence and papers. This did him an injury almost as deep as the loss of a battle, for the letters disclosed his perfidy, his truthlessness, and the impossibility of trusting him.

Toward the end of May, Digby writes in one of his letters, "Ere one month be over, we shall have a battle of all for all." The prediction came true. If the battle had gone the other way, Goring and the king would have marched up to London, heartening their men with the promise of the spoil of the richest city in the realm, and the presence of the king and his army in the metropolis might have created a situation that nothing could retrieve. As it was, the king had not even lost his crown. Time had still golden opportunities to offer him. Yet Naseby was for all this one of the decisive battles of English history. It destroyed the last organized force that Charles was able to raise; it demonstrated that the New Model had produced an invincible army; it transformed the nature of the struggle and the conditions of the case; it released new interests and new passions; it changed the balance of parties; and it brought Cromwell into decisive preëminence in all men's minds.

(To be continued.)



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SWORD AT CHEQUERS COURT, BY PERMISSION OF MRS. FRANKLANC-RUSSELL-ASTLEY.

SWORD CARRIED BY CROMWELL AT MARSTON MOOR.

SAILING ALONE AROUND THE WORLD.

BEING A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE EXPERIENCES OF THE SLOOP "SPRAY" ON HER SINGLE-HANDED VOYAGE OF 46,000 MILES.

BY CAPTAIN JOSHUA SLOCUM.

WITH PICTURES BY THOMAS FOGARTY AND GEORGE VARIAN.

PART VI. THE HOMEWARD TRIP FROM THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

A PLEASANT visit from Admiral Sir Harry Rawson of the Royal Navy and his family brought to an end the *Spray's* social relations with the Cape of Good Hope. The admiral, then commanding the South African Squadron, and now in command of the great Channel fleet, evinced the greatest interest in the diminutive *Spray* and her behavior off Cape Horn, where he was not an entire stranger. I have to admit that I was delighted with the trend of Admiral Rawson's questions, and that I profited by some of his suggestions, notwithstanding the wide difference in our respective commands.

On March 26, 1898, the *Spray* sailed from South Africa, the land of distances and pure air, where she had spent a pleasant and profitable time. The steam-tug *Tigre* towed her to sea from her wonted berth at the Alfred Docks, giving her a good offing. The light morning breeze, which scantily filled her sails when the tug let go the tow-line, soon died away altogether, and left her riding over a heavy swell, in full view of Table Mountain and the high peaks of the Cape of Good Hope. For a while the grand scenery served to relieve the monotony. One of the old circumnavigators (Sir Francis Drake, I think), when he first saw this magnificent pile, sang, "'T is the fairest thing and the grandest cape I 've seen in the whole circumference of the earth."

The view was certainly fine, but one has no wish to linger long in a calm to look at anything, and I was glad to note, finally, the short heaving sea, precursor of the wind which followed on the second day. Seals playing about the *Spray* all day, before the breeze came, looked with large eyes when, at evening, she sat no longer like a lazy bird with folded wings. They parted company now, and the *Spray* soon sailed the highest peaks of the mountains out of sight, and the world changed from a mere panoramic view to a homeward-bound voyage. Porpoises and dolphins, and such other fishes as did not mind making a hundred and fifty miles a day, were her companions now for several days. The wind was from the southeast; this suited the *Spray* well, and she ran along steadily at her best speed, while I dipped into the new books given me at the cape, reading day and night. March 30 was for me a fast-day in honor of them. I read on, oblivious of hunger or wind or sea, thinking that all was going well, when suddenly a comber rolled over the stern and slopped saucily into the cabin, wetting the very book I was reading. Evidently it

LEAVING ST. HELENA (THE BEACON-LIGHT).

THE STORM OFF NEW YORK.

was time to put in a reef, that she might not wallow on her course.

March 31 the fresh southeast wind had come to stay. The *Spray* was running under a single-reefed mainsail, a whole jib, and a flying-jib besides, set on the Vailima bamboo, while I was reading Stevenson's delightful "Inland Voyage." The sloop was again doing her work smoothly, hardly rolling at all, but just leaping along among the white horses, a thousand gamboling porpoises keeping her company on all sides. She was again among her old friends the flying-fish, interesting denizens of the sea. Shooting out of the waves like arrows, and with outstretched wings, they sailed on the wind in graceful curves, then falling till again they touched the crest of the waves to wet their delicate wings and renew the flight. They made merry the livelong day. One of the joyful sights on the ocean of a bright day is the continual flight of these interesting fish.

One could not be lonely in a sea like this. Moreover, the reading of delightful adventures enhanced the scene. I was now in the *Spray* and on the Oise in the *Arethusa* at one and the same time. And so the *Spray* reeled off the miles, showing a good run every day till April 11, which came almost before I knew it Very early that morning I was awakened by that rare bird, the booby, with its harsh quack, which I recognized at once as a call to go on deck; it was as much as to say, "Skipper, there 's land in sight." I tumbled out quickly, and sure enough, away ahead in the dim twilight, about twenty miles off, was St. Helena.

My first impulse was to call out, "Oh, what a speck in the sea!" It is in reality nine miles in length and two thousand eight hundred and twenty-three feet in height. I reached for a bottle of port-wine out of the locker, and took a long pull from it to the health of my invisible helmsman of the *Pinta*.

It was about noon when the *Spray* came to anchor off Jamestown, and "all hands" at once went ashore to pay respects to his Excellency the governor of the island, Sir R. A. Sterndale. His Excellency, when I landed, remarked that it was not often, nowadays, that a circumnavigator came his way, and he cordially welcomed me, and arranged that I should tell about the voyage, first at Garden Hall to the people of Jamestown, and then at Government House—which is in the hills a mile or two back—to his Excellency and the officers of the garrison and their friends. Mr. Poole, our worthy consul, introduced me at the castle, and in

the course of his remarks asserted that the sea-serpent was a Yankee.

Most royally was the crew of the *Spray* entertained by the governor. I remained at Plantation House a couple of days, and one of the rooms in the mansion, called the "west room," being haunted, the butler, by command of his Excellency, put me up in that —like a prince. Indeed, to make sure that no mistake had been made, his Excellency came later to see that I was in the right room, and to tell me all about the ghosts he had seen or heard of. He had discovered all but one, and wishing me pleasant dreams, he hoped I might have the honor of a visit from the unknown one of the west room. For the rest of the chilly night I kept the candle burning, and often looked from under the blankets, thinking that maybe I should meet the great Napoleon face to face; but I saw only furniture, and the horseshoe that was nailed over the door opposite my bed.

St. Helena has been an island of tragedies —tragedies that have been lost sight of in wailing over the Corsican. On the second day of my visit the governor took me by carriage-road through the turns over the island. At one point of our journey the road, in winding around spurs and ravines, formed a perfect W within the distance of a few rods. The roads, though tortuous and steep, were fairly good, and I was struck with the amount of labor it must have cost to build them. The air on the heights was cool and bracing. It is said that, since hanging for trivial offenses went out of fashion, no one has died there, except from falling over the cliffs in old age, or from being crushed by stones rolling on them from the steep mountains! Witches at one time were persistent at St. Helena, as with us in America in the days of Cotton Mather. At the present day crime is rare in the island. While I was there, Governor Sterndale, in token of the fact that not one criminal case had come to court within the year, was presented with a pair of white gloves by the officers of justice.

Returning from the governor's house to Jamestown, I drove with Mr. Clark, a countryman of mine, to "Longwood," the home of Napoleon. M. Morilleau, French consular agent in charge, keeps the place respectable and the buildings in good repair. His family at Longwood, consisting of wife and grown daughters, are natives of courtly and refined manners, and spend here days, months, and years of contentment, though they have never seen the world beyond the horizon of St. Helena.

On the 20th of April the *Spray* was again ready for sea. Before going on board I took luncheon with the governor and his family at the castle. Lady Sterndale had sent a large fruit-cake, early in the morning, from Plantation House, to be taken along on the voyage. It was a great high-decker, and I ate sparingly of it, as I thought, but it did not keep as I had hoped it would. I ate the last of it along with my first cup of coffee at Antigua, West Indies, which, after all, was quite a record. The one my own sister made me at the little island in the Bay of Fundy, at the first of the voyage, kept about the same length of time, namely, forty-two days.

After luncheon a royal mail was made up for Ascension, the island next on my way.

"I READ DAY AND NIGHT."

CHART OF THE "SPRAY'S" ATLANTIC TRACKS FROM BOSTON TO GIBRALTAR AND THENCE TO THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN IN 1895, AND FINALLY HOMEWARD BOUND FROM THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE IN 1898.

Then Mr. Poole and his daughter paid the *Spray* a farewell visit, bringing me a basket of fruit. It was late in the evening before the anchor was up, and I bore off for the west, loath to leave my new friends. But fresh winds filled the sloop's sails once more, and I watched the beacon-light at Plantation House, the governor's parting signal for the *Spray*, till the island faded in the darkness astern and became one with the night, and by midnight the light itself had disappeared below the horizon.

When morning came there was no land in sight, but the day went on the same as days before, save for one small incident. Governor Sterndale had given me a bag of coffee in the husk, and Clark, the American, in an evil moment, had put a goat on board, "to butt the sack and hustle the coffee-beans out of the pods." He urged that the animal, besides being useful, would be as companionable as a dog. I soon found that my sailing-companion had to be tied up entirely. The mistake I made was that I did not chain him to the mast instead of tying him with grass ropes, and this I learned to my cost. Except for the first day, before the beast got his sea-legs on, I had no peace of mind. After that, actuated by a spirit born, maybe, of his pasturage, this incarnation of evil threatened to devour everything from flying-jib to stern-davits. He was the worst pirate I met on the whole voyage. He began depredations by eating my chart of the West Indies, in the cabin, one day, while I was about my work for'ard, thinking that the critter was securely tied on deck by the pumps. Alas! there was not a rope in the sloop proof against that goat's awful teeth!

It was clear from the very first that I was having no luck with animals on board. There was the tree-crab from the Keeling Islands. No sooner had it got a claw through its prison-box than my sea-jacket, hanging within reach, was torn to ribbons. Encouraged by this success, it smashed the box open and escaped into my cabin, tearing up things generally, and finally threatening my life in the dark. I had hoped to bring the creature home alive, but this did not prove feasible. Next the goat devoured my straw

hat, and so when I arrived in port I had nothing to wear ashore on my head. This last unkind stroke decided his fate. On the 27th of April the *Spray* arrived at Ascension, which is garrisoned by a man-of-war crew, and the boatswain of the island came on board. As he stepped out of his boat the mutinous goat climbed into it, and defied boatswain and crew. I hired them to land the wretch at once, which they were only too willing to do, and there he fell into the hands of a most excellent Scotchman, with the chances that he would never get away.

In the loneliness of the dreary country about Cape Horn I found myself in no mood to make one life less in the world, except in self-defense, and as I sailed this trait of the hermit character grew till the mention of killing food-animals was revolting to me. However well I may have enjoyed a chicken stew afterward at Samoa, a new self rebelled at the thought suggested there of carrying chickens to be slain for my table on the voyage, and Mrs. Stevenson, hearing my protest, agreed with me that to kill the companions of my voyage and eat them would be indeed next to murder and cannibalism.

As to pet animals, there was no room for a noble large dog on the *Spray* on so long a voyage, and a small cur was for many years associated in my mind with hydrophobia. I witnessed once the death of a sterling young German from that dreadful disease, and about the same time heard of the death, also by hydrophobia, of the young gentleman who had just written a line of insurance in his company for me. I have seen the whole crew of a ship scamper up the rigging to avoid a dog racing about the decks in a fit. It would never do, I thought, for the crew of the *Spray* to take a canine risk, and with these just prejudices indelibly stamped on my mind, I have, I am afraid, answered impatiently too often the query, "Did n't you have a dog?" with, "I and the dog would n't have been very long in the same boat, in any sense." A cat would have been a harmless animal, I dare say, but there was nothing for puss to do on board, and she is an unsociable animal at best. True, a rat got into my vessel at the Keeling Cocos Islands, and another at Rodriguez, along with a centiped stowed away in the hold; but one of them I drove out of the ship, and the other I caught. This is how it was: for the first one with infinite pains I made a trap, looking to its capture and destruction; but the wily rodent, not to be deluded, took the hint and got ashore the day the thing was completed.

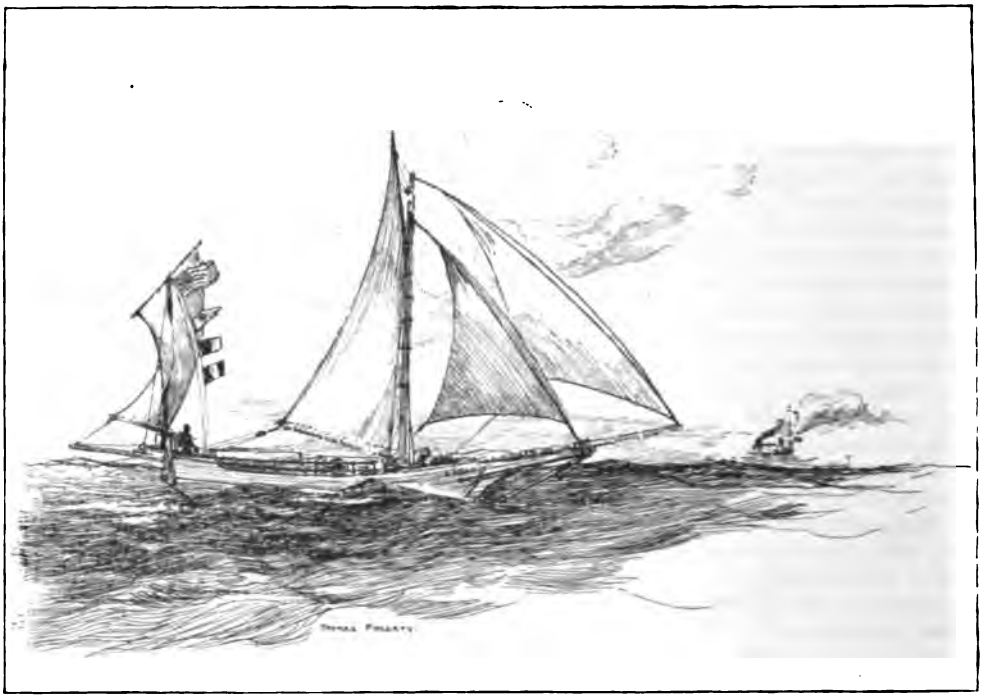
It is, according to tradition, a most reassuring sign to find rats coming to a ship, and I had a mind to abide the knowing one of Rodriguez; but a breach of discipline decided the matter against him. While I slept one night, my ship sailing on, he undertook to walk over me, beginning at the crown of my head, concerning which I am always sensitive. I sleep lightly. Before his impertinence had got him even to my nose I cried "Rat!" had him by the tail, and threw him out of the companionway into the sea.

As for the centiped, I was not aware of its presence till the wretched insect, all feet and venom, beginning, like the rat, at my head, wakened me by a sharp bite on the scalp. This also was more than I could tolerate. After a few applications of kerosene the poisonous bite, painful at first, gave me no further inconvenience.

From this on for a time no living thing disturbed my solitude at sea; no insect even was present in my vessel, except the spider and his wife, from Boston, now with a family of young spiders. Nothing, I say, till sailing down the last stretch of the Indian Ocean, where mosquitos came by hundreds from rain-water poured out of the heavens. Simply a barrel of rain-water stood on deck five days, I think, in the sun, then music began. I knew the sound at once; it was the same as heard from Alaska to New Orleans.

Again at Cape Town, while dining out one day, I was taken with the song of a cricket, and Mr. Branscombe, my host, volunteered to capture a pair of them for me. They were sent on board next day in a box labeled, "Pluto and Scamp." Stowing them away in the binnacle in their own snug box, I left them there without food till I got to sea—a few days. It seems that Pluto was a cannibal, for only the wings of poor Scamp were visible when I opened the lid, and they lay broken on the floor of the prison-box. Even with Pluto it had gone hard, for he lay on his back stark and stiff, never to chirrup again.

Ascension Island, where the goat was marooned, is called the Stone Frigate, R. N., and is rated "tender" to the South African Squadron. It lies in 7° 55′ south latitude and 14° 25′ west longitude, being in the very heart of the southeast trade-winds and about eight hundred and forty miles from the coast of Liberia. It is a mass of volcanic matter, thrown up from the bed of the ocean to the height of two thousand eight hundred and eighteen feet at the highest point above sea-level. It is a strategic point, and belonged to Great Britain before it got cold. In the lim-



THE "SPRAY" PASSED BY THE "OREGON."

ited but rich soil at the top of the island, among the clouds, vegetation has taken root, and a little scientific farming is carried on under the supervision of a gentleman from Canada. Also a few cattle and sheep are pastured there for the garrison mess. Water storage is made on a large scale. In a word, this heap of cinders and lava rock is stored and fortified, and would stand a siege.

Very soon after the *Spray* arrived I received a note from Captain Blaxland, the commander of the island, conveying his thanks for the royal mail brought from St. Helena, and inviting me to luncheon with him and his wife and sister at headquarters, not far away. It is hardly necessary to say that I availed myself of the captain's hospitality at once. A carriage was waiting at the jetty when I landed, and a sailor, with a broad grin, led the horse carefully up the hill to the captain's house, as if I were a lord of the admiralty, and a governor besides; and he led it as carefully down again when I returned. On the following day I visited the summit among the clouds, the same team being provided, and the same old sailor leading the horse. There was probably not a man on the island at that moment better able to walk than I. The sailor knew that. I finally suggested that we change places. "Let me take the bridle," I said, "and keep the horse from bolting." "Great Stone Frigate!" he exclaimed, as he burst into a laugh, "this 'ere 'oss would n't bolt no faster nor a turtle. If I did n't tow 'im 'ard we 'd never get into port." I walked most of the way over the steep grades, whereupon my guide, every inch a sailor, became my friend. Arriving at the summit of the island, I met Mr. Schank, the farmer from Canada, and his sister, living very cozily in a house among the rocks, as snug as conies, and as safe. He showed me over the farm, taking me through a tunnel which led from one field to the other, divided by an inaccessible spur of mountain. Mr. Schank said that he had lost many cows and bullocks, as well as sheep, from breakneck over the steep cliffs and precipices. One cow, he said, would sometimes hook another right over a precipice to destruction, and go on feeding unconcernedly. It seemed that the animals on the island farm, like mankind in the wide world, found it all too small.

On the 26th of April, while I was ashore, rollers came in which rendered launching a boat impossible. However, the sloop being securely moored to a buoy in deep water outside of all breakers, she was safe, while I, in the best of quarters, listened to well-told stories among the officers of the Stone Frigate. On the evening of the 29th, the

sea having gone down, I went on board and made preparations to start again on my voyage early next day, the boatswain of the island and his crew giving me a hearty handshake as I embarked at the jetty.

For reasons of scientific interest, I invited in mid-ocean the most thorough investigation concerning the crew-list of the *Spray*. Very few had challenged it, and perhaps few ever will do so henceforth; but for the benefit of the few that may, I wished to clench beyond doubt the fact that it was not at all necessary in the expedition of a sloop around the world to have more than one man for the crew, all told, and that the *Spray* sailed with only one person on board. And so, by appointment, Lieutenant Eagles, the executive officer, in the morning, just as I was ready to sail, fumigated the sloop, rendering it impossible for a person to live concealed below, and proving that only one person was on board when she arrived. A certificate to this effect, besides the official documents from the many consulates, health offices, and custom-houses, will seem to many superfluous; but this story of the voyage may find its way into hands unfamiliar with the business of these offices and of their ways of seeing that a vessel's papers, and, above all, her bills of health, are in order.

The *Spray*, nothing loath, now filled away clear of the sea-beaten rocks, and the trade-winds, comfortably cool and bracing, sent her flying along on her course. On May 8, 1898, she crossed the track, homeward bound, that she had made October 2, 1895, on the voyage out. She passed Fernando de Noronha at night, going some miles south of it, and so I did not see the island. I felt a contentment in knowing that the *Spray* had encircled the globe, and even as an adventure alone I was in no way discouraged as to its utility, and said to myself, "Let what will happen, the voyage is now on record." A period was made.

On the 10th there was a great change in the condition of the sea; there could be no doubt of my longitude now, if any had before existed in my mind. Strange and long-forgotten current ripples pattered against the sloop's sides in grateful music; the tune arrested the ear, and I sat quietly listening to it while the *Spray* kept on her course. By these current ripples I was assured that she was now off St. Roque and had struck the current which sweeps around that cape. The trade-winds, we old sailors say, produce this current, which, in its course from this point forward, is governed by the coast-line of Brazil, Guiana, Venezuela, and, as some would say, by the Monroe Doctrine.

The trades had been blowing fresh for some time, and the current, now at its height, amounted to forty miles a day. This, added to the sloop's run by the log, made the handsome day's work of one hundred and eighty miles on several consecutive days. I saw nothing of the coast of Brazil, though I was not many leagues off and was always in the Brazil current.

I did not know that war with Spain had been declared, and that I might be liable, right there, to meet the enemy and be captured. Many had told me at Cape Town that, in their opinion, war was inevitable, and they said: "The Spaniard will get you! The Spaniard will get you!" To all this I could only say that, even so, he would not get much. Even in the fever-heat over the disaster to the *Maine* I did not think there would be war; but I am no politician. Indeed, I had hardly given the matter a serious thought when, on the 14th of May, just north of the equator, and near the longitude of the river Amazon, I saw first a mast, with the Stars and Stripes floating from it, rising astern as if poked up out of the sea, and then rapidly appearing on the horizon, like a citadel, the *Oregon!* As she came near I saw that the great ship was flying the signals "C B T," which read, "Are there any men-of-war about?" Right under these flags, and larger than the *Spray's* mainsail, so it appeared, was the yellowest Spanish flag I ever saw. It gave me nightmare some time after when I reflected on it in my dreams.

I did not make out the *Oregon's* signals till she passed ahead, where I could read them better, for she was two miles away, and I had no binoculars. When I had read her flags I hoisted the signal "No," for I had not seen any Spanish men-of-war; I had not been looking for any. My signal, "Let us keep together for mutual protection," Captain Clark did not seem to regard as necessary. Perhaps my small flags were not made out; anyhow, the *Oregon* steamed on with a rush, looking for Spanish men-of-war, as I learned afterward. The *Oregon's* great flag was dipped beautifully three times to the *Spray's* lowered flag as she passed on. Both had crossed the line only a few hours before. I pondered long that night over the probability of a war risk now coming upon the *Spray* after she had cleared all, or nearly all, the dangers of the sea, but finally a strong hope mastered my fears.

On the 17th of May, the *Spray*, coming out

of a storm at daylight, made Devil's Island, two points on the lee bow, not far off. The wind was still blowing a stiff breeze on shore. I could clearly see the dark-gray buildings on the island as the sloop brought it abeam. No flag or sign of life was seen on the dreary place.

Later in the day a French bark on the port tack, making for Cayenne, hove in sight, close-hauled on the wind. She was falling to leeward fast. The *Spray* was also close-hauled, and was lugging on sail to secure an offing on the starboard tack, a heavy swell in the night having thrown her too near the shore, and now I considered the matter of supplicating a change of wind. I had already enjoyed my share of favoring breezes over the great oceans, and I asked myself if it would be right to have the wind turned now all into my sails while the Frenchman was bound the other way. A head current, which he stemmed, together with a scant wind, was bad enough for him. And so I could only say, in my heart, "Lord, let matters stand as they are, but do not help the Frenchman any more just now, for what would suit him well would ruin me!"

I remembered that when a lad I heard a captain often say in meeting that in answer to a prayer of his own the wind changed from southeast to northwest, entirely to his satisfaction. He was a good man, but did this glorify the Architect—the Ruler of the winds and the waves? Moreover, it was not a trade-wind, as I remember it, that changed for him, but one of the variables which will change when you ask it, if you ask long enough. Again, this man's brother maybe was not bound the opposite way, well content with a fair wind himself, which made all the difference in the world.[1]

On May 18, 1898, is written large in the *Spray's* log-book: "To-night, in latitude 7° 13′ N., for the first time in nearly three years I see the north star." The *Spray* on the day following logged one hundred and forty-seven miles. To this I add thirty-five miles for current sweeping her onward. On the 20th of May, about sunset, the island of Tobago, off the Orinoco, came into view, bearing west by north, distant twenty-two miles. The *Spray* was drawing rapidly toward her home destination. Later at night, while running free along the coast of Tobago, the wind still blowing fresh, I was startled by the sudden flash of breakers on the port bow and not far off. I luffed instantly offshore, and then tacked, heading in for the island. Finding myself, shortly after, close in with the land, I tacked again offshore, but without much altering the bearings of the danger. Sail whichever way I would, it seemed clear that if the sloop weathered the rocks at all it would be a close shave, and I watched with anxiety, while beating against the current, always losing ground. So the matter stood hour after hour, while I watched the flashes of light thrown up as regularly as the beats of the long ocean swells, and always they seemed just a little nearer. It was evidently a coral reef,—of this I had not the slightest doubt,—and a bad reef at that. Worse still, there might be other reefs ahead forming a bight into which the current would sweep me, and where I should be hemmed in and finally wrecked. I had not sailed these waters since a lad, and lamented the day I had brought on board the goat that ate my chart. I taxed my memory of sea lore, of wrecks on sunken reefs, and of pirates harbored among coral reefs where other ships might not come, but nothing that I could think of applied to the island of Tobago, save the one wreck of Robinson Crusoe's ship in the fiction, and that gave me little information about reefs. I remembered only that in Crusoe's case he kept his powder dry. "But there she booms again," I cried, "and how close the flash is now! Almost aboard was that last breaker! But you 'll go by, *Spray*, old girl! 'T is abeam now! One surge more! and oh, one more like that will clear your ribs and keel!" And I slapped her on the transom, proud of her last noble effort to leap clear of the danger, when a wave greater than the rest threw her higher than before, and, behold, from the crest of it was revealed at once all there was of the reef. I fell back in a coil of rope, speechless and amazed, not distressed, but rejoiced. Aladdin's lamp! My fisherman's own lantern! It was the great revolving light on the island of Trinidad, thirty miles away, throwing flashes over the waves, which had deceived me! The orb of the light was now dipping on the horizon, and how glorious was the sight of it! But, dear Father Neptune, as I live, after a long life at sea, and much among corals, especially on this voyage, I would have made a solemn declaration to that reef! Through all the rest of the night I saw imaginary reefs, and not knowing what moment the sloop might fetch up on

[1] The Bishop of Melbourne refused to set aside a day of prayer for rain, recommending his people to husband water when the rainy season was on. In like manner, a navigator husbands the wind, keeping a weather-gage where practicable.

a real one, I tacked off and on till daylight, as nearly as possible in the same track, all for the want of a chart. I could have nailed the St. Helena goat's pelt on the galley door!

My course was now for Grenada, to which I carried letters from Mauritius. About midnight of the 22d of May I arrived at the island, and cast anchor in the roads off the town of St. George, entering the inner harbor at daylight on the morning of the 23d, which made forty-two days' sailing from the Cape of Good Hope. It was a good run, and I doffed my cap again to the pilot of the *Pinta*.

Lady Bruce, in a note to the *Spray* at Port Louis, said Grenada was a lovely island, and she wished the sloop might call there on the voyage home. When the *Spray* arrived, I found that she had been fully expected. "How so?" I asked. "Oh, we heard that you were at Mauritius," they said, "and from Mauritius, after meeting Sir Charles Bruce, our old governor, we knew you would come to Grenada." This was a charming introduction, and it brought me in contact with people worth knowing.

The *Spray* sailed from Grenada on the 28th of May, and coasted along under the lee of the Antilles, arriving at the island of Dominica on the 30th, where, for the want of knowing better, I cast anchor at the quarantine ground; for I was still without a chart of the islands, not having been able to get one even at Grenada. Here I not only met with some disappointment, but was threatened with a fine for the mistake I made in the anchorage. There were no ships either at the quarantine or at the commercial roads, and I could not see that it made much difference where I anchored. But a negro chap, a sort of deputy custom-house officer, coming along, thought it did, and he ordered me to shift to the other anchorage, which, in truth, I had already investigated and did not like, because of the heavier roll there of the sea. And so instead of springing to the sails at once to shift, I said I would leave outright as soon as I could procure a chart, which I begged he would send and get for me. "But I say you mus' move befo' you gets anyt'ing 't all," he insisted, and raising his voice so that all the people alongshore could hear him, he added, "An' jes now!" Then he flew into a towering passion when they snickered to see the crew of the *Spray* sitting calmly by the bulwark instead of hoisting sail. "I tell you dis am quarantine," he shouted, very much louder than before. "That 's all right, general," I replied; "I want to be quarantined anyhow." "That 's right, boss," some one on the beach cried, "that 's right; you get quarantined," while others shouted to the deputy to "make de white trash move 'long out o' dat." They were about equally divided on the island for and against me. The man who had made so much fuss over the matter gave it up when he found that I wished to be quarantined, and sent for an all-important half-white, who soon came alongside, starched from clue to earing. He stood in the boat as straight up and down as a fathom of pump-water—a marvel of importance. "Charts!" cried I, as soon as his shirt-collar appeared over the sloop's rail; "have you any charts?" "No, sah," he replied with much-stiffened dignity; "no, sah; cha'ts do's n't grow on dis island." Not doubting the information, I tripped anchor immediately, as I had intended to do from the first, and made all sail for St. John, Antigua, where I arrived without further incident on the 1st of June, having sailed with great caution in mid-channel all the way.

The *Spray*, always in good company, now fell in with the port officers' steam-launch at the harbor entrance, having on board Sir Francis Fleming, governor of the Leeward Islands, who, to the delight of "all hands," gave the officer in charge instructions to tow my ship into port. On the following day his Excellency and Lady Fleming, along with Captain Burr, R. N., paid me a visit. The court-house was tendered free to me at Antigua, as was done also at Grenada, and at each place a highly intelligent audience filled the hall to listen to a talk about the seas the *Spray* had crossed, and the countries she had visited.

On the 4th of June the *Spray* cleared from the United States consulate, and her license to sail single-handed, even round the world, was returned to her for the last time. The United States consul, Mr. Hunt, before handing the paper to me, wrote on it, as General Roberts had done at Cape Town, a short commentary on the voyage. The document, by regular course, is now lodged in the Treasury Department at Washington, D. C.

On June 5, 1898, the *Spray* sailed for a home port, heading direct for Cape Hatteras. On the 8th of June she passed under the sun from south to north; the sun's declination on that day was 22° 54′, and the latitude of the *Spray* was the same just before noon. Many think it is excessively hot right under the sun. It is not necessarily so.

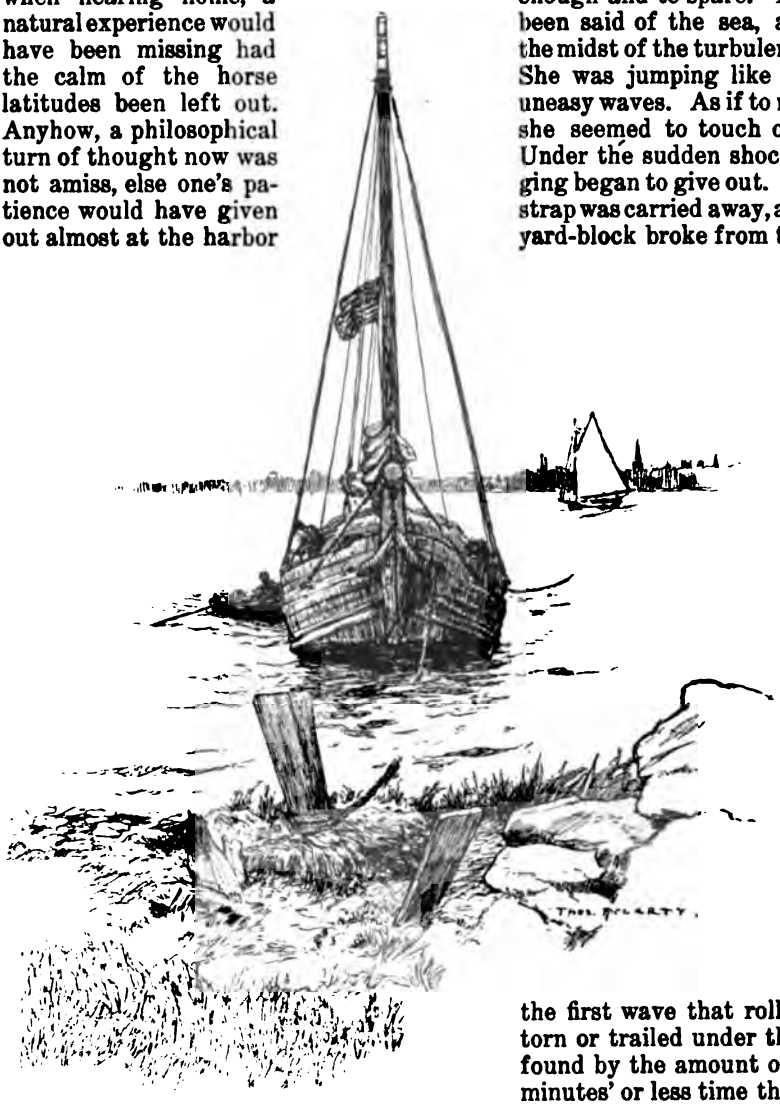
As a matter of fact the thermometer stands at a bearable point whenever there is a breeze and a ripple on the sea, even exactly under the sun. It is often hotter in cities and on sandy shores in higher latitudes.

The *Spray* was booming joyously along for home now, making her usual good time, when of a sudden she struck the horse latitudes, and her sail flapped limp in a calm. I had almost forgotten this calm belt, or had come to regard it as a myth. I now found it real, however, and difficult to cross. This was as it should have been, for, after all of the dangers of the sea, the dust-storm on the coast of Africa, the "rain of blood" in Australia, and the war risk when nearing home, a natural experience would have been missing had the calm of the horse latitudes been left out. Anyhow, a philosophical turn of thought now was not amiss, else one's patience would have given out almost at the harbor entrance. The term of her probation was eight days. Evening after evening during this time I read by the light of a candle on deck. There was no wind at all, and the sea became smooth and monotonous. For three days I saw a full-rigged ship on the horizon, also becalmed.

Sargasso, scattered over the sea in bunches, or trailed curiously along down the wind in narrow lanes, now gathered together in great fields, strange sea-animals, little and big, swimming in and out. But on the 18th of June a gale began to blow from the southwest, and the sargasso was dispersed again in windrows and lanes.

On this day, however, there was wind enough and to spare. The same might have been said of the sea, and the *Spray* was in the midst of the turbulent Gulf Stream itself. She was jumping like a porpoise over the uneasy waves. As if to make up for lost time, she seemed to touch only the high places. Under the sudden shock and strain her rigging began to give out. First the main-sheet strap was carried away, and then the peak halyard-block broke from the gaff. It was time to reef and refit, and so when "all hands" came on deck I went about doing that.

The 19th of June was fine, but on the morning of the 20th another gale was blowing, accompanied by cross-seas that tumbled about and shook things up with great confusion. Just as I was thinking about taking in sail the jibstay broke at the masthead, and fell, jib and all, into the sea. It gave me the strangest sensation to see the bellying sail fall, and where it had been suddenly to see only space. However, I was at the bows, with presence of mind to gather it in on the first wave that rolled up, before it was torn or trailed under the sloop's bottom. I found by the amount of work done in three minutes' or less time that I had by no means grown stiff-jointed on the voyage; anyhow,



AGAIN TIED TO THE OLD STAKE AT FAIRHAVEN.

scurvy had not set in, and being now within a few degrees of home, I might make the voyage, I thought, without the aid of a doctor. Yes, my health was still good, and I could skip about the decks in a lively manner, but could I climb? The great King Neptune tested me severely at this time, for the stay being gone, the mast itself switched about like a reed, and was not easy to climb; but a gun-tackle purchase was got up, and the stay set taut from the masthead, for I had spare blocks and rope on board with which to rig it, and the jib, with a reef in it, was soon pulling again like a "sodger" for home. Had the *Spray's* mast not been well stepped, however, it would have been "John Walker" when the stay broke. Good work in the building of my vessel stood me always in good stead.

On the 23d of June I was at last tired, tired, tired of baffling squalls and fretful cobble-seas. I had not seen a vessel for days and days, where I had expected the company of at least a schooner now and then. As to the whistling of the wind through the rigging, and the slopping of the sea against the sloop's sides, that was well enough in its way, and we could not have got on without it, the *Spray* and I; but there was so much of it now, and it lasted so long! At noon of that day a winterish storm was upon us from the nor'west. In the Gulf Stream, late in June, hailstones were pelting the *Spray*, and lightning was pouring down from the clouds, not in flashes alone, but in almost continuous streams. By slants, however, day and night I worked the sloop in toward the coast, where, on the 25th of June, off Fire Island, she fell into the tornado which, an hour earlier, had swept over New York city with lightning that wrecked buildings and sent trees flying about in splinters; even ships at docks had parted their moorings and smashed into other ships, doing great damage. It was the climax storm of the voyage, but I saw the unmistakable character of it in time to have all snug aboard and receive it under bare poles. Even so, the sloop shivered when it struck her, and she heeled over unwillingly on her beam ends; but rounding to, with a sea-anchor ahead, she righted and faced out the storm. In the midst of the gale I could do no more than look on, for what is a man in a storm like this? I had seen one electric storm on the voyage, off the coast of Madagascar, but it was unlike this one. Here the lightning kept on longer, and thunderbolts fell in the sea all about. Up to this time I was bound for New York; but when all was over I rose, made sail, and hove the sloop round from starboard to port tack, to make for a quiet harbor to think the matter over; and so, under short sail, she reached in for the coast of Long Island, while I sat thinking, or watching the lights of coasting-vessels which now began to appear in sight. Reflections of the voyage so nearly finished stole in upon me now; many tunes I had hummed again and again came back once more. I found myself repeating fragments of a hymn often sung by a dear Christian woman of Fairhaven when I was rebuilding the *Spray*. I was to hear once more and only once, in profound solemnity, the metaphorical hymn:

> By waves and wind I 'm tossed and driven.

And again:

> But still my little ship outbraves
> The blust'ring winds and stormy waves.

After this storm I saw the pilot of the *Pinta* no more.

The experiences of the voyage of the *Spray*, reaching over three years, had been to me like reading a book, and one that was more and more interesting as I turned the pages, till I had come now to the last page of all, and the one more interesting than any of the rest.

When daylight came I saw that the sea had changed color from dark green to light. I threw the lead and got soundings in thirteen fathoms. I made the land soon after, some miles east of Fire Island, and sailing thence before a pleasant breeze along the coast, made for Newport. The weather after the furious gale was remarkably fine. The *Spray* rounded Montauk Point early in the afternoon; Point Judith was abeam at dark; she fetched in at Beavertail next. Sailing on, she had one more danger to pass—Newport harbor was mined. The *Spray* hugged the rocks along where neither friend nor foe could come if drawing much water, and where she would not disturb the guard-ship in the channel. It was close work, but it was safe enough so long as she hugged the rocks close, and not the mines. Flitting by a low point abreast of the guard-ship, the dear old *Dexter*, which I knew well, some one on board of her sang out, "There goes a craft!" I threw up a light at once and heard the hail, "*Spray*, ahoy!" It was the voice of a friend, and I knew that a friend would not fire on the *Spray*. I eased off the main-sheet now, and the *Spray* swung off for the beacon-lights of the inner harbor. At last she reached port in safety, and there at 1 A. M. on June

27, 1898, cast anchor, after the cruise of more than forty-six thousand miles round the world, during an absence of three years and two months, with two days over for coming up.

Was the crew well? Was I not? I had profited in many ways by the voyage. I had even gained flesh, and actually weighed a pound more than when I sailed from Boston. As for aging, why, the dial of my life was turned back till my friends all said, "Slocum is young again." And so I was, at least ten years younger than the day I felled the first tree for the construction of the *Spray*.

My ship was also in better condition than when she sailed from Boston on her long voyage. She was still as sound as a nut, and as tight as the best ship afloat. She did not leak a drop—not one drop! The pump, which had been little used before reaching Australia, had not been rigged since that at all.

The first name on the *Spray's* visitors' book in the home port was written by the one who always said, "The *Spray* will come back." The *Spray* was not quite satisfied till I sailed her around to her birthplace, Fairhaven, Massachusetts, farther along. I had myself a desire to return to the place of the very beginning whence I had, as I have said, renewed my age. So on July 3, with a fair wind, she waltzed beautifully round the coast and up the Acushnet River to Fairhaven, where I secured her to the cedar spile driven in the bank to hold her when she was launched. I could bring her no nearer home.

If the *Spray* discovered no continents on her voyage, it may be that there were no more continents to be discovered; she did not seek new worlds, or sail to powwow about the dangers of the seas. The sea has been much maligned. To find one's way to lands already discovered is a good thing, and the *Spray* made the discovery that even the worst sea is not so terrible to a well-appointed ship. No king, no country, no treasury at all, was taxed for the voyage of the *Spray*, and she accomplished all that she undertook to do.

To succeed, however, in anything at all, one should go understandingly about his work and be prepared for every emergency. I see, as I look back over my own small achievement, a kit of not too elaborate carpenters' tools, a tin clock, and some carpet-tacks, not a great many, as already mentioned in the story. But above all to be taken into account were some years of schooling, where I studied with diligence Neptune's laws, and these laws I tried to obey when I sailed over seas; it was worth the while.

And now, without having wearied my friends, I hope, with detailed scientific accounts, theories, or deductions, I will only say that I have endeavored to tell just the story of the adventure itself. This, in my own poor way, having been done, I now moor ship, weather-bitt cables, and leave the sloop *Spray*, for the present, safe in port.

NOTE.—As a conclusion to the record of the *Spray's* voyage, Captain Slocum will, in the March CENTURY, describe, for professional sailors and yachtsmen, the construction, gear, and rig of the sloop, and offer careful drawings to illustrate the subject.—EDITOR.

CHART OF THE "SPRAY'S" TRACK AROUND THE WORLD, APRIL 24, 1895, TO JULY 3, 1898.

BILLY LAPPIN'S SEARCH FOR A FORTUNE.[1]

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS,
Author of "Through the Turf Smoke," "In Chimney Corners," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

BILLY he lived ondher the same roof with Shamus[2] a-Ruadh (or Red Shamus), as we called him. Billy had his thrade, an' what ground the four walls stood on. Shamus, poor man, had niver a thrade at all,—if we bar Adam's thrade, delvin' an' diggin',—but had a wee patch of three acres. Billy was a shoemaker, an' a first-class han', too, an' could make piles o' money if he only knew how to keep it; but that was what Billy, poor man, niver could do, or niver choose to do. It was like puttin' corn into the mill-hopper to put money intil Billy's purse, for there was a hole in the bottom of it, an' it emp'ied as fast. Not to say, aither, that Billy was a dissipated man, or a man of on-different char-*acth*-er: be no mains; Billy was only jolly an' jovial. Billy had naither wife, wain,[3] chick, nor chile in the wurrl'—he was his lee-alone, an' it was "no cow, no care" with him. "Sure, I 'm both well fed an' well cled," Billy would tell ye, "an' afther that money 's only a hindhrance: it would burn a hole in my pocket if I kep' it. I work hard airly an' late, an' it 's little enough I 'd enjoy meself at a fair or a market, thrate me fren's an' customers, an' make the money spin for it. Phew-w-w!" he would whistle, snappin' his fingers at the same time, "afther what I ait, dhrink, an' wear, an' spen' on me fren's, a big button for all the money in the kingdom of Irelan'!"

That was the description of Billy Lappin for long enough, as busy as a bumbee, an' as happy as a beggar, spendin' fast, an' makin' it faster; an' there was no mavish[4] from Carnaween to Californiay whistled an' sung as Billy whistled an' sung over his work, airly in the mornin' an' far in the evenin', an' there was n't (if I say it) a cozier or a heartsomer chimbley-corner to sit in, from end to wynd of Dinnygal.

Shamus a-Ruadh (as we called him), poor man, he lived, as I toul' ye, ondher the same roof with Billy: but poor Shamus he had a wife an' a congregation of wains on his han's, an' had only a spade an' a stout heart to fight the wurrl' with: an' a wondherful fight, considherin' the odds was again him, he did make. Shamus was the heart an' sowl of an industhrous man, an' he had his three acres in such rotation as a flower-garden, his wee patch a parable to the counthry. He worked with Tom, Dick, an' Harry, Paddy an' Shan, every day he could get employ; an' every wet day, or every day he could n't get work with his naybour, he wrought like a black on his own wee farm, besides workin' afore hours in the mornin' an' afther-time at night. But he had such a charge on his hands, an' such a small way of supportin' it, that at first people was niver tired, when they had nothin' betther to talk of, pityin' poor Shamus a-Ruadh, an' wondherin' how in the name o' Goodness he 'd manage to keep his head above wather till the childer 'd get up an' be useful to themselves, at all, at all. But lo an' behoul' ye, he astonished the counthry when he bought in Peadhar a-Boyle's lan' for two-an'-twinty poun'—half down, an' the other half to be ped up inside two years—when Peadhar soul' out to go to Canaday. But if that astonished them, maybe it is n't dumfoundhered they wor when not four years afther he bought Dinnis a-Meehan's Lowlan' fiel's, the bate of the baronry, for twoscore an' three poun's, an' ped for it on the nail! An' two years more was n't over his head when it was given intil him that he had the most head of stock, an' the best quality, too, in the parish—an'

[1] A lhifrechaun, or leprechaun, is the fairy shoemaker. If the reader has ever the good luck to surprise and catch a lhifrechaun, then, having the presence of mind not to remove his eye from him for a fraction of an instant (thereby rendering the little fellow powerless of melting into thin air), he must at once command him to disclose where there is a crock of gold hid. The little scoundrel will first endeavor to trick you into lifting your eye off him, and, failing in this, will try fifty little dodges; but, finding all useless, will discover to you what you want, on condition of being set free. The rest is easy.

[2] Properly spelled *Seumas*.

[3] Child.

[4] Thrush.

a warmer house than Shamus's or a more thrivin' man was n't to be met withinside the three parishes. An' people was a'most past wondherin' now.

It was two days afther the big May fair of Ballyshanny, where Shamus had purchased five-an'-twinty poun's' worth of young stock, that there was a big debate, of an' evenin', in Billy Lappin's consarnin' Shamus an' his wondherful rise in the wurrl'. Billy himself was as much moidhered[1] about the how an' the why of it all as the nixt, an' Billy hammered away, an' discoorsed very knowin'ly entirely on luck, for it seemed to be the gineral vardict all round that it was the luck was with Shamus,—an' them has the luck with them, it 's well known whatsomiver they put their han' to prospers.

"Himph!" says Andy Shuvlin of Tullyalt, who was sittin' listenin' to the debate—"himph!" says he, "blatheration on yer luck! Yez know as much of what ye 're talkin' about as a goat knows about sayin' the baids. Luck, moryah! I 'll tell ye the luck Shamus a-Ruadh fell in with—his luck was nothin' more nor less than that he caught a lhifrechaun. That 's Shamus's luck, an' it 's small credit till a mouse in a mill to grow fat. I have the story from them knows it. It 's six year agone, last Ware, that Shamus met with his luck, caught it be the scroof o' the neck; an' so signs on it he 's a rich man iver since, but it 's only be degrees he 's lettin' it out. Ay, faith, the luck *is* with Shamus a-Ruadh—a crock full of it, that ye might bury yer arm in up till the elbow; an' he took it out of Barney Melly's forth[2]—it has a yalla look about it an' a jingle would rise yer heart. Ay, Shamus has got the luck, an' no mistake!"

Faith, it tuk away the breath from Billy. He stopped the peggin', with the hammer raised in his han', an' his mouth open that ye might daub a shoe intil it, while Andy was spaikin' it; an' there was n't a sowl in the house, moreover, but was as much consthernated as Billy. An' thrue enough, an' it was the wondher o' the wurrl' none of them iver thought of it afore, but there was the whole mysthery about Shamus a-Ruadh's good fortune riddled now. It was the lhifrechaun an' the crock o' goold out o' Barney Melly's forth was the whole thing!

Well, a hard bed an' a cowl wan to Andy Shuvlin! He was a vagabone, anyhow, iver an' always delightin' in nothin' more nor in puttin' his naybours asthray, an' then laughin' in his sleeve at them—an iver an' always, too, he could make a story, an' dhress it, while a houn' would be shakin' its lug. A hard bed an' a very cowl wan, I say, to the same Andy! for, from that day an' that minute, Billy Lappin was a changed man. Six words more did n't pass his lips that night; but he hammered away, an' thought away, an' more times let the hammer rest where it fell till he 'd take a good long think till himself. An' the nixt mornin', when aforetimes he 'd 'a' been whistlin' an' singin' at his work, Billy was out mayandherin' about the ditches, thinkin'. He joined Shamus a-Ruadh where he was workin' in a tattie-patch, an' the divil a wan o' Shamus but yocked to think there something odd comed over him, for no matther on what subject he set out to discoorse him, poor Billy in a jiffy would, be hook or be crook, have the discoorse immaidiately round upon lhifrechauns, an' fairy forths, an' crocks o' goold. An' when Shamus, too, went intil the house for a bit o' brakwis, there was Billy in at his heels; an' Shamus was n't at his brakwis till Billy was at the lhifrechauns again. "Be this an' be that, Una," Shamus says to the wife, when Billy did go, "but there 's a somethin' comed over poor Billy Lappin (God take care of him!), whatsomiver it is." The short an' the long of it was, Billy Lappin, who niver afore set his heart in the money he could get, was now settin' his heart an' sowl in the money he could not get. An' mopin' an' doitherin' about the ditches an' hedges Billy goes that day, an' the nixt, an' the day afther that again. "My goghendies!" Billy 'd say till himself, "is n't it the poor thing for me be workin' the very skin off me bones—workin' airly an' workin' late—for jist as much money as houl's body an' sowl together, an' to say that there 's crocks full of it hid all roun' me, nearly cryin' out for people to come an' find them! My goghendies! Oh, if I could only pick up wan o' them crocks, same as Shamus a-Ruadh done, is n't it Billy Lappin would be the happy an' the contented man all the days of his life afther! Och, och, och! Billy avourneen, if ye could only get yer fist on such a crock what would n't ye do! There would n't be a livin' sowl within ten miles o' where ye 're standin' that would n't be the betther for yer find—all days o' the year should be fair days for them! It 's then ye could thrate yer fren's as ye 'd wish to thrate them. Och, Billy, Billy, Billy! it 's dead ye might as well 'a' been all yer life, for all the speed ye 've come. Five-an'-forty years o' hard work an' hardships, an' as poor now as ye wor the first

[1] Mixed up; puzzled. [2] Fort, or rath.

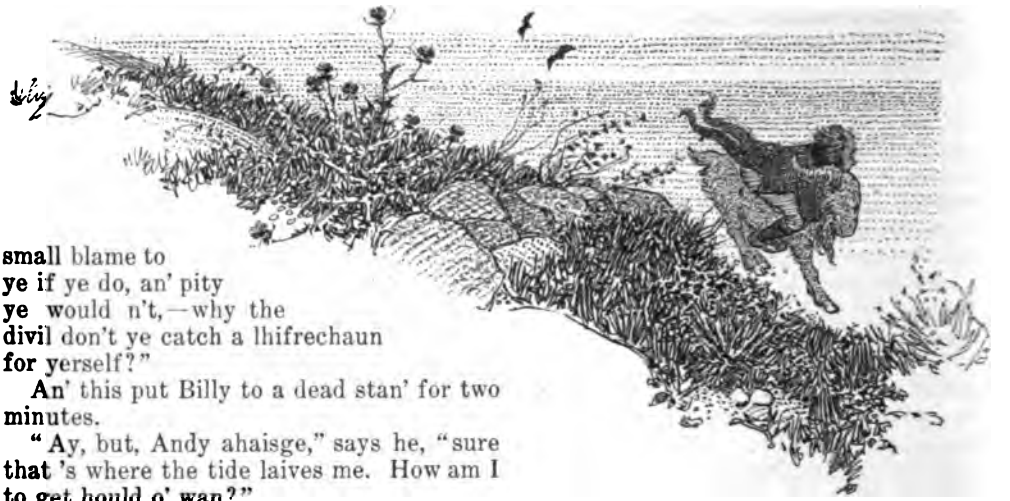
day ye dhrew breath! Och, Billy, Billy, Billy, darlin', God pity ye!"

An' there was poor Billy's song night, noon, an' mornin'. There was more work comin' intil him to do than would keep a journeyman along with himself goin', but poor Billy he would n't be aither coaxed or coarced to do a hand's thurn. He had lost heart entirely, an' could be got to do nothing at all, at all, barrin' go sthreelin' afther Shamus a-Ruadh, from wan of his farms to the other, not sayin' much, only lookin' at Shamus with his mouth open as if he was wan o' the seven wondhers of Aigypt—an' poor Shamus he did n't know no more nor the man o' the moon what Billy maint at all, at all; only himself an' Una they agreed the poor fella's head was turned, an' they wor as kindly with him, an' spoke till him as coaxin'ly, as they could. An' when Billy was tired throttin' after Shamus he 'd doither over the hill to Barney Melly's forth, an' walk roun' it, an' roun' it, an' then over it; an' then he 'd sit him down right atop of it, with his elbows on his knees an' his chin in his hands, an' think, an' think, an' think, for hours together.

Well an' good, this went on for as good as a week, an' Billy had made himself a spec-*tac*-le for the naybourhid, when, wan evenin' he was sittin' on the forth, thinkin', he all of a suddint jumps up, an' starts hot foot across the counthry, an' niver stopped till he was in Tullyalt, with Andy Shuvlin himself, no less. An' Billy starts an' he aises his mind to Andy, him sittin' on the end of a praitie sheuch where Andy was weedin'. "An' now," says he, when he had finished the paramble of his woes to Andy—"an' now, Andy," says he, "I don't begridge poor Shamus a-Ruadh his good fortune," says he, "God knows. I don't or would n't begridge it aither to Shamus or Una, or wan a dhrap's blood to them—an' shame be on me if I would! But Andy avic, is n't it a sort of hard," he says, "me that lived ondher the same roof with Shamus all me life—for me be left to end me days as hard as I begun them, when, in wan hour's time, if only God sent the luck my way, I might be as rich as a lan'lord, an' never move a han' for the remaindher of me natural life except to make much of them I wish well to—an' Andy, you know them same would make a purty good-sized fair if they wor gathered together."

"AN' THINK, AN' THINK, AN' THINK."

"Himph!" says Andy, says he, who had stopped his weedin' an' taken a sate on the broo o' the ridge beside him—"himph! Thrue enough words for ye, Billy Lappin, an' it 's meself, throth, feels for ye—an' ye know it. That it should put purty hard on ye is only natural; an' purty hard, I 'm sartint sure, it would put on meself ondher the same sarcumstances. Yis, hard, in throth. But Billy, me lad," says Andy, says he, turnin' on him an' not movin' a muscle in his face—"Billy, me lad," says he, "if you want to meet with Shamus a-Ruadh's luck,—an'



"IT WAS PURTY COGGLESOME RIDIN'."

small blame to ye if ye do, an' pity ye would n't,—why the divil don't ye catch a lhifrechaun for yerself?"

An' this put Billy to a dead stan' for two minutes.

"Ay, but, Andy ahaisge," says he, "sure that 's where the tide laives me. How am I to get hould o' wan?"

"Phoo!" says Andy, "if that 's all 's botherin' ye, ye can aisy enough get over that," says he.

"What! Aisy?" says Billy, the eyes startin' in his head.

"As aisy as kiss yer han'," says Andy. "Now, Billy Lappin, you just pay attention to the words I 'm goin' to tell ye. You heerd me reharse in your house not very many nights ago how Shamus a-Ruadh come by his good luck?"

"Yis, yis," says Billy.

"Then, Billy, I repate what I sayed afore, that it 's as aisy as winkin' for you to catch a lhifrechaun."

"Andy, ye sowl ye, I 'll make a rich man of ye," says Billy, jumpin' till his feet. "How am I to catch him? Hurroo!"

"Sit down, sit down here, Billy, an' be quate, an' let me go on with me story. I 'll not ax ye to make a rich man o' me. The divil all else I 'll ax ye do than, afther ye 've caught the lhifrechaun, an' then got the goold, to jus' len' me the price of a small wee donkey till afther I 've thrashed in the harwust, an' for that I 'll be very mightily obliged to you," says Andy.

"The price of a—small—wee—donkey! Andy achuisle, I 'll stock yer farm with ele-*phants!*"

"Och, throth, an' it 's too kind ye are, an' ever an' always wor, Billy agrah—but I thank you an' I don't want no ele-*phants*, only just a nice handy wee bit of a donkey that 'ill fetch home the winther's thurf for me, an' do wee odd jobs for meself an' a naybour or two I wish well to—an' I 'll pay ye, as I sayed, when I thrash."

"Pay be hanged, Andy Shuvlin! Is it want to insult me ye do? I 'll buy ye all the asses from Galway to Ginnyland, an' make them a present to ye."

"Oh, no, no, no," says Andy, says he, "I would n't think of it—I could n't think of it; ye 'll have to let me pay ye back the last black ha'penny of it—afther I have thrashed. But, to come to what we 're at, Billy Lappin. I 'll give you all the knowledge on the subject I got meself, an' give it to ye as I got it, an' if you folly it to the letter, small chance but ye 're a made man. You can catch a lhifrechaun in this way: ye must find a he-goat that belongs to a man who 's naither a bachelor nor marrid, that 's naither ould nor young, an' that has naither horns nor no horns, an' that naither feeds on bushes nor grasses; ye 're to get sthrag-legs on that goat when it 's naither night nor day; ye 're to mount him naither in yer own parish nor in any other parish—an' all that done, ye 're to give the goat his head, an' houl' on lake grim daith; let him run till he stops, then look out atween his lugs an' yer lhifrechaun 's there fornenst ye, hammerin' away at his thrade—an', Misther Lappin, you 're too knowledgable a man for me have the imperance to tell ye what ye 're to do afther."

Billy, who had n't known for joy whether he was on his head or his heels, got down in the mouth as Andy went on.

"Arrah, but, Andy," says he, "sure, man a-dear, ye might as well talk Spanish to pavin'-stones. It 's onpossible for a mortial man to go through with them diractions."

"On the conthrairy," says Andy, "let me tell ye that Providence is playin' until yer han's in the most exthrornery way ever *I* knew."

"Make me sensible, Andy," says Billy.

"You know Matthew Mulhern of Sthrabeg?" says Andy.

"I do," says Billy.

"Matthew Mulhern of Sthrabeg," says Andy, says he, "has a goat with only the wan horn—beca'se it smashed the other clane off a twelvemonth ago buttin' the tillygraph pole was put up bye Matthew's, thinkin' it was some new sort of a polisman. Wan horn is n't *horns;* no more is it *no horns.*"

"By Jaimminty, yis," says Billy, clappin' his hands.

"Matthew 's naither a marrid man nor a bachelor, beca'se, as ye know, he 's a widda; he 's naither ould nor young, for he 's middle-aged; he naither feeds on bushes nor grasses, be raison Matthew keeps him on the Black Moor, where there grows divil a blade else but heather."

"Right ye are, Andy, me hearty," says Billy.

"If you mount the goat in the twilight it 'll be naither night nor day. An' ye know as well as I can tell ye, that at the wan corner o' Matthew's Black Moor the three parishes joins, an' that 's the spot for you, beca'se it 's naither in yer own parish nor in any other. An' there 's for ye now, Misther Lappin!"

Whew! me brave Billy give three leaps into the air, like a kid on May-day, an' yelled for the very joy, an' then threw his arms round Andy Shuvlin, the rascal, an' hugged an' hugged him till he near a'most squeezed the sowl out of him—an' meself 's thinkin' that same would n't be much sin.

That selfsame evenin' seen me brave Billy powlin' away for Sthrabeg, with his head higher, an' carryin' himself airier than he done for a week past. When he reached there he went jookin' an' creepin' roun' be the ditches, for he did n't want no wan—much less Matthew—to see him; an' when the sun popped down behin' Munthermullagh, Billy was sthretched among the heather on the Black Moor, an' the goat tethered not fifty yards from him, munchin' an' crunchin' away at the heather, like as if it was the sweetest lettises he ever tasted.

Now, more betoken, the same was the fair evenin' of Ballinthra, an' there was few people to be met with, for they wor all gone to the fair; an' this suited Billy down to the groun'. But, all the same, he did n't wait long, only let it get a wee thrifle duskish, for he was itchin' to get his fist on the lhifrechaun; an' when he thought it was close enough in the middle atween night an' day, an' he could houl' out no longer, Billy starts up an' lifts the tether to lead the goat to the mearin' of the parishes. But, mo bhron! afore Billy knew where he was he foun' himself goin' head over heels, an' thought there was some sort of a wee earthquake sthruck him behind—for there was n't a bigger an' sthronger nor a boulder he-goat in all the counthry than Matthew Mulhern's Brian Boru, as the boys had christened this wan, beca'se of his fondness for fightin', an' his luck in always gettin' the upper han'. Billy started, now that he did get up, off in the diraction of the spot he wanted to reach, with the goat, as he well expected, keepin' close tack till him, an' givin' him an odd lift back an' forrid, if he slacked in his gallop at all: an' as he did raich the spot atween the three parishes, an' thried to dhraw up, Brian Boru hoisted him from behind like a keg of gun-*powdher*, an' over he went with Brian head an' heels over on top of him. In the scrimmage, somehow or other, Billy managed to come out atop, and sthrag-legs he was on Brian Boru's back in the shakin' of an ass's lug.

Now, Billy was but a small moiety of a man, an' Brian Boru could carry two like him, an' jump over his own head with them, if he had only a mind. But the goat had n't the mind—at first, at any rate; for he riz on his hind legs an' then riz on his fore, an' he bucked an' wriggled an' twisted, in hopes of throwin' Billy: but, me sowl, Billy knew it was too much throuble an' vexation he had gettin' where he got, to pursuade himself to be taken down off it so soon.

Billy held on to the goat like a miserd to his bag, an' Brian Boru might as soon think to rattle down a creelful of stars with his horn as to shake Billy from his sate. So, when he thried, an' thried, an thried over again, till he seen thryin' was no use, off he starts at a run, as straight ahead as an arra would fly; an' Billy on his back took a tighter grip, an', "Now," says he—"now, glory be to Goodness! I 'm in for it! If ye can only houl' yer hoult, Billy Lappin, it 's a made man ye are this night." An' if he did n't just altogether cut as good a figure, there was niver yet a jockey rode a race-horse that held to his sate as fast as Billy held his.

It was purty cogglesome ridin', was the moor, an' every joult Billy got ye might think it was enough to loosen the teeth in his head; but he bore it lake the warrior he was. For Matthew's broken fiel' the goat first made; there was a sheuch of a sizable width, an' poor Billy thought he 'd meet doom

"POOR BILLY HAD N'T A GASP IN HIM."

in it; but, tiddyfallal! over it with a skip went Brian Boru. Billy's heart went out of his mouth, an' he did n't catch it again till he was half-ways over the fiel'.

There was a thorn-hedge atween that fiel' an' the nixt, an' sweet sarra to the goat if anywhere else would do it to cross but through the hedge. "Ram ye, for an ass of a goat," Billy yells, "have ye no aisier place to cross!" But the words was n't out of his mouth till through went the goat, an' through, somehow or another, went Billy; but he thought there was n't two pieces of him stickin' together, and could n't be sure there was till he groped himself with his han'. He was runnin' the blood like the hill of Aughrim, but Billy's spirit was n't cowed for all that. "The morra mornin'," says he, "an' plaise God, I 'll be ble to buy stickin'-plasther to sheet Ben-Bulbin." He had an undauntless sowl, had poor Billy. "But what the divil 's this he 's goin' to do with me now?" says he; an' the next minute he thought the left leg was gone off of him for good an' all against Archie Barron's gate-post. "Phew! who cares for a miserly leg!" says Billy. "A beautiful wan of goold an' mother-of-pearl 'ill be more befittin' a man o' my wealth an' station, anyhow, afther this night."

Down through Archie's garden went the goat like a race-horse; but fareer! what was the nixt tanthrum come intil his head but to carry Billy right slap through the middle of Archie's bee-skeps! "Melia-murther!" says Billy, an' over went two of the skeps! An' out with a buzz, an' a whuzz, an' the divil's own roolye-boolye, rises the two hives o' bees, an' afther Billy an' Brian Boru like a rajiment of polis afther a mad dog! "Sents purtect me this night!" says Billy. "I 'm as good as a dead man! Run, ye divil ye," says he, diggin' his knees into Brian. "Run, ye divil ye, as ye niver run afore!"

But if Brian Boru had been as smart again, the bees wor still smarter nor him; an' Billy, I tell you, had a purty busy time of it thryin' to houl' his grip on the goat with wan hand an' fight the bumbees with the other; but when there got a bee or two into Billy's lug, and half a han'ful of them into Brian's, there was throuble in the air, believe you me. Billy he roared like a bull a-stickin', an' he used more langidge then ever he foun' in his prayer-book. But lo! at the foot of Archie's garden there was a dhry sheuch both wide an' deep, an' well overgrown with both briars an' nettles. The goat he come gallopin' right to the brink of it like a race-horse that did n't mane to be last, an' right there he stuck his four legs and come till a dead halt, while poor Billy, Lord help him, was shot out right over Brian's wan horn, an' crash through briars an' nettles he went, crown first, feelin' for the bottom, an' there he stuck with the soles of his feet just appearin' above the ondherwood like some new kind of a wild flower! Brian Boru, as soon as he got rid of his load, turns, an' helter-skelther off in a new diraction he makes, with the two hives o' bees afther, givin' him all the encouragement they could.

Billy he might have stuck there till he 'd have grown to the bottom, only Andy Shuvlin, the veg[1] that he was, was n't far away,

[1] Vagabond.

watchin' the whole coorse of Billy's gymnastricks; an' when he seen Billy stuck safely in the sheuch, he run into Archie Barron's an' toul' Archie he b'lieved Billy Lappin had a wee dhrap o' dhrink aboord an' was intherfairin' with his bees without, an' he thought, if he was n't mistaken, the bees had give him a chase into the sheuch at the bottom of the garden, an' it might be as well for Archie see to him laist harm would come till him on his groun'; an' then Andy left.

Archie, as mad as a score an' a half of hatters, went leapin' down the garden. He got Billy Lappin be the heels an' dhragged him out, with the full intention of givin' him such another dhrubbin' as he had n't got in his born days afore. But behould ye, when Archie got him out, poor Billy had n't a gasp in him, an' without a word or a sign he sthretched himself out as stiff as a corp. Archie raised the whillalew at wanst till a wheen o' the naybours come runnin' to his help, an' they carried Billy home an' poured brandy intil him an' put him till his bed, an' he did n't open an eye till the nixt mornin'; an' for a day an' a night afther it was few was the words Billy spoke; but he was thinkin' at the rate of a mill.

The mornin' of the second day he hilloed on Shamus a-Ruadh, an' Shamus comed in. "Shamus," says Billy, "sit ye down there on the fut o' the bed till I start ye a queskin, an' look me in the eye an' answer me sthr'ight."

Shamus, not knowin' what in the wurrl' Billy would be dhrivin' at now, sat him down on the bottom of the bed, an' Billy he put it sthr'ight till him that he had caught a lhifrechaun, an' in that way come intil all his wealth; an' axed Shamus for God's sake to tell him how *he* was to set about catchin' wan for himself. When Shamus heerd this he set up a laugh that made the rafthers dinnle, an' he now seen intil all Billy's exthrornery ways an' talk for the past while.

"Well, Billy, me son," says Shamus, says he, when he got his tongue with him, "I did catch a lhifrechaun, sure enough, an' the how I caught it is no great saicret; yerself or e'er another man in the parish can collar wan for himself in the selfsame way an' with no more throuble than me,—though in throth even if it was a saicret, it 's yerself, Billy, would be welcome till it an' a *cead mile failté.* I caught me lhifrechaun, Billy avourneen, be mindin' me farm an' stickin' to me spade, workin' airly an' workin' late, goin' to few fairs an' markets, barrin' them I could n't stay from, an' stoppin' late in none of them; without, I thrust, bein' either niggardly or near-goin', or passin' me naybour when I did meet him from home without axin' him had he a mouth on him, still knowin' the valuey of a penny, an' knowin' that while wan an' wan made two with a careful man, an' two an' two four, wan an' wan with a spendthrift made nothin', an' two an' two a broken head. Doin' an' knowin' all this, an' havin'—thanks be to him!—God's blessin' about me, an' his grace, I do thrust, I caught me lhifrechaun, an' the lhifrechaun fetched me not money so much as aise an' content an' happiness; beca'se, Billy, happiness an' content an' a feelin' of thankfulness to God is, afther all, the great thing, an' money is useful an' enjoyable only in so far as it helps you to these. So much so, Billy, that if ye find happiness an' content with tenpence a day, ye have caught a lhifrechaun; while if ye got a poun' a minute, an' did n't get content with it, it was only a divil ye caught in a lhifrechaun's shape.

"An' now, Billy, me child, I 'm inclined to think that you had your lhifrechaun in your hands, an' let him go whilst ye went huntin' a divil."

Billy Lappin he rowled over in the bed without spaikin' a word to this, good, bad, or ondifferent; an' he lay thinkin' for a day an' a night more.

On the nixt mornin' Shamus a-Ruadh was wakened at the brak o' day be hearin' through the wall Billy peggin' away, an' hammerin', an' he whistlin' an' singin' like a nightingale.

"Thanks be to God!" says Shamus, "me poor Billy has caught his lhifrechaun again."

THE HOOSIER YOUNGSTER.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN.

OLD MAN WHISKERY-WHEE-KUM-WHEEZE.

OLD MAN WHISKERY-WHEE-KUM-WHEEZE
Lives 'way up in the leaves o' trees.
An' wunst I slipped up-stairs to play
In Aunty's room, while she 'uz away,
An' I clumbed up in her cushion-chair
An' ist peeked out o' the winder there;
An' there I saw—wite out in the trees—
Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze!

An' Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze
Would bow an' bow, with the leaves in the breeze,
An' waggle his whiskers an' raggledy hair,
An' bow to me in the winder there!
An' I 'd peek out, an' he 'd peek in
An' waggle his whiskers an' bow ag'in,
Ist like the leaves 'u'd wave in the breeze—
Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze!

An' Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze,
Seem like, says to me: "See my bees
A-bringin' my dinner? An' see my cup
O' locus'-blossoms they 've plum' filled up?"
An' "*Um-yum, Honey!*" wuz last he said,
An' waggled his whiskers an' bowed his head;
An' I yells, "Gimme some, won't you, please,
Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze?"

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT WAS TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

I 'M twins, I guess, 'cause my Ma say
I 'm two little girls. An' one o' me
Is *Good* little girl; an' th' other 'n' she
Is *Bad little girl as she can be.*
An' Ma say so, 'most ever' day.

An' she 's the *funniest* Ma! 'Cause when
My Doll won't mind, an' I ist cry,
W'y, nen my Ma she sob an' sigh,
An' say, "Dear *Good* little girl, good-by!
Bad little girl 's comed here again!"

Last time 'at Ma act' that a-way,
I cried all to myse'f awhile
Out on the steps, an' nen I smile,
An' git my Doll all fix' in style,
An' go in where Ma 's at, an' say:
"*Morning to you, Mommy dear!*
Where 's that Bad little girl wuz here?
Bad little girl 's goned clean away,
An' Good little girl 's comed back to stay."

THE PENALTY OF GENIUS.

WHEN little 'Pollus Morton he 's
A-go' to speak a piece, w'y, nen
The Teacher smiles an' says 'at she 's
Most proud of all her little men
An' women in her school—'cause 'Poll
He allus speaks the best of all.

An' nen she 'll pat him on the cheek,
An' hold her finger up at you
Before he speak'; an' *when* he speak'
It 's ist some piece *she* learn' him to!
'Cause he 's her favor-ite. . . . An' she
Ain't pop'lar as she *ust* to be.

When 'Pollus Morton speaks, w'y, nen
Ist all the other childern knows
They 're smart as him an' smart-again.
Ef they *can't* speak an' got fine clo'es,
Their Parunts loves 'em more 'n 'Poll-
Us Morton, Teacher, speech, an' all.

THE PARENT REPRIMANDED.

SOMETIMES I think 'at Parunts does
Things ist about as bad as *us*—
Wite 'fore our vurry eyes, at that!
For one time Pa he scold' my Ma
'Cause he can't find his hat;
An' she ist *cried*, she did! An' I
Says, "Ef you scold my Ma
Ever again an' make her cry,
W'y, you sha'n't *be* my Pa!"
An' nen he laugh' an' find his hat
Ist wite where Ma she said it 's at!

A PET OF UNCLE SIDNEY'S.

UNCLE SIDNEY 's vurry proud
Of little Elsie Janey,
'Cause she 's so smart, an' goes to school
Clean 'way in Pennsylvany!
She print' an' sent a postul card
To Uncle Sidney, telling
How glad he 'll be to hear that she
"Toock the onners in Speling."

IN FERVENT PRAISE OF PICNICS.

PICNICS is fun 'at 's purty hard to beat.
I purt' nigh ruther go to them than *eat*.
I purt' nigh ruther go to them than go
With our Char*lotty* to the Trick-Dog Show.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

DR. BARRY E. O'MEARA.

FROM A PORTRAIT IN PENCIL AND WATER-COLOR, IN THE POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY OF LOUIS MAILLIARD, PRIVATE SECRETARY TO JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

TALKS WITH NAPOLEON.

HIS LIFE AND CONVERSATION AT ST. HELENA.

THE ORIGINAL RECORD MADE BY NAPOLEON'S PHYSICIAN, DR. B. E. O'MEARA.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

FOR seventy-five years Dr. O'Meara's published work on his intercourse with Napoleon at St. Helena has maintained its character as one of the most remarkable records of genius ever bestowed upon a hero-worshiping world. When "Napoleon in Exile; or, A Voice from St. Helena," was issued in 1822, so great was the public interest that aid was sought from the police to restrain the ardor of the throngs which besieged the publishers' office in London. Within five years six editions were printed, and as recently as 1888 a carefully edited and very handsome edition was put forth to meet a continuing demand for a work which, in spite of official detraction and partizan assaults on its veracity, has survived by force of intrinsic honesty and merit.

For the best of reasons Dr. O'Meara made use in his famous book of less than half of his manuscript journal, and condensed and modified much of the parts that were actually utilized. In the nineteen manuscript volumes now in the possession of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (containing over one hundred and eighty thousand words) he had jotted down literally the conversation of Napoleon, and had commented without reserve on the daily happenings of Longwood and the almost daily squabbles with the English governor. He had been not less critical of Napoleon's followers than of the treatment meted out to the great prisoner by his keeper. Obviously his journal was too intimate a record for publication in the lifetime of the author and the principal persons figuring in it.

Before indicating the motives which must have impelled O'Meara to suppress more than half of his original journal, and to condense the part which was utilized in his book, his peculiar position at Longwood must be understood. Barry E. O'Meara, born in Dublin in 1786, came of cultivated stock, inherited an active mind and sprightly temperament, and, as his conduct shows, possessed a manly spirit and a cool judgment. Entering the English army as assistant surgeon in 1804, he served against the French in Egypt, Sicily, and Calabria. In 1807 he was instrumental in bringing to a bloodless conclusion a duel between officers, but as he was second to the challenger, his schoolfellow, he was ordered to leave the service, with his principal. However, he was soon after put on the naval list, and, after serving on several other men-of-war, was surgeon on the *Bellerophon* when Napoleon sought an English asylum in 1815. In the passage to England Napoleon was attracted to O'Meara by his ability to converse freely in Italian, and when his own surgeon declined to be exiled, O'Meara was asked to join the suite. The admiralty urged consent, but informally, and O'Meara went aboard the *Northumberland* in the rather difficult position of semi-private medical attendant of a state prisoner, in the service and pay of the hostile government.

For three years (from August 7, 1815, till July 25, 1818) O'Meara maintained himself in this ambiguous position only by the exercise of tact and forbearance. In the earlier part of his sojourn at Longwood, while the air was electric with the conflict between Napoleon and the governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, O'Meara was, in a measure, the confidant of both sides, and a convenient go-between. He tried to satisfy the importunities of the English officials with information of a harmless character; but his intimacy with Napoleon, his independence of spirit, and his refusal to bend to the exactions of the governor, led to strained relations, and finally to his dismissal from Longwood.

On his arrival in England O'Meara informed the admiralty, by a letter dated October 28, 1818, of the treatment which, in his opinion, was threatening the life of the prisoner, the reply to which was an official letter saying that his name had been dropped from the list of naval surgeons. The following year, 1819, the gathering storm against Sir Hudson Lowe was antici-

pated by an anonymous pamphlet which attempted to justify his conduct. This was immediately riddled by O'Meara in a pamphlet of two hundred and fifteen pages, entitled "An Exposition of Some of the Transactions that have Taken Place at St. Helena," etc., a second edition of which was soon called for. This pamphlet produced a great sensation.

Dr. O'Meara's "Exposition" was an overwhelming arraignment. In preparing it he had not drawn directly upon his journal, for at that time he was preparing his book, "Napoleon in Exile; or, A Voice from St. Helena," which in the pamphlet he had announced as a "Narrative" that would more fully elucidate the subject; but from a sense of duty he held back the book until 1822 (the year following Napoleon's death), and even then published it only with the knowledge of Napoleon's executors.

At the time the book appeared O'Meara was the center and mainspring of a fierce controversy, and the paramount truth in the main issue would have been obscured, perhaps, if he had published the more intimate parts of his diary. Moreover, the objection which had obtained during Napoleon's life of printing any part of it was still in force, as regarded many parts, during the lifetime of the French generals who shared the exile, Bertrand, Montholon, and Gourgaud, and of Count de Las Cases. They all survived O'Meara, who died in 1836.

O'Meara bequeathed the nineteen precious manuscript volumes comprising his St. Helena journal to Louis Mailliard, the private secretary of Joseph Bonaparte. In this he was guided, undoubtedly, by a sagacious desire to protect it against partial or complete destruction. It would hardly have been safe in the hands of any member of the Bonaparte family or of Napoleon's followers at St. Helena. The safest custodian would naturally be a discreet friend the furthest removed from English official life, and also sympathetic toward the Napoleonic record. Louis Mailliard had proved himself a man of the greatest fidelity and integrity. It was he who was one of the witnesses of the burial of Joseph Bonaparte's treasure in Switzerland in 1815, and in 1817 Joseph, then established at Point Breeze, near Bordentown, New Jersey, sent him to Switzerland to recover the treasure, which he placed in Joseph's hands after a surprising adventure.[1]

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS LENT BY L. G. BILLINGS.

THE BRIARS, NAPOLEON'S FIRST RESIDENCE AT ST. HELENA.

The main building of Mr. Balcombe's residence, on the left of the upper photograph, is shown in the lower one. Napoleon occupied the pavilion higher on the right.

[1] Described on page 82 of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for May, 1893, in "Joseph Bonaparte in Bordentown," by F. Marion Crawford. Mr. Crawford's father (the dis-

DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY L. G. BILLINGS.

LONGWOOD, ST. HELENA, FROM THE GARDEN SIDE.

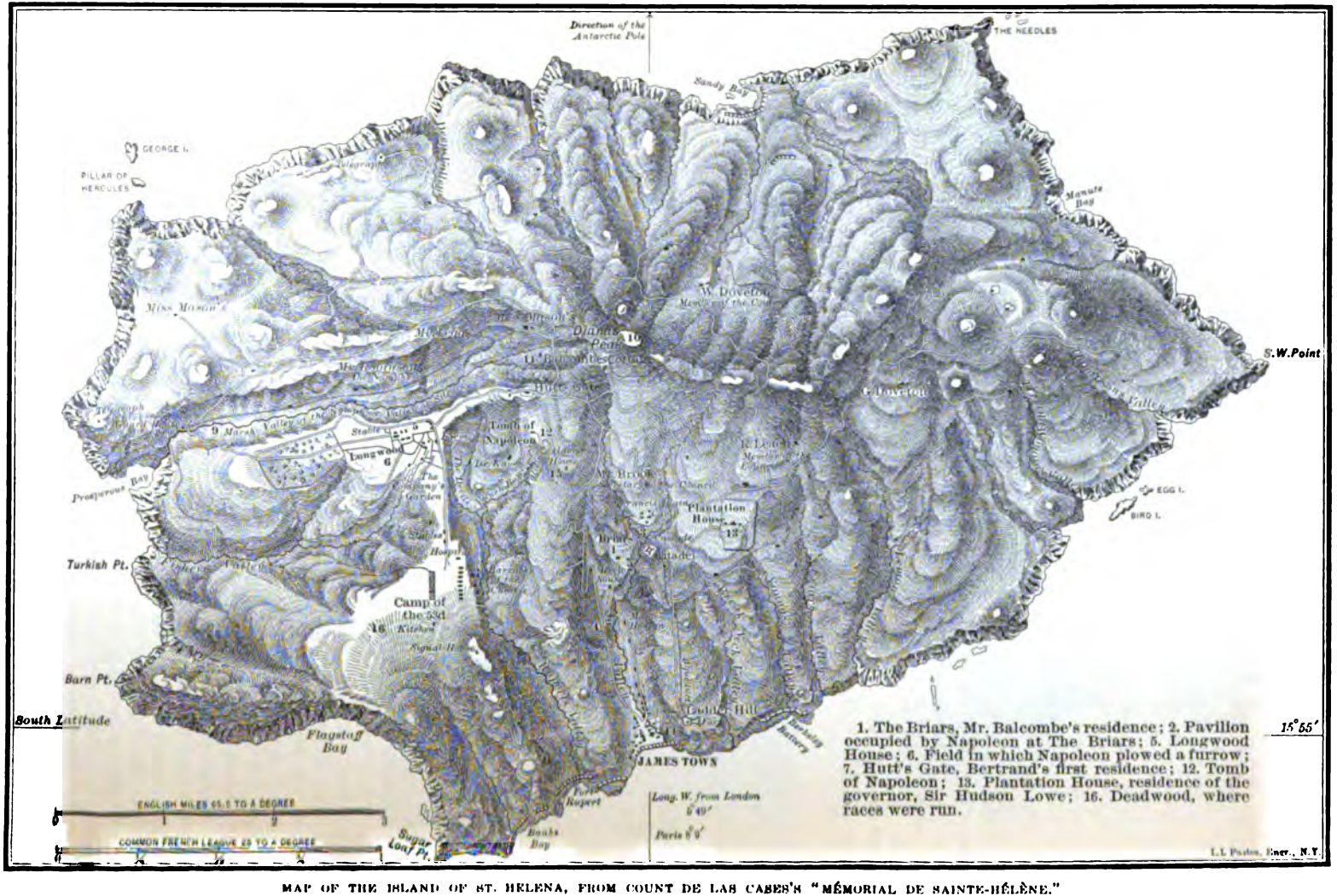
Sail-cloth was spread over the outer end of the arbor, under which Napoleon used to dictate to Las Cases. The room at the inner end of the arbor was the library. A little of the front veranda is shown on the right of the picture.

Members of Louis Mailliard's family settled permanently in the United States. Since his death the St. Helena journal has remained in the hands of his descendants. While they have had a general idea of its historical value, they have not been willing, until recently, to allow it to be deciphered with a view to publication, and until that difficult task was undertaken by THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (the better part of a year being required for the painstaking work), the contents were as good as sealed up in a rapid and blind chirography, of which the specimen page shown here in facsimile is a comparatively legible example. As the diaries are not signed, a facsimile of a signed letter to Louis Mailliard is offered for comparison. Access has also been had to a signed letter by O'Meara to Baron Larrey in the manuscript department of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, which, as being more carelessly written, is even in closer resemblance to the hasty hand of the journal.

In the preface to his published work O'Meara describes the care he took to enter the topics of conversation at once in his journal, and to preserve even verbal accuracy; and as he feared his notes might be taken from him, he made, with a copying-machine of that date, duplicates of parts, which from time to time were sent through a friend on a man-of-war to his agent in London.

Eighteen of the diaries are numbered from 1 to 18, the first entry in No. 1 being dated April 18, 1816. The volume that is unnumbered is not a diary or journal, but consists of O'Meara's translation of a long letter which Las Cases attempted to send to Lucien Bonaparte, a copy of which, written on satin, was found sewed in the lining of the waistcoat of a servant about to start for England. This discovery caused Sir Hudson Lowe to remove Las Cases from Longwood on November 25, 1816. That the letter was written long before that date is proved by the statement in it that "it is now about three months since a new governor has arrived over us." As Sir Hudson arrived April 14, 1816, the letter must have been written very early in July. It was designed to impart to Napoleon's brother Lucien an account of events and of their hard-

tinguished American sculptor) and Adolphe Mailliard, the son of Louis, married sisters, a third sister being Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.



MAP OF THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA, FROM COUNT DE LAS CASES'S "MÉMORIAL DE SAINTE-HÉLÈNE."

ships to that date, and inasmuch as letters of a similar character were shown at Longwood to visitors, with the view of making their contents known independent of the authorities, it would not be surprising if O'Meara had had access to this letter before Las Cases tried to smuggle it to Europe.

The last entry in diary No. 18 is dated February 8, 1817, which in point of time does not reach quite to the end of the first volume of O'Meara's two-volume book. It is estimated, consequently, that of the one hundred and eighty thousand words of the diary not much more than one third was transferred to the book manuscript. As to O'Meara's subsequent notes, they either have been lost or were placed in other hands, or, as is quite likely, from February 8, 1817, to the end of his St. Helena experience, his record was made in a form corresponding more nearly to manuscript suitable for his already formed project of a book. Accompanying the diaries are twenty-nine loose sheets, letter size, which give color to this supposition. That O'Meara decided in the first days of his appointment to collect material is proved by a letter to his friend Mr. Finlaison, a clerk in the admiralty, in which he says: "It is my intention to collect every anecdote I can from Napoleon and those about him."

Every entry in the diary has an interest to the student of Napoleon literature, and even the matters of a seemingly trivial nature throw some light on the last act of one of the most conspicuous dramas of the ages. Probably no writer near to Napoleon has got closer to the native flavor of that master genius than O'Meara, for it should not be forgotten that Italian was Napoleon's mother-tongue, and that, presumably, he expressed himself in it with greatest vigor and raciness. Indeed, while O'Meara has for the most part translated the Italian conversations into English, he, nevertheless, makes a point in the journal of reporting some of the most vigorous of Napoleon's remarks in the vernacular; and it will be remembered that in the days of his glory, when it became necessary to scold members of his own family, he had a rapid way of using "choice Italian."

In important quarters O'Meara is still an object of detraction. The "Dictionary of National Biography," so late as 1895, says: "There seems no doubt that his conduct throughout was that of an indiscreet partizan, or rather puppet, of Napoleon, and his diagnosis of his patient's case as one of liver disease induced by the malignity of the climate was falsified by Napoleon's subsequent death from a disease [cancer of the stomach] which is not affected by climate." The journal, for the most part written while O'Meara was still on fair terms with Sir Hudson Lowe, makes plain the frankness and straightforwardness of his position as a witness at St. Helena, and disproves many of the surmises and suspicions of those who have assailed him in the interest of the other side to the controversy; and it is not surprising that his volubility and racy indiscretion supplied weapons easily turned against him.

The contention as to the treatment and proper care of Napoleon, as the journal shows, raged fiercely at St. Helena, and was continued in after years, among others, by Sir Walter Scott and General Gourgaud. The latter found fault with facts set forth in Scott's "Life of Napoleon," derived from General Gourgaud's own statements to the English authorities, and intimated that he would call Sir Walter to account. The latter prepared privately for an encounter, but the personal aspect of the storm blew over.

In addition to Napoleon's quarrel with Sir Hudson Lowe an intermittent family storm raged within the walls of Longwood. On this point O'Meara published very little, and here the journal is particularly fresh and interesting in its revelation of the character of Napoleon and his household in exile. It should be borne in mind that the leading members of the family were all comparatively young, Napoleon on reaching St. Helena being forty-six, Las Cases forty-nine, Bertrand forty-two, O'Meara thirty-seven, and Montholon and Gourgaud each thirty-two.

In selecting extracts for the magazine care has been taken to exclude matter published in Dr. O'Meara's book, except in instances where the journal is so much fuller and so characteristic as to have a special interest or importance. It should be noted also that Forsyth's defense of Sir Hudson Lowe, published in 1853, thirty-one years after O'Meara's book, contains private letters from O'Meara to his friend Mr. Finlaison, Sir Thomas Reade, and others. In these letters O'Meara repeated many interesting passages from the earlier part of his journal, which were omitted from his book. It does not seem desirable to publish these passages before the whole journal is made public in book form, though they have a special value as coming from the journal, for Forsyth arraigns O'Meara for publishing "a most un-

fair, not to say false, version of his own notes," partly on the ground that his book differed so widely from his private letters. Thus a part of the historical value of the journal lies in the fact that it was penned from day to day, and supplies the missing link between O'Meara's book and his letters, as well as a vast amount of new material.

EXTRACTS FROM O'MEARA'S JOURNAL.

ON August 7, 1815, at Plymouth, "Napoleon Buonaparté," as the English officially designated him, was removed from his Majesty's ship *Bellerophon* to the 74-gun ship *Northumberland*, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn, who was charged with the care of establishing the exile at St. Helena.

Napoleon went ashore at Jamestown, the island port, in the evening of October 17, 1815, and was lodged in the town. Early the next morning he rode a horse to Longwood, the country-seat of the lieutenant-governor, which Sir George Cockburn had selected as the shelter of the fallen emperor. The site was eighteen hundred feet above the sea, much exposed to sun and weather, and considerable additions to the low house were necessary before Napoleon could be installed. During the ride to Longwood, Napoleon had noticed the pleasing aspect of a private estate called "The Briars," where lived Mr. Balcombe, the navy agent, who became the purveyor to Longwood. On the return Napoleon stopped there, and asked to be allowed to stay during the preparatory work at Longwood. A small pavilion near the main house was given up to him, where, with a few of his attendants and servants, he lived for about two months.

During the stay at The Briars most of the suite were quartered in Jamestown. On December 9 Longwood was ready to receive Napoleon and his people, with the exception of Count Bertrand and the countess and three children, who were quartered a mile away in a little house called "Hutt's Gate," pending the erection of a separate house for them at Longwood. Under the same roof with Napoleon were Count and Countess Montholon and their child, Baron Gourgaud, Count de Las Cases and his son Emmanuel, fourteen years old, Captain Piontkowski, Dr. O'Meara, the officer of the guard, and French and English servants.

During the first winter Sir George Cockburn remained in charge of the prisoner, with whom he was on somewhat better terms than was his successor, Sir Hudson Lowe, who arrived April 14, 1816.

NAPOLEON SNUBS THE RETIRING GOVERNOR.

O'Meara's first diary begins with an entry dated April 18, 1816. The day before, the retiring governor, Sir George Cockburn, had made a second effort to present to Napoleon the new governor, Sir Hudson Lowe. On the first attempt they reached Longwood at nine o'clock in the morning, and were denied an interview, Napoleon construing the early visit as an effort on Sir George's part to embroil him with the new governor. On the 17th Sir Hudson was admitted to Napoleon's presence, but Sir George, to his great disgust, was shut out by the valet, to whom Napoleon, as reported by Las Cases, said: "Ah, my good Noverraz, you have done a clever thing for once in your life."

EDITOR.

18th April [1816]. Napoleon, after asking some questions concerning the opening of Parliament, turned the conversation by asking who had lent me the newspapers, to which a reply was made, "The admiral [Sir George Cockburn] sent them to me." He appeared surprised, and said that he believed he had been ill-treated the day he came up with the new governor. "What does he say about it?" continued he. I replied: "He conceived it certainly as an insult offered to him, and was greatly offended at it. Some explanation has, however, been given him by General Montholon concerning it." . . . "It is a pity," added he, "that a man who really has talents—for I believe him to be a very good officer in his service—should have behaved so ill as he has done to me. He had an opportunity of getting a good character by treating me well, but instead of that he has procured himself one which will cover him with disgrace to posterity. . . . It will appear in print yet."

I endeavored to explain to him that the English, and particularly naval men, were not much in the habit of going through many forms, and that it was unintentional on the part of the admiral to insult him. . . . He said: "I believe the new governor is a man of very few words, but he appears a polite man. However, it is only from a man's conduct for some time that you can judge of him." . . .

24th [April]. Napoleon at first out of spirits; the first part of the day was very gloomy and rainy. Said a great deal to me about the admiral. Said that he esteemed him as a man of talents in his profession. Believed him to be an excellent officer, but a rough and unbending, severe character who never consulted anybody; said he had broken his word with him about the captain of the guard, as he had promised him that the captain should keep out of his sight when riding out, but instead of that the other wanted to

ride by his side. I endeavored to explain that the admiral had given directions that the other was to ride in the manner which would least constrain him, and to keep as far off as he could: but he was not satisfied; said that in fact it was a duty which could not well be done by an officer, and alluded to what Sir G. B[ingham] said about "not to ride after him like a servant," which he said was right. . . . Spoke a good deal of English, which (though pronounced like a Frenchman) I understood the greatest part of. . . .

25th [April]. Told him that the governor had several French books, which he would be happy to lend him. He answered that he was much obliged to him, and if he would send him a catalogue of them he would choose some of them. Observed, while eating his breakfast, that at least while one eat one did not die. Asked me how he looked, if his countenance had not some appearance of illness, and that he had not slept the greatest part of the night.

O'MEARA'S STATUS AT LONGWOOD.

Though much of the following conversation with Napoleon appears in O'Meara's book, it is there stated in somewhat different terms. It is so important to a comprehension of O'Meara's position, as understood between him and his patient, that the entire entry for May 5 is given.

5th May. N. sent for me, and after asking a few questions about the news, transports arrived, etc., asked me in both French and Italian, in presence of Las Cases, whom he also desired to mention it in English for fear of a mistake, the following questions: "You know that it was in consequence of my application that you were appointed to attend upon me. Now I want to know from you, precisely and truly, as a man of honor, in what situation you conceive yourself; whether as my surgeon, such as M. Maingaud was, or the surgeon of a prison and prisoners? Whether you have orders to report every trifling occurrence to the governor, such as my having a boil or anything like that; what I say to you, and everything else [that] takes place, because I do not wish that if I have a trifling illness it should either be reported to the governor or put in the English newspapers. Answer me candidly. What situation do you conceive yourself in?" I told him as a surgeon to attend upon him and his followers, and that I had received no other orders than to make an immediate report in case of his being taken seriously, in order to have the advice and assistance of other physicians. "First obtaining my consent to call in others," demanded he; "is it not so?" I answered I certainly would not do it without doing so first.

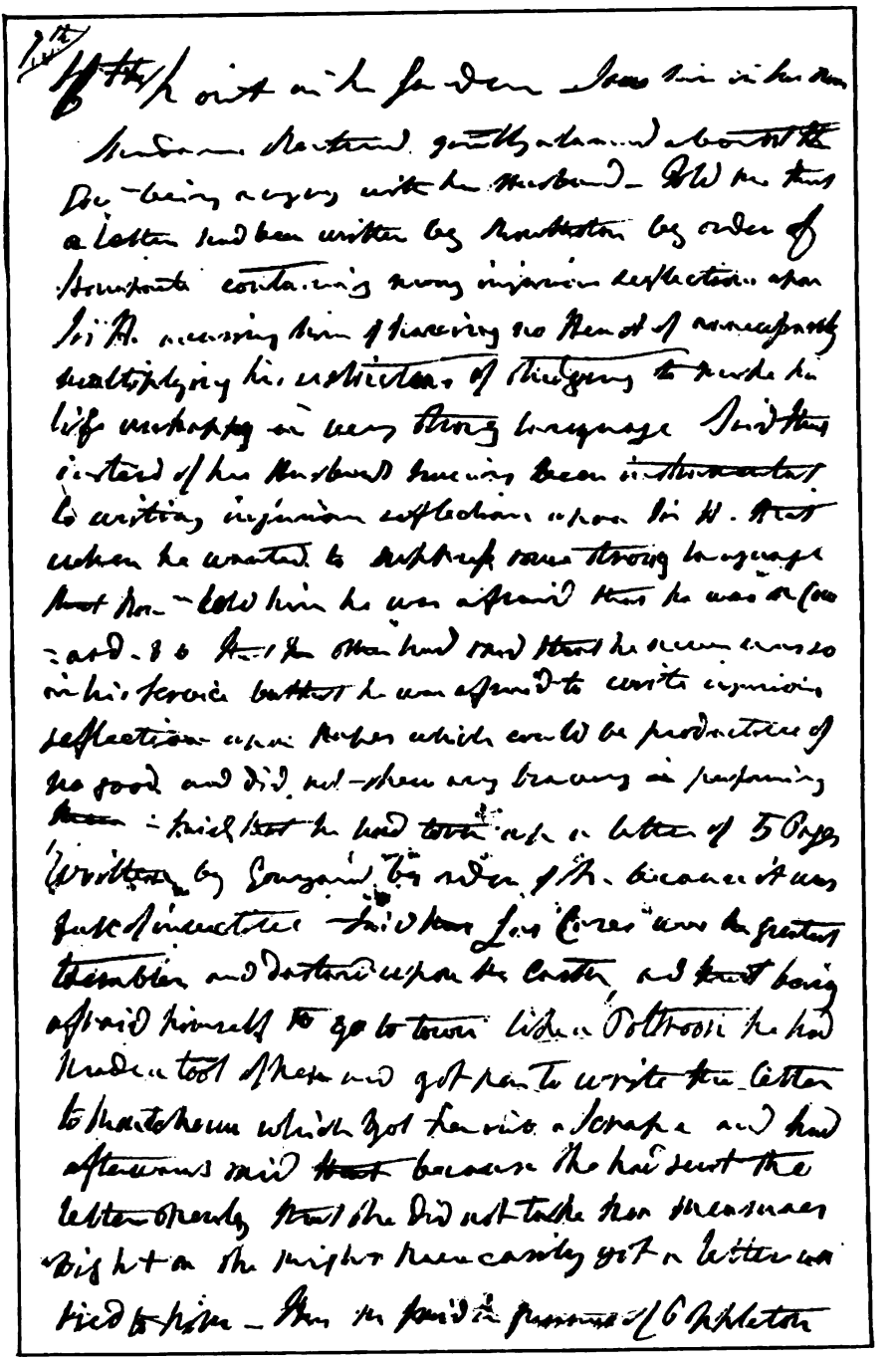
He then said: "If you were appointed as a surgeon to a prison or prisoners, and to give reports of everything about me to the governor, whom I conceive to be a chief of spies (*un capo di spioni*), I would never see you again; or if you were to report what I say. Do not," added he, "conceive that I suppose you to be" (said he, on my answering that I was a surgeon placed about him, and not by any means a spy), "that I take you for, a spy; on the contrary, I have never had the least occasion to find fault with you, and I have a friendship for you and esteem your character, a great proof of which is my asking you candidly your own opinion of your situation, as you being an Englishman, and paid by the English government, you might be obliged perhaps to do what I have asked you about." I answered as before.

He then said: "If I have the misfortune to have any trifling illness, or a boil, or a scratch, do not mention it to the governor or anybody else; if he asks you anything about me, tell him that you are my surgeon, and not my confessor, and that it would be a breach of confidence. If I am taken seriously ill, then acquaint me, and ask my consent to call in others, and tell Maréchal Bertrand of it, or report it yourself. The English government, of course, would be anxious to show that I was well taken care of, if I was to die. That is all right."

"Has not this governor brought out a physician with him?" I answered yes. "He, in fact," said he, "insulted Maréchal Bertrand by wanting to send his physician to see me during the five or six days I kept my room, under the pretext of inquiring after my health, but really to be a spy. I told Bertrand to tell him that I had not sufficient confidence in his physician to take anything from his hands as being sent by him. I could suppose nothing else than that he was sent to poison me. That if I was really sick I would call you in, whom I have confidence in, and not him, but that if I was melancholy in consequence of the treatment I received, or had some mental affliction and did not choose to go out in order not to *ennuyer* others, a physician was no use in such cases, and I only wanted to be alone."

NAPOLEON TO DEFEND HIS PRIVACY.

"I understand," said he, "that an officer is placed here to report about me, and to see



FACSIMILE OF PAGE 6, VOLUME 2, OF O'MEARA'S ST. HELENA JOURNAL.

Diaries 2 to 17 have pages of this size; the page of No. 1 is larger, and of No. 18 a little smaller.

Saturday Night
May 26

Dear Mailliard

Nothing has been sent from the Lithographer. Comte L. was very angry and expressed himself in a way which I hope he will be sorry for, upon cool reflection. He said that he would not go to Denham to-morrow. This I would not mention had he not desired me to communicate it, as I have no wish to make mischief. At the same time I think that it is my duty to give a hint of the way in which it appears from his own assertion, he is likely to conduct himself. On leaving this, he said he would proceed to the Prince de C. in order to express similar sentiments to those he had given to me, some of which I declined to communicate.

Truly yours
Barry E. O'Meara

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER FROM DR. O'MEARA TO LOUIS MAILLIARD, TO WHOM THE ST. HELENA JOURNAL WAS BEQUEATHED.

August 15, 1832, Joseph Bonaparte arrived in England to direct the Bonapartist campaign against Louis Philippe. M. Mailliard was with him as secretary, and until 1836, the year of O'Meara's death, the doctor was a close friend of the French exiles. The letter hints at a considerable party quarrel.

me two or three times in the twenty-four hours, and that they were talking of making him go into my chamber to see me if I did not come out. Any person," said he then, with considerable agitation, "who endeavors to force his way into my apartment will be a corpse the moment he enters it. If he ever eats bread or meat afterward I am not Napoleon. This I am determined on. I know that I will be killed afterward, as what can one do against a camp? But what of that? I have faced death many a time. Besides, I am convinced that this governor, this chief of jailers, has been sent out on purpose to poison me, or put me to death some way or another, or under some pretext, by Lord Castlereagh. I have seen," continued he, "Russians, Prussians, Arabs, Cossacks, Tatars, Spaniards, Persians, Turks" (here he enumerated a great many more), "and never in my life before did I behold so ill-favored and forbidding a countenance, or so down and horrid a look. He carries crime imprinted on his countenance. (*Il porte le crime empreint sur son visage.*) He is a man, to judge from his physiognomy, that one would select for the committal of any atrocious crime, and as such has been selected out by your ministers, I suppose, on purpose to make away with me."

I endeavored in vain to assure him that the English government would never do such a thing, that poisoning and assassination were crimes foreign to Englishmen. "I had reason to complain," said he, "of the admiral, but he, though he treated me roughly and was not inclined to do as much good as lay in his power, never behaved in such a manner as this new jailer, this Prussian more than Englishman. The other day he in a manner insisted on seeing me, when I was undressed, and a prey to melancholy in my chamber; demanded twice to see me, and even in an indecent manner to urge my receiving him in my chamber. The admiral never asked to see me a second time when it was intimated to him that I was unwell or undressed. I was fifteen days at The Briars without stirring out, but the admiral never sent such messages as this last, as he knew well that though I did not go out I was still to be found.

"He endeavored to embroil me with this new man certainly, seeing what kind of a man he was, by sending him up to me at nine o'clock, without asking at what time I would wish to be seen." Here I told him that the admiral had assured me, upon his honor, that it was no such thing, that it was done without reflection and without having the smallest intention either of insulting him or embroiling him with the new governor, adding that the admiral was, like all other admirals and seamen, an enemy to form, though at bottom a good man.

He stopped and said: "Well, I believe it may be so, but I thought it was done on purpose." I assured him not. He then appeared to be convinced, and said: "I believe he is not at bottom a bad man, but if he called on Lord St. Vincent he would ask at what hour he could see him, and in my peculiar situation he ought to be still more delicate." I said that on duty he would not.

He then said: "There is a captain here, I find, who is to make reports of my presence. It is an office unworthy of an officer. It is an inferior spy to a superior. I will tell his commanding officer that it is an office unworthy of one of his officers. He wants to see. Cannot he easily know that I am in my room though he does not exactly see me? Where can I go? It is he who makes mischief by his reports of not being able to see me." He then repeated what he said about what he would do to any person entering forcibly his chamber. I told him that the captain had particular orders as to his conduct and could not do otherwise. "Let them put me in irons at once," said he.

After some more conversation, nearly the same, he said that Sir H[udson] L[owe] had written some letters officially to government, during the time he was with Maréchal Blücher, which were entirely untrue. "They do not," said he, "contain a syllable of truth. I asked himself the other day if he was the author of them. They were in a collection of campaigns he sent me to read, and on his shrugging up his shoulders and answering 'Yes,' I told him how mistaken he was in his report. *Plein de sottises*," said he again.

He then said to me that he was afraid of getting the gout, and mentioned some symptoms like it. I told him that he ought to take a great deal more exercise. "What can I do?" answered he. "They send me here to this execrable isle, where you cannot ride a mile without being wet through—[an] island that even the English themselves, though used to humidity, complain of, and send the dregs (*les fèces*) of mankind as a guard over me," alluding to S. H. L. He here complained very much of Sir H[udson] L[owe] sending his secretary and aide-de-camp round the shops, forbidding the shopkeepers to trust him with any goods on credit, on pain of severe punishment, adding that it had been

said that the admiral had done so, but that he had denied doing so.

6th May. N. sent for me. Had some more conversation with him of the same nature as yesterday about reporting his conversations. Repeated to him nearly the same as I had done before, and that I was a surgeon and not a spy. "Are you," said he, "my private surgeon, or surgeon *d'un galère* [of a galley], and are you expected to report my conversations?" I replied that I was his surgeon and not a spy, and one in whom I hoped he might place confidence. That I was not surgeon *d'un galère*, and that I would forget the conversations of my patients on leaving the room, unless such parts of them as were contrary to my allegiance, such as tending to his escape, or otherwise contrary to my duty to my own sovereign. He said: "That *boja* [hangman] wanted me to send you away and to take his own surgeon in your place. What a *coglione* [dullard] to think that a man in my situation would take a surgeon selected and sent to him by his jailer! Being sent by him, I could have no sure idea that he was n't come for the purpose of poisoning me. If he had the least delicacy he would never have made such a proposal, and that, too, almost immediately after his arrival."

A QUESTION OF VERACITY.

In a private letter to Finlaison, dated March 16, 1816, O'Meara makes the following statement, which Forsyth quotes and indorses: "The people he [Napoleon] is surrounded with at present give me some faint idea of what the court of St. Cloud must have been during his omnipotent sway. Everything even here is disguised and mutilated in the representation to him, particularly by Montholon. Marshal Bertrand, however, is an exception to this, and is, in my opinion, really an honest and good man."

Two or three days after the arrival of Sir H. Lowe, Montholon went down to the admiral [Sir George Cockburn] and had a long conversation with him, partly about the circumstance of the servant's having refused admission to him when Sir H. was introduced for the first time to Bonaparte. During this conversation Montholon asserted that the principal thing which had caused the rupture between B[onaparte] and the admiral was that the former had supposed that the admiral had broken his word with him by having promised that Captain Poppleton [officer of the guard] should, whenever B. wanted to go out, ride at such a distance from him as not to be visible, and that every measure would be taken to prevent his appearing to be under any restraint. Whereas, that, instead of that, the second time that Bonaparte wished to ride out with Poppleton, the latter (Montholon said) came up while Napoleon had his foot in the stirrup, preparing to mount, and in a loud and high tone of voice said that he would no longer ride with General Bonaparte as a servant, that he would ride alongside of him as a companion, and close by him wherever he went, and that he had the admiral's orders for so doing, which he would implicitly obey. This, says Montholon, the emperor considered as a breach of promise and an insult, and was very much hurt at it, and accordingly took his foot out of the stirrup and went his way into his room.

"Two or three days after this," added he, "Poppleton came to me and told me that he was extremely sorry for what had passed, but that he was forced to do it by the admiral." "However," said Poppleton (according to Montholon), "if the emperor will ride out with me, I will, notwithstanding the admiral's orders, disobey him, and I will ride behind or where the emperor likes, at such a distance so that he will never see me, and he may go where he likes; but do not let this be known." He also said that Poppleton had offered to write a letter to the emperor, expressing his sorrow for what had happened, and craving forgiveness, with a similar offer of riding behind him or where he liked, which, said he, the emperor refused with indignation, saying, "What sort of an officer must this be, who sends me word that he will disobey the orders he has received from his superior?" and that his anger was so great that in consequence of it Bonaparte had never asked Captain Poppleton to his table (a lie).

He also said that Captain Mackay had assigned as a reason for his declining to continue as captain of the guard over B[onaparte] was that it was not a situation which any man of honor could hold, as there were such orders and such things to execute as no man of honor could perform. He added that General Gourgaud was so much alarmed at this that he said he supposed that the captain had orders some night or another, when they were all asleep, to bring a guard in with loaded muskets and despatch them all. He [Montholon] concluded with various protestations of the great regard that Bonaparte had for the admiral; that they had the same *cœur* [heart], and that the emperor, if he were on the throne of France, would desire nothing

so much as a man like him to command the French navy, etc., with such like flummery!

The admiral thought it necessary to call upon Captains Poppleton and Mackay for an explanation of this apparently strange conduct, though he was almost sure, from the general total absence of truth in all Montholon's assertions, that it was wholly or partly false. I was the bearer of directions from him to Poppleton, advising him of what Montholon had said, and requesting an explanation of it. This produced a written one from him [Poppleton], in which he completely disavowed and disproved all Montholon's lies, and the like took place with Captain Mackay.

The admiral shortly after sent for me, and after some conversation gave me the two answers of Captain P[oppleton] and M[ackay], with a desire that I would read and explain them to General Montholon, and express the admiral's astonishment how he could think of making such reports to him. When I explained my business to Montholon he turned pale and appeared very much confused; said that the conversation he had with the admiral was private, and never intended to be made known; that the Sir Admiral had made *des bêtises* in making it public. I said that as it concerned so deeply the character of two officers under the admiral's orders, and also on his own account required to be searched into, the admiral had thought it unavoidable to demand an explanation of those gentlemen, in order that, if innocent, they might be justified; if they had committed themselves, that suitable measures might be put in execution, and the admiral's apparent breach of word accounted for.

I then wanted him [Montholon] to read the answers, which he refused to do, shrugging up his shoulders and making a thousand pitiful grimaces, saying he would have nothing more to say to it; that he did not want it to be made public (which last I gave implicit credit to). I, however, repeated to him what he (Montholon) had told the admiral, word by word, with Captain P[oppleton's] answers, when, to my great astonishment, he denied ever having said a syllable of the kind to him! Lifted up his hands, as if with astonishment, at each circumstance I related, and with an air of surprise appealed to his amiable consort, who was sitting on the sofa by me, who in her turn declared that she knew her dear husband never said anything of the kind.

He also allowed that Poppleton had never been near B[onaparte] that day, and that such a circumstance as his addressing him when he had his foot in the stirrup had never taken place, and also that no offer had been made by him to write a letter imploring forgiveness and offering to disobey his orders, etc. Totally denied ever saying so to the admiral, and said that the admiral *had gone beyond his orders*, and that finding, on the arrival of Sir Hudson, that he had done too much, he had endeavored to *throw the blame upon the shoulders* of Poppleton and Mackay, upon those two poor fellows, continued he, without caring whether they were broke or not by it, so as he got himself out of the scrape. "This," said he, "is the case. He has given orders it was impossible for an officer to execute unless he became a gendarme, a constable, and now he wants to exculpate himself to the British ministry by throwing the whole blame upon the backs of two poor officers who have always behaved well."

NAPOLEON'S GRIEVANCES AND SUSPICIONS.

16th May. Saw N. in the garden; gave him the "Dictionnaire des Girouettes" ["Dictionary of the Weather-cocks"] and three "Examiners." After he had asked from whom I got them (I ought to mention first that the G[overnor] had been to call on him, and had seen him after some difficulty, as word was sent at first that he was not well, and on my arrival in the garden he appeared very thoughtful and displeased), he said: "Here has been this hangman-like face to see and torment me (*viso di boja a tormentarmi*). I wish he would stay away and not annoy me with his forbidding and gallows-like countenance." I told him he had come on purpose to inquire where he wished to have the new house placed, to which he answered: "I never want to see him or to ask any favor from him, or in fact to have any dealings with him." He here observed an officer walking outside the ditch, and asked me and Las Cases who he was, and on being informed that he was Captain Strangeways of the Sixty-fifth Regiment, who had come up on purpose to pay his respects to him, he told Las Cases to call him, and beckoned to him himself. After he had asked him a great many questions, he made his bow to him.

He then turned towards me, and said: "I cannot accustom myself to that gallows-like visage of the governor (*viso di boja del governatore*). I wish he would never come to see me. I know that he has orders to make away with me some way or another. Let him

do it as soon as he likes, but let him not come near to annoy me with his countenance, so forbidding and full of crime. I have reason to complain of the admiral's [Sir George Cockburn's] conduct to me, but he at least used to leave me to myself, and not annoy me with his presence when he knew that I did not want to see him. Tell him [Sir Hudson]," said he to me, "that I never want to see him, and not to come near to annoy me with his hateful presence. Let him do what he likes, so as he leaves me free of his company." He then said: "I have never seen a countenance which gives me such an idea of atrocity as his. It makes me almost shudder to look at him." He then asked some questions about Lady Moira.[1] He also asked me to feel his pulse, and if he had not some fever, etc.

17th [May]. N[apoleon] in a very good humor. Asked several questions about Montholon and Bertrand. . . . He asked about Sir T[homas] R[eade], how long he had been with Sir H[udson] L[owe]. I told him that he had commanded a flotilla at Messina, and had behaved very well; that he had taken ten gunboats from the Neapolitans, and several troop-boats, etc. "What," said he, "an officer of the army command a flotilla!" I told him that at that time no naval officers had been appointed, and that the general had then appointed army ones. I told him that Sir T[homas] would at any time, if he wished to ride out of the limits, think it an honor to accompany him (if he did not like to go out with Poppleton), and that any of the general's staff, or he himself, or Sir G. B[ingham] would do so. He replied he was obliged to him, but that he would never go out of the limits; that it was an unnecessary persecution to him, obliging him to take an officer on such occasions; that to prevent him from going into the town or down to the seaside was all right and necessary, but to deprive him of the liberty of the interior was unnecessary annoyance. "But," added he, "I will be glad to see and talk to him; if he is not afraid of the governor, let him come here any day at four o'clock, and I will be very glad to see him. He appears to be *bravo giovane* [fine young man]."

19th [May]. N[apoleon] in good humor. I told him that the governor of Java [Mr. Raffles] and his staff were arrived on their passage to England, and that they were very desirous of seeing him and doing themselves the honor of waiting on him. He asked me what kind of man the governor was. I told him that Mr. Urmston had informed me that he was a very fine fellow.

After a few more questions I told him about the upas-tree, and upon my mentioning that it was said to cause death at twelve miles off, he gave me a slap in the face, laughing. I told him I did not believe it, but that it was asserted.

"Well," says he, "I will see them in two or three hours when I am dressed." Asked me if I had seen the governor of St. Helena. I replied yes. He then said that he thought him a very weak man. "Imbecille e coglione [imbecile and dullard]," he repeated several times. "He has a very bad physiognomy, to be sure," said he, "but I believe he is a man of too weak intellect to be cleverly a wicked man, as a man to be wicked must have some dissimulation, and would not have asked such foolish questions and made such weak remarks, which, though they might give reason at first to suspect that some mischief or dark plot was brewing, yet, from the weakness and imbecility displayed at the same time, I believe that he is more *coglione* and *imbecille* than *cattivo* [wicked]. The admiral, though I have reason to complain of him, never gave me reason to think for a moment that there were any sinister measures in agitation against me; on the contrary, everything he did was open and rough, and you knew what you had to trust to. If he had paid a little more respect to forms he would have been very well. You see how things are. The admiral, who really is a man of talent, has perceived the imbecility of that coglione just come out of England, and laughs within himself at it, well knowing that if we thought him bad, we *must* find the other a hundred times worse. Because when you have to do with a man of talent you nearly know what you may expect, and are prepared for it, but with a coglione like the other one does not know what to look for. It is better to deal with knaves than fools, especially when they have any command.

[1] Wife of the governor-general of India, who had arrived on her way to England. Sir Hudson and Lady Lowe wrote to General Bertrand inviting General Bonaparte to Plantation House to meet Lady Moira at dinner. Napoleon made no reply, but sent a verbal message to the lady that he would have been charmed to call upon her if she had been within his limits. Within a circuit of about twelve miles Napoleon was free, but to pass beyond the outer pickets he must be accompanied by an English officer; Captain Poppleton, as officer of the guard, being quartered at Longwood for that purpose. Napoleon steadfastly refused to pass the limits in the custody of an officer, since to do so would be to waive the pretension that he was not legally a prisoner.—EDITOR.

of the expenses of his detention at St. Helena at three hundred thousand pounds a year. He made a calculation of how many francs it would make, and observed that it was an enormous sum. Asked if it was not likely that some of the ministers would lose their places in consequence of not having been able to carry the income tax. I said I thought it probable, and that the admiral was also of the same opinion. "Who will come in then?" said he. I said probably Mr. Canning and some of the Grenvilles. "Mr. Canning," said he, "the man who fought a duel with Castlereagh?" I said yes. He asked if there was not a good deal of jealousy in England in consequence of the prince wanting to keep up so great a land force. I said I believed that the opposition conceived that it looked like establishing a military government. He said, "It certainly does."

THE STRANGE STORY OF A LETTER.

N[apoleon] received a letter from his mother, signed "Madre," in which she professed her willingness to follow him to St. Helena, and I believe one from Pauline.

Piontkowski received also a letter from his wife, informing him that she was at Sir Francis Burdett's house, and that she had applied for leave to follow him out, but that the English government had replied that "her husband well knew when he married her that he would be separated from her forever."

Some time after he received this, Montholon came to him and told him that the emperor had sent orders by him to give him (M.) his wife's letter, as he wanted to read it. P[iontkowski] said that the letters from a wife to a husband were always secret, intended only for the perusal of the husband, and that there might be some things said in such letters which was not fit to be shown to anybody else, and concluded with refusing to give it up. P[iontkowski] afterwards went to Cipriani in great trouble and told him what had happened, adding that he was afraid that the E[mperor] would be displeased with him. Cipriani told him that he suspected that it was only Mme. Montholon and her husband who wanted to see this letter and made use of the E[mperor]'s name as a pretext to obtain it, and advised him to send the letter in to N[apoleon] by Marchand, explaining that, according to orders received from General M[ontholon] that it was his (N.'s) desire to see his letter, he had sent it by Marchand, though he did not like to confide it to Montholon.

N[apoleon] expressed the greatest astonishment at this, and at first did not appear to comprehend what he meant, but when it was further explained, declared that he never had sent, or expressed even a wish to see P[iontkowski]'s letter, and appeared surprised and angry that any person should suppose him capable of such an action. "Me send to a man and order him to show me his wife's letters?" said he in an angry manner, and sent the letter back unopened.

AN ENGLISH BOOK AMUSES NAPOLEON.

31st May. N[apoleon] told me that he had been reading all the morning an English book. I asked him what it was. He pointed to Count de Las Cases, who had it under his arm, and laughing, said, "There it is" (it was Goldsmith's "Secret History of the Cabinet of Bonaparte"). "I have," said he, "almost burst myself laughing at this work, it is so truly ridiculous and absurdly false. I remember seeing the author of it at Bologna. He was a spy employed by the French police. But," says he, "he pretends to know everything, and yet he was most grossly ignorant of almost everything he pretends to describe. Such a work carries with it its own refutal.

"I have read," continued he, "two or three hundred similar works when I was at Elba, and I laughed at the greatest part of them." I told him that several people in England amongst the lower class, and *even others*, believed the greatest part of the work, as it had never been contradicted, but that the better informed did not. "Why, certainly," said he, "no person of education could credit a work containing such absurd falsities." He then said that he believed Goldsmith was a Scotchman, and added that he had been editor of the "Argus" newspaper.

He then spoke about the ministry having been near losing their proposition about increasing the salaries of the secretaries of the admiralty, and asked me to try and get him the "Globe," or any of the opposition or neutral papers.

7th [June]. Napoleon in good humor: asked me to breakfast with him in the garden. Spoke a good deal about medicine; said it was folly for a man to be always dosing himself with drugs in every trifling illness. "Let him," said he, "eat nothing and drink plenty of barley-water and no wine. That is my way, or sometimes I ride for several leagues and get into a perspiration."

The conversation turned upon marriage. . . . "It was always my maxim that these

religious ceremonies should never be above the laws (*prendre l'essor*). Enough of this coglioneria has existed for ages. I also advised that marriage celebrated by subjects of France in foreign countries, when performed according to the rites of those countries, should also be valid on the return of the party or parties to France." (Query: How does this accord with Jerome and Miss Patterson? I had it almost on the tip of my tongue.) . . .

NAPOLEON SUGGESTS LONDON IMPROVEMENTS.

15th June. He asked a great many questions about London, of which I had lent him a history with some engravings. He appeared to be perfectly acquainted with the whole of the book, though he had not had it for many days; described all the plates even of the different cries, several of which he repeated in English. Added that there appeared but very few public edifices in London; all those in the plates of the book, together with the public promenades, he enumerated; admired St. Paul's; said that if he had anything to do with London he would make a grand street from St. Paul's to the Thames; added he, "I understand that most of your public buildings are disfigured with mean old buildings in the vicinity. I would remove all these," said he. "Could you make," said he, "a street along the banks of the Thames?" I answered yes, but that the present streets were very mean and narrow, and did not extend along the banks; that there was an interruption of storehouses every here and there. "I would," said he, "make two grand streets, one on each side of the river, wide and capacious, with storehouses, etc."

He then said: "I believe that you have but one bridge in London, and that though the Thames runs nearly through the middle of the town you scarcely see it except from the bridges." I said that we had three bridges and that two other magnificent ones were building, one at the Strand nearly finished. He asked of what they were built, of iron or stone. I said one of iron and one of stone. "Stone is better," said he. "When I was in Paris I built four bridges, some of them most magnificent. That of Austerlitz, of iron, cost me three millions; that of [blank] four millions; that of [blank] four millions. I also caused to be made several noble streets. There were several buildings belonging to government," said he, "convents, monasteries, old churches; I blew them all away like that," said he, holding up his finger as if he held a feather or some other light object in it, and blowing and smiling with contempt, "and in these places I formed some streets which, at least, were of some use instead of the other coglioneria. The other houses in the way, belonging to private people, I caused to be purchased."

I told him that in London the government had purchased several houses in order to make a fine street from Carlton House, and also that some others were in contemplation. "Yes," said he, "if I had been there I would have done it long ago; in such a rich city it would be easy." He then asked about the breadth of the Thames in London; if it were not nearly that of the Seine. I said much broader, and that large ships could go up to London Bridge. "Yes," said he, "that is one great cause of the riches of London; now, the Seine has only four feet [of] water." Asked the depth of the water. . . .

He remarked how seldom the English made use of baths or unguents. I told him that in the first houses there was always a bath, and the others were used in serious illnesses. "Your climate is too humid," said he. I told him that he was like the ancient Romans, who were accustomed to eat in a bath, at which he smiled and assented.

ARRIVAL OF THE NEW ADMIRAL.

Naval officers were charged with the duty of guarding against the escape of Napoleon by sea. Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn had been waiting to be relieved, and the sighting of the *Newcastle*, as described below, was of interest as indicating the arrival of his successor, Rear-Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm. As Sir George was to leave in the *Northumberland*, Captain Ross of that ship began at once to call for the sailors who were on duty at Longwood.

With the new admiral came also commissioners, sent to take note of the manner of keeping the great prisoner. They were the Marquis de Montchenu for France, with his aide-de-camp, Captain Gor, Count Balmaine for Russia, and for Austria Baron Stürmer, who was accompanied by his wife and an Austrian botanist. While willing to receive the commissioners in a private capacity, Napoleon declined to let them see him officially.

17th [June]. N[apoleon] in very good humor. Told him that the *Newcastle* was in sight, and that I had received a letter from Captain Ross announcing it. "Show it to me," said he. He could not well comprehend the first part of it, viz., alluding to some of the sailors who were as servants at Longwood: "Send all my rascals down directly," and another also, "Let us see your ugly gang,"

and laughed very heartily when they were explained. Desired me to go for my glass and point out to him the ship; ordered the carriage. I brought him the glass and found him on his way to the stables, so anxious was he to get down to see her. I pointed her out, however, to him without going much farther, to leeward and working up.

I breakfasted with him afterwards, along with Warden and [Lieut.] Blood. He spoke about Abbé [de] Pradt; said that he was a renegade priest who had abused his religion and professed himself an atheist, left the country, afterwards returned to France and become a spy for the police and for the clergy, adding that he was a man of no character, truth, or fidelity. On its being mentioned to him that the abbé had said that if it had not been for one man he (Napoleon) would have been in Petersburg, he said, without waiting for the rest of the sentence, "That was himself, I suppose," laughing, anticipating thus what the reviewers had said.

He was told about what the review said about his conduct at The Briars, of which there were many lies told, such as his tearing the cards and throwing them away with violence because they were new and could not easily be dealt; with ordering De Las Cases to go to a separate table and there play at patience with them until they could be easily shuffled and dealt, and about his extreme anger at Miss Betsy[1] not knowing his effigy upon the gold napoleons. He merely observed, "It will amuse the public for a while." He was told that all Europe was very anxious to know what his opinion of Lord Wellington as a general was. To this he answered nothing, and of course the question was not repeated. He was told about the Bowerbank book.

18th [June]. Informed N[apoleon] that the commissioners of Russia, France, and Austria were come. N[apoleon] asked several minute questions about them. I told him that Marquis de Montchenu was the French one; that he was an old emigrant, very fond of talking, but that he had not the appearance of a bad man. That he had come out on the terrace to a group of which I formed one, and addressing himself to me, said: "If you or any of you gentlemen speak French, for the love of God make it known to me, for I do not speak a single word of English. Here I am, come here to finish my days amongst these rocks" (pointing up to Ladder Hill), "and cannot speak a word of the language, as I have never been in England before my arrival there to embark on board of the *Newcastle*." He also asked several questions relative to the interior.

N[apoleon] laughed very heartily at this recital, and said that he knew something of his character—*un bavard, babillard, imbécile* [a prattler, babbler, imbecile]. I said I supposed that he had never seen a shot fired in his life, at which he laughed and assented, saying that he was one of the old régime, one of those cogliones of emigrants who were fit for nothing but a drawing-room or a carriage, to stand cap in hand at the door to introduce people—*un vecchio coglione* [a great dullard]. I said, "Generale de carrozza" [literally, general of the carriage], to which he assented, and repeated it with apparent approval. "What coglioneria it is," said he, "to send such a set out here! Without charge or responsibility; merely to walk up and down the streets and make a show, and creep up some of the rocks. The Prussian government have shown themselves the wisest in not sending any one. They have both displayed more judgment and saved their money." He then asked a great deal about their salaries, and observed that the French commissioner could not exist in St. Helena upon his (£900 or £1000 per annum).

Asked about the Austrian commissioner's wife [Mme. Stürmer], if she was handsome, to which I replied in the affirmative, adding that she appeared a little sad at the sight of St. Helena. "Naturally," said he, "at the sight of such a horrid place." He asked if any of them had talent. I said I had heard that the Russian had. The Frenchman, I said, I believed not to be a bad man by his appearance, but that he was an imbecile, I believed. "Doubtless," said he, "though probably, as you say, he is not a bad man."

He asked several questions about the Bill, and I told him as much of the substance of it as I had heard from the admiral's secretary and Sir T. Reade. He did not appear to be near so much displeased about it as I thought he would be. Asked if it was published in the papers. I said no, but that the governor had it, and that the *Newcastle* had waited for some days in order to get it, at which he appeared a little thoughtful. He was very much pleased at Drouet's acquittal, praised him very much, and said that by "my

[1] The younger of his host, Mr. Balcombe's, daughters, who were about fourteen and fifteen and spoke French. Elizabeth or Betsy, frequently mentioned in the journal as the Rosebud, was handsome and sprightly, and amused Napoleon, who was very amiable toward her. The elder daughter was called Jane.—EDITOR.

laws of justice" he could not be punished. Spoke a great deal about the state of France.

19th [June]. N[apoleon] sent for me and, as usual, asked the news. Asked if the admiral [Sir George Cockburn] was gone. If I had seen the new one [Sir Pulteney Malcolm] and spoken to him, the commissioners, etc. I said that I had seen Montchenu walking the street with an old riding-coat on him. He laughed very much, and said: "Ah, what stress! He is beginning to feel St. Helena already. He is beginning to economize, ah! He thinks he feels the pressure of the exorbitant prices already. He has nothing to do but to walk up and down the streets with his hands in his pockets and study how to make his income answer him. *Povero coglione* [needy dullard]," said he. "I pity him, and his aide-de-camp—what will he do with his one hundred and fifty pounds per annum? His government must find him or he will starve. But I believe," said he, "that your government do not find them." I said no.

I said that I had spoken to Montchenu, who appeared to be a good kind of a man, and that I understood he was a dead hand at making *bons mots*. He laughed very heartily, and said that he supposed he used to amuse them at court with his bons mots, and that when they got tired of him they gave him the appointment he had as a recompense, made him a general, and sent him to St. Helena to make some more. "That is the way," said he, "to get on with the Bourbons."

He asked about the others. I told him that Mme. Stürmer was very handsome; indeed, the handsomest woman on the island. He asked if she was a Frenchwoman. I said she looked like a German, being fair and ruddy complexioned. He said that by the papers he observed that France was in a very bad state, worse than he expected, that discontent and insurrection had spread into departments where there never had been any before. "I see," added he, "clearly that the Bourbons never will reign in France. Some general rising of the people will drive them out anew, not to return." I told him that two cabinets and a library table had arrived for his use, at which he asked if the books had been disembarked yet, and sent Gourgaud to look at the cabinets.

I told him that I had received Labaume's campaign to Moscow in French. He desired me to bring it to him directly. I promised to him that it was a work which spoke very ill of him. "*Gia, gia* [certainly, certainly]; that is nothing. Bring it to me."

I said that Captain M[aitland] had written that the Bowerbank book[1] was a very foolish one and contained several silly falsehoods. He replied: "Then he surely ought to contradict it. It is his business as captain surely to contradict any work of the kind, of which the circumstances related, if true, must have taken place under his eye, and will be supposed correct if not contradicted. It is his business in justice."

TROUBLE OVER O'MEARA'S MAN-SERVANT.

19th [June]. Montholon went to Napoleon and told him that I had intrigued for and obtained as my own servant one of the domestics who had been formerly in his service, adding that he was one of those who had signed a contract to enter his service, and had been consequently furnished with livery, and that it was a personal insult to him (Napoleon). This I was informed of in the evening, and told Cipriani, his *maître d'hôtel*, how it really was (as in next page [of O'Meara's diary]). Next morning N[apoleon] sent for Cipriani and asked him if Wyatt had been one of those who had entered into a contract to serve him, and if so to ask me to give him up. He also asked Cipriani if he thought it possible that I would offer him an insult, to which the other replied that he was sure I could never have had the slightest intention of the kind; on the contrary, that he was convinced that I would with pleasure give the servant up if *he* wished it, and also that he was not one of those who had signed. That he was the purser's servant, who had come up two months after the contract, and that the livery he wore was an old one of some one of the servants who had been discharged. Napoleon sent him for the contract, and then clearly saw that Montholon was a liar, as his [Wyatt's] name was not signed to it, neither had he ever been asked to do so.

20th [June]. N[apoleon] complained a little of headache and heaviness of head; said he had taken a pediluvium, which I approved of very much, and told him that he took too little exercise, to which he assented. Explained to him that the story he had heard from General Montholon respecting my having taken one of the boys of the *Northumberland*, who had signed an agreement to be servant to his establishment, was false, as he had never signed anything of the kind, and, moreover, had been General Montholon's servant, and not his. That the fact was that, being entitled to a servant, I had asked one

[1] James Bowerbank's journal on the *Bellerophon*, 1815.—EDITOR.

from Captain Ross, who had promised to give me the best character disposable, and in consequence, with the consent of Mr. O'Neill, his master (the purser), he had discharged the one in question, and that I did not know of it until I met him on his way up. That I was far from intending any insult or want of politeness to him; on the contrary, that I would with pleasure give him up to him if he wished it. At which he seemed well pleased, and said that he had not believed it. "His name," says he, "was never on the list. Besides, I did not suppose that you would do anything of the kind. Who told you of it? I did not credit it." I said that I had heard some reports about it. "Ah," said he, "these are only rumors of the house, and don't merit attention."

I told him that I had received a history of his life. "In English?" said he. "I said yes. "Have you it here?" "Yes." "Bring it to me directly." I brought him Hughson's [?] "History," and told him that it was the most impartial we had seen published in England; that it contained less abuse, and also gave him credit for great talents as a general, etc., to which he replied, laughing, that of course there would be some abuse of him, naturally, in it. He looked at the frontispiece, where he is represented ascending the Alps with a drawn saber in his hand. He laughed, and said: "What do they put a naked saber in my hand for? Is it to cut my way through the rocks?"

Looked at all the plates, laughed very heartily at the want of resemblance of several, but said that the portrait of Louis had some small resemblance, also those of Blücher, Alexander, Murat, Robespierre, and some others. Asked if those of Lord Wellington, Hill, and Sir Sidney Smith were like. Remarked that Lord Hill was a very brave officer. I said yes, and that he was very religious. He repeated "religious" twice after me. Read several parts of it, and said they were correctly described. Appeared, on the whole, very much pleased at getting it, and was very curious to know how many years it had been published.

I then spoke to him about Labaume's campaign in Russia, which I had lent him yesterday. He said that "he must have kept a regular journal of the events, though," said he, "there are several lies in it, but those you must expect in a work of the kind." He added that some parts of it were true enough. Did not abuse the author in the manner I had expected.

I told him that a large library was in the town for his use. "And books?" said he. He then desired me to ask and have the books sent up before any other articles for his use.

NAPOLEON CONTRASTS SIR HUDSON WITH SIR PULTENEY.

This day [Rear-Admiral] Sir P[ulteney] Malcolm, the flag captain [Meynel], and some of the staff were presented to him by Sir H. Lowe, and were received by him with great politeness and good humor.

21st [June]. N[apoleon] in a very good humor. Asked me about Mrs. Pierie, an old lady, whom I had been to visit. Spoke very handsomely about the new admiral. "Now," said he, "he has a countenance really pleasing, open, intelligent, frank, and sincere. Ah, here is the face of an Englishman. Truly I felt as much pleasure in contemplating his countenance as I would in beholding that of a fine woman. His physiognomy pleases me very much. Nothing dark, downcast, or dissimulating. His countenance speaks his heart, and I am sure he is a good man. I never yet," continued he, "beheld a man of whom I formed so immediately a good opinion as of that good soldier-like old man. He carries his head erect and speaks out openly and bold what he thinks, without being afraid to look you in the face all the time. What a contrast between him and the governor! One a horrid, downcast, ill-favored-looking man, whose countenance gives you an idea of something most repugnant to your soul, and which makes you, as it were, draw yourself in, make yourself less, to avoid him; and the other an open, frank, upright, attractive physiognomy which would make every person desirous of a further acquaintance with him, and would render the most suspicious confident in him. Really your governor has neither the appearance nor the other qualifications essential to a man who enjoys such a situation."

I told him that he was not so bad as he appeared; that he could not help his looks; that he would find that he was not a bad man—on the contrary. "Well," says he, "I do not believe that he is so bad as he looks. You know I told you before that a man must judge of others by their actions; that he must be some time acquainted ere he can form a just opinion. But he is a man of no conversation. I endeavored, myself, yesterday to get him into conversation, but he scarcely said a word. Certainly he is deficient in education. His friends must have neglected his education originally, whatever

he may have done since himself to repair the want. I was as civil as possible in order to induce him to open himself and have some conversation with me, but to no avail. But there is something repugnant about the governor which I cannot well express, and can hardly master."

I told him Sir Pulteney was married to the sister of the officer whose life *he* had saved at the battle of Waterloo, and niece to L[ord] Keith, and also sister to Mr. Elphinstone, who had sent him the present. "Ah," said he, "is it so? I remember the circumstance well; he was a cavalry officer."

He spoke about the protest against the Bill for keeping him at St. Helena; appeared greatly pleased, much at the Duke of Sussex's having opposed it with Lord Holland, whom he praised. Asked if Lord Lauderdale had also opposed it. Asked several questions about the reduction of the English army, and said that it was a foolish thing in the English government to endeavor to establish the nation [as] a great military power without having a sufficient population to afford the requisite number of soldiers to enable them to vie with the great Continental powers, while they neglected and appeared to undervalue and depreciate the navy, which was the real force and bulwark of England. He added that they would *yet* discover their error.

Asked about the books, and was greatly pleased when I told him that Sir T[homas Reade] would send up four packages of them to-morrow. Told me that I might introduce Baxter [surgeon and inspector of hospitals] to him whenever I liked, at the same hour that I visited him myself. Asked about Mme. Stürmer; said he had heard she was a Parisian; about the admiral, if he had not given his favorite mare [?] to Miss Leale.

THE DAILY ROUND OF INTRIGUE AND GOSSIP.

22d [June]. Montholon came to ask me to act as interpreter, as he had something to say to Captain Poppleton. Accordingly I did, and the question proposed was, if he, Poppleton, had not refused a passport to Cipriani to go to town yesterday, and if so, whether he had received any new orders. Poppleton replied that he had not refused a pass to him, but that he had recommended to him to wait another day, as, in consequence of a circumstance having taken place in town yesterday, and of which an explanation had been demanded of him, he thought it would be just as well to see Sir Hudson prior to giving any more passes. (The circumstance was that it had been reported that two of the household had been in town unaccompanied —which was false—and had had communication with the servants of the French and other commissioners.) This had been casually mentioned by Cipriani to Marchand, and by him to Napoleon, who sent for Montholon to inquire about it, and who doubtless recounted it to him with his usual total disregard of truth. It appears astonishing that B[onaparte], knowing so well as he does that Montholon cannot (unless by accident) allow a word of truth to escape his lips, can still employ him as an *envoy*, unless he wanted to have *lies* daily reported to him!

June 23. N[apoleon] in very good humor. Pointed out to me several of the books [that] had been sent up to him, which he said afforded him great pleasure. "What a difference!" said he. "I can read forty pages of French in the same time that it takes me to read two of English. Look at the 'Moniteurs,'" pointing to a large volume of them on a reading-desk. I told him that Sir Thomas Reade had promised to send up the rest tomorrow, which pleased him much. He then spoke about a ridiculous letter written by Mrs. Y. . . of the Fifty-third Regiment, which had appeared in the papers, and asked me if she was not held up as an object of ridicule by all the officers in the camp. I said she was, and by a great many more. "Certainly," said he, "no one could read it with[out] holding the authoress in the greatest contempt for such a compound of silly falsehood and *inezia* [nonsense]. I should suppose that she is ashamed to show her face." Here he repeated "sottises" and "bêtises" once or twice with an air of contempt and pity mingled together, and said that it was too ridiculous to excite anger, that contempt only could be produced by it.

I told him that Sir H[udson] Lowe had not given any orders to prohibit the Frenchmen in his suite proceeding to town in consequence of the commissioners having arrived, and that it was a mistake of the police which occasioned the representation of the day before yesterday, and that they had the same privileges as before, to wit, leave to go to town accompanied by a soldier, and that no orders, either, had been given to prohibit communication with the domestics of the commissioners. He seemed perfectly satisfied at this, and said that he supposed the governor would not prevent the poor people who had followed him from endeavoring to

hear some news of their families. "For how can they intrigue?" said he, "or with whom?"

He spoke a great deal to De Las Cases here about D'Anville's maps, about Major Rennell and [illegible]; asked if Major Rennell was not a man possessed of more knowledge of the interior of Africa than any other existing of the present age; appeared to think that the voyages said to have been made previously, by the Egyptians, were false.

24 [June]. N[apoleon] in the garden. Told him of the arrival of seven more cases of books, also of two guns of a new construction (to fire by percussion). He said that it was useless to send him guns in a place where there was no game; spoke about the limits. Said how easy it would be to surround the sea-coast with pickets, and thereby to prevent the possibility of his escaping, if he had any intention of doing so. "But," says he, "there is no intention of anything of the kind. Where could I go if I was willing to try it? Could he not," said he, "place his pickets on the hills and have so many men ready to follow me whenever I went out, which he could know directly by signal, without harassing those poor regiments in such a manner with unnecessary and vexatious guards. They will not be able to stand it much longer. *Non ho mai veduto una tale coglioneria.* [I have never seen, under the sky, such stupidity.]" I told him that Dr. Baxter was come up to have the honor of being presented to him. He immediately desired me to call him, and on his arrival said, laughing, "Well, sir, how many men have you murdered in your time?." He afterwards conversed with him for upwards of an hour on various subjects.

He also said: "Suppose that I was willing to try to escape, which is not the case, what could one man do against eight or nine?" Could we not easily master him or make away with him, or force him to go along with us?

Sir [Hudson] Lowe told me that so far from wishing to prevent or being afraid of any letters being sent to Europe by N[apoleon], that he had offered to him, N., to forward any letters or statements he wished to England, and not only to do that, but to have them printed and published in the newspapers in French and English. "What can I do more?" added he. "I offered this to him myself." Here he repeated in French the words he had made use of to him!! *Credat Judæus.*

26th [June]. N[apoleon] spoke about Mrs. Y. . .'s letter again, and observed that though she was silly and culpable, yet that her sister to whom she wrote the letter was much more to blame than her.

1 July. N[apoleon], since he got the "Moniteurs," has been occupied in reading them for several hours during the day. He appears to make considerable use of them in composing his history, as whenever he wants any article relating to the period to which his life is written up to, viz., to his landing from Egypt, he takes a sheet of paper, inserts it between the leaves containing the objects he wishes to be noticed, and afterwards causes the information he wants to be copied on the paper, from whence it is afterwards, at his leisure, transplanted into his history.

4th July. N[apoleon] asked some questions about young Las Cases, who had sprained his ankle, etc. Received Sir Pulteney with all his officers, to whom he was very complaisant, and conversed with Sir P[ulteney] himself for upwards of two hours, chiefly about the battle of Waterloo and naval tactics. Expressed (as he generally has done to me) a great contempt for the French naval officers.

O'MEARA TRIES TO INFLUENCE NAPOLEON WITH INDIRECT FLATTERY.

6th July. N[apoleon] asked as usual about the news, etc., if the *Phaëton* was arrived. About Mme. Stürmer. Told him she was very handsome, very well, etc. He asked if she was not a Parisian. Asked about her husband—was he a man of *esprit?* About the Russian, etc. I told him that madame and her husband were very desirous of seeing him. He asked if she had ever seen him. I said yes, two or three times in Paris. Spoke about Montchenu again. I said madame said that he was an incessant talker, at which he laughed and said, "*Ah, povero diavolo!*" ["Ah, poor devil!"] Asked where they were to be lodged; if the Austrian and his wife were not to be at the house of the clergyman. I said yes, and the Russian was to get a room there, and Montchenu in a little house close by Plantation House with his aide-de-camp. "Then," says he, seemingly with interest, "they are not to be any longer in the town."

7th [July]. Told N[apoleon] in the garden that the *Falmouth* had arrived from Gibraltar in two months, bringing the news that Lord Exmouth had proceeded with a fleet to Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, and had forced them to conclude a peace with all the Euro-

pean powers, except the Pope and Grand Duke of Tuscany, who had refused the English mediation. He said: "This is very right; this ought to have been done long ago." . . .

He asked me, "What are those coglioni, the commissioners, doing in town?" Asked about Mme. Stürmer. I said that she was very handsome, young, and sprightly. "What!" says he, "is she handsomer than Lady Lowe?" I said that she was younger and, I thought, handsomer. I said also that she had *beaucoup d'esprit.* "Really?" said he. I replied yes, and that she sang very well. "To sing well," said he, "does not require much esprit." Asked about the Russian and French commissioners. Spoke about Montchenu being a perpetual talker, which I agreed to. "*Povero coglione!*" said he, with an air of contempt, two or three times; "and that *coglionaccio* [big dullard], his aide-de-camp," said he, "what does he do?" I said he assisted his master in walking up and down the streets and talking. He laughed very much at this, and said, "*Povero imbecille, ragazzaccio, povero minchione!*" ["Poor imbecile, gamin, poor fool!"] He said that he supposed the French government must increase their salaries when they found out what sort [of] a place St. Helena was. "*E quello sciocco di governatore l' avete veduto, quel minchione?*" ["Did you ever see such a fool of a governor, such a fool?"] said he.

Then he broke out into several exclamations against him [Sir Hudson]; said that he saw clearly that his thoughts and his heart were as bad and black as his lineaments and his face. I endeavored to assure him that he was not; but he repeated it again with emotion, said that he was *cattivo uomo, uomo di cattivo cuore e di cattiva testa* [a bad man, man of a bad heart and bad mind]. That he did everything to annoy him and to increase his misfortunes. "I see clearly from a letter which he has written that he is a bad man and full of malignity. He looks like a man who always had the itch, perpetually uneasy and restless."

He here made several comparisons between Sir H. and the admiral, Cockburn, and also Sir Pulteney, very much to the disadvantage of the first. Said that the governor, in place of alleviating his misfortunes, every day strove to increase the weight of his afflictions by new arbitrary and unnecessary restrictions.

I endeavored to induce him this day, as well as heretofore, to see the commissioners, by extolling the beauty of Mme. Stürmer, and saying that she expressed a great desire to see him; but, as he generally does when he does not like to give either a refusal or an assent, he returned no answer, and afterwards changed the subject.

AN ANECDOTE OF MARSHAL NEY.

The following anecdote is among the twenty-nine loose sheets found with the first diary. On the outside O'Meara wrote: "Anecdote of Ney, *not to be printed,*" presumably meaning, not to be used in his book.

"On my return to Paris from Elba," said Napoleon, "I sent Ney to examine all the strong places on the frontiers from Dunkerque to Cherbourg. On his return Ney took advantage of a moment when he was alone with me, and said, in a confused manner, 'Has your Majesty heard it asserted that I promised to the king to bring you to Paris in an iron cage?' I replied: 'No; I have not. Besides, I attach no importance to whatever may have been said, written, or done. *Je sais quelle est l'influence des circonstances,* and it is from other principles and other data that I appreciate the fidelity and sentiments of men.' Ney appeared still more confused, and said: 'It is nevertheless true, sire, that I said so. The hour of dissimulation being arrived, everything appeared lawful to me in order to disencumber France from those princes who arrived in the enemies' baggage—*ces princes venus dans les bagages des ennemis.*' I made him no answer. I knew that when he made the promise to Louis he really made it *de bonne foi,* and intended to do what he promised. His words were in everybody's mouth, and he was afraid of the effect they might produce upon me, and therefore thought it best to avow them himself in order to attempt a justification. Some days after he went to his estates, where he remained until the Champ de Mars, at which he assisted. It was said," continued Napoleon, "that he had received five hundred thousand francs from the king, but that, on inquiry, was found out to be false."

(To be continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Napoleon's Words.

PERHAPS no man ever put into his habitual speech greater dynamic force than did Napoleon Bonaparte. His words were projectiles. He hurled his sentences as he hurled battalions. If one reads a book touching upon the Napoleonic era, the quotations from Napoleon flash across the page like bolts of lightning. We were particularly struck by this explosive characteristic of Napoleonic speech when reading the volume published by M. Bertin, a few years ago, on the oldest brother of Napoleon, that genial ex-king of Naples and of Spain, who spent so many of his last years as a tree-planting and hospitable New Jersey landholder—a contrast of environment almost as startling as that which illumined the fate of his more famous brother. In reading about the amiable Joseph, now and again one had a sensation as if an earthquake passed under one's feet; it was when some phrase of Napoleon's was quoted.

No one had a keener sense of Napoleon's moral obliquities than Emerson. He eloquently praised him for his clarity of objective vision, directness of purpose, and unequaled energy. He fully appreciated the contradiction in him of remorseless veracity and conscienceless untruth; yet he declared that "every sentence spoken by Napoleon, and every line of his writing," deserved reading.

After all that has been gathered and given to the world of Napoleon's written and spoken words, it is most curious that at this late day, and in America, should now come to light a hitherto only half-printed record of his intimate and unguarded words—a record surely one of the closest and most valuable ever made.

There are certain personalities in which humanity is permanently interested. At one time or another the wave of interest may be high or low; but the current is always moving. Napoleon is one of these personalities. There is a periodicity as to the intensity of the interest; at times it may amount to a popular fad: but there is never a time when the subject does not appeal with full force to all those who are students of human powers displayed on a gigantic scale. The question as to the morality of the man and the justifiableness of his acts, no matter how settled, does not dispose of the subject; for in any case it is a study worthy of absorbed attention. Here was a human force acting on a universal theater, with scarcely any moral restraint. Violent partizanship, either for or against, seems at this distance of time quite out of place.

The cynic may draw from Napoleon's success an excuse for action unrestrained by "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind"; but the moralist can point to his lack of deep moral perception, his colossal and unexampled fall. And all may draw two obvious lessons from his career—one, that his great immediate successes were the legitimate result of an industry well-nigh superhuman; the other, that his permanent successes, those that live after him and are likely longest to live, are those institutions built by him, not on lies, not in a temper of shallow expediency, but upon true insight and everlasting principle.

Quackery.

IT is to be hoped that Dr. Mitchell's highly expert exposition of the state of mind of a typical medical charlatan in "The Autobiography of a Quack" will have salutary uses. The author has not dipped his pen in rose-water; the ink is black enough, but none too black for truth. In such a career as he depicts the steps downward, when once begun, are apt to grow longer and swifter to the disastrous end.

It is an interesting psychological phenomenon that the quack both attracts and repels with peculiar force. He draws one man or woman irresistibly; he fills another with contempt and loathing: or the same person he first attracts, then violently repels. It is greatly to be desired that the number should be lessened of those whom he attracts, and increased of those whom he repels. The law does some good in limiting the area of his devastation; but, in such matters especially, the law *alone* must be extremely ineffective. Public opinion is the most powerful weapon for fighting every public ill; and a demonstration in the form of fiction, such as Dr. Mitchell's story, should help to call attention anew to a loudly crying evil, and should be highly useful in making that sort of public opinion which is fatal to all kinds of medical quackery.

It is manifest that in medical matters, as in other fields of knowledge, superstition gives way by very slow degrees before the advance of civilization. It is not conceivable, for instance, that the New York legislature, at the end of the nineteenth century, would do what it did near the beginning of the century, when it authorized the purchase, for one thousand dollars, and the publication of Crous's perfect and infallible remedy and cure for hydrophobia, a prescription which included the pulverized jawbone of a dog, the false tongue of a newly foaled colt, and verdigris from the copper coins of George I or II.[1]

But superstition lingers longer, perhaps, in the

[1] See that valuable handbook, "Legal Decisions, Medical," by W. A. Purrington.

domain of healing than in any other, though it takes new shapes of subtlety and masquerades under the latest philosophical nomenclature. A clergyman of our acquaintance, who confessed the other day to the traditional horse-chestnut in the pocket as a cure for rheumatism, illustrated the old-fashioned rather than the new forms of medical superstition. There is, indeed, more of the old still extant than the liberal-minded dream of. We heard lately of certain horrible practices in an American village, which indicate that the belief in vampires can exist in a modern New England country community of white natives! Generally, however, the observer notes that the medical humbugs and superstitions (except among the most densely ignorant) compliment the latest scientific discoveries by a sort of left-handed imitation; if it is not science that the new quackeries thus compliment, then it is the passing psychological or philosophical or therapeutical fad—whatever that fad may be.

A couple of advertisements in papers published in a neighboring State have recently fallen under our notice; both of them are good illustrations of this latter tendency. This particular pair of quacks deal with separate forms of healing without physical means; they are both "divine healers," though one is a "vitalizer" and the other claims a more peculiar divinity; and both are thoroughly self-conscious, thoroughly self-evident, thoroughly vulgar, and portentously and profusely lying charlatans. The very terms of their advertisements should carry the conviction of fraud to any person whose education enables him to spell out the exuberant comicalities with which they proclaim their miraculous powers over "organic" and, indeed, pretty much all sorts of disease. It is not necessary, even, that one should be opposed to the doctrines of faith-healing, mind-healing, and Christian Science in order to comprehend the fraudulent character of these mercenary dealers in sacred phrases, and triflers with human life. And yet these modern gentlemen of the road are, judging from the length of their advertisements, apparently each doing a thriving business, managing to escape prosecution by studied evasion of the statutes.

Society finds it difficult to protect itself by law from such enemies of the public health; but it should not be necessary to appeal to law in order to make the occupation of impostors like these unprofitable in communities well removed from barbarism. A sense of humor, supplementing the common sense of our "plain people," should be as effectual as tar and feathers for deliverance from such blatant scoundrels. Yet we have only to look around to see how charlatanry, in some one or other of its new manifestations, attracts even the cultured; so that one is in danger, in his perplexity, of declaring that "all the world loves" a quack! Why *should* it love a quack? "Why," asked a modern investigator of medical vagaries —"why is our species *always* gullible? Why does it avail itself of every opportunity to make an ass of itself? I do not know. It is one of those mysterious ways in which God works for his own glory, perhaps, and for the confounding of the wise."

The reason generally given for running after quacks instead of following scientists, in quest of cure, is the fact that the most learned doctors on some points disagree and that medical science is not yet absolutely exact. But in what other branch of human endeavor is lack of absolute knowledge to be bettered by an appeal to absolute ignorance, to say nothing of an appeal to presumable fraud?

In announcing benefactions for the medical branch of Harvard University, President Eliot remarked, last June, that there is to-day no field of human inquiry more sure of beneficent results than the field of medical investigation. Dr. Biggs of the New York Health Department, in his recent address at the City Club of New York, described the lowering of the death-rate, especially in Great Britain and in the city of New York —a process the clear outcome of scientific investigation and experiment, and having as one of its results the lengthening of the average of life, in such conditions as now exist in the chief American city, to the extent of fifteen years. Facts such as this should strengthen the intelligent and unhysterical citizen in his opposition to that dementia which casts conscientious scientific research to the winds, and sets up in its place either conceited and fatuous ignorance or the grossest charlatanry.

"A Voice of Sweetest Tone."

A NEW-ENGLANDER who recently returned from his first visit to the Southern States, when asked what he had found to interest him, replied, "First of all, I have been enjoying the charm of the Southern voice." His acquaintance had been so largely in one region that he did not realize that there was a part of his own country where admirable voices are not the exception, but the rule. At home he had heard occasionally lovely voices, but it was with startling rarity that he had experienced the soft, natural flow of musical speech, which was revealed to him as a general trait of Southerners of either sex. He came back with new pride in the South, and the wish that every man, woman, and child of his acquaintance might be awake to the difference between a good and a bad voice.

Certainly there is no greater difference in the two qualities of anything else, even between good and bad French, and in social accomplishments there is no more desirable endowment or attainment than a beautiful voice. We say attainment as well as endowment, for clearly a fine voice, or, at least, a fine use of the voice, is one of the things that may be attained by early training in childhood, or even by attentiveness in maturer life. Many a lovely voice, once harsh or flat, is but the finished product of art. In this field the will can work wonders. It would, perhaps, be too much to say that the voice is an index of the character—human nature is too complex in its expression to justify hard-and-fast definitions of this sort; but it is certain that the quality of our speech is a potent factor in conveying impressions

of us to others, and that a close relationship between voice and character may be established by getting control of the machinery of vocal expression. The voice thus becomes a medium of power, conveying the personality and the influence. Indeed, those who teach its use tell us that the reaction of the voice upon the character is most important: that the way to become gentle is to speak gently; that in conflict not to raise the voice is to expel anger and restore the moral control. The nuns know and practise this, and whatever may be the defects of convent-school education, it seldom fails to make an impression upon the speech. The same is true of many Protestant institutions, and it would be well if every public and private school in the country would address itself systematically to similar results, as no doubt many do. This is the more to be desired since nowadays the trend of active life, particularly with women, is toward conditions which make for agitation instead of repose, and for assertiveness instead of gentleness.

SHORT ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS

A Banner Divorce County.[1]

SOME time ago, when I was dining with a party of friends, the conversation turned upon divorce, and I was moved to remark, through that strange spirit of boastfulness which takes possession of one at times, that mine was the banner county of the United States for divorce suits. This remark made an impression, and a certain distinction in consequence seemed about to become mine, when one of the men present quietly asked what caused so many divorces in Ashtabula County, Ohio. By means of this question I found my right level, for I was forced to reply that I did not know, and the admission that I could not produce data to support my assertion caused the feeling of the table clearly to turn against me. I was questioned as to the general morale of the locality with which I had thoughtlessly identified myself.

The severe and even condemning tone assumed caused me to cast a retrospective glance at the home of my childhood, and I was enabled from it to say that as far as I could vouch from memory or hearsay the morals of Ashtabula were above rather than below the average of even the rural counties.

Education was general; in their religious views its people were exceptionally tolerant; domestic scandals seldom occurred; the press was clean and intelligently managed; elections were remarkable for their purity; great richness and dire poverty did not exist; few murders had stained its history, and I had frequently heard it said that a jury could not be impaneled which would agree to hang even a murderer. From all this I argued that the community must be ruled by a gentle spirit, and altogether I thought it a good part of the world in which to live. Then, not wishing to draw a picture entirely devoid of shadows, I added that I had often heard it said that more men were sent to the penitentiary from our county for the crime of horse-stealing than for any other. This was allowed to be well enough as far as it went, but all agreed that while horse-stealing was very likely to end in the penitentiary, it was not so likely to end in divorce, and could therefore hardly be accepted as a reason for the shocking state of things that I had admitted.

This conversation stayed with me, and I resolved, upon my next visit to my old home, to satisfy myself, at least, why so many husbands and wives preferred to separate rather than to remain together. Consequently, when I found myself in Jefferson, the seat of Ashtabula County, I asked permission of Mr. Sargent, the county clerk, to examine the court records from the time of Ashtabula's incorporation. This he kindly allowed me to do, and I feel indebted to him and his staff for the assistance they gave me, and the interest they took in my self-imposed task.

I was surprised to find what interesting reading seventy or eighty years of court records can furnish. It is curious to note how quickly you can classify men and families by them, or how the criminal history of a locality rests persistently upon certain names; and to follow certain lawyers

[1] After the title of this article was chosen, there arose a doubt as to its correctness, and the writer tried, with such information as was readily at hand, to substantiate her choice of title by facts. Local authorities consulted united in the belief that undoubtedly Ashtabula County might be accorded the banner, while the Rev. Dr. Dike of Auburndale, Massachusetts (probably the best authority upon the subject of divorce in the country), leaves the unenviable distinction open between the following counties: Ashtabula, Ohio; Multnomah, Oregon; Tolland, Connecticut; Vigo, Indiana; Sacramento, California; Hillsboro, New Hampshire; and Knox, Maine. And he adds: "There may be worse counties, as my search has not been complete, but probably not."

The writer of this article makes this statement lest her title be taken too absolutely. Her design in her article has not, however, been to make good the claim of any one locality, but to give to the superficially interested some facts which she has gathered relating to a sad and curious phase of our social life.

from unimportant cases to those upon which large sums of money or life and death depend, and then to miss them altogether as they are graduated from local importance into statesmen of national repute. Among such I found the names of Joshua R. Giddings, Benjamin F. Wade, and Rufus P. Ranney.

Then, too, one becomes aware of a certain rotation of crimes and offenses, presumably the outcome of certain social conditions. For instance, counterfeiting began in 1844, and horse-stealing, which was first mentioned in that year, had as great a vogue as hoop-skirts, and then seemed to go as completely out of fashion. Whether this is owing to the depression in horse values, or the more careful observance of the law of *meum* and *tuum*, I cannot say. "Keeping tavern without license" reaped the largest harvest of small fines during the forties. In the earlier years, penitentiary sentences, oftener than to-day, included a term of solitary confinement.

All this was interesting but irrelevant; so I could note it only in a general way, and keep to the real object of my search.

After I had been at work several days, noticing my mass of notes, Mr. Sargent asked me if I had been able to establish a theory concerning divorce. I replied that I had not; one after another my half-formed theories had been laid aside as untenable; and I asked him in turn whether his experience as a court official had brought one to him. He answered: "No; I have only settled upon this fact: the mass of divorces are obtained by people who have no reputation to lose—by the irresponsible class. Now and then a case comes up where the parties are men and women of good intentions and upright lives, but they are the exceptional cases." And through my general knowledge of those whose names figured among the thousands of cases I noted, I am convinced that he is right.

I had approached my task in the mood of a mere investigator, but day after day, as I pored over the records—many yellow with age, and with the sand of bygone usage still clinging to the broad quill-strokes—and read between the lines of the gradual dying of hope, respect, faith, and love, there grew upon me the feeling of one who walks among graves, grass-grown and sunken. And when I turned from the pitiful chapter of accusation and denial, I was glad to remember that it had all happened seventy or eighty years ago, that the bitterness and passion had passed with the passing years, and that the actors in each sad drama now saw each other's motives as well as sins with the clearer perception of a broader life, and had come to understand and forgive.

In the records of the last twenty-five years I again and again came upon names which gave me a shock through my closer knowledge of their owners. Perhaps it would be in the plea of a wife who asked not only that her freedom but her maiden name be restored, and that name would recall some wilful little girl with whom I used to play in the happy days when summer afternoons were long. Or perhaps another name would bring back the face of some teasing, fun-loving boy, well remembered in nutting excursions or frolics, with a predilection toward "playing truant," because defiantly impatient of the restraint of school. As I looked back at girl or boy I could see that respect for the essential "Thou shalt not" was nearly always lacking in their characters. Headstrong and unrestrained, it was not surprising that they should recall themselves to me through these records.

Ashtabula County was incorporated in 1811, but it was not before 1843 that I found any mention of divorce. Previous to that time divorces were granted only by the Supreme Court, which was migratory, and held its sessions in the various counties of the State. Under its administration, I found that from 1815, when the first divorce case appears, until 1843, ninety divorce suits were brought, but only forty-eight were granted. The Supreme Court seems to have been much more conservative in its dealing with this important branch of its work than is the Court of Common Pleas. Many of the suits brought before it were continued from year to year without being either dismissed or granted, four or five years being no unusual time for a case to run, and one even coming up for eight years, when it was finally "dismissed without prejudice," which means that it might again be brought into court should the parties desire.

From the first, more women than men have sued for divorce. The first one granted—in 1820—was granted on a woman's plea, and up to 1829 every divorce in which the husband was plaintiff was dismissed, though during the same years ten were granted to wives. Up to 1843, when the Supreme Court ceased to act, out of the fifty suits brought by wives, thirty-six were granted, while of the twenty-three brought by husbands, only nine were granted.

Among these earlier cases the charge of infidelity appears oftener than it does to-day. Of late years nearly one half of the suits are granted upon the charge of "wilful absence and neglect of duty." The year 1843 is credited with two divorces, 1844 with three, while 1845 has double that number, and the next five years average five each. And so the habit—for it seems to be largely a habit—of divorce settled itself upon the community.

Comparatively few divorces are asked for on the plea of drunkenness, though it is safe to presume that drunkenness often underlies other charges. In learning the cause of upward of three thousand suits, its absence was very surprising to me; for it is the vice which one oftenest hears women (especially those without experience) declare they will not condone. And when one realizes how many homes are darkened and how many women are humiliated, impoverished, and ill used by drunken husbands, the infrequency of this charge is impressive as showing the patience and endurance of women. No doubt, if a man, except for this vice, is a good husband and father, the very watching of his impotent struggle with his infirmity brings a protective quality into a woman's love, which makes her try to uphold rather than to expose him before the public.

Among the surprising things which the divorce

records bring to light are the patience and long-suffering of some, and the promptness with which others break a bond which calls for self-restraint and tolerance. A striking example of the first class was the case of a poor old woman, whose signature was but a trembling scrawl, who prayed to be divorced and protected from a man who, according to witnesses, held her in virtual slavery, and who "had knocked her down-stairs, dragged her about by the hair, had broken five chairs *and other weapons* over her head and back, and had starved and whipped her." After over forty years of this, she meekly begged the court to release her, lest he do her "serious bodily harm."

Opposed to this is one of the other class—a middle-aged woman who, after two months of apparently happy married life with a "sober, kind-hearted, and easy-going man" (according to their neighbors), suddenly left him and returned to her father's house. She gave as her reason for leaving him that upon two occasions he had "addressed harsh and profane language" to her. Pressed for details, she testified that once when he was suffering from an inflamed eye, into which she was dropping some medicine which caused it to smart, he had made a "profane ejaculation." And upon another occasion, when she was frying some meat, and the gravy had "sputtered out on the stove," her husband, who was lying ill (he seems to have been an ailing man) in a room adjoining the kitchen, smelled the burning fat, and shouted that "the devil was in it." Undeniably, the language was both harsh and profane; still, when one learns from further evidence that he was a retired sea-captain, one must admit that it might easily have been more forcible. But she steadfastly refused to forgive these two lapses, in spite of his abject contrition and promises of more guarded language in the future.

The tendency toward divorce often seems a family trait, as at one term of court no fewer than three members of the same family appear, while from another large family every daughter but one was finally divorced. Not at all infrequently, cases are withdrawn at the request of the parties, who go quietly home together and begin life anew.

The heavy volumes, resting in their vaults, contain material for many a romance, and also many bitter lessons from real life which might go almost unaltered into the modern novel. One's attention is held by the story of the young girl who comes from a distance to pick grapes in a Lake Erie vineyard. Here she meets a young man, also a grape-picker, and while gathering the heavy clusters among the rustling vines she listens to his love-making. When the season is over they are married and go away on their wedding-journey, only to be confronted upon their return by the man's wife, to whom he has been married several years. This is only one of the many cases of bigamy on record, and, as a rule, bigamists seem to have a superabundance of trust in luck not to be found out, as they make little attempt to cover up traces of former marriages.

These legal documents and records had an interest for me other than purely statistical, for they not only indicated the growth of customs and the requirements of the country, but they hinted at the intellectual life of the times to which they belonged. For instance, who could remain in doubt as to the quality of the literature, either written or in the form of folk-lore, absorbed by the girlish wife of eighteen who figures in a suit brought by her husband on the charge of wilful absence? The sad little drama, with its primitive setting of fifty years ago, opens after three days of marriage, when the bride steals away from her husband's home and returns to her mother's, saying that she does not love her husband and cannot live with him. Their neighbors then come upon the scene as witnesses, and tell of the husband's long-continued efforts to win her back to him, of the simple gifts he brought her, namely, a pair of shoes and his wedding-gloves, which she "flung scornfully back"; and how, at parting, she "had allowed him to hold her hand for a moment," and had then snatched it away, saying: "You may cut it off and take it with you, but you can *never* have my heart!"

Close upon this, also of the wafer and quill-pen period, is another story which comes so near including a young Lochinvar that I found myself absorbingly interested as I read. This time the wife is the plaintiff, and her charge is fraud, though to the impartial reader which of the parties had the better right to prefer the charge remains an open question, as she says that during the marriage ceremony she was so unhappy that she did not reply to the promises required of her. The justice of the peace who married them, and who throughout is prominent as adviser and friend, testifies that the bridegroom confided to him immediately after the ceremony his troubles with one Jones, who had persistently disturbed the smoothness of his love's course; that even when he and his fiancée were on their way to be married, Jones had followed them and demanded a final interview with the girl, who got into his buggy and had had a long talk with him. When the interview was over, she had returned weeping, and he added with pardonable wrath: "If I had had any one to hold my horse, I would have got out and killed Jones on the spot." But apparently no one was at hand to perform this friendly office, and so he allowed Jones to live. And he must have been a gentle creature, turning naturally to peaceful methods, for he not only did not kill Jones, but he says he "sang to her to cheer her up," but evidently with poor success. Possibly the girl may have had a correct ear, and he may have sung false, but one can only hazard this conjecture. It is all pathetic enough, filled out as one's imagination inevitably must fill it. Still one cannot help wondering why Jones allowed the girl to get out of the buggy and return to that of his rival. He was in possession, they were close to the Pennsylvania line, and it need have been only a question as to which man had the better horse. They did things differently in young Lochinvar's time.

After we weed out from the army of unhappily married people those who make no pretense of respecting law or morality, those who married with divorce in view should marriage not prove to their

liking, and those who have been educated upon fiction rather than in real life, and who, too late, find that marriage is something besides unwholesome sentiment and

Vows of unheard-of and endless devotion,

there still remains a large contingent which calls for sincere pity and respect. This is made up of those who ask to have their marriage annulled because of incompatibility. She must be a very patient, tactful woman, he must be a forgiving and high-minded man, to avert the ever-recurring misunderstandings which arise between two people absolutely incapable of understanding each other, of bringing their lives into accord, or enduring the hourly friction of uncongenial companionship. To such divorce is a blessing.

If only lovers would doubt themselves half as much as do the disinterested ones who look on and ask, "How can she marry him?" or, "What does he see in her?" or, "How dare they undertake life together when they look at it from such different points of view?" even with every facility of obtaining divorce far fewer would be asked for.

When one reads of "three couples" out of the four forming a quadrille at a village dance being married "on the floor" while waiting for the music to begin, one may feel pretty sure that they will "pay the fiddler" after their short, if merry, dance. Nor does one have to be a seer to predict the path to be taken by the man and girl who consent to be the leading actors in a marriage ceremony in an uprising balloon in sight of thousands of gaping spectators. The divorce court is nearly certain to be their goal when once again their feet rest upon this workaday world. They may have risen above it for a brief time, but they have to come back to it. And marriage is too essentially prosaic, in spite of the romancists, even under the best conditions, to make possible anything but the sweet, wholesome, every-day prose of life. The high pressure of romantic courtship and sensational marriage cannot be long continued.

Though the first half of the century showed only about one hundred divorces, I could not find, judging by the crimes and offenses of the day, that life was any purer or better than it is at present; so it must have been the more conservative and submissive conditions then prevailing, and the narrower lines then kept, which made the stigma of divorce greater, and caused husbands and wives to shrink from braving public opinion by airing their troubles and disagreements in court. Certainly life was harder, and, judging by the offenses on record, coarser and more brutal than it now is, and marriage must have entailed more sacrifices, especially on the part of women.

Below is a table showing the increase in the county's population and in the number of its divorces.

						CASES.
From	1840	to	1850	the population was	31,789.	47
"	1850	"	1860	" " "	31,814.	174
"	1860	"	1870	" " "	32,427.	442
"	1870	"	1880	" " "	36,875.	390
"	1880	"	1890	" " "	45,470.	780

A glance at this table will show that the increase in the number of divorces has proportionally far outstripped the increase in population. But something can be done toward explaining this by remembering that Ashtabula County has to bear the penalty of its nearness to the adjoining States of New York and Pennsylvania, and to the province of Ontario, Canada. Ohio recognizes ten causes for divorce, New York only seven, and Pennsylvania still fewer, while in Canada a divorce can be obtained only by an act of Parliament, and is therefore virtually for the rich alone. In consequence, there is an overflow from these territories into this corner county of Ohio of men and women seeking divorce, who, making a pretense of becoming citizens until their object is obtained, return whence they came, and leave to Ashtabula County the unenviable distinction of being probably the banner county of the Union for divorces according to its population.

To give an idea of the growth of divorce, I have prepared the following table. It must be remembered, however, that these figures do not represent the number of divorces actually granted, as many cases are continued, thus appearing and reappearing upon the docket.

1815	1	1840	5	1860	20	1880	48
1816	2	1841	10	1861	26	1881	71
1817	5	1842	6	1862	46	1882	66
1818	1	1843	3	1863	36	1883	60
1820	1	1844	4	1864	69	1884	93
1823	2	1845	6	1865	93	1885	74
1824	7	1846	5	1866	42	1886	78
1825	4	1847	5	1867	29	1887	83
1826	1	1848	11	1868	32	1888	92
1828	3	1849	6	1869	40	1889	88
1829	1	1850	7	1870	29	1890	76
1830	2	1851	12	1871	38	1891	79
1831	5	1852	8	1872	30	1892	97
1833	2	1853	27	1873	27	1893	97
1834	1	1854	16	1874	13	1894	128
1835	4	1855	7	1875	58	1895	89
1836	4	1856	9	1876	46	1896	111
1837	2	1857	25	1877	34	1897	116
1838	3	1858	21	1878	56	1898	156
1839	12	1859	29	1879	40	1899	

There is a curious whimsicality in these numbers which leaves one quite at a loss to account for the breaking up of so many more homes in one year than in another.

One does not find it so very unnatural that the five years including 1861 and 1865 should show two hundred and seventy against the two hundred and twenty odd of the twenty preceding years, for these were the years covering the time of our Civil War, when the home-life of our country realized an unexpected and terrible strain. If that strain brought out the good qualities of our nation, it also brought out its defects, and social disturbance was inevitable. The divorce list grew long from various causes: women learned to live alone and manage for themselves; soldier husbands, in some cases, returned with habits and vices which made life with them impossible; and the missing and unaccounted-for men doubtless swelled the list, as, in the event of wishing to marry again, the wives of such found it prudent to go through the formality of a divorce.

But ten years later, after peace had come, the country had righted itself, and life had resumed its wonted routine, why should the year 1874 add only thirteen to the list, and 1875 count up fifty-eight? The conditions of life must have been as nearly as possible the same in these two years.

Since 1877 the number has never fallen below forty, and nearly every year has shown an increase in numbers, while the year 1899 promises to foot up more cases than did the first forty years on record. This is rather a shocking fact to face, for, as in Ashtabula County, so it must be elsewhere.

I confess that in seeking to find the cause of so many divorces I had hoped to gain some hint which would point to a remedy; but I fear I have failed to find any pointing to a speedy or radical remedy. Like temperance and all other reforms, it must come through educating people in the principles of honor, self-restraint, and justice.

Probably three quarters of all the divorces I have examined into have been granted at the request of women. But this does not prove that they are less patient or enduring in their affections than men, or that men are less moral than women. It only proves, what everybody already knows, that an unhappy or distasteful marriage is far more galling to the average woman than to the average man. In her home life she finds her most vital interests and happiness, while such varied interests enter into the life of a man that even if he is unhappy in his home, he leaves it behind him and forgets it daily for hours together. But the woman who forgets her home and goes to the world for comfort hardens her heart against all that is best and tenderest in her nature. For her there is not the double life which men so often find possible, and the lesser of two misfortunes will be for her to sever the old ties and begin an existence independent of them.

There is no doubt that American women more readily accept divorce as a means of escaping domestic misery than the women of other nations. They are capable and independent by nature and training, and so dread neither self-support nor public opinion as do more timid women. Perhaps this spirit of independence, which may be largely the cause of many divorces, will in time be the very means of decreasing their number. At present it has a tinge of aggression in it, as any departure from a conservative state is apt to have; but when it becomes an established and fully accepted condition, this will pass away. And if, as we hope, the coming woman shall know how to care for herself in a quiet, womanly way, shall be practically as well as theoretically educated, and shall understand the difficulties of life in its various phases by encountering and overcoming them, she will not allow sentiment to overbalance reality. She will come to take the masculine view of marriage as well as other things, and she will be slower to undertake it and the duties it brings.

Possibly there may be a slight decrease in the number of marriages because of this, but that will be no misfortune, as there can be no advantage to a person or a nation in lightly assuming duties as sacred and burdens as heavy as marriage brings.

Annie Howells Fréchette.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Grounds for Being "Revorsted."

"MAWNING, marster," was the greeting which I received one day, recently, upon entering my law office. It came from an aged couple—a negress whose weight could be estimated anywhere from two hundred and twenty-five to two hundred and fifty pounds, and a little, grinning, coal-black fellow with chin-whiskers and a "top musstash," and with brass rings in his ears, who could not have weighed more than a hundred and ten pounds, and who seemed meek and subdued.

"Well, aunty, what can I do for you?" I asked.

"De truf is, marster," was the reply, "me and my ole man wants ter git revorsted, and we done come ter you ter ax whut it gwine cos' we-all. We done gin each udder commission ter git maared ag'in, but a w'ite man done tole us dat onless we gits reg'lar revorsted, dat de big jedge 'll sont we-all ter de coal-mines."

"What are your grounds for divorce?" I asked, after having explained what was necessary to allege and prove. "Has the old man ever been cruel to you? Has he ever beaten you?"

"*Who* beat *me?* Dat little dried-up good-fur-nuttin' brack nigger beat *me?* Huh! Why, man, sir, can't no nigger beat me! I 'se de bestest *man* what libs in dis here county. I was de lead hoe han' in ole Marse John's time, en c'u'd n't none o' dem niggers hol' a torch-light ter me. No, sir-ree! *I* beats dat nigger reg'lar; and ef he doan' min' me w'en I hollers at 'im, I jes takes a plow-line and lights on ter 'im, like a sparrer-hawk on ter a' ole fiel'-sparrer. No, sir; dat 's what I wants ter git revorsted for—ter git a *man;* dat's what I wants. I does—a man what *kin* beat me. But, marster, I 'm afeard I can't find none o' dem kin' nowhars."

As this was the sole cause of complaint, I advised the old woman to give "dat little dried-up good-fur-nuttin' brack nigger" another trial, and suggested that he might do better with a little encouragement.

John A. Elmore.

To Omar.

OMAR KHAYYAM, you 're a jolly old Aryan,
Half sybaritic, and semi-barbarian,
Not a bit mystic, but utilitarian,
Fond of a posy and fond of a dram.
Symbolist, poet, and clear-eyed philosopher,
Had you a wife I am sure you were boss of her,
Yet you 'd be ruled by the coquettish toss of her
Garland-crowned head at you, Omar Khayyam.
For there is vanity
In your humanity,
Else your urbanity
Were but a flam.
And the severity
Of your austerity
Proves your sincerity,
Omar Khayyam.

Well I remember when first you were heralded,
Persian-born poesy ably Fitzgeralded;
Impulse said buy you—and I to my peril did:
Now a meek slave to your genius I am.
Some of your doctrines to us may seem hatable,
Though we admit that the themes are debatable;
But your ideas, are they really translatable
Into our languages, Omar Khayyam?
In your society
All inebriety
Seems but propriety,
Truth but a sham;
And the reality
Of your carnality
Courts immortality,
Omar Khayyam.

From the grave depths of your massive tranquillity
Thoughts you produce, knowing well their futility,
Thoughts that you phrase with a fatal facility,
Hurl with the force of a battering-ram!
But we care not though your message be cynical,
Not very creedal and scarcely rabbinical;
We, your adorers, put you on a pinnacle,
For that we love you, old Omar Khayyam.
Though you 're erroneous,
Still you 're harmonious,
And you 're euphonious
In epigram.
O'er the censorious
You are victorious;
We hold you glorious,
Omar Khayyam.

Carolyn Wells.

Advice—Masculine.

WHILE Cupid sways this mundane sphere,
And men are only human,
She is most wise who won't appear
Too reasonable a woman.

Alack that Fate ordained it so!
'T is passing melancholy;
But naught that Reason e'er can show
Is half so sweet as Folly.

In arrant whims some witchcraft lies
That logic ever misses,
And common sense looks plain to eyes
That seek capricious blisses;

While unto every lover's fire
It adds a wealth of fuel
If she who doth his love inspire
Is sometimes rather cruel.

Know what you will, mesdames, but know
The acme of all Knowledge
Is Tact, albeit we cannot show
Its chair in any college.

Keep some small foibles,—for I deem
You have them, being human,—
And so *be* what you do *not* seem—
A reasonable woman.

Beatrice Hanscom.

Rabbit's-Foot Luck.

DER rabbit he sat by der live-oak tree,
An' dat rabbit he say ter hisse'f, say he:
"All yea' long I heah der niggah man say,
Whenever he 's walkin' along dis way,
Laffin' 'Ki-yi-yi!' as he slaps his knee,
'I cotch a rabbit by der live-oak tree!
I cut dat rabbit's foot off wiv ma knife!
I tek dat rabbit's foot home ter ma wife!
I say, "Ma honey, now der good luck 's here:
When you 'se got a rabbit's foot, den no fear!"'
Laffin' 'Ki-yi-yi!' as der banjos thrum,
An' der hoe-cake on der griddle 'gins ter hum,
An' der niggah man's wife she dance an' sing,
'Oh, a rabbit's foot is der luckiest t'ing!'"

Der rabbit he sat by der live-oak tree,
An' he say ter hisse'f, der rabbit say he,
"I 'se had fo' rabbits' foots all ma bo'n days,
But did n't 'pear ter bring good luck ma ways!"

Ashleigh Mathews.

John Swift, the Rapid Reader.

JOHN SWIFT, the rapid reader, sat him down to read:
Sermon, essay, poem, leader—what an awful speed!
Such omnivorous absorption no good end attains:
John Swift, the rapid reader, ignorant remains.

Jeanie Peet.

Mr. Perkins of Portland.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REFORMATION OF UNCLE BILLY."

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN.

THERE was very little about Perkins that was not peculiar. To mention his peculiarities would be a long task; he was peculiar from the ground up. His shoes had rubber soles, his hat had peculiar Mansard ventilators on each side, his garments were vile as to fit, and altogether he had an appearance of being a composite picture.

We first met in the Golden Hotel office in Cleveland, Ohio. I was reading a late copy of a morning paper and smoking a very fairish sort of cigar, when a hand was laid on my arm. I turned, and saw in the chair beside me a beaming face.

"Just read that!" he said, poking an envelop under my nose. "No, no!" he cried; "on the back of it."

What I read was:

Perkins' Patent Porous Plaster
Makes all pains and aches fly
faster.

"Great, is n't it?" he asked, before I could express myself. "That first line, 'Perkins' Patent Porous Plaster,' just takes the cake. And the last line! That is a gem, if I do say it myself. Has the whole story in seven words. '*All* pains and aches'! Everything from sore feet to backache; all the way from A to Z in the dictionary of diseases. Comprehensive as a presidential message. Full of meat as a refrigerator car. 'Fly faster'! Faster than any other patent med. or dope would make them fly. 'Makes'! They 've got to fly! See? 'Perkins' Patent Porous Plaster *makes* all pains and aches fly faster,' 'makes *all* pains and aches fly faster,' 'makes all pains and aches fly *faster*.' Is n't she a beaut.? Say, you can't forget that in a thousand years. You 'll find yourself saying on your death-bed,

Perkins' Patent Porous Plaster
Makes all pains and aches fly
faster."

I held the envelop toward him, but he only tapped it with his finger.

"There is a fortune in those two lines," he said. "I know it. I 'm Perkins, known from Maine to California as Perkins of Portland, Perkins the Originator. I have originated more ads. than any man living. See that shoe? It 's the 'Go-lightly' kind. I originated the term. See this hat? It 's Pratt's. 'Pratt's Hats Air the Hair.' I originated that ad. Result, six million pair of the Go-lightly kind of shoes sold the first year. Eight million Pratt's Hats sold on the strength of 'Air-the-hair.' See this suit? I originated the term 'Ready-tailored.' Result, a boom for the concern. Everybody crazy for Ready-tailored clothes. It 's all in the ad. The ad. 's the thing. Say, who originated 'up-to-date in style, down-to-date in price'? I did. Made half a million for a collar concern on that. See that fringe on those pants? And to think that the man who 's wearing them has made millions! Yes, millions—for other guys. But he 's done. It 's all off with Willie. Now Willie is going to make money for himself. Mr. Perkins of Portland is going to get rich. Are you with him?"

MR. PERKINS OF PORTLAND.

"How is the plaster?" I asked, for there was something taking about Perkins. "Is it good for anything?"

"Plaster!" he said; "bother the plaster! The ad. 's all right, and that 's the main thing. Give me a good ad., and I 'll sell lead bullets for liver pills. Display 'Perkins' Bullets Kill the Disease' in all the magazines, and in a year every person with or without a liver would be as full of lead as a printer's case. Paint it on ten thousand barns, and the inhabitants of these glorious States would be plugged up like Mark Twain's frog. Now, I have here an ad. that is a winner. Give me fifty thousand dollars, and we will have every man, woman, and child in America dreaming, thinking, and wearing Perkins' Patent Porous Plaster. We will have it in every magazine, on every barn, fence, and rock, in the street-cars, on highways and byways, until the refrain will ring in sixty million free American heads:

Perkins' Patent Porous Plaster
Makes all pains and aches fly
faster."

"But, my dear sir," I said, "is the plaster good?"

Mr. Perkins of Portland leaned over and whispered in my ear, "There is no plaster."

"What?" I cried.

"Not yet," he said; "that will come later. We will get that later. Law of supply and demand, you know. When

"ON THE FENCES AND WALLS."

there is a demand there always turns up a supply to fill it. See the point? You look bright. See this. We advertise. Get, say, fifty thousand orders at ten dollars each; total, five hundred thousand dollars. What next? We sell out. We go to some big concern. 'Here,' we say—'here is an article advertised up to the handle. Here are orders for five hundred thousand dollars' worth. Thing on the boom. Give us two hundred thousand cash and get up your old plaster and fill the orders. Thanks. Good day.' See? They get a well-established business, we get a clear profit of one hundred and fifty thousand. What next? We get up another ad. Invest our whole capital. Sell out for a million. Invest again, sell out again. In ten years we can buy Manhattan Island for our town-seat, and Chicago for our country-seat. The richest firm in the world—Perkins and—"

"Brown," I said, supplying the blank; "but I have n't fifty thousand dollars, nor yet ten thousand."

"What have you got?" he asked eagerly.

"Just five thousand."

"Done!" Perkins cried.

And the next day we had the trade-mark registered, and had made contracts with all the Cleveland papers.

"You see," said Perkins, "we are shy of money. We can't bill the universe with a measly little five thou. We've got to begin small. Our territory is Ohio. Perkins' Patent Porous Plaster shall be known to every Buckeye, and we will sell out for twenty thousand."

So we soon had the words

Perkins' Patent Porous Plaster
Makes all pains and aches fly faster

on the fences and walls throughout Ohio. Every paper proclaimed the same catchy couplet. One or two magazines informed the world of it. The bill-boards heralded it. In fact, Perkins' Patent Porous Plaster was in everybody's mouth, and bade fair to be on everybody's back as soon as there was a Perkins' Patent Porous Plaster to put on those same backs.

For Perkins was right. The backs seemed fairly to ache for plasters of our making. From all over the State druggists wrote for terms, and we soon kept two type-writers busy informing the anxious pharmacists that owing to the unprecedented demand our factory was two months behind on orders, and that "your esteemed favor will have our earliest attention, and all orders will be filled in rotation at the earliest possible moment." Each day brought a deluge of letters, and we received several quite unsolicited testimonials to the merits of Perkins' Patent Porous Plaster. Perkins was radiant.

Then he faded.

He set out to sell the trade-mark, and failed! No one wanted it. Money was tight, and patent medicines were a drug. Porous plasters were dead. Perkins was worried. Day followed day, and the orders began to decrease, while countermands began to arrive. We had just two hundred dollars left, and bills for four thousand dollars' worth of advertisements on our file. At last Perkins gave up. He came in and flung himself despondently into a chair. Sorrow marked every feature.

"No use," he said dolefully; "they won't bite. We have to do it."

"What?" I asked; "make an assignment?"

"Nonsense!" cried Perkins. "Fill those orders ourselves!"

"But where can we get—"

"The plasters?" Perkins scratched his head. He repeated softly: "Makes all pains and aches fly faster," and swung one foot sadly. "That 's it," he said; "where?"

The situation was becoming acute. We must have plasters quickly or fail. Suddenly Perkins arose with an air of determination, and vanished through the door.

In two hours he returned. He had a punch such as harness-makers use to punch holes in straps, a pair of scissors, and a smile as broad as his face was long.

"They will be here in ten minutes!" he cried. "Sit right down and write to all our ad. mediums to hold that ad. for a change. In one year we will buy the soldiers' monument for a paper-weight, and purchase Euclid Avenue for a bowling-alley! Get off your coat. I've ordered forty thousand paper boxes, one hundred thousand labels, and two hundred thousand plasters. The first lot of boxes will be here to-morrow, and the first batch of labels to-night. The plasters will be here in five minutes. It 's a wonder I did n't think of it when I wrote the ad. The new ad. will sell two plasters to every one the old one sold."

"Where in thunder—" I began.

"At the grocery, of course," he cried, as if it were the most natural place to find porous plasters. "I bought every wholesale grocer in town out of 'em. Cleaned them plump up. I've got enough to fill all orders and some over. The finest in the land. Stick closer than a brother, 'feel good, are good,' as I wrote for a stocking concern. Stay on until they wear off."

He was right. The trucks soon began to arrive with the cases. They were piled on the walk twenty high, they were piled in the street, we piled our office full, and put some in the vacant room across the hall. There were over a thousand cases of sticky fly-paper.

We cut the sheets into thirds, and sprinkled a little Cayenne pepper on the sticky side with a pepper-shaker, and then punched holes in them. Later we got a rubber stamp and printed the directions for use on each, but we had no time for that then. When the boxes began to arrive, Perkins ran down and gathered in three newsboys and constituted them our packing force. By the end of the week we had our orders all filled.

And our plasters stuck! None ever stuck better. They stuck forever. They would n't peel off, they would n't wash off, they would n't scrape off. When one wore off, it left the stickiness there, and the victim had to buy another to paste on top of the old one before he could put on a shirt. It was a huge success.

We changed our ad. to read:

Perkins' Paper Porous Plaster
Makes all pains and aches fly faster,

and branched out into the magazines. We sent a man to Europe, and now some of the crowned heads are wearing our plasters. You all remember Stonely's account of meeting a tribe of natives in the wilds of Africa wearing nothing but Perkins' Paper Porous Plasters, and recall the celebrated words of Rodriguez Velos, second understudy to the Premier of Spain: "America is like Perkins' Paper Porous Plaster—a thing not to be sat on."

Five months ago we completed our ten-story factory, and increased our capital stock to two millions; and those to whom we offered the trade-mark in our early days are green with regret. Perkins is abroad now in his private yacht. Queer old fellow, too, for he still insists on wearing the Go-lightly shoes and the Air-the-hair hat, in spite of the fact that he has n't enough hair left to make a miniature paint-brush.

I asked him before he left for his cruise where

he was from,—Portland, Maine, or Portland, Oregon,—and he laughed.

"My dear boy," he said, "it 's all in the ad. 'Mr. Perkins of Portland' is a phrase to draw dollars. I 'm from Chicago. Get a phrase built like a watch, press the button, and the babies cry for it."

That 's all. But in closing I might remark that if you ever have any trouble with a weak back, pain in the side, varicose veins, heavy sensation in the chest, or in fact any ailment whatever, just remember that

Perkins' Paper Porous Plaster
Makes all pains and aches fly faster.

Ellis Parker Butler.

"OVER A THOUSAND CASES OF STICKY FLY-PAPER."

Sence You Went Away.

SEEMS lak to me de stars don't shine so bright,
Seems lak to me de sun done loss his light,
Seems lak to me der 's nothin' goin' right,
Sence you went away.

Seems lak to me de sky ain't half so blue,
Seems lak to me dat eve'ything wants you,
Seems lak to me I don't know what to do,
Sence you went away.

Seems lak to me dat eve'ything is wrong,
Seems lak to me de day 's jes twice ez long,
Seems lak to me de bird 's forgot his song,
Sence you went away.

Seems lak to me I jes can't he'p but sigh,
Seems lak to me ma th'oat keeps gittin' dry,
Seems lak to me a tear stays in ma eye,
Sence you went away.

J. W. Johnson.

A Ballad.

WHEN lyfe was not as it nowe is,
It happened upon a time
That there was a youthfule mayden
Who found she could make a rhyme.

She dreamed of her comynge glorye
Till her braine was fair askewe,
And she sayde, "I 'll dwell in an attike,
As all of ye poetes doe!"

She thought of ye town that wayted,
And ye worlde beyonde ye town,
And hied her up to ye rafters
To worke up a greate renowne.

But—thyngs were not as they nowe are—
It alsoe happened to be
That there dwelt in that verye gable
A mouse and his familie.

And neither ye town that wayted,
Nor ye worlde beyonde ye town,
Heard aughte, they saye, from ye attike,
For ye poetesse—came downe.

And she onlye quothe in answer
To everye inquirye:
"Too greate were ye odds besettynge
Ye pathwaye of poetrye!"

Catharine Young Glen.

The Hero Who Escaped.

THE hero of a novel as yet unfinished escaped from the sheets of manuscript in which he had been lying, and darted from the author's study, intent upon one thing—to escape the heroine whom he foresaw the author intended him to marry. "The author calls her pretty, but his ideas of beauty and mine are not the same. He says that she is witty, but if so, why has he put no wit in her mouth? As for being married to her in the last chapter, and having my taste called in question by a lot of critics who know nothing beyond their calling, I simply won't stand it." And he walked out into the street and was lost in the crowd.

Meanwhile the author came to his desk, ready to begin his daily grind; for he had made such a reputation on his first novel that his orders would keep him busy for seven years, and he kept his thought-mill working day and night. He was at work upon the nineteenth chapter, in which the hero was absent on a visit, and the morning wore away before he noticed that he had escaped. Then he was in a great pother. He felt that it would be no use to put the matter into the hands of the detectives, for in his inmost heart he knew that his hero was so like every other romantic hero of the last decade that he could never be distinguished either in a crowd or alone. There was but one course open to him—to declare the hero dead, and have the heroship descend to the next in line. But, unfortunately, the next in line was his brother and his rival, and to make him hero and give the girl to him would be contrary to the scheme of the novel.

She might have married the villain, but the author was too popular to risk being as unconventional as that. No; there was but one course open: to kill the girl in the twentieth chapter, and so make a tragic novel of the book. But tragic novels are poor sellers, and one poor seller might cause the canceling of orders for his future novels.

Canceling his orders! The driven author laid his aching head in his hands and pondered. Cancelation would mean freedom from the ceaseless grind, the eternal hunt for characters and incidents and plots and romanticism. Yes, he would kill the girl and accept the consequences with unruffled heart.

And so it happened that the heroine died of grief for the hero—in the twentieth chapter. And the capricious public, waiving for once their desire for a happy ending, accepted the book with acclamations, and the poor author received orders fourteen years ahead.

And he went crazy and went on writing in his cell, and now his novels please only certain of the critics, who declare them mystical.

As for the escaped hero, he was now in real life, and as such a hero could never, by any chance, exist in real life, he died in a few days, and that was the end of him.

Charles Battell Loomis.

"CATCH YOUR SKATES, QUICK! THE OCEAN IS FROZEN OVER."

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

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THE BEST FOOD FOR NURSING MOTHERS

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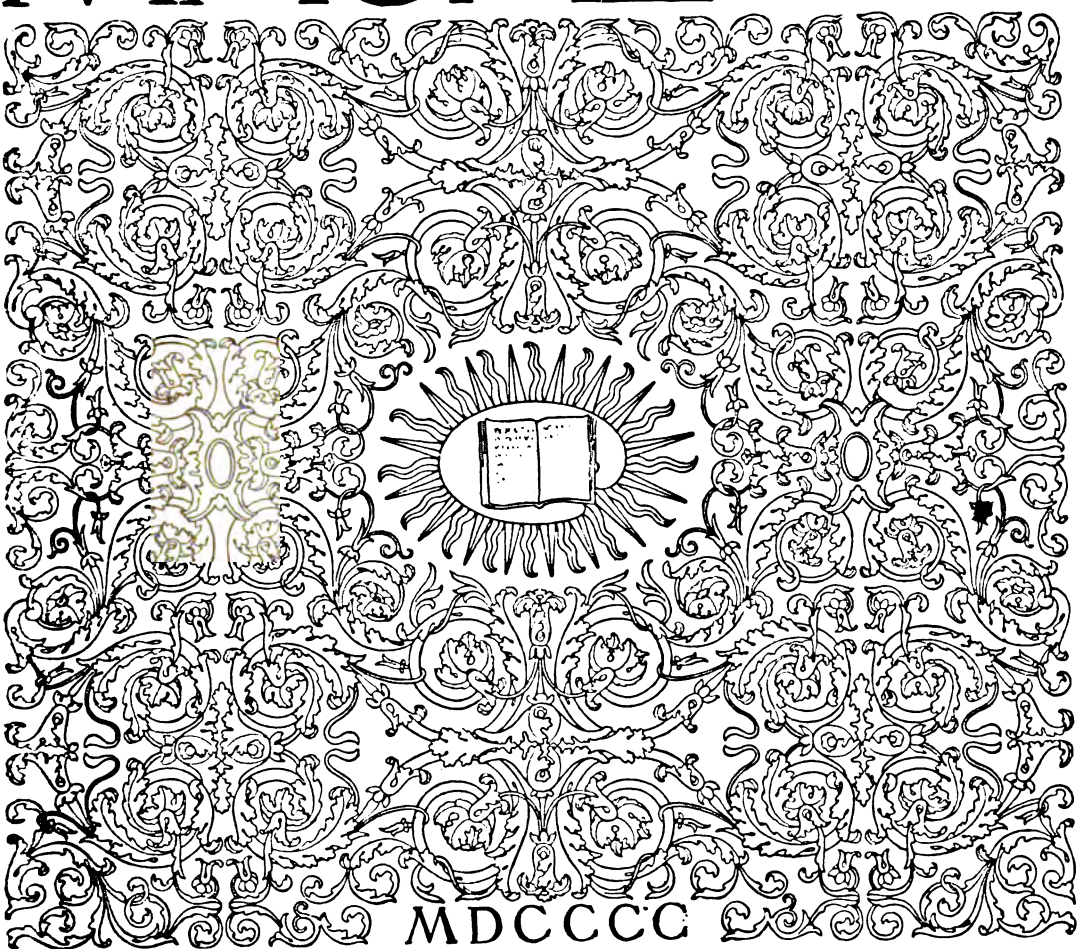

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LIX. MARCH, 1900. No. 5.

THE NATIONAL ZOO AT WASHINGTON.

A STUDY OF ITS ANIMALS IN RELATION TO THEIR NATURAL ENVIRONMENT.

BY ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON,
Author of "Wild Animals I have Known," "The Biography of a Grizzly," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

I.

AT the beginning of this century the continent of North America was one vast and teeming game-range. Not only were the Buffalo in millions across the Mississippi, but other large game was fully as abundant, though less conspicuous. Herds of Elk, numbering ten or fifteen thousand, were commonly seen along the upper Missouri. The Antelope ranged the higher plains in herds of thousands; Whitetail Deer, though less gregarious, were seen in bands of hundreds; while Bighorn Sheep, though still less disposed to gather in large flocks, were rarely out of sight in the lower parts of the eastern Rockies, and it was quite usual to see several hundred Blacktail in the course of a single day's travel.

But a change set in when the pioneer Americans, with their horses, their deadly rifles, their energy, and their taste for murder, began to invade the newly found West.

The settlers increased in numbers, and the rifles became more deadly each year; but the animals did not improve in speed, cunning, or fecundity in an equal ratio, and so were defeated in the struggle for life, and started on the down grade toward extinction.

Aside from sentimental or esthetic reasons, which I shall not here discuss, the extinction of a large or highly organized animal is a serious matter.

1. It is always dangerous to disturb the balance of nature by removing a poise. Some of the worst plagues have arisen in this way.

2. We do not know, without much and careful experiment, how vast a service that animal might have done to mankind as a domestic species.

The force of this will be more apparent if we recollect how much the few well-known domestic species have done for the advancement of our race. Who can decide which has done more for mankind, the Cow or the steam-engine, the Horse or electricity, the Sheep or the printing-press, the Dog or the rifle, the Ass or the loom? No one indeed can pronounce on these, yet all on reflection feel that there is reason in the comparisons. Take away these inventions, and we are put back a century, or perhaps two; but further, take away the domestic animals, and we are reduced to absolute savagery, for it was they who first made it possible for our aboriginal forefathers to settle in one place and learn the rudiments of civilization.

And it is quite possible, though of course

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not demonstrable, that the humble chuckie barn-fowl has been a larger benefactor of our race than any mechanical invention in our possession, for there is no inhabited country on earth to-day where the barn-fowl is not a mainstay of health. There are vast regions of South America and Europe where it is *the* mainstay, and nowhere is there known anything that can take its place, which is probably more than can be said of anything in the world of mechanics.

Now, if the early hunters of these our domestic animals had succeeded in exterminating them before their stock was domesticated,—which easily might have been, for domestication succeeds only after long and persistent effort and, in effect, a remodeling of the wild animal by select breeding,—the loss to the world would have been a very serious matter, probably much more serious than the loss of any invention, because an idea, being born of other ideas, can be lost but temporarily, while the destruction of an organized being is irreparable.

in the end, will prove more truly economic. We are informed, on excellent authority, that man's most important business here is to "know himself."

Evidently one cannot comprehend the nature of a wheel in a machine by study of that wheel alone; one must consider the whole machine or fail. And since it is established that man is merely a wheel in the great machine called the universe, he can never arrive at a comprehension of himself without study of the other wheels also. Therefore to know himself man must study not only himself, but all things to which he is related. This is the motive of all scientific research.

There is no part of our environment that is not filled with precious facts bearing on the "great problem," and the nearer they are to us the more they contain for us. He who will explain the House Sparrow's exemption from bacteriological infections, the White Bear's freedom from troubles that we attribute to uric acid in the blood, or the

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

AMONG THE BUFFALO.

And we to-day, therefore, who deliberately exterminate any large and useful, possibly domesticable, wild animal, *may be* doing more harm to the country than if we had robbed it of its navy.

This is the most obvious economic view of the question of extermination. But there is another, a yet higher one, which,

Buffalo's and the Flamingo's immunity from the deadliest malaria, is on the way to conferring like immunities on man. Each advance of science enables us to get more facts out of the same source, so that something that is studied to-day may yield a hundred times the value that it could or did ten years ago; and if that source of knowledge happens to be

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

A BUFFALO COW.

perishable, one can do the race no greater harm than by destroying it.

The Sibylline Books were supposed to contain all necessary wisdom; they were destroyed, one by one, because the natural heir to that wisdom did not realize their value. He did waken up at last, but it was too late to save anything except a fragment. What Tarquin did to the books offered by the Cumæan Sibyl, our own race in America has done to some much more valuable books offered by Nature. To illustrate: Each animal is in itself an inexhaustible volume of facts that man must have to solve the great problem of knowing himself. One by one, not always deliberately, these wonderful volumes have been destroyed, and the facts that might have been read in them have been lost.

It is hard to imagine a greater injury to the world of thought, which is, after all, the real world, than the destruction of one of these wonderful unread volumes. It is possible that the study of "Man" would suffer more by the extinction of some highly organized animal than it did by the burning of the Alexandrian Library. This is why men of science have striven so earnestly to save our native animals from extinction.

In 1878 there were still millions of Buffalo in the West. That year the Northern Pacific Railroad opened up the Missouri region, and the annual slaughter was greatly increased. In 1882 there were still thousands of Buffalo.

In 1884 all were gone but a few small scattered bands. In 1885 there were probably less than five hundred Buffalo left alive in the United States. In 1886 an expedition fitted out by the government secured with great difficulty enough specimens to make the mounted groups in the National Museum, and it was then clear that unless the authorities took immediate and vigorous steps the Buffalo, within a year or two, would cease to exist.

About this time there appeared a number of articles by well-known observers, calling attention to the fact that the Buffalo's fate was also awaiting, in the near future, all our finest animals, the probable order of extinction being Buffalo, Elk, Antelope, Moose, Bighorn Sheep, Mountain-goat, Mule-deer, Virginia Deer; and the farthest probable date for the ruthless consummation was put at twenty years hence. It required no great argument to convince the public of the truth of these writers' main statements. It was obvious that no possible good was to be gained by exterminating these harmless animals, for the love of slaughter, not the need for their skin, flesh, or range, was the incentive; and the public, though not yet able to look on these animals as the student does, nevertheless realized that it was about to be robbed of something valuable by a few mean-spirited and selfish hunters.

Additional point was given to the obvious moral by the circumstance that, through its far-reaching system of correspondence, the Smithsonian Institution was continually receiving gifts of living animals, which, for lack of space to keep them, had either to be turned into dead specimens or given away to outside zoos, or else returned to their donors.

This was the state of affairs in 1887, when the newly appointed Secretary of the Institution, Mr. S. P. Langley, who, though an astronomer and a physicist, had been very strongly impressed by the fact that all our largest and most interesting native animals were rapidly approaching extinction, conceived the idea of securing a tract of country, as primitive as possible, that might be made a lasting city of refuge for the vanishing races. This was the main idea when first Mr. Langley went before Congress to urge the establishment of a National Zoölogical Park.

In all ages it has been the custom of potentates to keep a collection of wild animals for their amusement, and the American people, being their own ruler, had numberless precedents before them when urged to make this much-needed collection of animals.

In such a case the advantage of a monarchy is that only one man must be convinced, whereas in the republic the consent of a majority of seventy millions had to be obtained.

This took time. Fierce battles had to be fought with ignorant and captious politicians. One objected that he did not see why the people should pay "to have the Nebraska Elk and Florida Alligators cooped up." If they had to spend money for it they would want things they could not see at home—Dog-faced Baboons, Kangaroos, Man-eating Tigers, etc. Another, a fervent patriot, objected to any money being spent on exotic species, as it was contrary to the spirit of the Constitution to encourage or import foreigners!

Altogether the Secretary of the Smithsonian found it no easy bill to carry, though it was indorsed by nearly every scientist and educator in the country.

After three years of persistent effort, involving vastly more worry than the management of the whole Smithsonian Institution for three times that period, Mr. Langley succeeded in carrying both houses of Congress over the successive stages of ridicule, toleration, and favorable consideration, to the point of accepting and providing for the scheme.

An appropriation was made for a National Zoölogical Park to be established in the District of Columbia for the "Advancement of Science and the Instruction and Amusement of the People," as well as a city of refuge where those "native animals that were threatened with extinction might live and perpetuate their species in peace."

An appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars was made, but it was clogged with several irksome conditions. One half the expense was to be paid by the District of Columbia, thereby giving the commission a control which changed the plan, making the collection more like the ordinary menagerie. No animals were to be bought, which was much like a rich man building himself a picture-gallery, and saying, "Now, if my friends choose to present me with pictures, all right, I 'll house them; but I 've done enough for myself in building the gallery." And yet, though falling short of its promoter's original wish, the scheme has notably progressed, and no one who is capable of measuring the future of the Institution can doubt that in founding this Park, where those "na-

tive animals that were threatened with extinction might live and perpetuate their species in peace," Congress has done more for the learning, science, and amusement of the nation than it would in expending a much larger amount in a university, a theater, and a choice library combined; for the fields of the three are already well covered, but the Park, by preserving the nation's heritage of wild animals, has opened important regions of biological research and zoölogical art.

He was a wise old farmer who said to his son, "John, make sure of your land, and everything else will take care of itself." The whole appropriation was wisely expended in securing land, and although scientists have not the highest reputation for business sense, the Park's projector was enough of a business man to secure land that would now fetch at least ten times what was paid for it ten years ago.

It comprises one hundred and sixty-seven acres of land, beautifully diversified with woods and streams, in the suburbs of the city of Washington—land which the Secretary had discovered years before when on rides for recreation, and the absolute fitness of which for the purpose in hand had been helpful in developing the original plan. It included the historical grounds and building of the Quincy Adams Mill and the classical old Holt House; but, better still, it secured a region that had always been a familiar resort of the native birds and quadrupeds of the District of Columbia, affording the best of expert testimony in favor of its salubrity. Mr. Langley recognized the merit of Mr. W. T. Hornaday, the well-known naturalist and taxidermist, and obtained his able and energetic superintendence during the earliest formative period of the Park; and when he was called to duties elsewhere, Dr. Frank Baker took up the burden, and under the direction of the Secretary, whose other duties have never interfered with the attention he has given to his own creation, the Park, it has been carried on with all the success that could be expected under the conditions of inadequate support.

Thus the National Zoo was founded under conditions that illustrate in a curious way the adage that the onlooker sees more than the players. Goethe, the poet, surrounded by zoölogists, was the first to point the true way for zoölogical science; it was for Franklin, the philosopher-printer, to teach his contemporaries how a perfect fireplace might be made; and so also Langley, the physicist, though surrounded by zoölogists, has been the first to discern the pressing need of the study of American zoölogy.

The circumstances which led up to the idea were then unusual, as the plan itself was unique. There have been many menageries in which the animals were confined in box-cages, and there have been many game-parks where the various animals inclosed have wandered at will, with no barrier but the outward wall of the grounds; but this was to be the first zoölogical collection in which each kind of animal was to have a park of its own, where it could live as its race should live, among natural surroundings, with as little restraint as was compatible with its safe-keeping. The available acreage was barely enough to allow of the park scheme being extended to our more important native animals, so that the foreigners, particularly those from the tropic regions, are perforce managed as in the better-class menageries elsewhere. But the glory of the place is in its individual parks. The fencing used is of the invisible kind, which rarely intrudes itself on the observer, and yet is strong enough to restrain the biggest Buffalo. The ample stretches of woods and hills in each inclosure are unmarred by its lines, and the effect is as nearly as possible of seeing animals in the open.

Here they live, and no doubt enjoy their lives, and the observer has a chance to see them pretty much as they were in their native range. They group themselves naturally among trees and rocks, while the uneven ground induces attitudes of endless variety, and the close imitation of natural conditions causes the animals to resume the habits native to their lives in a wild state, thus affording the zoölogist and the artist an opportunity for study never before equaled among captive animals.

The scheme is of course in its infancy yet. Wonders have been done with small appropriations, but many of its essential divisions have not yet been touched.

The Antelope are provided with a little plain, and the Deer have a small woodland where none can harm them or make them afraid. The Buffalo has its little rolling prairie-land, where it may bring forth its young without fear of the deadly omnipresent rifle, and regardless of its ancient foe, the ever-near Gray Wolf, that used to hang on the outskirts of the herds to kill the mother at her helpless time, or, failing, to sneak around like an arrow in a bent bow,

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK. FROM THE PICTURE OWNED BY ATHERTON CURTIS.

"GRAY WOLF WATCHING HIS CHANCE."

watching his chance to spring and tear the tender calf.

Here, indeed, the Elk can bugle his far-sounding love-song in the fall, without thereby making his stand the center of a rush of ruthless hunters. But many of our forest animals are still unprovided for. The Bighorn Sheep, the coast Blacktail, the Mule-deer, the Moose, and the Mountain-goat, as well as the Grizzly Bear, so rapidly following the Buffalo, have as yet no refuge in the National Zoo.

It is too late to talk of such species as the Great Auk, the Labrador Duck, and the West India Seal; and in one year, or at most two years, unless Congress is willing to devote the price, or at least half the price, of a single big gun to it, the world will have lost forever the great Alaskan Bear, the largest and most wonderful of its race.

II.

THE paddock immediately to the left on entering by the West Gate of the Zoölogi-

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY SAMUEL DAVIS.

BUFFALO CALF A WEEK OLD.

cal Park brings us face to face with the first game-animals that met the eyes of the Pilgrim Fathers, as well as those of the first settlers of Virginia; and it is tolerably certain that General Washington himself hunted the superb creature, the Virginia Deer, over this very ground where it is now protected in the city of Washington and assured a little land of lasting peace.

Of all the American game-animals the Virginia or Whitetail Deer is the greatest success as a species; that is, it has developed a better combination of hardiness, fecundity, speed, intelligence, keen wits, and adaptability than any of its relatives, and therefore maintains itself better in spite of the hunter. Its ancient range covered all of the United States east of the Rockies, as well as part of Canada, and to-day, notwithstanding guns, more numerous and deadly each year, there are Whitetail Deer in every part of their original range that still contains primitive woods.

In the list giving the probable order of

extinction of our great game it will be seen that the Virginia Deer stands last, despite the fact that it is the only one in that list whose home is in the thickly settled Eastern States. An incident will show the respect in which hunters hold the Whitetail's gift for taking care of himself.

During October of 1899 I was staying at a camp on the east side of the Rockies. One morning a miner came in and reported that he had started four deer less than a mile away. Meat was scarce, and a hunter present became keenly interested.

"Whitetails or Blacktails?" said he.

"Whitetails," said the miner.

"That settles it," said the hunter, resuming his seat by the fire. "If they were Blacktails I 'd get one within a mile, but a scared Whitetail knows too much for me."

Although some of the deer in this paddock were born in the Park, they show many of their wild habits. During the heat of the day they lie hidden among the bushes at the back end of their range; but early in the morning or late in the evening they come to the watering-place in the open, and if alarmed there they make for the trees, raising and waving, as they go, the "white flag" famous in all hunting lore.

This conspicuous action might seem a mistake in an animal that is seeking to escape unnoticed; but the sum of advantage in the habit is with the deer, or he would not do it, and its main purpose will be seen in one very important and frequent situation. A mother deer has detected danger; she gives a silent but unmistakable notification to her fawns by raising the "danger-flag," a white one in this case; and then when she leads away through the woods, they are enabled to keep sight of her in the densest thickets and darkest nights by the aid of the shining beacon, which is waved in a way peculiar to this species, and is not, therefore, liable to be mistaken for the white patch on any other animal.

In the sign-language of the Indians the gesture for Whitetail Deer is made up of the general sign for Deer, and then a waving of the flat open hand with fingers up, in imitation of the banneret as it floats away through the woods.

The form adopted for the Whitetails' paddock is the result of experience. It was found that the animals became alarmed sometimes and dashed along the invisible fences, until suddenly met by another at right angles, and in this way several were hurt; but the improved plan of substituting obtuse angles, or a curve at the corners, causes them to be turned aside without injury.

One cannot linger many minutes by the Virginia Deer paddock without seeing some of those gorgeous Asiatics, the Peacocks, walking about among the thicket, or negotiating the wire fences with absolute precision whenever it suits their purpose to do so. The original half-dozen birds have increased to a hundred, and the vast stretch (several hundred acres for them) of broken, wooded country is so perfectly suited to their needs that they give us a very good imitation of life in the Indian jungle. During the winter they roam about in promiscuous troops, but when the early spring comes, and the cock is in his full regalia, the mating instinct prompts them to scatter, and each family withdraws to a part of the jungle—the Park, I mean—that is understood to be theirs, and to defend which the cock is ready to do battle with all feathered intruders.

Close to the Deer-paddock is a sunny open glade that was for long the special domain of one particular Peacock. All about it is thick shrubbery, where the soberly dressed hens might have been seen quietly moving about, paying no obvious heed to their gorgeous partner, who mounted habitually on a little sand-bank, and spread and quivered his splendid jewelry in the sun, turning this way and that way to get the best effect, occasionally answering the far-away call of some rival with a defiant *qua*, or replying to the dynamite explosions in a near quarry with a peculiar *bizz*, the exact meaning of which I have failed to discover.

The daily display here and in many parts of the Park gives the observer a chance to see the geometric perfection of the pattern made by the "eyes" when the Peacock's train is raised. I reproduce a diagram of this, made and published some years ago, when first I discovered the mathematics of this miracle in feathers.

On crossing the road from the Deer-paddock toward the middle and more open part of the Park, the stranger is likely to come suddenly on a band of Antelope. They seem to be grazing along their native upland prairie, not far from timber, and the visitor, if he have any of the feeling of the hunter-naturalist, is sure to feel the same little thrill that would come if he met with them thus in the wild West. He has ample time to admire and watch their changing and picturesque grouping before he realizes that between him

and them is the slight, but necessary, wire fence. The effect of this invisible fence is seen on the animals if they have been undisturbed for some hours, as well as on the onlooker; for the sudden appearance of a human being close at hand, with no massive screening barrier between, causes them to behave for a moment much as they did when wild and free; and their startlement is expressed in pose and act exactly as it might have been on their native wilds. But they soon realize that they are safe, and no harm is done. The erected mane and rump-patch sink, and the animals resume their feeding, leaving, nevertheless, on the air a peculiar musky odor, that is quite strong when one is on their lee side.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

A RUNNING WOLF.

Some years ago, while riding across the upland prairie of the Yellowstone, not very far from where these very Antelope had been captured, I noticed certain white specks in the far distance. They showed and disappeared several times, and then began moving southward. Then, in another direction, I discovered other white specks, which also seemed to flash and disappear. A glass showed them to be Antelope, but it did not wholly explain the flashing or the moving which ultimately united the two bands. I made note of the fact, but found no explanation until the opportunity came to study the Antelope in the Washington Zoo. I had been quietly watching the grazing herd on their hillside for some time; in fact, I was sketching, which is quite the best way to watch an animal minutely. I was so quiet that the Antelope seemed to have forgotten me, when, contrary to rules, a dog chanced into the Park. The wild Antelope habit is to raise its head every few moments while grazing, to keep a sharp lookout for danger, and these captives kept up the practice of their race. The first that did so saw the dog. It uttered no sound, but gazed at the wolfish-

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. M. NORTHCOTE.

STUDIES OF ANTELOPE HEADS.

looking intruder, and all the long white hairs of the rump-patch were raised with a jerk that made the patch flash in the sun like a tin pan. Every one of the grazing Antelope saw the flash, repeated it instantly, and raised his head to gaze in the direction where the first was gazing. At the same time I noticed on the wind a peculiar musky smell—a smell that certainly came from the Antelope.

Some time later the opportunity came to make a careful dissection of the Antelope's rump-patch, and the keystone to the arch of facts was supplied. My specimen, taken in Jackson's Hole, was a male under six months old, so that all the proportions, and indeed the character, are much less developed than in the adult.

The fresh skin was laid flat on a board, and then the pattern and mechanism of the rump-patch were clearly seen. The hairs at the upper part of the patch (*A*) were 3¾ inches long, grading to the center (*B*) and lower parts, where they were only 1⅞ inches long, all snowy white, and normally lying down flat, pointing toward the rear. At the point *B*, among the roots of the hair, was a gland secreting a strong musk. On the under side of the skin was a broad sheet of muscular fibers, which were thickest around *B*; they have power to change the direction of the hair, so that all below *B* stands out, and all above is directed forward. As soon, therefore, as an Antelope sees some strange or thrilling object, this muscle acts, and the rump-patch is changed in a flash into a great double disk or twin chrysanthemum of white, that shines afar like a patch of snow; but in the middle of each bloom a dark-brown spot, the musk-gland, is exposed, a great quantity of the odor is set free, and the message is read by all those that have noses to read.

Of all animals man has the poorest nose; he has virtually lost the sense of smell, while among the next animals in the scale scent is their best faculty; yet even man can distinguish this danger-scent for many yards down wind, and there is no reason to doubt that another Antelope can detect it a mile away.

Thus the observations on the captive ani-

AN ANTELOPE POSE.

mals living under normal conditions prove the key to those made on the plains, and I know now that the changing flecks in the Yellowstone uplands were made by this Antelope heliograph while the two bands signaled each other, and the smaller band, on getting the musky message, "Friends," laid aside all precaution and fearlessly joined their relations.

This animal has five different sets of glands about it, each exuding a different kind of musk for use in its daily life, as a means of getting and giving intelligence to its kind. These are situated one on each foot between the toes, one on each angle of the jaw, one on the back of each hock, one on the middle of each disk on the rump, and one at the base of the tail.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS IN BLOOM.

Those on the jaw seem related to the sexual system, as they are largest in the buck; those on the rump, as seen, have a place in their heliographic code; and the purpose of the others, though not yet fully worked out, is almost certainly to serve in conveying the news. To illustrate: An Antelope passes along a certain plain, eats at one place, drinks at another, lies down at a third, is pursued by a Wolf for half a mile, when the Wolf gives up the unequal race, and the Antelope escapes at his ease. A second Antelope comes along. The foot-scent from the interdigital glands marks the course of his relative as clearly for him as the track in the snow would for us. Its strength tells him somewhat of the time elapsed since it was made, and its individuality tells him whether his predecessor was a stranger or a personal friend, just as surely as a dog can tell his master's track. The frequency of the tracks shows that the first one was not in haste, and the hock-scent, exuded on the plants or ground when he lay down, informs the second one of the action. At the place where the Wolf was sighted, the sudden diffusion of the rump-musk on the surrounding sage-brush will be perceptible to the newcomer for hours afterward. The wide gaps between the traces of foot-scent now attest the speed of the fugitive, and the cause of it is clearly read when the wolf-trail joins on. This may sound a far-fetched tale of Sherlock Holmes among the animals, but not so if we remember that the scent faculty is better than the sight faculty in these animals, while their sight faculty is at least as good as ours, and that, finally, if all this had been in the snow we also could have read it with absolute precision.

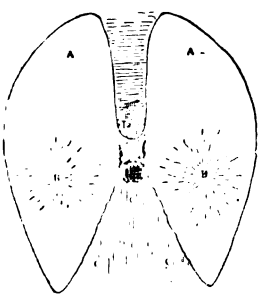


DIAGRAM OF ANTELOPE'S RUMP-PATCHES.

The Prong-horned Antelope, or Prong-buck of books, is the only horned ruminant in North America that has only two hoofs on each foot. Nature's economic plan has been to remove all parts that cease to be

of use, and so save the expense of growing and maintaining them. Thus man is losing his back or wisdom teeth since civilized diet is rendering them useless. The ancestor of the Antelope had four hoofs on each foot, like a Deer or a Pig, but the back pair on each foot has been dropped. At an earlier step the common ancestor of Antelope and Deer had five well-developed toes on each extremity, but it seems that while this makes an admirable foot for wading in treacherous swamps, it is for mechanical reasons *a slow foot:* the fewer the toes the greater the speed. The Deer, still living in swamps, could not afford to dispense entirely with the useful little hind or mud hoof. There they are still for bog use, though much modified from the original equal-toed type, more nearly shown in the Pig. But the Antelope, living on the hard, dry uplands, had no use for bog-trotters, and exchanged them for a higher rate of speed, so that it now has only two toes on each foot.

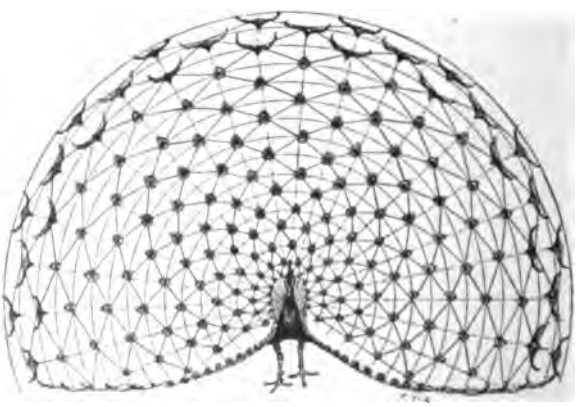
The Horse family went yet further, for they lived in a region where evolution went faster. They shunned the very neighborhood of swamps; all their life was spent on the firm, dry, level country; speed and sound feet were their very holds on life, and these they maintained at their highest pitch by adopting a foot with a single hoof-clad toe.

There is one other remarkable peculiarity of the Antelope to note, and that is its horns. The Ox and Sheep tribes of the world have simple horns of true horny material, permanently growing on a bony core which is part of the skull. The Deer have horns of branched form and of bony material, sprouting from the head, but dropping off to be renewed each year. Our Antelope is the only animal in the world whose weapons are of true horn growing on a bony core, as in the Ox tribes, yet branched and dropping off each year, as in the Deer.

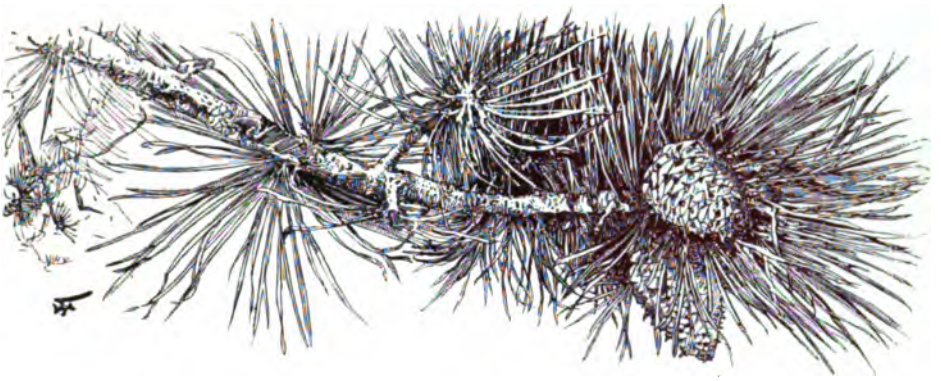
It is now an axiom of science that not the smallest detail is without a distinct purpose, for which it has been carefully adapted after ages of experiment; yet long ago Darwin, the apostle of the belief, confessed himself puzzled by the form of the Antelope's horns. It seemed as though a simple, straight spike would be so much more effective. If the great philosopher had been with me in the Washington Zoölogical Park that day his puzzle would have been solved for him by two of the Antelope themselves. They were having one of their periodical fights for the mastery; they approached with noses to the ground, and after fencing for an opening, they closed with a clash, and as they thrust and parried the purpose of the prong was clear. It served the Antelope exactly as the guard on a bowie-knife does a Mexican, or that on a foil does a swordsman, for countless thrusts that would have slipped up the horn and reached the head were caught with admirable adroitness in this fork.

And the inturned, harmless-looking points! I had to watch long before I saw how dangerous they might be when the right moment arrived. After several moments of fencing one of the bucks got under the other one's guard, and making a sudden thrust, which the other failed to catch in the fork, he brought his inturned left point to bear on the unprotected throat of his opponent, who saved himself from injury by rearing quickly, though it seemed to me that such a move could not have stopped a fatal thrust if they had really been fighting a deadly duel.

(To be continued.)



PLAN OF THE PEACOCK'S TRAIN TO SHOW THE GEOMETRICAL ARRANGEMENT WHEN EACH FEATHER IS PRESENT IN PERFECT CONDITION. FROM MR. SETON-THOMPSON'S "ART ANATOMY OF ANIMALS."



TO THE LAPLAND LONGSPUR.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

I.

OH, thou northland bobolink,
Looking over summer's brink
Up to Winter, worn and dim,
Peering down from mountain rim,
Something takes me in thy note,
Quivering wing, and bubbling throat;
Something moves me in thy ways—
Bird, rejoicing in thy days,
In thy upward-hovering flight,
In thy suit of black and white,
Chestnut cape and circled crown,
In thy mate of speckled brown;
Surely I may pause and think
Of my boyhood's bobolink.

II.

Soaring over meadows wild
(Greener pastures never smiled);
Raining music from above,
Full of rapture, full of love;
Frolic, gay and debonair,
Yet not all exempt from care,
For thy nest is in the grass,
And thou worriest as I pass:
But nor hand nor foot of mine
Shall do harm to thee or thine;
I, musing, only pause to think
Of my boyhood's bobolink.

III.

But no bobolink of mine
Ever sang o'er mead so fine,
Starred with flowers of every hue,
Gold and purple, white and blue;
Painted-cup, anemone,
Jacob's-ladder, fleur-de-lis,
Orchid, harebell, shooting-star,
Crane's-bill, lupine, seen afar,
Primrose, poppy, saxifrage,
Pictured type on Nature's page—
These and others, here unnamed,
In northland gardens, yet untamed,
Deck the fields where thou dost sing,
Mounting up on trembling wing;
While in wistful mood I think
Of my boyhood's bobolink.

IV.

On Unalaska's emerald lea,
On lonely isles in Bering Sea,
On far Siberia's barren shore,
On north Alaska's tundra floor,
At morn, at noon, in pallid night,
We heard thy song and saw thy flight,
While I, sighing, could but think
Of my boyhood's bobolink.

UNALASKA, July 18, 1899.

BY RICHARD WHITEING,

Author of "No. 5 John Street," "The Island," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

PARIS being a great manufacturing city, its plebs have naturally had the ambition to rule the roast. This is what has given it the importance it has had all through French history. Multiply the natural quickness of the race into the development of that quickness by the practice of the skilled crafts, and this product again into the sense of great events ever passing on a great stage, and you have, in the colossal result, the medium in which the Paris man in the street has ever moved. He is the heir of the ages of the most stimulating suggestions of glory and power. So fashioned, like the Athenian of old, he has naturally come to regard himself as a sort of center of things. He is one to whom the making of a new constitution for his country, or, for that matter, for the human race, is the easiest thing in the world.

Hence the self-importance of the faubourgs from a very early stage of their history. The word is used here, not in its etymological sense of a suburb, an outskirt, a part without the gates, but, on the contrary, of a part that has come very much within them as the city has enlarged its boundaries. Nor, even in this sense, does it apply to those faubourgs which are still the haunt of the richer class. The faubourg of my theme is any part to which the poor have been pushed from the center to the circumference, or shut out from the center on their invading march from the outside. Even in this sense it is still hardly to be regarded as a geographical expression, and is not much more than a conventional term. Wherever the toilers and the small folk of every social category are gathered together, there you have a faubourg "within the meaning of the act." The great manufacturing plain of St.-Denis is still a faubourg beyond the walls, but it has a street of the faubourg within them.

The faubourg has ever played its part with the most perfect good faith. Its successive generations have been animated by the hope of ultimate success in the invention of a perfect governmental machine. This contrivance is to do the trick for the regeneration of mankind by a device as simple as

that of putting a penny in the slot. It is to turn out equality, fraternity, and even liberty itself, as a kind of bonus, by an automatic process that precludes the need of personal exertion. The convenience of this arrangement is that it is less concerned with the conduct of the regenerators than with the conduct of those who are to be regenerated. You look after your neighbor, and allow yourself a reasonable exemption from watchfulness as inventor's royalty.

The people of the faubourgs, the humble folk generally,—small traders and small annuitants as well as workmen,—like all the rest of us, are the product of their surroundings. They are shaped by the private life and by the public life, by the street and the home. These people in Paris owe a great deal to the public life. It condescends to their needs for color, variety, movement, in a way universal among the Latin nations. Out of doors is merely their larger home, and they expect to find adequate provision there for every kind of enjoyment. Our own race tends to regard that domain as a mere thoroughfare between the workshop and the fireside, where all our interests are centered. If it serves that purpose that is about all we ask of it. It may be as ugly as it likes, and, within certain limits of indulgence, almost as dirty. To the Frenchman it is more than a place of transit; it is almost a place of sojourn.

So the Parisian common man has his share of the Champs-Élysées and of the boulevards in his freedom of access to their fountains and promenades and their bordering alleys of tender green. He comes down-stairs to them, so to speak, as soon as the scavengers have done their timely work. He descends to his thoroughfare as the millionaire expects to descend to his breakfast-room or his study, with all its appointments fresh from the broom, and shining in their brightness of metal and glass. So, whatever the gloom of the domestic prospect, his street helps him to feel good. The beauty of the statuary, of the public buildings, is a means to the same end. For nothing the poorest of poor devils may see the glorious bronzes in the terrace garden of the Tuileries, the outdoor figures of the Luxembourg, the

SCENE AT A CRÈCHE.

THE CANAL PORT OF LA VILLETTE.

great horses of the Place de la Concorde, the magnificent compositions of the Arch. The very lamp-post that will light his way at nightfall serves the purpose of a thing of beauty all through the day. Compare it with the English bar of cast-iron, hideous to the eye in form and color, foul with the mud-stains of years of traffic. The Frenchmen must have it suave and shapely in its lines, a model of good Renaissance ornament in its decorations, bronze in its material, and washed and polished every week or so to keep it smart.

Extend this difference in the point of view to the whole public scene, and one can understand why the street is the distinctive thing in Paris. The very plans for the houses have to pass municipal muster. You build as you please only within certain limits, and your right of purchase includes no license of monstrosity. The very letters in which you advertise your name and business must be in gold-leaf—at any rate, in the principal thoroughfares. Compare the obelisk of the Place de la Concorde with the obelisk of the Thames Embankment—the first standing clean and clear-cut on its fine pedestal, with its whole message like a sheet of print to any one who knows the character; the other begrimed with the London soot, and with the fine figures at its base bearing innumerable traces of their degradation of use as a playground for the hobnailed urchins. The Parisian has looked on such things from his earliest infancy. He has never, except by pure mischance, looked on anything that is not beautiful in the public domain. The very house-fronts must be scraped for him into their original tint of still cream every two or three years. He is born to a splendid tradition of culture in the principles of taste. The poorest wretch who munches his crust in the open sees nothing that is not fine, whatever his luck in his nightly lair. For all the daylight hours he may be as lucky in that respect as the porter in the halls of Sindbad. And he has the equivalent of the purse of sequins in his share of the millions that have been spent on his morning promenade, from the shady Bois, at one end of the prospect, to the tiniest garden that gives him an oasis of comfort on his way to the gate of Vincennes, at the other.

The boulevard is all life, and well-nigh all beauty, in the stately frontages—beauty of high art at Barbédienne's and in the picture-shops, beauty of texture and dyes, of fine craftsmanship in a thousand articles of luxury, in the others. Especially is it all life. The appeal to the fancy and the imagination is not to be missed in its insistency. The kiosks give our quidnunc a sense of all-abounding vitality. Here the hawkers shout their latest sensation from the uttermost ends of the earth, new editions piping hot with nothing in them, and yet with everything in their power of providing for the passing moment, which is the all in all. His enemies, home and foreign, are caricatured in the gaudy colored prints. The soldiers pass, the idlers take their afternoon absinthe. It is a pageant which does not depend for its effect on the consideration whether you see it from a bench on the trottoir or from a fauteuil under the awning, for, thanks to the municipal foliage, the bench is shaded just as pleasantly as the chair.

The general result gives every beholder to the manner born the sense that he is a citizen of no mean city. If the appeal lies too directly to the sensations and too little to the reflective part, that need not count. The creature, at any rate, lives in every nerve, and his tendency to go off half primed in every fugitive fancy entails no personal inconvenience, since, in the long run, it is France that pays. This is the street of our proletarian of the Latin races. You see it, with differences which are only local, in Barcelona and in Seville, in Florence and in Naples. It is a place made for the waking hours, the sleeping-quarters being very much of an accident, as they were in old Rome.

Still the question remains, What sort of home does he go home to? It is not a bad one if he is a Parisian of the working-class. The wife is still apt to be the angel of the house in cleanliness, neatness, and management, and she runs no risk of losing her wings by taking to drink. The poorer classes throughout the world have to make their choice between the life out of doors and the life within. Even with the help of the angel in the house, the Parisian workman is but poorly off. She can but do her best in her domain, and when that domain is only one half or one quarter story out of seven, she can hardly be called a controller of events.

The family of the faubourg is still too commonly lodged in the tenement-house, and that house in Paris wants what it wants pretty much everywhere else. It towers to the sky, though in comparison with the elevations common in Chicago and in New York it is an ant-hill. It gets light and air for the back rooms from a fetid court. Its sanitary arrangements—but why insist? See one of these places in any latitude, and

TOY-MAKERS.

you see them in all the broad earth. This is no new thing. Paris has built in the air for generations. New York probably learned the trick from her as a grain of the wisdom brought home in the close fist of "Poor Richard" on his return from abroad. All the old fortified cities built in the air—built high and built narrow so as to lessen the circuit of the walls. In its origin it is rather ancient need than modern greed. To this day some of the highest houses and the narrowest streets of Paris are to be found in the old quarters near the Institute, and by no means a hundred miles from the Rue de Seine and the Rue du Bac. The latter was once a real "street of the brook"—a brook gradually fouled into a gutter, and running so fouled within the memory of those now living.

The contrast in the workmen's homes is between the fairly neat and well-ordered interiors and the abominations that begin at

THE AFTERNOON BITE (WORKING-MEN AT A BRASSERIE).

the staircase. Our race strives more for the amenity and the independence of the small house. Within the fortifications of Paris the small house is almost unknown, the yard or garden patch, as the possession of a single family, quite unknown. There are great possibilities in the small house, if you choose to make the best of them, and there is still the individualized independence dear to the Anglo-Saxon, even if you make the worst. The hideous neglect of cleanliness and beauty in the public domain, in the poorer quarters of London, is one result of the difference of conditions. The poor man is content to find nothing attractive in the thoroughfares, because there is his own "little bit of a place" at the journey's end. As the great model lodging-houses multiply, however, he is losing this compensation. His demand for its equivalent out of doors is therefore beginning to tell in the labors of the County Council for the planting of

gardens and for the merely decorative improvement of the streets.

The poor man of the Latin race met smiling on the promenades seems to say, "Please don't follow me home." His nights, then, are something of a terror if his days are a delight. One is reminded of the choice presented to fancy in the nursery tale. Under which fairy will you take service—the one who gives a waking experience of every kind of happiness, with a sleeping life of all the horrors of nightmare, or the other, who offers the experience the other way about? Be careful how you choose offhand. The Frenchman of the great cities may sleep in a cupboard after roaming all day in a pleasance.

The workman lives in a barrack. The small house has vanished. Sheer necessity has compelled the builders to forget the Stoic warning against raising the roofs of the houses instead of the souls of the citizens. The evil is that rich and poor now dwell by tribes, each in its own quarter. The very poor are in one ward, the half poor in another, and so on until you reach districts where it is all millionaire. In the old days the poor of Paris, like the poor of London, abode all over the place. It was the lower part of the house for the rich, the upper part for the less prosperous, but the whole social order under one roof. There have been many laws to amend this state of things in France, one of the earliest of the modern dating from 1850. It failed because it was permissive. It is thought that the state should make some gigantic effort to house everybody in the right way. The money might be found in the savings-bank fund, now amounting in paper to between two and three thousand millions of francs. But where is the savings-bank fund? Nobody can say. It is distributed all over the surface of French finance. It has served as a sort of lucky bag into which the embarrassed minister dips when he is at a loss for a balance. Some fear national bankruptcy on this issue alone, and a second Revolution as bad as the first.

For all the years since the beginning of the century these thrifty and industrious people have been pouring their savings into the hands of the state in the sure and certain hope of finding them at call. They could not find them in the lump, and a panic might have the most fearful consequences. Then, money or no money, where are you to build? It is impossible to continue the invasion of the skies, so there is nothing for it but lateral extension. Why not take the fortifications, just as they have already done in Vienna, raze the walls, fill the ditches, and make a workman's zone? The scheme is feasible. It would put the people on the circumference of Paris within striking distance of the center or of the suburbs. But it supposes a good civic railway system, and, happily, there is just a beginning of this in the new line (to be finished for the Exposition) which runs through the city from east to west. It has already burrowed under the Champs-Élysées, and it is now well on its way down the Rue de Rivoli.

Without this and a good deal more of the same kind Paris would soon be impossible. The omnibus system, even with its enormous supplementary force of the tramways, has completely broken down as a service for the needs of this vast population; for Paris grows worse overcrowded than ever, owing to the work for the Exposition, and, indeed, to the rebuilding generally. This brings up thousands from all parts of the country, and most of them come to stay. Some, like the masons, come only for the summer work, and in the winter go back to their villages. While they are here they lodge in wretched *garnis*, or furnished lodgings, like Chinese, sleeping no one quite knows how many in a room.

Of eight hundred and twenty-five thousand habitations, great and small, six hundred thousand are at a yearly rental below five hundred francs, or a hundred dollars. Of course by habitations I do not mean separate houses, but merely separate dwellings of any and every sort. Think of what this means, and of how little in the way of house-room and of the decencies of domestic life those who pay so little can expect. But there is worse behind. Some habitations are below sixty dollars. This surely cannot give the right to much more than a cupboard, and a very dirty cupboard at that. Nor is this the lowest depth. I have seen the rag-pickers in shanties with mere ground for the floor. In one and the same hut they sorted the filth, housed the family, worked, cooked, and slept, were born, and died. An infant, who had just gone through the former process, lay in its cradle in one corner, and beside the cradle was a crib, where two others slept; a bed for father, mother, and yet an infant more, occupied another corner. Rags, bones, broken bottles, and bits of rusty iron completed the furniture.

This is all the more trying in Paris, because in their work the Parisians are a highly domesticated folk. Wherever they can do it,

they work at home. The hardest thing in the world is to bring the artificial-flower makers into a factory. All the fine taste of these girls seems to go out of them when you range them in rows. What they like is to be left in their own garrets and to feign nature at their ease with a modeling-tool and a tinted rag. It is, in one view, the French passion for little industries of all kinds. They put off the evil day of machinery as long as they can. Whole districts are still cultivated with the spade. Many Parisian industries depend only less on hand-labor than the Japanese.

This is specially the case in the toy trade, a considerable item in the exports of France. All those fanciful creations which are the delight of the boulevards on the 1st of January are more or less traceable to dismal back rooms, looking out on walls of giant buildings which know no visitation of the sun. Even where the curious industry is established on the larger scale it still has something domestic in its character. There may be twenty people under a master as petty as themselves, but they still have to contrive to work in the master's lodgings. He finds room somehow, and as they turn out of his impoverished workshop he turns in to go to bed. In this medium, and in this medium only, his serene spirit works at its ease in inventions for the toy market. Here he elaborates his wonderful buzzing bees and skipping monkeys, his industrious mechanical mice that creep up a string and down a string, and all the rest of it. A popular toy is a fortune. The man who first found out how to make a puppet walk, with his girl on his arm, and his poodle-dog in leash, must long since have retired in affluence. A thousand considerations of policy and prudence affect this industry. Political toys are of no use except for the purely Parisian market, and the inventor strikes both for that and for the export trade. For the latter the non-political puppet with the poodle elbows the heroes out of the field.

Many of the great manufacturing houses try to lodge their own work-people in comfort and decency. At the iron-works of Creusot they make endless efforts of this sort, and are, on the whole, fairly successful. The working-class city founded by Jean Dolfus at Mulhouse is a wonderful creation. The well-known Phalanstère de Guise is a sort of Republic of Plato, or Utopia of More, adapted to working-class needs. These philosophic employers of labor, who have tried to rear men as others rear pheasants, have a good deal to show for their pains, in settlements in which every one, down to the humblest, is lodged in a way that differentiates the human being from the brute. These are the industrial experiments.

Then there are the religious ones. The revivalist movement in the Catholic Church that began after the Franco-Prussian war is very active in the industrial domain. The church tried to turn the moral of that awful catastrophe entirely to its own profit. It has just completed its monumental temple at Montmartre, visible from every quarter of the city, and designed to warn the populace forever and forever of the wickedness of the Commune, and of the need of intercessory prayers. In the same way it has started all over the country workmen's clubs "to combat democracy and infidelity"—clubs which are intended to procure work for the faithful from the faithful, and which put the poor and pious tailor in the way of mending the breeches of the Catholic millionaire. These have some success, though the artisan, as a rule, fights shy of them and regards their members with the utmost scorn. They give free social entertainments, not to say free lunches, all on the easy condition of a due submission to the powers that be, both in church and state.

Connected with the religious organizations is the scheme of cheap houses. There is a great society for the building of *habitations à bon marché*, and it does good work, but still on what seems to me the unsatisfactory basis of charity. Some of its houses are built on the conception that a small house and garden belong to the natural state of civilized man. This idea, of course, can be carried out only in the country, where space is not so precious. At Auteuil there is a whole street of *maisonnettes* of this description, and of three-story houses in which two or more families may lodge in comfort and decency on the tenement system. With these, and forming part of the scheme, is a coöperative store, where the tenants get nearly all necessaries at cost price. There are other dwellings of the same society at St.-Denis, the great manufacturing plain beyond the walls, and in other parts of France.

But the dwelling-house is only one of the conditions. The workshop is another. In fact, where you work is perhaps more important than where you lodge, for there you spend the greater part of your time under one roof. A good deal has been done by legislative and administrative supervision to put the workshops in a healthier state. All

COLLECTING CUSTOMS AT THE BARRIERS.

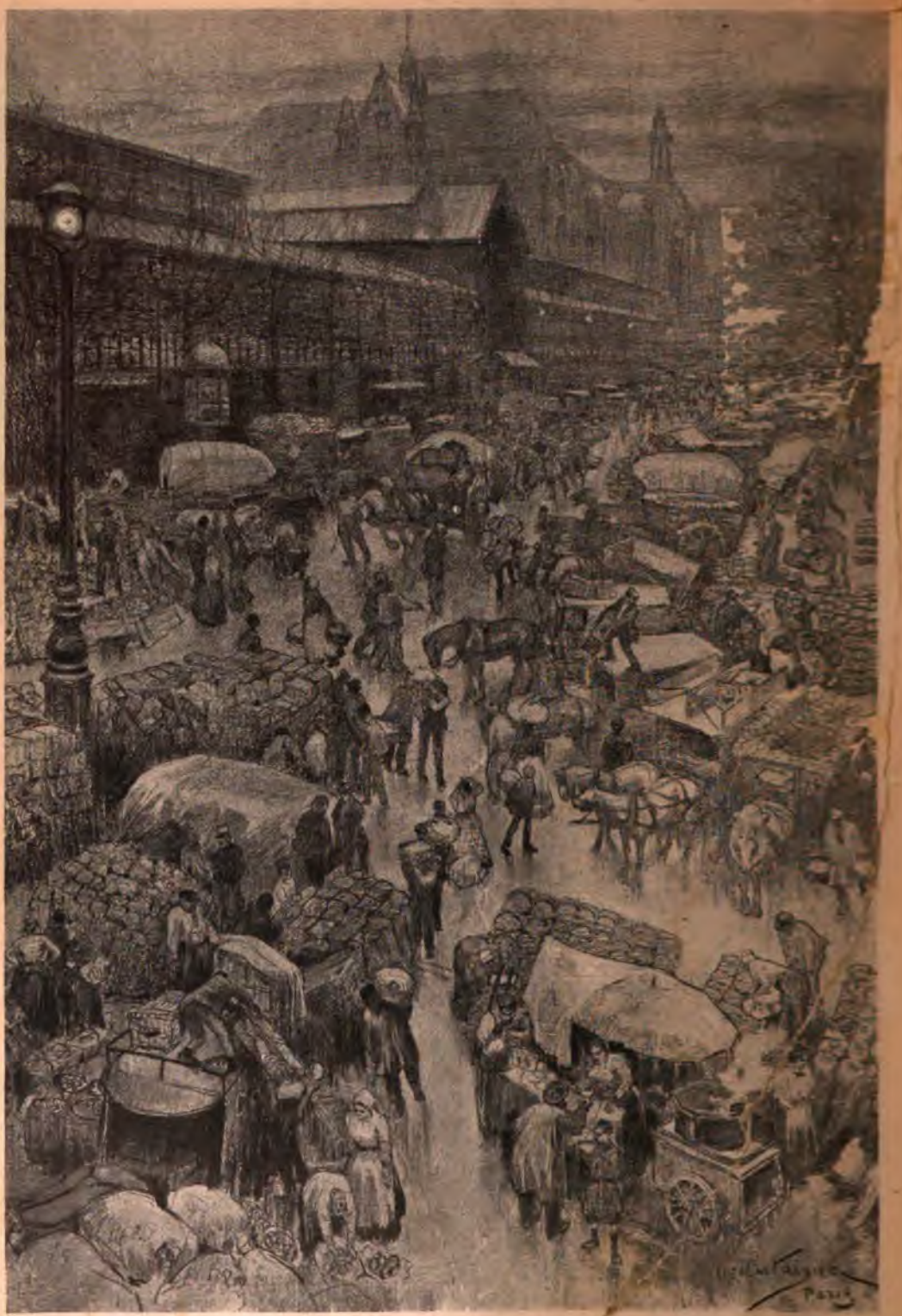
however, is to be judged by the stan- rd of the country, and it must be confessed at in certain matters the French standard not high. Workshops that would pass ter in France as being quite on the im- ed plan would be considered by other munities as only less objectionable than für kraal. You are to bear in mind that s an old country, and that it does all gs in a more or less old-fashioned way. n idea that it is the newest of the new rely its fun. The apprenticeship laws d in all sorts of quaint provisions. and girls are to have one day's rest a though the day is not fixed. There are regulations as to the weight of bur- that may be carried by the apprentice, ding to sex and age.

en there is another sobering influence e question of wages. The skilled work- n the Department of the Seine—that is , in Paris and its neighborhood—earns six to eight francs a day. This is only verage. It means much higher wages ome in the highly skilled and purely ic trades, and much lower wages for s. The same kind of workmen earn four to five francs in the provinces. nay serve to mark the difference in the tion throughout. The lowest-paid— skilled in the country—earn from two ee francs a day; the same class, of , take relatively higher wages in the . There is a sort of middle term of the illed trades, ranging in earnings be- he two. All these rates, low as they present an increase of a hundred per the last fifty years. Of course they be considered strictly in relation purchasing power, which is fairly he French workman lived now ex- lived half a century ago, the cost would be only twenty-five per cent. inst the hundred per cent. of s claim in living has naturally ts better things, so his ac[illegible] ubled. The net result, how[illegible] mous increase in well- being. [illegible] e receives more only to spen[illegible] he spends now gives him com[illegible] f in the philosophy of his gran[illegible] im at his midday meal at the [illegible] will see that he is fairly we[illegible] ood. He gets a better dinne[illegible] more meat in it, and less c[illegible] p—than his father had. It [illegible] meat of a kind.

The purchasing pow[illegible] sed to the utmost by the excellent system of markets. They are a wholesome survival of the old economy in which there was no middleman. The country folk brought their wares into town, and the townspeople went to buy them. That system obtains almost in its primitive simplicity in the Paris of to-day. All over the city there are local markets which are supplied directly by the growers in the suburbs. Here you may meet all classes—the workman's wife and the smart young housekeeper, followed by her servant, who carries the basket. The city dues have, of course, to be reckoned in the cost. There is the charge of the octroi at the gates, and there are the market charges; but, with all this, the buyer gains a good deal by not having to go to a costly shop. The octroi is a survival that promises to be perpetual. The French people will not endure direct taxation. They will pay to any extent through the nose, but it is hateful to them to have to put their hands into their pockets and bring out a substantial sum for any public service. You have to take toll of them in advance by laying a charge on everything they eat, drink, or wear. It is only the ha'penny or the penny in the franc, which they don't miss. It is just the same in their contributions to charity. They are seldom capable of writing a check in cold blood, but they will do anything in reason, or in unreason, to see a charity performance, or to buy a trinket at a charity bazaar.

Most foreigners who study the markets generally make the mistake of going to the great central establishment of the Halles. It is wonderful, of course, but the smaller markets give one a clearer insight into the true civic life. The Halles is the place for the supply of the great shops, and the greater part of its trade is really wholesale. Its twenty-two acres, its two or three thousand stalls, its twelve hundred cellars, are on a scale that precludes profitable observation. It is a wondrous scene, but so are all great markets of the kind. The carts rumble along all the night through from the market-gardens, with freights of eatables, alive or dead, that give one a positive horror of the human appetite. It is a still more awful sight at the cattle market at La Villette, with its six thousand oxen, its nine thousand calves and pigs, its twenty-five thousand sheep, marching in every Monday and Thursday to fill the insatiable maw of Paris. Most of these are brought in by the river port of La Villette.

The great wine market is another ex-



EARLY MORNING SCENE AT THE CENTRAL MARKET (HALLES CENTRALES).

traordinary sight, and with its thousands of barrels ranged along the quays it reminds one of the Lilliputian preparations for a meal of Gulliver. Near this market is a wonderfully good restaurant, almost wholly unknown to the general diner in Paris, but exceedingly well known to the prosperous wine-merchants who visit this remote quarter to trade. There are such restaurants, good, and little known to the outsider, near most of the great markets. The Pied de Mouton, in the neighborhood of the Halles, is a famous one, and its cellar is one of the best in Paris. There is another overlooking the neighboring square in which stands the beautiful fountain by Jean Goujon.

So the French workman is the creature of the street for the sense of the joy of life, and the creature of the home and the workshop for the sense of the hardship, and sometimes of the sorrow. Fashioned as he is in this way, two outside forces contend for the possession of him. The question of questions is, Will he take his guidance from the recognized agencies within the law, or from the agencies of revolt? The state, and also, as we have seen, the church, offer him all sorts of bribes and bonuses to consent to work in their way. They recognize his trade and self-help societies. They try to get him to the altar as a devotee, and to the urn as a voter. But he has heard of Utopias, and he longs to have one more struggle for absolute perfection at short notice, though he may have to lay down his life in the attempt. The key to modern French history is to be found here. Every political movement has to be a compromise between the aspirations of the faubourg and the world as it wags. The French workman has been bred in the belief in revolution as a recognized agency of progress, and by instinct and habit he loathes second-best. The old order offers him the churches, the thrift and benefit societies, coöperation, insurance against accidents, education, technical and other—the old political economy, in a word, and the paternal state. The new whispers socialism, the Commune, anarchy sometimes, and with these the barricade.

The societies of mutual help form an enormous force on the side of the established order. Their numbers are counted by thousands; their capital is over a hundred million francs. Some are "municipal," and this means they are helped by public funds. In this instance they give help in sickness only. The "professional," those formed without such help among the crafts themselves, give aid to men out of work, and sometimes pensions to the aged and infirm. The state "approves" those of the first type, and only "authorizes" the others. The savings-banks have been under government patronage for the better part of one century, or, to carry it still further back to the origin of the Society of Deposits, for more than three. The organization of that petty thrift which is the foundation of national wealth dates from a decree of Henry III issued in 1578.

The coöperative movement in France has two aspects, and one of them is revolutionary. The wilder spirits are always trying to capture coöperation as it was captured in 1848 for the national workshops. Their aim is the forcible abolition of the middleman—in one word, of the boss. The more thoughtful are content to work out their own salvation by the slower processes of thrift, self-denial, and self-control. The revolutionary line is indicated by what was once the great superiority of the productive over the distributive societies. The workmen wanted to begin at the beginning, by getting hold of the workshops. Everything, they said to themselves, is, at first, a thing made, and if they and they alone could make it, the question of distribution would already be half solved. The less theoretical English workman was content to take the thing as made—no matter by what agency of the lordship of capital—and to buy it at the cheapest rate for distribution to the consumer. The French seem slowly coming round to that view. At any rate, the consuming societies are now very far in excess of the others. As it is, they have no affinity with the English trading-stores, which virtually sell to everybody, and they are compelled to confine their operations strictly to the circle of membership.

On the other hand, some of the productive societies are highly prosperous, and under the republican system they get a share of the government work. Two societies of printers used to have the contract for the "Journal Officiel," and, for aught I know to the contrary, have it to this day. The relations of all these societies with the state are regulated by a special bureau, very much to the disgust of the "clubs of social studies," who want to be as free as air. The play of the two opposing forces of liberty and authority is incessant in this as in every other institution in France. Coöperation now moves all along the line, not only in manufactures, but in agriculture, for cheap houses and for cheap loans. A newer type is one in which masters

DAUGHTERS OF THE PEOPLE (LEAVING A FACTORY).

and workmen combined, each contributing their capital, large or small, and sharing benefits, of course in proportion to the amount of their subscription. This, it was hoped, would bring coöperation into the department of "grand industry," and provide for the purchase of extensive and costly plant. But it has not had much success, owing to constant discussion between the workmen and the syndicate, and there is now a tendency to revert to the earlier system of small coöperators, providing everything for themselves.

The man who has tried most to make the social movement evolutionary, instead of revolutionary, is the Comte de Chambrun. He is the great patron of the coöperative movement, and he has given his money and

his time to it. In nights of insomnia great waking thoughts that were better than visions came to him, and urged him to make himself useful to his kind. So the "Social Museum" of his creation is now a government department, where you may study every branch of the subject with the aid of one of the best special libraries in the world. His Temple of Humanity at the Exposition —still perhaps a temple of fancy only—is to have two doors. One is to bear the date of the expiring century, and is to be labeled "Salary"; the other the date of the century to come, with the title "Association." France has scores of men of this sort all working to the same end by different means, some of them revolutionary. Edmond Potonié, whom I used to know, sacrificed the succession to a large business to live on a fifth floor at the East End and promote the cause of universal peace. The brothers Réclus—one of them the great geographer, who was just saved from the worst after the Commune by a memorial widely signed throughout the world—were for blood and fire. Yves Guyot, journalist, ex-minister, and a man of perfect honor and integrity all through, is a free-trader of the old school. His life has been in a mild sort of way a martyrdom, because he insists on the perfect harmony of interests between labor and capital. This is ever the great line of division between the two schools. In labor insurance, for instance, one school cries, "State aid," and the other, "Self-help." The state-aid schools stand for the taxation of wealth, the self-help schools for frugality. The new law is received with only partial favor by the advanced party.

It is the same in technical education. Nobody disputes the need of it, but many think that the old gild schools were the best. The municipality, however, has long had possession of the greater part of the field, and it does wonders in training the poorest children in those principles of taste which come by nature, in the first place, to the majority of Frenchmen. A municipal crafts-school is a wonderful sight. The pupils study high art, in its application to all the superior industries, without spending a penny for the best teaching in the world. They draw, model, and paint from the best examples. They are the pick of the elementary schools, where drawing is one of the subjects, though naturally it is taught only in its elements; but whenever special aptitude is shown, the higher school seeks the parents out, and takes counsel with them as to the propriety of giving the pupil a chance in one of the art trades. If all goes well the child is sent to the school. If the earlier promise is not fulfilled, the parents are again warned that they had better think of something else. If it is fulfilled, the school does its very best for three or four years. Then one of the great art houses in bronze or marble or stone carving or engraving, or some other of the many applied arts, makes an opening for the new hand. Fame and, in a modest way, fortune is the next step. This, and this alone, is the secret of the French supremacy in the precious metals. It comes by no accident; it is the result of a careful selection of the fittest at every stage.

The wives and womankind generally of the laboring class are a great force on the side of the domestic virtues. The well-brought-up Frenchwoman of whatever class is order, method, thrift, and industry personified. If a representative goddess of these virtues were wanted, there she is ready to hand. Within her degree she is, as I have said, neat from top to toe, well shod, trim in her attire. Within the same limit of opportunity she is notoriously a good cook. She will work early and late. Her children rise up and call her blessed as they put on the shirts and stockings which she has mended overnight. Strong drink is a vice almost unknown to her experience in so far as it is one affecting her own sex. So far as I know there is no analogue in France to the British matron of the working-class who tipples at the public-house bar. It is an insistent fancy of mine that the Frenchwoman, both for good and ill, is the stronger of the sex combination for the whole race. Like the person in the nursery rhyme, when she is bad she is horrid, because of the will and the mental power that she puts into her aberrations. But when she is good—and she is generally so (for in all life, thank Heaven! the averages are usually on the right side)—she is a treasure. She keeps the poor man's home straight.

Her daughter grows up like her, with the most elementary notions as to rights and pleasures, with the sternest notions as to duties. The home is, of course, the best nursery of these virtues, and I could wish that the girl had never to pass its bounds for the indiscriminate companionship of the factory. She has been taught to look for a sort of maternal initiative in all things, and she is apt to feel like a corporal's file without its corporal when she stands alone. She is not so well fortified as the English—above all, as the American—girl by pride in her self-

WINE-TRUCKS AT THE WINE MARKET.

reliance. She is best where she best likes to be—at home. After all, the best of factories is only the second-best of this ministrant sex, as the best of crèches, where one day, I suppose, the cradles will be rocked by steam-power, is only second-best for her baby brother or sister. Both are very much better than nothing; no more can be said. In France, as in England, the workman's ideal is to keep the woman at home.

These in their sum are the great steadying influences that correct the boulevard and the wine-shop for the French workingman. They also correct the platforms of the revolution. Where they are not well developed he is apt to run a little wild. His parting of the ways points to thrift, toil, hardship, on the one hand; on the other, to revolution as the promised short cut to the temple of happiness. In one section, and a large one, the faubourg is invincibly revolutionary, and as much given to the formula and the nostrum of curative regeneration as any *malade imaginaire.* Sometimes the workman thinks that if you can simply overturn the existing order and set forth liberty, equality, and fraternity by decree, you will at once change the face of the world. Disappointed in that, and disappointed, if he could only see it, by the play of his own passions and appetites as much as by aught else, he turns with hope and longing to equally fantastic schemes. He perished in his thousands after the war to make Paris one of thirty-six thousand communes of France, sovereign within its own borders, and uniting with the others for any and every purpose of law, government, and commerce only at its sovereign pleasure. The literature of these movements is based on the Genevese dreamer's concept of man as naturally good, and wanting only a single bath of light to reveal him in his native purity. That is why the faubourg so contentedly dies—just to provide the bath for the human race.

The well-known institution of the Bourse du Travail is an instructive case. In its origin it was a sort of labor exchange, founded at the public expense to bring employers and workmen together in their relations of demand and supply, and to enable the latter to study all the economic problems affecting the welfare of their order. With this it was a teaching institution officered by

some of the best specialists in Paris; but its working-class members, being of those who think that all roads lead to socialism, soon proposed that as the end of the journey, and the government took the alarm. The institution was closed; but the influence of the essentially democratic constituency of the municipal council was strong enough to have it reopened, and there it is to-day, in the Rue du Château d'Eau, more flourishing than ever.

It has a workmanlike look. You are received by men in blouses at the door; you find men in blouses in many of the offices; and you may haply discover a meeting of men on strike in the great hall. They come there when they are out of work, either by their own volition, or by the chances of the market. In the latter case they expect the Bourse to let them know of all the work that is going. In the former they discuss their grievances, and choose deputations to lay them before the employers. They have their own organs, monthly and annual, and other organs which, perhaps, speak more effectually in their name because they have no official sanction. The trend toward extreme doctrine is seen in their "Ouvrier des Deux Mondes," a monthly review. One of the numbers of this publication celebrates the International and condemns the "atrocious suppression" of the Commune. Another declares that the policy of the revolutionary party is to get all it can while waiting for "the coming revolution." "Not that we ought to ask anything of capital," pursues the writer, "though we should take something at once." And in the official "Annual" I find an account of a little festival on which one of the guests toasted the Commune, and boasted that the organization of the Bourse du Travail was a benefit "snatched from the egotism of the bourgeoisie." This, in fact, is the dominant note. It means that capital and labor in France are still as wide apart as the poles, and that the vast majority of the poor of Paris still take their "funeral of the eighth class" as much under protest as ever.

A FUNERAL OF THE EIGHTH CLASS.

FROM A COPY OF THE FIRST EDITION OF THE WORKS

HESPERIDES:

OR,

THE WORKS

BOTH

HUMANE & DIVINE

OF

ROBERT HERRICK *Esq.*

OVID.

Effugient avidos Carmina nostra Rogos.

LONDON,

Printed for *John Williams*, and *Francis Eglesfield*, and are to be sold at the Crown and Marygold in Saint *Pauls* Church-yard. 1648.

OF ROBERT HERRICK, OWNED BY BEVERLY CHEW.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE MAN AND THE POET.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

A LITTLE over three hundred years ago England had given to her a poet of the very rarest lyrical quality, but she did not discover the fact for more than a hundred and fifty years afterward. The poet himself was aware of the fact at once, and stated it, perhaps not too modestly, in countless quatrains and couplets, which were not read, or, if read, were not much regarded at the moment. It has always been an incredulous world in this matter. So many poets have announced their arrival, and not arrived!

Robert Herrick was descended in a direct line from an ancient family in Lincolnshire, the Eyricks, a mentionable representative of which was John Eyrick of Leicester, the poet's grandfather, admitted freeman in 1535, and afterward twice made mayor of the town. John Eyrick, or Heyricke,—he spelled his name recklessly,—had five sons, the second of which sought a career in London, where he became a goldsmith, and in December, 1582, married Julian Stone, spinster, of Bedfordshire, a sister to Anne, Lady Soame, the wife of Sir Stephen Soame. One of the many children of this marriage was Robert Herrick. It is the common misfortune of the poet's biographers, though it was the poet's own great good fortune, that the personal interviewer was an unknown quantity at the period when Herrick played his part on the stage of life. Of that performance, in its intimate aspects, we have only the slightest record.

Robert Herrick was born in Wood street, Cheapside, London, in 1591, and baptized at St. Vedast's, Foster Lane, on August 24 of that year. He had several brothers and sisters, with whom we shall not concern ourselves. It would be idle to add the little we know about these persons to the little we know about Herrick himself. He is a sufficient problem without dragging in the rest of the family.

When the future lyrist was fifteen months old his father, Nicholas Herrick, made his will, and immediately fell out of an upper window. Whether or not this fall was an intended sequence to the will, the high almoner, Dr. Fletcher, Bishop of Bristol, promptly put in his claim to the estate, "all goods and chattels of suicides" becoming his by law. The circumstances were suspicious, though not conclusive, and the good bishop, after long litigation, consented to refer the case to arbitrators, who awarded him two hundred and twenty pounds, thus leaving the question at issue—whether or not Herrick's death had been his own premeditated act—still wrapped in its original mystery. This singular law, which had the possible effect of inducing high almoners to encourage suicide among well-to-do persons of the lower and middle classes, was afterward rescinded. Nicholas Herrick did not leave his household destitute, for his estate amounted to five thousand pounds, that is to say, twenty-five thousand pounds in today's money; but there were many mouths to feed. The poet's two uncles, Robert Herrick and William Herrick of Beaumanor, the latter subsequently knighted[1] for his usefulness as jeweler and money-lender to James I, were appointed guardians to the children.

Young Robert appears to have attended school in Westminster until his fifteenth year, when he was apprenticed to Sir William, who had learned the gentle art of goldsmith from his nephew's father. Though Robert's indentures bound him for ten years, Sir William is supposed to have offered no remonstrance when he was asked, long before that term expired, to cancel the engagement and allow Robert to enter Cambridge, which he did as fellow-commoner at St. John's College. At the end of two years he transferred himself to Trinity Hall, with a view to economy and the pursuit of the law—

[1] Dr. Grosart, in his interesting and valuable "Memorial-Introduction" to Herrick's poems, quotes this curious item from Winwood's "Memorials of Affairs of State": "On Easter Tuesday [1605], one Mr. William Herrick, a goldsmith in Cheapside, was Knighted for making a Hole in the great Diamond the King doth wear. The party little expected the honour, but he did his work so well as won the King to an extraordinary liking of it."

the two frequently go together. He received his degree of B. A. in 1617, and his M. A. in 1620, having relinquished the law for the arts.

During this time he was assumed to be in receipt of a quarterly allowance of ten pounds—a not illiberal provision, the pound being then five times its present value; but as the payments were eccentric, the master of arts was in recurrent distress. If this money came from his own share of his father's estate, as seems likely, Herrick had cause for complaint; if otherwise, the pith is taken out of his grievance. The Iliad of his financial woes at this juncture is told in a few chance-preserved letters written to his "most careful uncle," as he calls that evidently thrifty person. In one of these monotonous and dreary epistles, which are signed "R. Hearick," the writer says: "The essence of my writing is (as heretofore) to entreat you to paye for my use to Mr. Arthour Johnson, bookseller, in Paule's Churchyarde, the ordinarie sume of tenn pounds, and that with as much sceleritie as you maye." He also indulges in the natural wish that his college bills "had leaden wings and tortice feet." This was in 1617. The young man's patrimony, whatever it may have been, had dwindled, and he confesses to "many a throe and pinches of the purse." For the moment, at least, his prospects were not flattering.

Robert Herrick's means of livelihood, when in 1620 he quitted the university and went up to London, are conjectural. It is clear that he was not without some resources, since he did not starve to death on his wits before he discovered a patron in the Earl of Pembroke. In the court circle Herrick also unearthed humbler, but perhaps not less useful, allies in the persons of Edward Norgate, clerk of the signet, and Master John Crofts, cup-bearer to the king. Through the two New Year anthems, honored by the music of Henry Lawes, his Majesty's organist at Westminster, it is more than possible that Herrick was brought to the personal notice of Charles and Henrietta Maria. All this was a promise of success, but not success itself. It has been thought probable that Herrick may have secured some minor office in the chapel at Whitehall. That would accord with his subsequent appointment (September, 1627) as chaplain to the Duke of Buckingham's unfortunate expedition to the Isle of Rhé. Precisely when Herrick was invested with holy orders is not ascertainable. If one may draw an inference from his poems, the life he led meanwhile was not such as his "most careful uncle" would have warmly approved. The literary clubs and coffee-houses of the day were open to a free-lance like young Herrick, some of whose blithe measures, passing in manuscript from hand to hand, had brought him faintly to light as a poet. The "Dog" and the "Triple Tun" were not places devoted to worship, unless it were to the worship of "rare Ben Jonson," at whose feet Herrick now sat, with the other blossoming young poets of the season. He was a faithful disciple to the end, and addressed many loving lyrics to the master, of which not the least graceful is "His Prayer to Ben Jonson":

When I a verse shall make,
Know I have praid thee
For old religion's sake,
Saint Ben, to aide me.

Make the way smooth for me,
When I, thy Herrick,
Honouring thee, on my knee
Offer my lyric.

Candles I 'll give to thee,
And a new altar;
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
Writ in my Psalter.

On September 30, 1629, Charles I, at the recommending of the Earl of Exeter, presented Herrick with the vicarage of Dean Prior, near Totnes, in Devonshire. Here he was destined to pass the next nineteen years of his life among surroundings not congenial. For Herrick to be a mile away from London stone was for Herrick to be in exile. Even with railway and telegraphic interruptions from the outside world, the dullness of a provincial English town of today is something formidable, as the traveler knows. The torn back number of "Punch" on the coffee-room table makes a solid gloom in itself. The dullness of a sequestered English hamlet in the early part of the seventeenth century must have been appalling. One is dimly conscious of a belated throb of sympathy for Robert Herrick. Yet, however discontented or unhappy he may have been at first in that lonely vicarage, the world may congratulate itself on the circumstances that stranded him there, far from the distractions of the town, and with no other solace than his Muse, for there it was he wrote the greater number of the poems which were to make his fame. It is to this accidental banishment to Devon that we owe the cluster of exquisite pieces descriptive

of obsolete rural manners and customs—the Christmas masks, the Twelfth-night mummeries, the morris-dances, and the May-day festivals. The November following Herrick's appointment to the benefice was marked by the death of his mother, who left him no heavier legacy than "a ringe of twenty shillings." Perhaps this was an understood arrangement between them; but it is to be observed that, though Herrick was a spendthrift in epitaphs, he wasted no funeral lines on Julian Herrick. In the matter of verse he dealt generously with his family down to the latest nephew. One of his most charming and touching poems is entitled "To His Dying Brother, Master William Herrick," a posthumous son. There appear to have been two brothers named William. The younger, who died early, is supposed to be referred to here.

The story of Herrick's existence at Dean Prior is as vague and bare of detail as the rest of the narrative. His parochial duties must have been irksome to him, and it is to be imagined that he wore his cassock lightly. As a preparation for ecclesiastical life he forswore sack and poetry; but presently he was with the Muse again, and his farewell to sack was in a strictly Pickwickian sense. Herrick had probably accepted the vicarship as he would have accepted a lieutenancy in a troop of horse—with an eye to present emolument and future promotion. The promotion never came, and the emolument was nearly as scant as that of Goldsmith's parson, who considered himself "passing rich with forty pounds a year"—a height of optimism beyond the reach of Herrick, with his expensive town wants and habits. But fifty pounds—the salary of his benefice—and possible perquisites in the way of marriage and burial fees would enable him to live for the time being. It was better than a possible nothing a year in London. Herrick's religious convictions were assuredly not deeper than those of the average layman. Various writers have taken a different view of the subject; but it is inconceivable that a clergyman with a fitting sense of his function could have written certain of the poems which Herrick afterward gave to the world—those astonishing epigrams upon his rustic enemies, and those habitual bridal compliments which, among his personal friends, must have added a terror to matrimony. Had he written only in that vein the posterity which he so often invoked with pathetic confidence would not have greatly troubled itself about him. It cannot positively be asserted that all the verses in question relate to the period of his incumbency, for none of his verse is dated, with the exception of the "Dialogue betwixt Horace and Lydia." The date of some of the compositions may be arrived at by induction. The religious pieces grouped under the title of "Noble Numbers" distinctly associate themselves with Dean Prior, and have little other interest. Very few of them are "born of the royal blood." They lack the inspiration and magic of his secular poetry, and are frequently so fantastical and grotesque as to stir a suspicion touching the absolute soundness of Herrick's mind at all times. The lines in which the Supreme Being is assured that he may read Herrick's poems without taking any tincture from their sinfulness might have been written in a retreat for the unbalanced. "For unconscious impiety," remarks Mr. Edmund Gosse,[1] "this rivals the famous passage in which Robert Montgomery exhorted God to 'pause and think.'" Elsewhere, in an apostrophe to "Heaven," Herrick says:

> Let mercy be
> So kind to set me free,
> And I will straight
> Come in, or force the gate.

In any event, the poet did not propose to be left out!

Relative to the inclusion of unworthy pieces and the general absence of arrangement in the "Hesperides," Dr. Grosart advances the theory that the printers exercised arbitrary authority on these points. Dr. Grosart assumes that Herrick kept the epigrams and personal tributes in manuscript books separate from the rest of the work, which would have made a too slender volume by itself, and on the plea of this slenderness was induced to trust the two collections to the publisher, "whereupon he or some unskilled subordinate proceeded to intermix these additions with the others. That the poet himself had nothing to do with the arrangement or disarrangement lies on the surface." This is an amiable supposition, but merely a supposition. Herrick personally placed the "copy" in the hands of John Williams and Francis Eglesfield, and if he were over-persuaded to allow them to print unfit verses, and to observe no method whatever in the contents of the book, the discredit is none the less his. It is charitable to believe that Herrick's coarseness was not the coarseness of the man, but of the time.

[1] In "Seventeenth-Century Studies."

and that he followed the fashion *malgré lui*. With regard to the fairy poems, they certainly should have been given in sequence; but if there are careless printers, there are also authors who are careless in the arrangement of their manuscript, a kind of task, moreover, in which Herrick was wholly unpractised, and might easily have made mistakes. The "Hesperides" was his sole publication.

Herrick was now thirty-eight years of age. Of his personal appearance at this time we have no description. The portrait of him prefixed to the original edition of his works belongs to a much later moment. Whether or not the bovine features in Marshall's engraving are a libel on the poet, it is to be regretted that oblivion has not laid its erasing finger on that singularly unpleasant counterfeit presentment. It is interesting to note that this same Marshall engraved the head of Milton for the first collection of his miscellaneous poems—the precious 1645 volume containing "Il Penseroso," "Lycidas," "Comus," etc. The plate gave great offense to the serious-minded young Milton, because of certain minute figures of peasant lassies who are very indistinctly seen dancing frivolously under the trees in the background. Herrick had more reason to protest. The aggressive face bestowed upon him by the artist lends an air of veracity to the tradition that the vicar occasionally hurled the manuscript of his sermon at the heads of his drowsy parishioners, accompanying the missive with pregnant remarks. He has the aspect of one meditating assault and battery. To offset the picture there is much indirect testimony to the amiability of the man, aside from the evidence furnished by his own writings. He exhibits a fine trait in the poem on the Bishop of Lincoln's imprisonment—a poem full of deference and tenderness for a person who had evidently injured the writer, probably by opposing him in some affair of church preferment. Anthony Wood says that Herrick "became much beloved by the gentry in these parts for his florid and witty [wise] discourses." It appears that he was fond of animals, and had a pet spaniel called Tracy, which did not get away without a couplet attached to him:

> Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see
> For shape and service spaniell like to thee.

Among the exile's chance acquaintances was a sparrow, whose elegy he also sings, comparing the bird to Lesbia's sparrow, much to the latter's disadvantage. All of Herrick's geese were swans. On the authority of Dorothy King, the daughter of a woman who served Herrick's successor at Dean Prior, we are told that the poet kept a pig, which he had taught to drink out of a tankard—a kind of instruction he was admirably qualified to impart. Dorothy was in her ninety-ninth year when she communicated this fact to Mr. Barron Field, the author of the paper on Herrick published in the "Quarterly Review" for August, 1810, and in the Boston edition[1] of the "Hesperides" attributed to Southey.

What else do we know of the vicar? A very favorite theme with Herrick was Herrick. Scattered through his book are no fewer than twenty-five pieces entitled "On Himself," not to mention numberless autobiographical hints under other captions. They are merely hints, throwing casual side-lights on his likes and dislikes, and illuminating his vanity. A whimsical personage without any very definite outlines might be evolved from these fragments. I picture him as a sort of Samuel Pepys, with perhaps less quaintness, and the poetical temperament added. Like the prince of gossips, too, he somehow gets at your affections. In one place Herrick laments the threatened failure of his eyesight (quite in what would have been Pepys's manner had Pepys written verse), and in another place he tells us of the loss of a finger. The quatrain treating of this latter catastrophe is as fantastic as some of Dr. Donne's *concetti:*

> One of the five straight branches of my hand
> Is lopt already, and the rest but stand
> Expecting when to fall, which soon will be:
> First dies the leafe, the bough next, next the tree.

With all his great show of candor Herrick really reveals as little of himself as ever poet did. One thing, however, is manifest—he understood and loved music. None but a lover could have said:

> The mellow touch of musick most doth wound
> The soule when it doth rather sigh than sound.

Or this to Julia:

> So smooth, so sweet, so silvery is thy voice,
> As could they hear, the damn'd would make no noise,

[1] The "Biographical Notice" prefacing this volume of "The British Poets" is a remarkable production, grammatically and chronologically. On page 7 the writer speaks of Herrick as living "in habits of intimacy" with Ben Jonson in 1648. If that was the case, Herrick must have taken up his quarters in Westminster Abbey, for Jonson had been dead eleven years.

But listen to thee walking in thy chamber
Melting melodious words to lutes of amber.

. . . Then let me lye
Entranc'd, and lost confusedly;
And by thy musick stricken mute,
Die, and be turn'd into a lute.

Herrick never married. His modest Devonshire establishment was managed by a maid-servant named Prudence Baldwin. "Fate likes fine names," says Lowell. That of Herrick's maid-of-all-work was certainly a happy meeting of gentle vowels and consonants, and has had the good fortune to be embalmed in the amber of what may be called a joyous little threnody:

In this little urne is laid
Prewdence Baldwin, once my maid;
From whose happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet.

Herrick addressed a number of poems to her before her death, which seems to have deeply touched him in his loneliness. We shall not allow a pleasing illusion to be disturbed by the flippancy of an old writer who says that "Prue was but indifferently qualified to be a tenth muse." She was a faithful handmaid, and had the merit of causing Herrick in this octave to strike a note of sincerity not usual with him:

These summer-birds did with thy master stay
The times of warmth, but then they flew away,
Leaving their poet, being now grown old,
Expos'd to all the coming winter's cold.
But thou, kind Prew, didst with my fates abide
As well the winter's as the summer's tide:
For which thy love, live with thy master here,
Not two, but all the seasons of the year.

Thus much have I done for thy memory, Mistress Prew!

In spite of Herrick's disparagement of Deanbourn, which he calls "a rude river," and his characterization of Devon folk as "a people currish, churlish as the seas," the fullest and pleasantest days of his life were probably spent at Dean Prior. He was not unmindful meanwhile of the gathering political storm that was to shake England to its foundations. How anxiously, in his solitude, he watched the course of events, is attested by many of his poems. This solitude was not without its compensation. "I confess," he says,

I ne'er invented such
Ennobled numbers for the presse
Than where I loath'd so much.

A man is never wholly unhappy when he is writing verses. Herrick was firmly convinced that each new lyric was a stone added to the pillar of his fame, and perhaps his sense of relief was tinged with indefinable regret when he found himself suddenly deprived of his benefice. The integrity of some of his royalistic poems is doubtful; but he was not given the benefit of the doubt by the Long Parliament, which ejected the panegyrist of young Prince Charles from the vicarage of Dean Prior, and installed in his place the venerable John Syms, a gentleman with pronounced Cromwellian views.

Herrick snapped his fingers metaphorically at the Puritans, discarded his clerical habiliments, and hastened to London to pick up such as were left of the gay-colored threads of his old experience there. Once more he would drink sack at the Triple Tun, once more he would breathe the air breathed by such poets and wits as Cotton, Denham, Shirley, Selden, and the rest. "Yes, by Saint Anne! and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too." In the gladness of getting back "from the dull confines of the drooping west," he writes a glowing apostrophe to London—that "stony stepmother to poets." He claims to be a free-born Roman, and is proud to find himself a citizen again. According to his earlier biographers, Herrick had much ado not to starve in that same longed-for London, and fell into great misery: but Dr. Grosart disputes this, arguing, with justness, that Herrick's family, which was wealthy and influential, would not have allowed him to come to abject want. With his royalistic tendencies he may not have breathed quite freely in the atmosphere of the Commonwealth, and no doubt many tribulations fell to his lot, but among them was not poverty. The poet was now engaged in preparing his works for the press, and a few weeks following his return to London they were issued in a single volume with the title "Hesperides; or, The Works both Human and Divine of Robert Herrick, Esq."

The time was not ready for him. A new era had dawned—the era of the commonplace. The interval was come when Shakspere himself was to lie in a kind of twilight. Herrick was in spirit an Elizabethan, and had strayed by chance into an artificial and prosaic age—a sylvan singing creature alighting on an alien planet. "He was too natural," says Mr. Palgrave in his "Chrysomela," "too purely poetical; he had not the learned polish, the political allusion, the tone

of the city, the didactic turn, which were then and onward demanded from poetry." Yet it is strange that a public which had a relish for Edmund Waller should neglect a poet who was fifty times finer than Waller in his own specialty. What poet then, or in the half-century that followed the Restoration, could have written "Corinna 's Going a-Maying," or approached in kind the ineffable grace and perfection to be found in a score of Herrick's lyrics?

The "Hesperides" was received with chilling indifference. None of Herrick's great contemporaries has left a consecrating word concerning it. The book was not reprinted during the author's lifetime, and for more than a century after his death Herrick was virtually unread. In 1796 the "Gentleman's Magazine" copied a few of the poems, and two years later Dr. Nathan Drake published in his "Literary Hours" three critical papers on the poet, with specimens of his writings. Dr. Johnson omitted him from the "Lives of the Poets," though space was found for half a score of poetasters whose names are to be found nowhere else. In 1810 Dr. Nott, a physician of Bristol, issued a small volume of selections. It was not until 1823 that Herrick was reprinted in full. It remained for the taste of our own day to multiply editions of him.

In order to set the seal to Herrick's fame, it is now only needful that some wiseacre should attribute the authorship of the poems to some man who could not possibly have written a line of them. The opportunity presents attractions that ought to be irresistible. Excepting a handful of Herrick's college letters there is no scrap of his manuscript extant; the men who drank and jested with the poet at the Dog or the Triple Tun make no reference to him; and in the wide parenthesis formed by his birth and death we find as little tangible incident as is discoverable in the briefer span of Shakspere's fifty-two years. Here is material for profundity and ciphers!

Herrick's second sojourn in London covered the period between 1648 and 1662, during which interim he fades from sight, excepting for the instant when he is publishing his book. If he engaged in further literary work there are no evidences of it beyond one contribution to the "Lacrymæ Musarum" in 1649. He seems to have had lodgings, for a while at least, in St. Anne's, Westminster. With the court in exile and the grim Roundheads seated in the seats of the mighty, it was no longer the merry London of his early manhood. Time and war had thinned the ranks of friends; in the old haunts the old familiar faces were wanting. Ben Jonson was dead, Waller banished, and many another comrade "in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes." As Herrick walked through crowded Cheapside or along the dingy river-bank in those years, his thought must have turned more than once to the little vicarage in Devonshire, and lingered tenderly.

On the accession of Charles II a favorable change of wind wafted Herrick back to his former moorings at Dean Prior, the obnoxious Syms having been turned adrift. This occurred on August 24, 1662, the seventy-first anniversary of the poet's baptism. Of Herrick's movements after that tradition does not furnish even the shadow of an outline. The only notable event concerning him is recorded twelve years later in the parish register: "Robert Herrick, vicker, was buried ye 15″ day October, 1674." He was eighty-three years old. The location of his grave is unknown. In 1857 a monument to his memory was erected in Dean Church. And this is all.

THE details that have come down to us touching Herrick's private life are as meager as if he had been a Marlowe or a Shakspere. But were they as ample as could be desired they would still be unimportant compared with the single fact that in 1648 he gave to the world his "Hesperides." The environments of the man were accidental and transitory. The significant part of him we have, and that is enduring so long as wit, fancy, and melodious numbers hold a charm for mankind.

A fine thing incomparably said instantly becomes familiar, and has henceforth a sort of dateless excellence. Though it may have been said three hundred years ago, it is as modern as yesterday; though it may have been said yesterday, it has the trick of seeming to have been always in our keeping. This quality of remoteness and nearness belongs, in a striking degree, to Herrick's poems. They are as novel to-day as they were on the lips of a choice few of his contemporaries, who, in reading them in their freshness, must surely have been aware here and there of the ageless grace of old idyllic poets dead and gone.

Herrick was the bearer of no heavy message to the world, and such message as he had he was apparently in no hurry to deliver. On this point he somewhere says:

Let others to the printing presse run fast;
Since after death comes glory, I 'll not haste.

He had need of his patience, for he was long detained on the road by many of those obstacles that waylay poets on their journeys to the printer. Herrick was nearly sixty years old when he published the "Hesperides." It was, I repeat, no heavy message, and the bearer was left an unconscionable time to cool his heels in the antechamber. Though his pieces had been set to music by such composers as Lawes, Ramsay, and Laniere, and his court poems had naturally won favor with the Cavalier party, Herrick cut but a small figure at the side of several of his rhyming contemporaries who are now forgotten. It sometimes happens that the light love-song, reaching few or no ears at its first singing, outlasts the seemingly more prosperous ode which, dealing with some passing phase of thought, social or political, gains the instant applause of the multitude. In most cases the timely ode is somehow apt to fade with the circumstance that inspired it, and becomes the yesterday's editorial of literature. Oblivion likes especially to get hold of occasional poems. That makes it hard for feeble poets laureate.

Mr. Henry James once characterized Alphonse Daudet as "a great little novelist." Robert Herrick is a great little poet. The brevity of his poems—for he wrote nothing *de longue haleine*—would place him among the minor singers; his workmanship places him among the masters. The Herricks were not a family of goldsmiths and lapidaries for nothing. The accurate touch of the artificer in jewels and costly metals was one of the gifts transmitted to Robert Herrick. Much of his work is as exquisite and precise as the chasing on a dagger-hilt by Cellini; the line has nearly always that vine-like fluency which seems impromptu, and is never the result of anything but austere labor. The critic who called these carefully wrought poems "wood-notes wild" mistook his vocation. They are full of subtle simplicity. Here we come across a stanza as severely cut as an antique cameo,—the stanza, for instance, in which the poet speaks of his lady-love's "winter face,"—and there a couplet that breaks into unfading daffodils and violets. The art, though invisible, is always there. His amatory songs and catches are such poetry as *Orlando* would have liked to hang on the boughs in the forest of Arden. None of the work is hastily done, not even that portion of it we could wish had not been done at all. Be the motive grave or gay, it is given that faultlessness of form which distinguishes everything in literature that has survived its own period. There is no such thing as "form" alone; it is only the close-grained material that takes the highest finish. The structure of Herrick's verse, like that of Blake, is simple to the verge of innocence. Such rhythmic intricacies as those of Shelley, Tennyson, and Swinburne he never dreamed of. But his manner has this perfection: it fits his matter as the cup of the acorn fits its meat.

Of passion, in the deeper sense, Herrick has little or none. Here are no "tears from the depth of some divine despair," no probings into the tragic heart of man, no insight that goes much farther than the pathos of a cowslip on a maiden's grave. The tendrils of his verse reach up to the light, and love the warmer side of the garden wall. But the reader who does not detect the seriousness under the lightness misreads Herrick. Nearly all true poets have been wholesome and joyous singers. A pessimistic poet, like the poisonous ivy, is one of nature's sarcasms. In his own bright pastoral way Herrick must always remain unexcelled. His limitations are certainly narrow, but they leave him in the sunshine. Neither in his thought nor in his utterance is there any complexity; both are as pellucid as a woodland pond, content to duplicate the osiers and ferns, and, by chance, the face of a girl straying near its crystal. His is no troubled stream in which large trout are caught. He must be accepted on his own terms.

The greatest poets have, with rare exceptions, been the most indebted to their predecessors or to their contemporaries. It has wittily been remarked that only mediocrity is ever wholly original. Impressionability is one of the conditions of the creative faculty: the sensitive mind is the only mind that invents. What the poet reads, sees, and feels, goes into his blood, and becomes an ingredient of his originality. The color of his thought instinctively blends itself with the color of its affinities. A writer's style, if it have distinction, is the outcome of a hundred styles. Though a generous borrower of the ancients, Herrick appears to have been exceptionally free from the influence of contemporary minds. Here and there in his work are traces of his beloved Ben Jonson, or fleeting impressions of Fletcher, and in one instance a direct infringement on Suckling: but the sum of Herrick's obligations in this sort is inconsiderable. This indifference to other writers of his time, this insularity, was

doubtless his loss. The more exalted imagination of Vaughan or Marvell or Herbert might have taught him a deeper note than he sounded in his purely devotional poems. Milton, of course, moved in a sphere apart. Shakspere, whose personality still haunted the clubs and taverns which Herrick frequented on his first going up to London, failed to lay any appreciable spell upon him. That great name, moreover, is a jewel which finds no setting in Herrick's rhyme. His general reticence relative to brother poets is extremely curious when we reflect on his penchant for addressing four-line epics to this or that individual. They were, in the main, obscure individuals, whose identity is scarcely worth establishing. His London life, at two different periods, brought him into contact with many of the celebrities of the day; but his verse has helped to confer immortality on very few of them. That his verse had the secret of conferring immortality was one of his unshaken convictions. Shakspere had not a finer confidence when he wrote:

> Not marble nor the gilded monuments
> Of princes shall outlast my powerful rhyme,

than has Herrick whenever he speaks of his own poetry, and he is not by any means backward in speaking of it. It was the breath of his nostrils. Without his Muse those nineteen years in that dull, secluded Devonshire village would have been unendurable.

His poetry has the value and the defect of that seclusion. In spite, however, of his contracted horizon there is great variety in Herrick's themes. Their scope cannot be stated so happily as he has stated it:

> I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers,
> Of April, May, of June, and July-flowers;
> I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
> Of bride-grooms, brides, and of their bridal-cakes;
> I write of Youth, of Love, and have access
> By these to sing of cleanly wantonness;
> I sing of dews, of rains, and piece by piece
> Of balm, of oil, of spice and ambergris;
> I sing of times trans-shifting, and I write
> How roses first came red and lilies white;
> I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
> The Court of Mab, and of the Fairy King;
> I write of Hell; I sing (and ever shall)
> Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

Never was there so pretty a table of contents! When you open his book the breath of the English rural year fans your cheek; the pages seem to exhale wildwood and meadow smells, as if sprigs of tansy and lavender had been shut up in the volume and forgotten. One has a sense of hawthorn hedges and wide-spreading oaks, of open lead-set lattices half hidden with honeysuckle; and distant voices of the haymakers, returning home in the rosy afterglow, fall dreamily on one's ear, as sounds should fall when fancy listens. There is no English poet so thoroughly English as Herrick. He painted the country life of his own time as no other has painted it at any time. The lovely folk-lore of Devonshire and Middlesex finds here its last expression. It is to be remarked that the majority of English poets regarded as national have sought their chief inspiration in almost every land and period excepting their own. Shakspere went to Italy, Denmark, Greece, Egypt, and to many a hitherto unfooted region of the imagination, for plot and character. It was not Whitehall Garden, but the Garden of Eden and the celestial spaces, that lured Milton. It is the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "The Eve of St. Agnes," and the noble fragment of "Hyperion" that have given Keats his spacious niche in the gallery of England's poets. Shelley's two masterpieces, "Prometheus Unbound" and "The Cenci," belong respectively to Greece and Italy. Browning's "The Ring and the Book" is Italian; Tennyson wandered to the land of myth for the "Idylls of the King"; and Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum"—a narrative poem second in dignity to none produced in the nineteenth century—is a Persian story. But Herrick's "golden apples" sprang from the soil in his own day, and reddened in the mist and sunshine of his native island.

Even the fairy poems, which must be classed by themselves, are not wanting in local flavor. Herrick's fairy world is an immeasurable distance from that of "A Midsummer-Night's Dream." *Puck* and *Titania* are of finer breath than Herrick's little folk, who may be said to have Devonshire manners and to live in a miniature England of their own. Like the magician who summons them from nowhere, they are fond of color and perfume and substantial feasts, and indulge in heavy draughts—from the cups of morning-glories. In the tiny sphere they inhabit everything is marvelously adapted to their requirement; nothing is out of proportion or out of perspective. The elves are a strictly religious people in their winsome way, "part pagan, part papistical"; they have their pardons and indulgences, their psalters and chapels, and

An apple's-core is hung up dried,
With rattling kernels, which is rung
To call to Morn and Even-song;

and very conveniently,

Hard by, i' th' shell of half a nut,
The Holy-water there is put.

It is all delightfully naïve and fanciful, this elfin-world, where the impossible does not strike one as incongruous, and the England of 1648 seems never very far away.

It is only among the apparently unpremeditated lyrical flights of the Elizabethan dramatists that one meets with anything like the lilt and liquid flow of Herrick's songs. While in no degree Shaksperian echoes, there are epithalamia and dirges of his that might properly have fallen from the lips of *Posthumus* in "Cymbeline." This delicate epicede would have fitted *Imogen:*

Here a solemne fast we keepe
While all beauty lyes asleepe;
Husht be all things; *no noyse here*
But the toning of a teare,
Or a sigh of such as bring
Cowslips for her covering.

Many of the pieces are purely dramatic in essence; the "Mad Maid's Song," for example. The lyrist may speak in character, like the dramatist. A poet's lyrics may be, as most of Browning's are, just so many *dramatis personæ.* "Enter a Song singing" is the stage-direction in a seventeenth-century play whose name escapes me. The sentiment dramatized in a lyric is not necessarily a personal expression. In one of his couplets Herrick neatly denies that his more mercurial utterances are intended presentations of himself:

To his Book's end this last line he 'd have placed—
Jocund his Muse was, but his Life was chaste.

In point of fact he was a whole group of imaginary lovers in one. Silvia, Anthea, Electra, Perilla, Perenna, and the rest of those lively ladies ending in *a*, were doubtless, for the most part, but airy phantoms dancing—as they should not have danced—through the brain of a sentimental old bachelor who happened to be a vicar of the Church of England. Even with his overplus of heart it would have been quite impossible for him to have had enough to go round had there been so numerous actual demands upon it.

Thus much may be conceded to Herrick's verse: at its best it has wings that carry it nearly as close to heaven's gate as any of Shakspere's lark-like interludes. The brevity of the poems and their uniform smoothness sometimes produce the effect of monotony. The crowded richness of the line advises a desultory reading. But one must go back to them again and again. They bewitch the memory, having once caught it, and insist on saying themselves over and over. Among the poets of England the author of the "Hesperides" remains, and is likely to remain, unique. As Shakspere stands alone in his vast domain, so Herrick stands alone in his scanty plot of ground.

Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content.

A TRANSFER OF PROPERTY.

BY CATHARINE YOUNG GLEN.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

"ACAINTED? Am I ac'ainted with 'er, Mr. Crosby? Ef ye c'u'd fin' a hoss or a cow as *was n't* ac'ainted with 'er! She 's the talkin'est woman in this hull State!"

"Indeed!" I said. I squared myself in the buggy, turning from contemplation of the brown acres trimmed with their endless little ruffles of green.

I had come from Philadelphia that morning, intrusted by the firm with a document relative to the property of one Letitia Lunger, resident of Hampton, and wife of Cyrus Lunger, deceased. I knew by name alone the lady who held the title to the deed I carried in my vest. Hampton was a new experience to me. So, as well, was Jacob Slatter, who had approached me at the station with the offer of a "lift" in his rusty vehicle, for which favor he demanded compensation of a quarter, and, tacitly, such additional toll in matter of my personal history as he might be able to extract upon the road.

"HIS INDIGNATION WAXED UNDER MY APPROVAL."

Having put him in possession of a generous number of items regarding myself, I made excuses to my conscience for not refusing to accept the crumb or two that might fall to me concerning Mrs. Lunger. Moreover, there was yet a good mile to be covered before we reached our destination, and the gray was slow.

"Indeed!" I remarked again, but Mr. Slatter was in no need of encouragement. He jerked his slouch-hat over his eyes, and tickled the sumacs and switched them, as an index to his inner state. I was hardly prepared for that which was to follow; I am free to confess I was surprised. But if my chivalry—for which I claim nothing—was not strong enough to keep me from listening to matter so derogatory to one of the other sex, it must, at least, forbid me to become a party to its repetition.

Mr. Slatter was troubled with no compunctions.

"The talkin'est woman!" he would break out, every now and again, as a sort of interjection. "The *talkin'est* woman! Ef ye c'u'd hear 'er, Mr. Crosby!"

"I shall, you know," I ventured once, but he waved me aside.

"Ef ye c'u'd hear 'er—r'arin' through the village, r'arin' up in meetin', r'arin' aroun' on 'er furm! Talkin'? There 's them she 's talked *out* o' meetin', an' them she 's talked out o' town. An' there 's them she 's talked into the burryin'-groun'—an' glad to git there at that!"

"I dare say," I responded sympathetically. "I dare say."

His indignation waxed under my approval.

"Done all 'er neighbors up," he continued, trailing a long leg out of the buggy, "cle'red 'em out! Furms with bes' prospecks lyin' all aroun' 'er; think they 're occipied? Think they c'u'd rent 'em, Mr. Crosby?

"Done 'er pore man up; *he 's* med 'way with! Managed to stan' it about two year'! Goin' like a thrashin'-flapper—clapper, clapper, clap!"

"Trying," I said.

"*Tryin'?*" he ejaculated.

He screwed his lips together and started up the horse.

"I hope we 'll keep 'er with us. I hope 't 'll be a spell afore *she* gits there. I do, Mr. Crosby."

"Gets where?" I inquired.

"To the burryin'-groun'. An' I don't keer ef I hev my say. I hope 't 'll be a spell afore she gits roun' to *that*."

I expressed surprise.

"For the sake o' them that 's there, Mr. Crosby! For the sake o' them that 's tryin' to sleep! Ef so be they put *me* alongside 'er, I 'd git up an' move my tombstun!"

He slashed the mare on both her flanks.

"Ef I owned 'er," he broke out again, "I 'd mek 'er a queen."

"You 'd make her a *queen?*"

"Yaas, I 'd mek 'er a queen. I 'd give 'er one half the airth an' I 'd tek the other."

We finished our ride in silence, for Mr. Slatter lapsed into eloquent gloom. He had had his say. The road forked, and we came upon a low white house. "There 's the place," he grunted, indicating with the whip. We ground the stepping-stone ominously.

"'JAKE SLATTER 'S THE MOST AGGRAVOKIN' MAN THIS SIDE THE AIRTH.'"

"You are n't coming in, I suppose?" I inquired a trifle anxiously, alighting.

"Naaw," he returned, without looking at me; "I ain't."

I watched him wheel the buggy round with a sense of desertion.

"Be back for me in half an hour," I called.

He pulled his hat lower, and made a backward motion with his hand.

"Come out to the gate when she 's done with ye. I 'll draw up down the road."

I found Mrs. Lunger a good-looking woman, with a gingham apron and a capable eye. As I was able to gain opportunity and her indulgence, I made her acquainted with my errand, and turned over to her the deed to her late (and unfortunate) husband's estate. But it was not so much the volubility of her talking as the manner of it that overawed me.

"What man was that druv off?" she asked, as I sat with my papers spread upon my lap; and I knew by her eye that she knew exactly who it was, but was going to make me say it. I had to say it, too.

"Why, that was Mr. Slatter," I answered. "He 's waiting for me. He did n't come in because—" and here I paused idiotically, being unable even to invent a reason why Mr. Slatter did n't come in.

Mrs. Lunger helped me out; she brought her chair nearer mine, and settled her hands upon her knees.

"*I 'll* tell ye why he did n't come in," she said. Then she waited.

"Why?" I was compelled to ask.

She smiled sarcastically.

"Because, Mr. Crosby, he knowed better."

"I dare say," I responded. I was bound to make a fool of myself. But she waived it, and hitched the chair closer.

"Ef Jacob Slatter," she said impressively, "should walk his boots in here I 'd give him the fire-shovel!"

I laughed perforce. "It 's well his boots are outside, then," I ventured, as a feeble joke. But I was unable to get on with her on any basis of comfortable pleasantry; she took me seriously.

"It 's well they air," she observed, "it 's well they air." She shook her head in mournful deprecation, and smoothed the gingham squares.

"*I* ain't speakin' in any onchristian sperrit, Mr. Crosby, or tellin' tales; *I* ain't callin' folks 'tater-bugs—'t ain't right: but

ef I do say as should n't, Jake Slatter 's the most aggravokin' man this side the airth."

"Indeed!" I said. I looked meekly, tamely acquiescent. It had been her whole policy to make me commit myself. She caught my eye, and there she had me. I did n't get away within the half-hour, nor within the hour. I made an effort to rise once, if I remember, but she waved me back.

"Set down!" she said.

I learned a great deal about Mr. Slatter—more than, considering all that had passed between us, was comfortable for me to know. Indeed, I could almost have doubted that which I heard, had it not been that Mrs. Lunger appeared so well informed.

I was made to tremble, before I left, that fate had cast him across my pathway, to blush that I must ride back with him on the same wagon-seat. I found that there was hardly an obligation of man to man that he had not disregarded, only few of the commandments that he had left intact: that he did n't like the pastor, that he voted wrong at the election, that he would n't wipe his feet on the door-mat, had let the weeds grow in his garden, and had laid his wife in an early grave—in short, that I had been on the wrong side.

But whatever menace there might be to my soul in further intercourse with him, Mrs. Lunger had acquitted her conscience. I saw him in the high light of what he was.

She followed me out to the hallway.

"Lazy? Ye said lazy, Mr. Crosby?" (I *had n't* said lazy, though I claim nothing to my credit.) "Git him to p'int out his place on yer way to the caars.

"Mean? Ye said mean? Best look through yer pockets. What you ain't got Jake Slatter *hez*."

I glanced apprehensively along the drive; I was relieved to find Mr. Slatter far down the road.

"Waal?" he greeted me, as I climbed in beside him.

"Well?" I responded brusquely.

It was early summer when I first visited Hampton, and autumn when I went again. The firm had received a communication from Mr. Slatter. There were no particulars, except that he wished to see a legal adviser (myself the preference), and in due time I was delegated as before.

"Got my letter, did ye?" he inquired, after conversation had dwelt sufficiently on the merits of the colt he had driven down to meet me. "M-m! Thought as how ye done that little job las' spring for—"

"Mrs. Lunger?" I concluded amiably, willing to spare him. He nodded, and I felt that he was grateful. Then I added: "I remember. You thought if I could manage Mrs. Lunger you 'd see what I could do for *you?*"

"Yaas," he assented; "guess that 's the size of it. Thought"—adjusting a new yellow blanket more comfortably over our knees—"ye 'd do better 'n some feller that—"

"You were n't acquainted with? I see. Well," I agreed, "that 's the right way to look at it. That 's the way we get clients, you know."

The country lay before us in all the contagious indolence of October. There was an afternoon ahead to talk business; I did n't encourage him. We left the village, and he slowed the colt to a walk. The road was losing itself between the rows of sumacs, heavy now with their crimson fruit; through windows in the leafage I could, as before, catch glimpses of the fields. They were rich with harvest. The corn was standing in shocks, and the pumpkins lay in glowing heaps.

We wound round the brow of a little hill, and the cemetery came in sight. I smiled at the memory of a conversation it brought back to me.

"Speaking of Mrs. Lunger," I said to my companion, "I suppose you hear of her, or *hear* her, now and then?"

His glance rested on the white stones marking the, as yet, untroubled colony of the dead.

"Yaas," he responded, letting the lash of his whip trail along the hedge; "now 'n' then."

"How is she? Pretty well?"

"Fer 's I ken ventur', purty waal."

"Talks as much as ever, does she?"

"I calc'late she does, Mr. Crosby; I calc'late she does. The fac' is—"

"You 've been too busy to listen?" I smiled again at my moderate wit.

The day was sleepy, the sun warm. I was under the impression that the last time I came this way I had been amused. I felt an inclination, born of laziness, to get Mr. Slatter started again.

"She still runs the farm, I suppose," I prospected. He reached for a bit of sassafras, and placed it between his teeth.

"Naaw," he said, after an interval; "furm's to let—be'n some time back. Guess"—with a touch of incredulity—"ye ken't hev heard the news."

I looked expectant, and he chewed with evident relish.

"Moved!" he continued caustically. One could see he was warming to it. "Married again!"

"No!" I sat up with genuine interest. "You don't mean to tell me! Mrs. Lunger? Married! *Who?*"

"Some cuss on the road up yonner!" He indicated with the whip-lash. "Show ye when we sight 'is place. Long-legged, wuthless, balkin', contrarious critter—las' man ye 'd pick out, o' course."

"Well," I ejaculated, "I 'll be—" I refrained from saying what I would be. It was hard to find just the word. One needs an assortment in Hampton. "So there was a second man willing to take such a—responsibility? With all due respect to Mrs. Lunger—"

Mr. Slatter regarded me with a glimmer, and jerked the hat over his eyes.

"Ye think ye c'u'd tell where to put 'im? Ye 'd say the fools *wa'n't* all dead?"

I was forced to confess that the thought had occurred to me.

"There's them in the village," he admitted, "as is sayin' the same."

I had n't a doubt. The village would hardly neglect such a morsel.

"But how did it come about?" I said, laughing. "Old flame of hers—this gentleman? Was in love with her, eh?"

"Naaw," he asserted; "not as I know on. Calc'late *not*."

"After *him*, then, was she? In love with *him?*"

He gave himself a shift in the wagon, and the colt an unmerited cut.

"'N love with 'im, wuz she? Loved 'im like pizen, so I hear tell."

"Then why did they marry?" I asked. I own I was puzzled. "What made them do it? I don't understand."

"What made 'em do it? Lord knows! Ask *me?* Why, did ye say, Mr. Crosby? 'Cause folks 'd 'a' sooner bet on the sky cavin' in."

"But will they keep it up? *Can* they? How do they act?" I continued. "What do the neighbors expect?"

"Expeck?" he retorted. "*Expeck?* There's where ye air, Mr. Crosby. That 's what 's onsettlin' the village. That 's jes the ornery part. Her with 'er talkin', an' him with 'is balkin'; think ye c'u'd see a clear case? Livin' as chipper there, ackin' as pesky! Cooin' like turkle-doves, nosin' like pet lambs, 'cause not a soul but expecked 't 'u'd be cats an' dogs! Cussedness—that 's why they done it! Pure, sheer cussedness!"

We emerged from the sumacs, and I saw before us, at the end of the bit of farmland, the house he had pointed out to me on my previous visit as his. The button-ball, as I remembered, shaded the dooryard, and the odor of late-blooming flowers strayed out through the pickets. But I laid my hand on his arm as I recognized the figure in the apron who leaned on the gate.

"Why? What?" I stammered; but Mr. Slatter forestalled me.

"Yaas," he said defiantly, from under the hat, "that 's Mrs. Lunger—her as wuz. She wants ye to mek over that there deed to *me*."

THE LITTLE DEAD CHILD.

BY JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

WHEN all but she were sleeping fast,
And the night was nearly fled,
The little dead child came up the stair
And stood by his mother's bed.

"Ah, God!" she cried, "the nights are three,
And yet I have not slept!"
The little dead child he sat him down,
And sank his head, and wept.

. . . . . .

"And is it thou, my little dead child,
Come in from out the storm?
Ah, lie thou back against my heart,
And I will keep thee warm!"

That is long ago, mother,
Long and long ago!
Shall I grow warm who lay three nights
Beneath the winter snow?

. . . . . .

"Hast thou not heard the old nurse weep?
She sings to us no more;
And thy brothers leave the broken toys
And whisper in the door."

That is far away, mother,
Far and far away!
Above my head the stone is white,
My hands forget to play.

. . . . . .

"What wilt thou then, my little dead child,
Since here thou may'st not lie?
Ah, me! that snow should be thy sheet,
And winds thy lullaby!"

Down within my grave, mother,
I heard, I know not how,

"Go up to God, thou little child,
Go up and meet him now!"

That is far to fare, mother,
Far and far to fare!
I come for thee to carry me
The way from here to there.

"Oh, hold thy peace, my little dead child,
My heart will break in me!
Thy way to God thou must go alone;
I may not carry thee!"

. . . . . .

The cock crew out the early dawn
Ere she could stay her moan;
She heard the cry of a little child
Upon his way alone.

THE "LARGER HOPE."

BY ELIZABETH PATON McGILVARY.

'T WAS all in vain.
Her heart was nigh to break, so great
Its need of speech, while none would come,
Save some brute utterance of the dumb,
Uncouth and inarticulate.
Yet not in vain,
Since thus her heart must needs o'erflow
To fill a little heart below,
Unborn, which chanced to neighbor it.

To her the gift of poesy
Was lost. But as the fragrant dower
Deep in the bosom of a flower
Is sweet spoil for some wandering bee,
So baby lips on bee-like quest
Found it in rosebuds at her breast,
With rose-sweet scent to savor it.

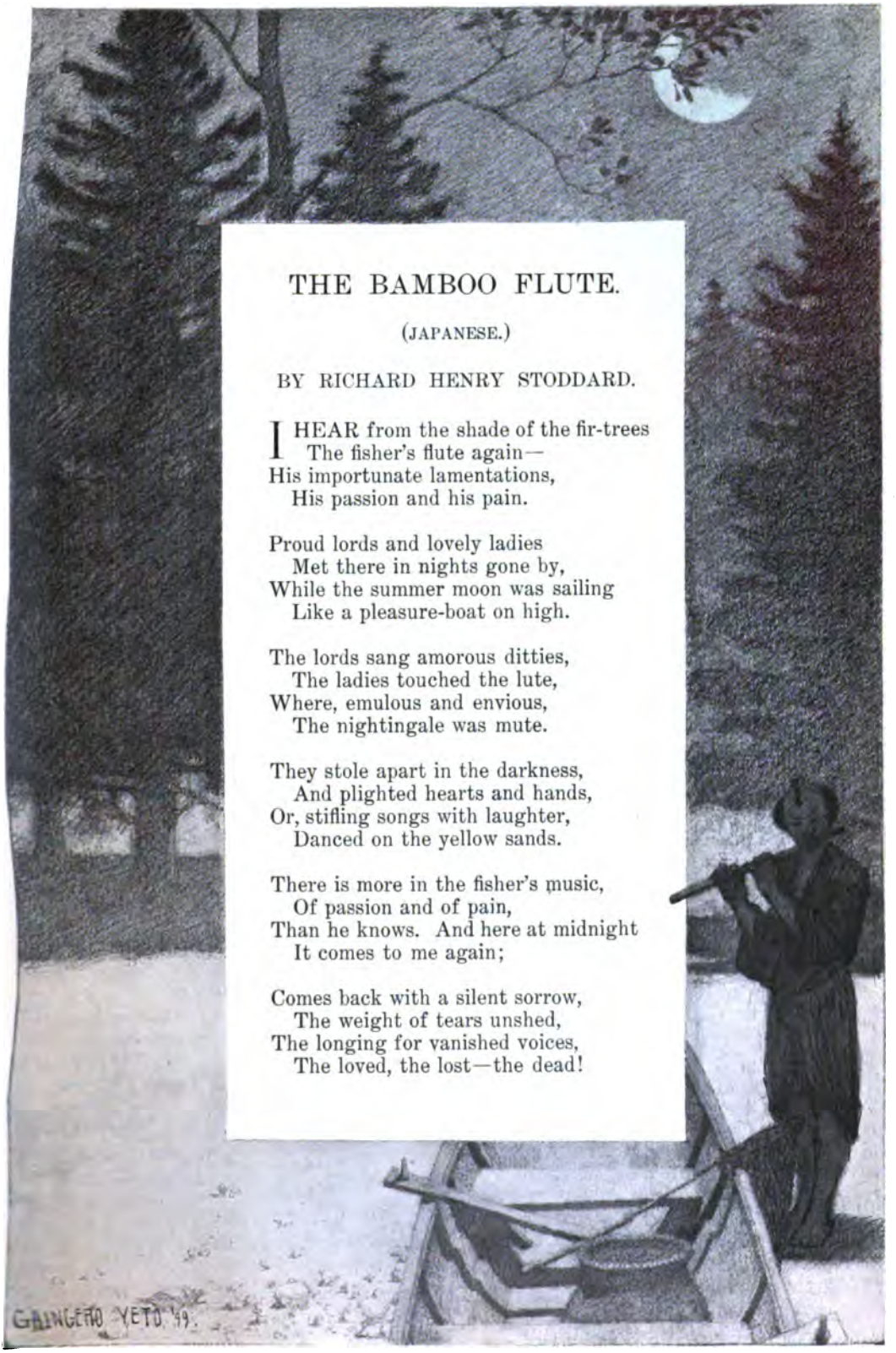
'T was all in vain,
That strain of genius in her soul.
Like lyre-strings taken from the lyre,
Mute, tuneless bits of tangled wire,
Her thoughts' fine threads without control.
Yet not in vain,
Since small hands caught each loose, bright string,
And wrought a harp with power to bring
The winds of heaven to play for it.

(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.)

THE "FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE" TUGGED TO HER LAST BERTH TO BE BROKEN UP. PAINTED BY J. M. W. TURNER.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



THE BAMBOO FLUTE.

(JAPANESE.)

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

I HEAR from the shade of the fir-trees
  The fisher's flute again—
His importunate lamentations,
  His passion and his pain.

Proud lords and lovely ladies
  Met there in nights gone by,
While the summer moon was sailing
  Like a pleasure-boat on high.

The lords sang amorous ditties,
  The ladies touched the lute,
Where, emulous and envious,
  The nightingale was mute.

They stole apart in the darkness,
  And plighted hearts and hands,
Or, stifling songs with laughter,
  Danced on the yellow sands.

There is more in the fisher's music,
  Of passion and of pain,
Than he knows. And here at midnight
  It comes to me again;

Comes back with a silent sorrow,
  The weight of tears unshed,
The longing for vanished voices,
  The loved, the lost—the dead!

ELIZA HEPBURN'S DELIVERANCE.

BY HENRY B. FULLER,
Author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

VI.

"I HAVE a niece," announced Eliza.

Agatha Mills set down her coffee-cup without a word. Oliver, who was passing the toast, stopped in the midst of his service, with his arm extended in mid-air.

"Yes," said Eliza, detaching still more definitely from the morning's yield of bills, postal cards, and newspapers a letter in a square envelop. "She sends me this."

Oliver recovered the use of his arm and set the dish down. Agatha still found no words, and only stared.

"She is poor brother George's child, it appears. I never knew he had a child. I never heard of his having married."

Agatha still stared. "Where does she write from?" she asked finally.

"From out beyond the Missouri. Poor George had mines or something, I make out."

"What is her name?"

"Maybelle. Maybelle Rutter Hepburn—so she signs herself. I presume Rutter was her mother's name."

"Maybelle!" groaned Agatha. Then, "Is she coming on?"

"It seems so. I gather, anyway, that it would n't need much urging to bring her."

Agatha took refuge in her coffee-cup. She did not know what to think nor what to say.

Some five or six weeks had passed since the purchase of Austin Chester's picture, and the irruption of Chester and Flagg into the dismal and sapless routine of Eliza Hepburn's existence. These weeks had made a vast change in the situation, and in Agatha Mills's position in the house. The introduction of new elements had challenged her easy dominance, and had compromised a future that she had come to look upon as fully assured. Youth had entered and made itself felt—was having its own way, in fact. "Where will it all end?" was Agatha's constant query. And, "Where shall *I* end?" would be her plaintive supplement.

Now a further influx of youth seemed imminent; change was to follow on change. How was the girl to be considered? As one danger the more, or as an aid in time of direst need? "Will my position here be finally ruined," asked Agatha of herself, "or shall I be able to play these elements off against each other, and to fight fire with fire?"

Agatha, in her state of incertitude, refrained from open comment. She favored Eliza with no opinions, but limited herself to such simple inquiries as she felt the situation actually demanded. The situation, in its earlier and simpler form, she had already discussed with John Dart.

If Agatha's state of feeling fell considerably short of panic, Dart's went far beyond the limits of annoyance, and serious annoyance, too. He had met the brace of young men more than once in Eliza's drawing-room, and could not bring himself to believe that either in their abilities or their personalities was there enough to justify Miss Hepburn in the wilful and freakish courses she had lately taken to. He held a cool, well-tempered view of the arts in general: they had their place, a secondary, subordinate one; and the artist, as such, he had never been able to fit satisfactorily into the general scheme of things that he had devised for his own use and guidance. Checks that tried his patience were beginning to find their way back from the bank to the office of the estate. Eliza was purchasing water-colors at fanciful prices, and was enriching the coffers of the makers of picture-frames. Eliza was arranging with publishers for the printing of nocturnes and ballades, and a voucher for several hundred dollars, that came drifting along one morning, made it plain that she had determined upon giving more publicity to Clement Flagg's "Fredegunde" than could be gained by the performance of morceaux from it in her drawing-room; a stage production being impracticable, they were compromising on the publication of the voice and piano score.

ALLEGRO CON BRIO.

Bills were rolling in, too, from the importers of foreign books and photographs, and though the amounts were small, they helped along the notion that Miss Hepburn was rapidly putting herself into a frame of mind where almost anything might be looked for.

"What are we going to do about it?" asked Agatha, catching at Dart in the front hall one evening, just as he was leaving. "They 're simply having their own way with her. You saw how the drawing-room looked? Clement Flagg has had the lambrequins and curtains taken down and the rugs carried away, so as to get a better effect for his precious playing. He composes ballades and *pensées* and things for her, and dedicates them to her, and plays them at her, and makes her cry, and stirs her all up. He 's got a real power over her, and just delights in exercising it. We had the piano-tuner here again only last week, and now she spends half her time picking out old airs with one finger, and the rest of the time she is studying Italian with Chester. He has the language at his tongue's end, and is going to improve her accent, it seems. And they speak it together all the time—or try to; even at table they talk over me and around me and across me, and I can't understand a single word. It 's all wrong; it 's all wrong."

"And you were all four at the opera last night, I believe?" said Dart, with gravity—the almost supernatural gravity with which a man of thirty may discuss the doings of men a few years his juniors. "At least the office boy was sent around for tickets."

"Yes; and we sat in a box—the first time I ever found myself in such a situation in my life. And Eliza—I wish you could have been there; I never saw anything like it in my life. I don't know how she came by the clothes she wore; she must have been getting things without letting me know about it. You 've never seen her but in black and brown and gray; you would n't have recognized her! And that white hair of hers, rolled up, sort of, over those black eyebrows; I 'm sure I can't think where she got the idea. And she wore one of those standing-up things in it; I don't know the name for them, but I 've seen them in the fashion papers. Well, she sat there, right at the front of the box, between those two boys, and looked tremendous. And both of them paying court to her in the eyes of the whole house! And she dropping her fan or mislaying her program as artlessly as a girl of twenty! We were a spectacle in ourselves; everybody stared. Eliza stared back. I had no idea she could be so stately, or could use a glass with such insolent composure. And those boys, with their attentions and their applause, finally drew the eyes of the people on the stage. Pretty soon the singers began to bow to Eliza. I never felt so conspicuous in my life. I just went to the back of the box. Then the curtain came down, and they began to talk about the Pagliano. Do you know what the Pagliano is?"

"No, I don't," said Dart, honestly.

"Then Chester told about a gala at the—the Pergola. Do you know what the Pergola is? *I* don't!"

"Some foreign theater, possibly."

"In the next act there was a great to-do. Out came the tenor again and again, and all of a sudden Eliza threw her bouquet on the stage. 'Eliza!' I gasped. 'Better late than never!' she returned. I saw how it was: she had been saving herself up for almost forty years, and those boys understood just how it was, and had set her imagination to work with their own imaginations, and—oh, what is to be done?"

Dart pondered. He felt that the dawning rivalry between the two young men would probably go further than the mere gratification of their own vanity by working on the susceptibilities of a lonely and inexperienced old woman. Eliza was rich as well as susceptible, and self-love might soon enough give way to self-interest. Those millions were there, ready, so far as either competitor knew, to fall into the hands of—nobody in particular. They had had their first nibblings from them; why should not the idea come presently of replacing nobody in particular by somebody in particular?

"Well," said Agatha, anxiously, as she held the pass of the outer door, "shall the girl come or not come?"

Dart pondered a moment. "I think she had better come." He himself would furnish the somebody in particular.

"Very well; she shall." Agatha scented her own defeat—or, at any rate, discomfiture—in either case; but if the girl could prove relationship there would at least be defeat with honor. "We will write her to-morrow."

VII.

MISS MAYBELLE HEPBURN came East a fortnight later. Eliza had considered her credentials and had accepted her as an authentic niece. "But she sha'n't call herself Maybelle. Mabel will do."

Miss Hepburn turned out to be a hearty young barbarian—sound, vigorous, good-

looking in a way, and about the age of twenty. She had lately emerged from mourning for her mother, and seemed inclined to put the past behind her, and to reach out with a firm hand after the good things of life. She had evidently been looked upon as a beauty in her own region, and appeared bent on exacting the homage that is beauty's due. Eliza soon saw that she was frank, affectionate, and disinterested. She had been accustomed to financial ups and downs; she was used to money, and she was used to the absence of money. "She is no self-seeker," said Eliza.

Mabel found her aunt's household in the full swing of its new artistic activities. The very first evening she was hurried off to a concert, where a small orchestra, provided by Eliza, performed the overture to "Fredegunde," and an entr'acte or two from the same work. "Fredegunde" had been composed, of course, during the pre-Italian period. It was very German in conception and execution; it was dry, technical, abstruse. It bristled with the erudition of a young man who had not yet had time to forget how he had learned to write. Mabel was bored; they caught her yawning. Even Eliza's chief satisfaction came from the feeling that she had at least shown her gratitude.

Mabel arrived in time to witness also the culmination of a series of portraits of her aunt, undertaken by Chester. The final crescendo was reached in a full-length of Eliza in her grand-opera *tenue;* the preceding portraits had been in water-color, and had shown Eliza before a number of romantic backgrounds of her own choosing. It all began with Eliza's looking through one of Chester's sketch-books. "Ha!" she exclaimed; "Palermo! I have always wanted to be taken on the terrace above the Marina, with Monte Pellegrino behind me like a big blue tent, and all the shipping of the harbor in between!"

"You shall be there within twenty-four hours," promised Chester.

"I was a very handsome girl in my Sicilian days," declared Eliza, with a wistful boldness, as she eyed the sketch; "but I don't suppose we can turn back the hands of the clock, can we?"

"What need to?" asked Chester, who fully appreciated the value of Eliza as a subject.

They did not stop with Palermo. Eliza appeared—in her black dress and her white hair—as the central figure in a "Battle of Flowers" at Nice; in a sumptuous gondola at an evening fête on the Grand Canal at Venice, the rain having deprived her of this forty years before; and also among the ruins of the temples at Selinunte, from which excursion rumors of brigandage had deterred her in the same old days. Chester put his high artistic principles in his pocket; he trimmed a little, compromised a little, "fudged" and juggled a little, and felt himself justified in doing so.

The portrait in oil followed. It made Eliza a magnificent old lady, as indeed she was, and she made the painter a magnificent acknowledgment of his sympathy and skill, as she could easily afford to do. The canvas was put on exhibition the day before Mabel arrived, and it served to give the girl her second impression—following the concert. Mabel thought her aunt showed forth as a tremendously fine old personage, but betrayed not the slightest apprehension of the artistic qualities of the work. However, confident of her own good looks, she asked Chester to do her portrait, too, and this brusque demand he was fain to construe as a compliment.

"What do you think of her?" he asked Flagg, upon their parting from Mabel at the gallery.

"I 'm afraid she is another of them."

"Another what?"

"Another Philistine. Dart 's one—passively. Miss Mills is another—actively. And I expect to find Miss Mabel a third—aggressively. Thank Heaven, we are here to deliver poor old Miss Eliza from such a band!"

The whole boarding-house knew that Clement Flagg had dedicated "Fredegunde" to Miss Hepburn,—there was a copy of the score on the public piano,—and the whole boarding-house, knowing Chester for a friend of Flagg's, had gone in a body to see the portrait on a free Sunday.

"Well, of all the outrageously flattering things!" exclaimed the type-writer of the party, shrugging her shoulders.

But the young woman was wrong. The costume, surely, was authentic, and the color no less so; for Eliza, by some miracle, had kept her complexion, just as her fine old piano, by another, had kept its timbre. Nor did this unfriendly critic realize another thing, that Eliza, after a hiatus of more than a generation, had resumed life just where she had dropped it—in an opera-box. For it was in the box at the Pagliano that she and young Julian had parted. A good many people had envied him as he leaned over her from behind, but Eliza had pitied him as he went out. She recalled him after

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all these years: hopeful, handsome, promising, and divided—he always remained so—between music and art. And now, at last, her imagination, under the spur of the youth and hope and promise that surrounded her, was ready to work upon him and upon her younger self. He was no longer living; he died old and worn and disappointed, the failure that she had secretly felt he must of necessity be: but she could not realize him as gone. They might still stroll again round the great fountain-basin of the Cascine; they might still loiter once more above the parapet of Bellosguardo. He lived yet; he passed her fan, he held her glass, he sketched her portrait, he wrote her songs. "I am young still, and as handsome as ever," said Eliza, "and people shall see me at my best." So the portrait of the "rich old Miss Hepburn" was set before the public eye, and made its impression.

"Neck and neck," observed one of the stock-broker's clerks to Flagg at Monday morning's breakfast. "Don't let the other man get ahead of you."

Flagg nodded back with a careless smile, but he was inwardly offended, and felt that Chester, at such a speech, would have been offended still more. Neither of them, certainly, would have confessed to himself that his attentions to Eliza Hepburn had the flavor of ulterior expectations; but both of them seemed presently prompted by an instinctive feeling that if attentions were to go beyond a certain mark it were well to address them to the niece rather than to the aunt. Better, after all, to reach the elder lady by a sort of secondary impact; Mabel, at the worst, would act as a buffer.

They resolved, therefore, not to be too hasty in condemning her as a Philistine. Surely such a bounding young beauty might have much to say in her own behalf. However, Mabel went on declaring herself with a clearness more and more unmistakable; her likes and her dislikes, her traits and her limitations, became plainer with every passing day. Music, painting, and sculpture in their higher forms she utterly rejected; literature she pitched out of doors, neck and crop. Dancing she accepted gladly, and Eliza's drawing-room rang with her two-steps and waltzes. The more tawdry manifestations of the drama alone found favor in her eyes, and she had a special leaning toward the skirt-dancers and acrobatic clowns of vaudeville. She shopped voraciously. She rushed to horse shows and to golf-courses; she climbed crazily on stage-coaches, and pushed abroad her inquiries after saddle-horses. She gravitated, and willingly enough, into the hands of John Dart. He had her indifference for the arts and her fondness for out-of-door sports. They went off together to golf-links, and rode together in the parks, and attended farce comedies at this theater and that.

"You 're worth the two of them together, a dozen times over," she told Dart one day.

"Thank you," replied Dart, with grave self-composure.

Flagg and Chester, for their part, looked upon Mabel as brutally disdainful of the best things of civilization, and as shamefully ignorant of the ways in which civilization had come about.

"Poor child!" said Flagg; "she does n't know the road that brought her here. She has no idea of the labor involved for those who built it."

And both resolved, each one to himself, to redouble his efforts against the quiet but steady advances of that stiff and sapless prig, John Dart.

VIII.

THE course of events soon favored them. The series of autumnal diversions that Dart was offering Mabel Hepburn presently came to an abrupt end. The mails brought letters to the office of the estate; Dart, in turn, brought them to the house, and consultations followed in the somber old library—consultations during which Eliza would knit her fine black brows in perplexity, and snap her finger-nails against each other from pure nervousness and apprehension, while Dart would assure her in his low, grave voice that she was unnecessarily perturbed, and that everything would easily come right in the end. Then he had packed his valise and had gone off on a ten days' trip, to run up a little charge of railroad fares, hotel bills, and court costs for the estate to foot. Mabel was left to strum her two-steps on the piano, and to beat pensive tattoos upon the front window-panes, as she wondered if the postman, on his next round, would do anything for her.

Eliza ignored the tattoos, but she gave full welcome to the glad rush of the two-step. The barbaric tramplings of this child of nature pleased her rather than otherwise; it was youth that she and her house wanted more than all else, and she was disposed to let it have its fling, unmindful, for the present, of the finer issues. "We shall trim her down in due time," thought Eliza.

Meanwhile Flagg and Chester stepped in

to hasten the process. Both were far behind Dart in command of social opportunities and of the coin of the realm. Neither was able, even through the offices of fortunate and kindly acquaintances, to rumble with Mabel through the crowded town to the discordant trumpetings of noisy grooms, or to lounge by her side in a red coat over gashed and excoriated meadows. There was little within the reach of these unknown and humble youths, save the theater, the picture-gallery, and the exercise of their respective arts.

But Mabel still looked upon them with more of curiosity than of esteem. Nor did their works fully commend themselves in her eyes. She made unpleasant comparisons between Chester's Calabrian sketches and certain gaudy buttes in Montana. She followed Flagg's musical versions from Tennyson as long as she might mark time with her foot; that point once passed, she would remove the volume from the piano-rack and refuse further attention.

"Shall I put my pride in my pocket?" thought the one youth.

"Must I lapse away from my principles?" thought the other.

Chester fell to the mere level of pen-and-ink caricature—to little avail, since he had no gift for satire, and Mabel small sense of humor. Flagg, who had thrown over his German training, traditions, and repertoire to delight Eliza with Donizetti, sank still lower. He began to grovel among the "popular songs of the day"—the mudsills of music—to please her niece. More, he parodied his idols—Bach, Händel, Mozart; but Mabel was not well informed enough to appreciate these humors, and they ceased.

"The arts and crafts must retire," declared Chester.

"And the pomps and vanities take their place," supplemented Flagg.

So Mabel, with no close scrutiny of the motives involved, was invited to the chrysanthemum show.

Flagg, who called for her, found her beating her tattoo upon the window-pane. As he came in she slipped a letter back into its envelop, and hastily thrust both into her pocket. The letter was from Dart—not the first from him, nor destined to be the last.

"Hope I 'm not late," said Flagg. "I should n't like to keep Chester waiting there."

"I don't believe you 're late. What time is it, anyway?" Mabel glanced at the clock. Time had been standing still with her for the last quarter of an hour.

They passed out into the street and told off a block or two.

"Here 's where we turn," declared Flagg, at a corner.

"Do we? Which way?"

"To the right, for the flower show. To the left, for a bigger and better one."

"A bigger and better one? Where is it?"

"In the park itself—the autumn foliage, the blue dome of heaven, and the fall hats."

"That sounds very well," said Mabel. "The air 's nice, is n't it? Good day for walking."

"We might stroll about a little first. Still, there 's poor Chester waiting just inside, by the catalogue-girl's desk."

"Perhaps he could talk to her for a while. Think he would?"

"I 'm afraid not; I know he would n't."

"So do I. He 's too quiet and serious. Very nice fellow, though; I 've quite come to like him."

"Well, shall we make it the park?" asked Flagg.

"Suppose we do," assented Mabel. She inflated her tan-colored jacket with a deep breath. "Just the afternoon for a walk."

"Chester will think me an out-and-out traitor," hesitated Flagg, turning to the left.

"Oh, *that* will be all right," said Mabel, serenely. "Don't feel uneasy," she added, falling in with his step.

"*You* don't think it 's an unfair advantage?"

"Not a bit," declared Mabel, plumply. "It won't make the—the slightest difference."

"I like that."

"You would n't have me making both of you uncomfortable?"

"Uncertainty is uncomfortable," said Flagg, darkly.

"So it is. Poor Austin Chester! But it won't last long."

Flagg lashed a passing lamp-post with his stick. "It would n't if the public recognized one's gifts. One may wait and wait, and—"

"Why wait? Take a step. Compel them to recognize you."

"Compel people to be pleased?"

"Why want to please, anyway? Serve. Be useful. Don't beg a reward. Earn it; exact it!"

"Don't be the strolling player on the king's highway, you would say; be the highwayman himself."

"Yes. Hold them up. Don't beg of them; go through them!"

"You don't understand the artist!"

"But I have a good eye for a man. I know one the minute I see him."

"You 've been seeing one lately?"

"I think so—thanks to Aunt Eliza."

"No highwayman, I hope?"

"Not at all," returned Mabel, emphatically. "Anyway, not one that will ever hurt *her*."

"You have her assurance?"

"Yes, I have. Aunt Eliza and I understand each other very well."

Flagg considered. "You are a lucky girl," he said at last.

"I 'm beginning to think so."

"Only beginning?"

"Well, I can keep it up—I can go on with it."

"There will be other things to thank your stars for, then?"

"I hope so; I expect so."

They clicked over the flags of another crossing.

"Well, there 's the park, just ahead," the young man observed. "Shall we go on for the fall foliage and the fall hats, or—"

"Or back for the chrysanthemums? That would be fairer."

"You mean to hold the even scale?"

"Why not?"

"You are conscientious."

"I hope so. Aunt Eliza does n't think any differently. Come, let 's turn back; we must n't keep that poor boy waiting."

"And fortunate, too."

"Well, we have our ups and downs. Take them as they come. Rather a nice thing to be up to stay there."

"Yes; to have your bread cut and buttered for all time."

"Um—h'm; and to have somebody to put away the crusts and brush up the crumbs and look after the crockery. Nothing like a good butler. Only think of Oliver. Does he keep the accounts, too, in some little book or other?"

"Miss Mills does that."

"Miss Mills," repeated Mabel, with a grimace. "She does n't quite like me. But never mind; housekeepers are easily come by. A nice, good office man and cashier is rarer," she went on, audaciously playing with her idea. "Only, you can't keep accounts with a paint-brush, nor on sheets of music-paper. Now, can you?"

"I presume not," said Flagg, much piqued.

"You set him down at his desk with his books and his pen and ink," the girl resumed, "and up he shoots before your very eyes: steward, agent, general manager, interest in the business, full partner, and, to finish with, Boss—with a big B."

"You don't want a—a boss, do you?"

"Yes, I do. I need one, don't I?"

"Perhaps you do."

"Well, I 've got one in mind. It must be somebody who is rather quiet, but very firm. He will say, in a low tone, 'Mabel, drop it!' and Mabel will drop it—quick. Or, 'Mabel, come running!' and Mabel will come running—as fast as ever she can. Of course she would n't come running for everybody—not for you, to make an instance. Well," pointing to a florid façade a few hundred feet down the street, "is that your flower show—traitor?"

"Um," replied Flagg, sulkily.

"He won't be there now; but we can say we looked for him."

Chester was not there, nor did he appear until the following Sunday, when he came in for tea. Sunday evening tea was now a fixed feast, at which each member of the little circle was expected to be present. Dart was the only absentee, and the restlessness both of Eliza and of her niece indicated that though out of sight he was not out of mind. As they rose from the table the door-bell rang, and his voice was heard in the hall.

Eliza rushed out to him in some trepidation.

"Is it all right—is everything settled?"

"Why, yes, of course. What was there to worry about?"

"Oh, John, how good you are! How well you are looking after us!" She called him John for the first time.

"What else am I for?" he asked composedly.

Mabel followed her aunt out into the hall, and remained there a few moments after Eliza's return to the drawing-room. She came back with Dart; she was openly very happy, and perfectly self-possessed withal.

Eliza sidled up to Mabel, and repeated her inquiry in a whisper.

"Is it all right—is everything settled?"

Mabel gave her answer with all the precision of a countersign.

"Why, yes, of course. What was there to worry about?"

For the next half-hour Eliza beamed and nodded and fluttered and whispered. She felt herself in the heart of a veritable romance, and found it hard to keep still. Flagg and Chester looked at her in some curiosity; Agatha Mills, none too content, glowered from the shadow of the big lampshade.

"Let me tell them!" cried Eliza at last.

"Certainly," said Mabel.

"Why so much haste?" mumbled Dart, who never asked for a general sympathetic participation in his affairs.

"Let me," insisted Eliza. "Listen, everybody. John and Mabel are going to be married, and they are going abroad on their wedding-trip, and they are going to let me go with them! We sail for Genoa in a month."

IX.

"I 'M afraid that 's the last bell," said Dart. He leaned on the port rail close beside his wife, and slightly apart from Eliza and the two young men. Agatha Mills, casting back a Parthian glance at the treacherous Dart, had left the ship a few moments before, with Oliver, who had put her into a cab and started her back to the house, where she was to have the consolation of holding sway, with no further infraction of the *status quo*, until the return of Eliza in the spring. Dart had addressed his observation to Chester and Flagg, and appeared quite willing that they should follow Agatha ashore without the further loss of a second.

But Eliza detained them at the head of the gang-plank, and let escaping landsmen jar and jostle as they would. The mild sunshine of an early December afternoon illumined the deck; but Eliza, burning with her own enthusiasm, irradiated a glow that paled the half-hearted sun completely. The corona of expectancy hovered above her head; Italy was visibly beckoning and welcoming a returning child. The old woman's being sang like a harp; airs from Posilipo and Val d'Arno were already playing upon her; and in her eye there shone the recurring possibility of an extravagance that were better given rein abroad than at home. Dart stood at her side, a grave angel of guardianship and restraint. Mabel, with her hand on his arm, was radiantly happy, as became a two days' bride—not over Italy, which meant no more than any other new land, but over the prospect of change and excitement experienced *à deux*. But Eliza was more than happy, she was triumphant; her lamp was trimmed and burning, and she awaited with impatience the glad cry of the parable, aware that the oil held on high within her shining vessel was plentiful and pure.

"And now, my dear boys, good-by! I owe this entirely to you. Write to me; I shall write to you both. And come to see me as soon as I get back."

Eliza shifted a big bunch of red roses from one hand to the other, and gave each of the young men a hearty shake. These flowers had originally been in two bunches, just alike; but Eliza had unconsciously merged them into one. Flagg had noticed this, and had shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," he said to his companion, as they stood on the pier and watched the steamer swing out into the stream, "am I I? Are you you? Are we distinct beings? No; she has fused us just as she mingled our flowers—you noticed? And she is going to write, not to each of us, but to 'both' of us. We shall hear from her on the same sheet of paper; she will put 'both' of our names on one envelop. I don't understand it; I don't like it."

"I am glad she is gone," said Chester, thoughtfully. "It is an escape for both of us. There were days when I felt the strain. I was—I was jealous when you were giving that concert."

"And I suffered while you were painting that portrait."

"Perhaps our principles were beginning to suffer, too. How about that chrysanthemum afternoon?—never fully accounted for," insinuated Chester.

"Never mind; it matters nothing now," rejoined Flagg.

"We have both abased ourselves, and uselessly," pursued the other. "I shall go in for a strict course of *plein air;* I shall leave Tyrrhenian fantasias alone."

"And I shall return to the Germans, where I belong; I shall forswear even Boito and Giordano."

"She will be happy over there?" asked Chester, in a tone of speculation.

"She has my best wishes," conceded Flagg. "She may certainly be busy enough," he added.

"Busy?"

"Yes. With Europe to aid her, she might try to civilize Mabel and to humanize Dart."

Chester ignored this bitter speech. He looked after the wake of the receding steamer and the black plume of smoke that was beginning to streak the sky.

"Well, there she goes—she whom we were to deliver out of the hands of the Philistines."

"Ha!" said Flagg, turning on his heel; "and, after all, it is the Philistines who have come along and delivered her out of the hands of the Elect!"

THE END.

DR. NORTH AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL,
Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Characteristics" etc.

I.

EARLY in the summer, five years after my marriage with Alice Leigh, my friend Clayborne moved into the country. This step surprised all of our little circle. He had said nothing about it, and on our return from our holiday we learned, for the first time, of this amazing change. I say amazing, because the great scholar liked company of his own choosing, and the move thus made was sure to deprive him of the occasional visits of many whom he was well pleased to see. He explained his action by the statement that he desired to have more leisure to complete his work on the Mohammedan sects, which was now nearing a conclusion. We, his friends, were not well pleased to have this familiar resort so far removed, nor were we quite satisfied with his reasons for this radical alteration in his mode of life.

He had in the past lacked neither will nor way to secure to himself the solitude in which thought matures. When he had been of a mind to be alone we respected the least hint of such intention, and none of us, except St. Clair, ventured to intrude. As to this indulged favorite, Clayborne said grimly, "One cannot make laws for kittens."

We of course discussed among ourselves this change of residence, which seemed to us to involve so much, but soon ceased to criticize, being sure that our friend must, as usual, have competent reasons for so great an alteration in his mode of life. Moreover, we were not given to that excess of gossip about friends or relatives which is common. Vincent especially disliked such debates. We decided that, at all events, Clayborne's change of home must not be allowed to lessen the freedom of relation which had come to mean so much for all concerned. And yet as some of us were very busy people, Clayborne's move did at times render inconvenient the claim he never ceased to make on the men and women who were dear to him.

St. Clair had just before this time returned from wandering in the East Indies. Nothing unusual in the lives of men surprised him. He laughed when he heard of Clayborne's change of residence, and said it was well, and that perhaps now he would learn to tell a pine from a hemlock; and did Mrs. Vincent know why he had chosen the country, for which he had a frequently declared want of taste?

Mrs. Vincent shook her head at this, and declined to express an opinion. She knew no more than we, but had a well-understood weakness as to being supposed to know more of Clayborne than the rest of us. This was at times a source of annoyance to my wife. Vincent thought that the scholar had been wise, and that all men when growing old should escape from cities, because age is irritable, and some limitation of human contact becomes therefore desirable. As Clayborne liked nothing better than a bitter feud with other scholars, and, failing this, a tangled lawsuit, the explanation did not seem to me to assist our quest after reasonably explanatory motives.

When I told Mrs. Vincent that Clayborne had bought his new home two years before he moved into it, she remarked, with an air of gentle dejection: "And he never told me. Did he tell Alice?" This was my wife. Fortunately I was able to say "No," and that he had altered the house and had the garden put in order nearly a year ago. "And never mentioned it?"

"No; certainly not to me. He may have told Fred Vincent; as his counsel, he may very likely have done so."

"I shall ask him why he was so mysterious," said she, decisively. I was very sure that she would do nothing of the kind.

We ourselves had returned to the city early in the autumn. Clayborne called at once, and then it was that, for the first time, we learned of the new home, for, as I have said, he had been silent as to the matter, and, I fancy, rather enjoyed the completeness of our surprise. He bade us to come out any afternoon and see his house. We must arrange to come with the Vincents, he added, and with no more words he left us.

"I did want to ask him so many questions," said my wife.

We drove to Holmwood of a delightful afternoon, into a neighborhood somewhat unfamiliar to me at least. As we reached the house Clayborne was in the act of mounting for his daily ride. He turned back much pleased, and with the eager joy of a child showed us over the house and garden, loading Mrs. Vincent and my wife with autumn flowers. The drawing-room was still without furniture. Mrs. Vincent was to furnish it, he told her. A wise arrangement; her taste was perfect. My wife said: "How delightful, Anne! We must talk it over together." "Certainly, dear"; but I, who am sometimes wise, knew this talk would never occur, or, if it did, would never have materially influential results.

These two women loved each other sincerely, but were inclined to feed, with fractional opportunities, the reserve of half-concealed jealousy they felt as to Clayborne. At one time, years before, Mrs. Vincent did not like him, then she endured him, and at last was conquered by his honest qualities and his devotion to Frederick Vincent. My wife had always liked him.

We remained an hour, and as we were leaving Clayborne insisted that we should dine with him every Saturday, or at least while the autumn weather made the little journey agreeable. To this we willingly assented. "I have some queer people to show you by and by," he said; "some of my neighbors and others. You have always wanted a round table; now, my dear ladies, I have one."

We had a glad welcome at that first dinner. He was particular about his diet, and had the peculiarity of giving but one wine during the dinner. It might be a Burgundy, a claret, or a vintage champagne, but we were given no other until, after our good old fashion, the cloth was removed and the decanters of Madeira were set on the well-rubbed mahogany table. Vincent and I had often remonstrated with our friend on this disregard of the tastes of his guests. He replied that the Jews had the sense not to mix wines when they drank. Vincent remarked that a too generous use of texts would probably leave us neither drink nor diet, and certainly would forbid champagne. We did not change Clayborne's ways, and he continued, I do not know why, to limit us to the one wine he that day fancied. At table he talked very little, but knew well how to keep going the talk of others. Now and then he could be teased into strenuous gusts of talk, though rarely into the merry give and take of lighter chat. When by good luck in this more companionable mood he was the best table-comrade I ever knew, although since then I have sat beside Lowell and George Meredith, and dined often with one great bishop, who, when at his best, was a brilliant companion.

But it was after dining, when we had wandered into the great library, that Clayborne was most happy. It had long been understood that Anne Vincent and my wife should share with us the pleasant privilege of this easy digestive hour. Here in the great book-lined room we chatted in groups, or were free to wander in this home of learning, to look at the latest additions, or to comment on the last new water-color left on the table for St. Clair's stringent criticisms. Soon or late we were sure to settle down about the blazing hickory logs. The coffee and liqueurs were left on a side-table, pipe or cigar was lighted, and we talked or were silent, as suited the after-dinner mood of each.

I had been respectfully and temperately amused during this first dinner by a slight discussion which arose as to the furnishing of the drawing-room, confided to Anne Vincent's taste. Clayborne had himself some indistinct appreciation of the fact that he was looked upon as the legitimate prey of two unusual women. He liked it. He had always been happy in friendship and luckless in love, and this I believe to be common. In middle age he began, as St. Clair once said, to collect a variety of friendships, and gave up all effort to find a domestic partner. His two women friends constantly advised marriage; but, as Vincent said, this advice was given for self-justification alone, and meant nothing. In fact, although, as I have observed, Mrs. Vincent and my wife were jealous of each other, they were ready, with childlike absence of self-analysis, to unite forces against any other woman who seemed desirous of sharing in the task of looking after Clayborne's comfort. Men are rarely jealous as to their friends; women are often thus when the friends are men, and sometimes when they are women: but this latter is a vice of youth. I am not sure that to be capable of controlled jealousy is not a needful qualification for both love and friendship.

As we came out from dinner Vincent and his wife and I settled down with our host near to the fire; St. Clair and Mrs. North wandered about the room. She had come hither by an earlier train, and had busied herself in decorating the library with great branches of gloriously tinted maple and oak. At the hearth-side there was silence awhile,

for here we felt free to say nothing when we were so disposed.

St. Clair said to my wife: "Why do you bring all this autumn splendor out of the woods to shrivel in a hot room?"

"Why not?" she asked.

"Why not? It was alive on its slow, beautiful, changeful way to nature's death."

My wife never quite admitted the honesty of some of St. Clair's fancies. "Why," said she, "do you air these affectations before us who know you? Now, is it not pure affectation?"

"I thank the affectations of life that I know at least one woman who never allows a flower to be cut in her garden."

"And who is she?"

"As if I would tell you! The next thing would be her conversion to brutal common—very, very common—sense. A word of surprise would—well, would change her."

"Then she must be rather weak. I am sorry that any woman should be so foolish."

"Thank God for the fools!" he returned. "What were life without them? There is no promise of wisdom in another world. That is a comfort. There will, I trust, be a few fool-angels. No, as I live, I am never affected. I am impulsive, excessive; I represent in extremes what I am sure you feel, must feel. The next time you cut a great lily, think, think! Do you like to see a noble tree fall, ruined by the ax? It gives you a pang. Oh, it does!"

"Yes, it does."

"Well, what of the lily? All deaths are horrible to me. I never got over the scene in that hospital with North. He said death was common. So said *Hamlet's* stepfather, but I doubt if that comforted the melancholy prince, or any heart before or since. No one really believes in death; I do not. I suppose you think that nonsense."

"I do. But as to the oak. It is centuries old, all manner of romance surrounds its life. If I were a poet I could—oh, how hard to be unable to answer fitly!"

"Then let me help, and answer, too, for oak and lily. No, it is not my verse.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauty see;
And in short measures life may perfect be."

"You have no right to call in other folks to help you to say things; and yet the verse was worth while. Thank you. It is not unfamiliar. I forgive and believe you. But as you are an avowed vegetarian since you came home, what of—say the cabbages cut for dinner?"

"Oh, they are ugly."

"So is Clayborne," she said, pointing with her fan. He was of a grand, nobly rugged type of ugliness. "Would that make it a less crime to do for him as some of his critics would desire?"

"I hate argument," he replied.

"But this is illustration."

"Oh, I hate illustration. Did you see the new edition of my book of poems? The illustrations were—I always see the illustrations now. They have killed my ideal people in the drama, and set in their place lay figures. Illustrations never illustrate."

As Clayborne and Vincent at the fireside were smoking in entire silence, I carried my cigar across the library, to where my wife's laughter called me.

"A laugh is always a riddle," I said. "What is amusing you, Alice?"

"We were discussing illustrations. But I was just now laughing at the way Mr. St. Clair wriggled out of an absurd proposition. On the whole I agree with him in his dislike of the illustrations in well-known books, and yet," she added, turning to him, "there is something more to be said. Remember how the great masters have illustrated the Bible stories. When I think of the Virgin it is the tender figure of Del Sarto's 'Annunciation' I see. And then there is the Christ of the Brera, Da Vinci's. That does help one to realize the Christus. I think—I am sure that face has done much good, has helped many. I saw once a grave, middle-aged officer stand long before that picture. He walked away in tears."

"You are right," returned St. Clair; "but oil-paintings are not in my sense illustrations. I might urge also the fact that even the great artists have sometimes hurt, rather than helped, our appreciation of some of the most beautiful of the Bible stories. Ideals are tender things; one has to be careful. But we were really talking of the books of to-day. As to helpful illustration of the Bible, no modern man seems to be competent. These fables you good people so lightly accept—"

"Stop, please," said my wife; "you know our agreement. You are on forbidden ground."

"I step off it," he said gently. "Pardon the trespasser."

"Thank you; but tell me, was it that the great painters honestly believed with a faith unmatched to-day?"

"No; they were a most dissolute lot, those old fellows; some had no more belief than Filippo Lippi. They painted for priest, pope, or prince, to order, and were paid, as I was for my last book or statue."

My wife paused in thought for a moment, and said: "Work is none the worse because men pay for it. But it was not money which gave them something the world has missed ever since. You say they had no faith, or at least that some of the greatest had no more than has many an artist to-day. Why, then, were they so great?"

"I will tell you," he replied. "It was because they were both poets and artists. Certainly the greatest were poets. Who is this to-day? What artist—Rossetti; yes. But who else? Who else writes poetry? These men did: Da Vinci, Raphael, and Michael the Archangel, who was the Milton of painters. I do not say a deep faith would not have gone for something. No doubt some of them had it at times; but now art has neither faith nor poetry, and imagination in art is dead—dead."

"And yet two years ago you saw the future of all art in the Church of Rome. You meant to become a monk. You tried it."

"I did, for three weeks. They were dirty. I left."

"Three weeks was pretty long. You are like a bird. Every bough is good for a while; then the wind swings it and away you go."

St. Clair tossed up his hands in mirthful protest. "Alas for the limitations of friendship! Let us join those by the fire. The room is cold, and we are on the way to a minor quarrel. Only my sweet temper saved us. How is the girl?"

"She is four years old to-day. You have not seen her for a week, and I told you then of her birthday. Will you kindly explain that, sir?" When at home he rarely passed a day without seeing the child.

"I was very busy," he said; "my best workman got himself married; I was busy."

"Ah, my dear Mr. St. Clair," cried the indignant mother, "your life is punctuated with excuses!"

"How cruel you are! I shall come to-morrow. I have two Indian dolls for the maid, and a Tibet shawl for you. Only don't abuse me. What is Mrs. Vincent saying?"

"You are a delightful man," said my wife. "I always accept practical excuses. Let us go and hear Anne Vincent. I think she must be rousing Mr. Clayborne; I have not heard his voice this half-hour."

We went across the room and found places at the fireside. Mrs. Vincent had, as we learned, just announced a Frenchwoman's dictum as to conversation. She said: "I saw in a very unpleasant book yesterday what a Frenchwoman said of conversation; she thought there would be only silence if gossip, scandal, the fatuous and commonplace were left out of social talk."

"She was right," said Clayborne, through a cloud of smoke.

"Let us accept her proposition," said Vincent, "and talk scandal, gossip, and commonplace, and fine any one a dollar who says any intelligent thing."

"But," said Mrs. Vincent, "I forbid gossip."

"And I scandal," cried my wife.

"Then," laughed St. Clair, "we are reduced to the commonplace—"

"And fatuous," I added.

"Well, begin, one of you. It should be easy," smiled Clayborne.

There was a long silence.

"Commonplaces seem to exact a good deal of thinking," laughed Mrs. Vincent.

"No," said Clayborne; "they imply absence of thought. And we fail because we are all thinking, which is quite uncommon."

"One dollar gone," cried I. "Try it again."

The poet said, with the tone of one conducting a party of tourists: "The Venus of Milo is universally acknowledged to be the most beautiful of statues."

"Stuff!" said Clayborne; "it is not Venus, and the Japanese consider it a quite brutal type."

"Pay up," said St. Clair, overjoyed.

"There is no such thing as universally indubitable commonplace," said my wife; "it is a question of time and people. You had best begin by defining it."

"It does not exist as a noun in the old dictionaries. 'To commonplace is to reduce to general heads,' says Johnson. The trite, stale, and hackneyed is a more modern definition," said Clayborne. "We seem to be sadly incompetent. Commonplace—well, that is something any one can say and any one can understand. There is Tupper, a forgotten name, and Walt Whitman; my second definition covers their trash."

"Ah, now," cried St. Clair, "my good old poet Walt!"

Clayborne sat up alert. "He was neither

poet nor—confound our tongue! I want to revive an old word—nor proser. He was so vain that he had no power of self-criticism. No man is great who has lost power to be self-critical. I asked him once if he thought Shakspere as great a poet as he himself. He said he had often considered that question, and had never been able to make up his mind."

"Oh, but he was jesting," said Mrs. Vincent.

"No, not at all," said I. "I too knew him well. He was matchless in his vanity. He had the courage of his vanity. Very few strong people are fearless enough to tell you their honest self-estimate. The poets have been decently shy about that. One would like to know where Wordsworth and Shelley ranked themselves in the peerage of genius."

"Tell us more about Walt Whitman," said Mrs. Vincent. "He must have been anything but commonplace."

"I will tell you something," said I. "He consulted a physician, a friend of mine, some time ago. When about to leave, well pleased with advice to live out of doors and to take no physic, he asked what he was to give as a fee. The doctor said: 'The debt was paid long ago; it is you who are still the creditor.' Walt rose up, with his great head like that of the Capitoline Jove, and saying, 'Thank you; good morning,' went out of the room as a stout lady entered. A moment later he reappeared, without knocking, set two large hands on the table opposite to the doctor, and said, 'That, sir, I call poetry!'"

"How pretty!" cried Mrs. Vincent. "But what did the stout lady say?"

"I asked that very question. She said, when Walt had gone, 'Is the gentleman insane?' The doctor said 'Yes'; as he was a poet he was of course cracked at times, and that his name was Walt Whitman. The stout lady was the head of a school. She declared that although his books were not for young ladies, she wished she had known his name in time to ask for an autograph. The doctor consoled her with a note of Walt Whitman's."

"Do they still bother you for autographs, Clayborne?" said Vincent.

"Yes, now and then. I use the stamps, and tear up their letters."

"And never answer them?" said my wife. "Never?"

"Yes, I did once. A persistent young woman wrote to me three times, and in a rage I answered her at last. I wrote:

What can a wise man do but laugh
At fools who ask an autograph?

That is the only poetry I ever wrote."

"But she got what she asked for?" said St. Clair.

"No," growled Clayborne; "my secretary wrote it."

"I consider that cruel," said my wife.

"Unkind, she said it was, and then declared, to my surprise, that she was a far-away New England cousin, and that I might have been contented to make no reply, and that she would trouble me no more."

"This being her fourth letter," said I.

"Yes. I suppose that if you were written to once a week as to something you had no mind to do, at some time the request would find you in the mood to say yes."

"That," said I, "is the principle of fly-fishing, of making love, and of advertising."

"And of success in life," said Vincent. "Persevere and change your fly."

"She persevered," said Clayborne.

"And," said Mrs. Vincent, "she found, poor thing, that it was a wicked shark, and not a well-mannered salmon."

"But after? What came next?" said my wife, smiling.

"Nothing, I am sure," returned Anne Vincent. "What should or could come, my dear child?"

"A dozen six-button gloves to one that it did not end there."

"I take it, my dear!"

"Good!" said my wife. "Mr. Clayborne wrote her a nice long letter."

"I did; but who told you?"

"No one!" cried Mrs. North, triumphantly.

We laughed, while Mrs. Vincent stared in the fire, reflective.

"Six buttons," said Mrs. North.

"She was a poor little cripple," added Clayborne, "who was trying to get some education at home out of books, and with a faint, far-away interest in the cousin who wrote books. Now I send no smart answers."

"Was it costly, that autograph?" asked St. Clair.

Clayborne made no reply.

Mrs. Vincent shook her head at the poet by way of warning.

I happened to know that Clayborne's care of this girl began four years before he moved to the country. He gave her the chance of education that the girl craved, and now this was the slightly deformed young woman who had but lately come to live in the village, and

who came daily to receive her cousin's dictations and to type-write his letters.

When Clayborne failed to reply, St. Clair knew himself to have been reproved, and lapsed into silence, dismayed like a child. My wife, who had a motherly regard for her abdicated lovers, smiled, and murmured under shelter of her fan: "Did not you know? The girl is the new secretary, Miss Maywood, the young woman we saw in the hall last week."

"How stupid of me!" said St. Clair, aside. "But why should not one speak of another man's bounty? If hidden, it loses its value as an example. Your Bible texts are in conflict. 'Let your light so shine before men,' and then you are given the text about the desirable ignorance of the hand."

"Let us ask Mr. Clayborne," said my wife. "He knows the Bible as few know it."

The general talk had lapsed. The hospitality of silence was one of the charms of this house, and indeed, as I have said, had come to be an accepted freedom whenever we met. It was broken by my wife's question. The scholar looked up with the rare smile he always had ready for those whom he loved.

"Charity, dear lady, is but one of the illuminating virtues which make life to shine. A man's light is not charity. His light is the radiating influence of a good and true life. The text should not be read as inviting to liberality when giving in church. It means nothing there in the way of example. No one knows what you give, or why, which is of far more moment."

"Thank you for the better interpretation," said my wife.

"It is," said Mrs. Vincent, "the other text as to that ignorant left hand which has always puzzled me."

I saw my wife's face light up as it does when thought surprises her with some of its strange revealments. She said with a certain quiet timidity, as if in doubt, "Is there not, Anne, an intimation in the text that giving should be, as it were, a part of the unrecording automatism of a well-trained life, without self-ful sense of good done—something as simple and natural as breathing?"

"But surely, Alice," said Anne Vincent, "you do not mean that we should give without thought? No, pardon me, dear! I was stupid. I see what you mean, but you were hardly clear."

Clayborne looked over at my wife with his large, slow, kindly smile.

"It seems to me clear enough," he said.

"No," said my wife; "I never can express what I mean. Sometimes I think I am clever, but when I talk it out I conclude that I am a fool. Tell me what I mean."

"I think," said the scholar, "you mean that the single act of giving should be merely the easy outcome of a habit formed, like a rut in a road, by endless repetitions. It does not involve absence of considerate thought. It is, it should be, thus of all our virtues. It should be as with our garments, which we used to call habits. Any abrupt change in the habits of the mind should bring to us an awakening sense of awkwardness, of something wrong, and so stay us with self-question."

"I knew he would say it better than I," said my wife.

"Ah!" murmured St. Clair; "habits of the body; garments of the mind to be acquired. I have none, thank goodness! Now I know why I hate to wear a hat or clothes. But go on. It was tremendously like a sermon, except that it was brief, and that the privilege to interrupt was permissible."

"But should not be," said Vincent.

"Oh, I suppose not," returned St. Clair. "When I snap at Clayborne or growl at his dignified attitude of big dog, I am, as you all appear to think, like the little dog Beaver. In fact, Clayborne does sometimes talk astonishing nonsense."

Clayborne smiled. "We don't know the dog Beaver."

"Well, then, here is wisdom. Once on a time, when the rebs were marching on Gettysburg, they passed a house close to the road. On the porch stood a child and her mother. A tiny terrier safe behind the paling-fence barked furiously at the soldiers. Beaver was the name of that loyal dog. Beaver refused to behave himself. Then at last came General A—— and rode on the sidewalk. At this liberty the small dog ran to and fro, and barked yet more angrily. Upon this the general heard the child cry out in alarm, 'Oh, mama, mama! Don't let Beav bite that army!' Well, I am Beaver!"

"Thank you," said I; "you have not lived in vain."

"What a delightful story!" said Anne Vincent.

"It has large applications," said her husband. "May I use it, Victor?"

"I never patent my stories," said St. Clair. "Will the army please to move on?"

"Oh," said Clayborne, "I was only about to ask when the offertory first came into use. How was the bag filled—the bag which

Judas carried? Is not that a Christian custom? I never saw it in a mosque. Do the Jews use it?"

No one could answer his questions, but Vincent said: "It seems a natural and easy way of collecting money for church uses. I never liked it. That may be my Quaker ancestry. I believe Friends have not this custom."

"I am with you as to this," said my wife. "I too dislike it. We are nearly all descendants of Quakers, and no one of us can answer this simple question."

Said our host: "I will sometime invite my neighbor Randolph to join us. Then you can ask him."

"Do," said I.

"When," said Clayborne, "St. Clair dislocated the talk, I was reflecting where I had seen some Eastern sayings about charity. Generally some one has said in the past whatever we say to-day, and often has said it better."

"That seems acceptably commonplace," laughed St. Clair, "and how easily that disposes of all need to talk! I do not see why we should not dispense with original conversation and talk in quotations."

"Our friend Anne Lyndsay might, or you," said Mrs. Vincent. "The rest of us, except Mr. Clayborne, would be silent listeners."

I ventured to say that there would be long pauses.

"If Clayborne," said Vincent, who at times was literal, "means that some things have been so said in the past that we cannot put them better, it is hardly true. As man changes and society alters, so does the need to restate emotion or repeat the great truths in some novel form. Otherwise what need to preach sermons or write books?"

"There is no need," said St. Clair.

"No one needs sermons more than a certain friend of ours," said Mrs. Vincent, "and he does also write books."

"But as to sermons, three words answer for me. When my dear Mrs. Vincent says, 'Don't do it,' it is enough, as you know. I repent and stop. But here comes Clayborne."

The scholar had been wandering about among his books, and now came back with two little volumes beautifully bound, and a manuscript in Arabic rolled on an ivory rod. "I wanted," he said, "to find some Eastern sayings about charity." As he spoke he unrolled the script. "These are the poems of El-Din-Attar, the friend of Omar Khayyam; the book is rare." He began to translate. "He says: 'Listen with the two ears given thee of Allah. Cover thy face when thou givest alms, that he who receives may know only Allah beneath thy cloak. He who giveth moon-white silver at night is repaid with the gold of the sun at morning.' 'These,' says El-Din-Attar, 'are not of my wisdom, but were made by the sufi poet El-Amin.' The added comment is not bad, and is apropos—I should say relevant: 'That which hath been already said is like thy dinner of dates of yesterday. Shall it withhold thee from eating thy dates to-morrow?' Then he goes on, as he thinks, to improve on El-Amin: 'The fool thinks that he gives. He is only honestly returning to Allah that which he gave. Give without words.'

A gift is as the young foal of the camel;
It should carry nothing on its back.
A gift is as an egg; what gain to decorate the shell?

Here is a bit of verse, with apologies to St. Clair. This is from my little collection of Arabic, or rather of Oriental, morsels of wisdom—what Attar calls, with gentle vanity, 'crumbs from the loaf of my wisdom.' All poets are vain."

"Ah, to own the entire loaf!" said St. Clair. "As to the vanity of poets—the great poets are never vain. But we will talk of that some day. Now for your poem."

"Oh, it is only four lines, and, after all, some things do seem to drop readily into verse.

When thou givest to the poor
Be thou ever sure,
As thy share,
To ask large usury of prayer."

"I do not like that," said Mrs. Vincent. "Why ask any return?"

"Well, here is an odd one. This is Malayan:

It is not always the receiver who receives;
It is not always the giver who gives."

"Oh, I like that much better!" cried my wife.

"They are really very interesting," said St. Clair. "The phrase as to asking the usury of prayer verbally reminds me of the sonnet of a friend of mine. I think it is on a lost philopena. I am not sure that I can repeat it. Yes; this is it:

More blest is he who gives than who receives,
For he that gives doth always something get:
Angelic usurers that interest set:
And what we give is like the cloak of leaves

Which to the beggared earth the great trees fling,
Thoughtless of gain in chilly autumn days:
The mystic husbandry of nature's ways
Shall fetch it back in greenery of the spring.
One tender gift there is, my little maid,
That doth the giver and receiver bless,
And shall with obligation none distress;
Coin of the heart in God's just balance weighed;
Therefore, sweet spendthrift, still be prodigal,
And freely squander what thou hast from all."

"How much is gained by rhythm and rhyme!" said my wife. "I like your sonnet."

"What else have you?" said St. Clair.

"Here is one for Mrs. Vincent. Again it is El-Din-Attar. But the translation is not mine:

Give as the peach-trees give in the oasis of Sevol-Nedrag—the grace of the blossom, the sweet of the fruit, shade for the sun-hurt, rest for the wanderer, that he may hear the wind in the branches over him calling to prayer, and thus refreshed, may return to his home and plant trees by the wells and the wayside. For a good deed hath length of life; and who shall number the years of remembrance?"

"I like that best," said my wife; "how to give with grace, how to flavor your gift."

"You have small need to learn that, dear lady," said our host. It was true. Clayborne grew gentler as he became older; but direct praise he rarely gave. My wife flushed and was silent. Clayborne was vaguely conscious of a kindly indiscretion. He went on hastily: "These bits of Eastern wisdom lose much in the translation."

"I myself like," said my wife, "the thought that an act of goodness may live on and on. You recall, Owen, what J. F. said to you when he was dying?"

"Yes."

"Tell it, please. Here surely you may."

"You will greatly oblige me, Owen, if you will tell it," said Vincent. "You once did begin to tell me, but something interrupted you." He asked it with what I might call the tender formality of manner I knew and liked.

I hesitated a moment. My wife had revived a sad memory. Then I said: "If you wish it. My friend was dying of cancer, of that one of its forms which is the most terrible to a man of refinement, like my friend, who desired with every instinct of a gentleman to be agreeable to all about him. He wrote me: 'Come to W—— and see me. Come soon. I want to say good-by. I am being tortured to death. I am disgusting to myself and to all who approach me. It is agony and insult. I should not have said insult, but I leave it as said. Come, and soon; I have something to say.' I went. He had set nine in the morning as the hour for my call. He explained this early appointment, saying: 'I am given morphia. It merely dulls the pain. I wanted to see you when my head is clear, and for this reason I have taken none since last night. I am in great pain. But I wanted to say this to you. When my dear friend, your sister, was dying, after years of patiently borne pain, and I spoke of her cheerfulness, she said to me: "When I recall the calm endurance shown in my brother's illness (he died at nineteen, during service in the Civil War), I am somehow made strong, and can go on." I myself,' said F——, 'was then well and sturdy. Now, —and I must talk briefly,—I want only to say to you that the remembrance of her example has been to me in turn a constant help. I knew that you would like to hear that her long years of trial were not without some good results.' Then he said, 'That is all. Please to go now! Good-by!'"

For a little while no one spoke. Then St. Clair said: "Horrible! I should end it quickly. I hate pain. I am never ill. I wonder if pain exists outside of this world. I like that man of whom Owen told us, who could not feel pain. Do not talk of it any more. Let me tell you an Eastern story about charity. If you talk about death I shall sleep none to-night; I shall go away. I heard my tale in the market at Tangier from a man who taught me a little of the Berber language."

"Is this honest, Victor?" said our host.

"All poets are."

"Lord! they have contributed more to the annals of unpunished villainy than—"

"Well, then, I won't tell it," broke in St. Clair, annoyed. "Personally I like to be wicked, and I do not mind being put in a corner for it; but just now I am not bad. I hate to be whipped for the sins of my betters."

"What stuff!" said Clayborne. "Go on!"

"Don't mind him, Victor," said Vincent.

"Please," said Mrs. Vincent.

St. Clair laughed and threw back his head, which was like that of a young Greek. "I shall tell Mrs. Vincent."

"And we will not listen," said I.

He rose and stood by the fire, at one side, was silent a moment, and then said:

"The Calif Harun-al-Rashid went out one night basely clad. Because he was a sufi poet he knew how to become for an hour whatsoever he would. This time he made him-

self hungry and friendless and in sore need, for now there dwelt in him the mind of a beggar. He bent low and asked alms at the gate of the mosque. An old man gave him a *paraf*. 'I thank thee,' said Harun, 'although it is the least of all coins. But tell me thy name, that when the muezzin calls at morning I may pray for thee to the Father of gifts.' 'Charity hath no name,' said he who gave. Thus speaking, he went his way. Others refused to give, and some mocked him. At last came a young man. 'Help me; I am poor!' said Harun. 'I too have nothing,' returned the man. 'Even my verses are poor. I am a sufi poet, a maker of songs.' 'Give me, then, at least a song,' said the calif; 'that is little.' 'Here is one,' replied the poet. At this the calif forgot and drew himself up to his full height. Seeing him thus in the moonlight, the young man knew him, and said in haste, 'Here is a better song,' and giving him a scroll, took back that he had given. Then said Harun, 'I am the calif. Come to me at morning without fail, and if the verse be good it shall profit thee, and if bad thou shalt suffer.'"

"By George!" said Clayborne, "a fine way to deal with poets."

"Or historians," said I. "Go on, Victor."

"When the man came at morning and the calif unrolled the scroll, it was a song of his own. 'Young man,' he said, 'you are too wise for a poet,' and made him governor of Bagdad."

"That is either reasonably well imitated," said Clayborne, "or a real Oriental story. I never can tell. Perhaps you may like to know, Victor, that the reigning royal house of Othman has given to Turkey some of its best poets. But where did you get that tale? At Tangier, I think you said."

"Yes; did you really think I made it?"

"By all the Muses, I do not know," said Clayborne. "Write it for me, then I can tell; when it is on paper I can tell."

"Can you, indeed? You shall have it," replied St. Clair, smiling.

"Oh, the bad boy!" murmured Vincent to me.

Before I could answer, my wife said: "I have had what my girl calls 'a dood time.' Come, Owen, or we shall be late for the train. We are also too late for—what was it Mr. Clayborne promised last week at our house? Oh, yes. You said there was no text on which a sermon could not be written."

"Yes, I recall it," said Clayborne. "It was to be ready to-night. St. Clair and I were each to write a sermon on it."

"The text we gave you," said Mrs. Vincent, "was, I remember, 'Jesus wrote on the ground.'"

"Good, I shall try; I lacked for time."

"I myself think it is too easy," said St. Clair.

"Indeed! Do make haste, Owen; we are late," and so with this we went away.

II.

Two weeks or more went by before we dined again at Holmwood. Meanwhile Vincent was in Washington, convincing the Supreme Court. St. Clair had disappeared with no more apparent sense of need to explain why than a ghost at the end of a brief earthly call. At times he forgot engagements, neglected any one who might be sitting for bust or medallion, and simply went away. No one knew where he had been until his return, unless he wrote to Mrs. Vincent or to my wife. Once he asked me to go with him, and what he did and what I saw I may find time to state. When on this present occasion he thus flitted he went up to the head waters of the Delaware River, bought a canoe, and paddled himself down the great stream to Lewes. There on the sea-shore he dried his canoe and set it afire. I asked him why. He said Mrs. North knew, but I did not. How could I, indeed? My good wife declared she was, in fact, no wiser than I. St. Clair insists to this day that she knows it, and it may be that she does. It seems to me stupid to add needlessly to the mysteries of life; but this he liked to do.

When, being curious, I asked Mrs. Vincent, she said, "You men are queer people, and yet I read you his letter."

Now, this was his letter. It did not assist me.

"Dear Madam Summer [he said this was her true name, because of her naturalness of bounty]: I am on the edge of a wood. A cat-bird, astray from his home, is playing at imitating the wood-robins. They listen surprised and insulted. Not far below is a rapid. I am writing on a moldered log. The rapid above is talking to the rapid below, because it is just after sundown, when the waters acquire speech. All day long they babble, but far into the night they sing or talk with the tongues of many lands. Who has not heard or cannot hear them had better stay among men, for the great forests have never given him their freedom. There are three frogs in the marsh; one has a drum, one a fife, and one a bassoon. The air is full of leafy funerals. The waters are carrying the red and yellow leaves in fleets to the sea. Here alone is death beautiful. I float all day

long on this generous river. I have only to keep the prow straight; the strong-willed water has the flow of decisive fate. I go past the homes of men, past mills and pastures, where the herds, with heads all one way, graze with patient eyes. Here and there are primeval woods, where I camp under the stars or wander. Do you think any church is as solemn as a slowly darkening wood? Where else have you the dreamy sense of something about to happen? What is it seems to follow you? A gentle terror makes you glad to get out to the verge of the river. All woods are haunted. You are tempted by mysterious longings to return again. You know, dear lady, how the need to be alone seizes me at times. I wonder how long Adam was alone. That was a noble loneliness, the finest the world ever gave. Eve was a doubtful gift. To be alone restores my sense of being only one person. I sometimes think that by chance or design several souls get stowed away in this single lodging-house we call the body. Who the landlord is at times it were hard to tell. Here I own myself. Not to want to be at times alone is a signal of commonplace identity. Alone we are nearest to God. You think I am a trifler as to religion. You are wrong. None of you is as deeply religious as I am. You are wrong. Ah, I am so good when I am in the woods! Yes, at my best. VICTOR.

"P. S. I forgot. Years have I spent in the woods, and to-day saw a thing new to me. To see it makes me happy. I must tell some one.

"When leaves drop in the autumn they fall face down, as if to salute the great mother. It is true of nearly all leaves when the air is still. But why is it so? I can see you smile, well pleased. I leave you to guess. I sat to-day a long while watching the leaves fall. I think I know now why they do not come to earth in the position they hold while on the tree. V. St. C."

When Mrs. Vincent had read thus far I told her that it was a large dose of St. Clair's enigmatic, half-meant nonsense, and that on his return from these woodland conversions to goodness he was sure to plunge into outrageous ways, and to need all of us to get him back to a reasonably decorous life. Mrs. Vincent, who liked no one but herself to scold him, said he had the fire of genius, and that much was to be forgiven an unrestrained nature; to which I returned that there was no insurance against the fire of genius, and that other folks were apt to get a trifle singed. Upon this we quarreled mildly, and I was coolly received for a week or two, and had to send flowers and generally make myself gracious. I was generous enough not to tell her that St. Clair bought, on his return, a charming picture by Rousseau, for which he could as easily pay as fly. When Clayborne heard of this extravagance he went to the dealer and paid for it. As to St. Clair, he said that was exactly what he himself would have done under like circumstances, and that it was a good thing, because he could sell the picture if ever—and that would never be—he should run into debt. We missed it a year later. It was bought, I believe, by Xerxes Crofter, my railroad reaver, whom I had set on foot again to the misery of many.

It was in mid-October, as I recall it, that we were once more at Holmwood.

Clayborne was a man of singularly equable character. He was capable of conducting a savage controversy with exasperating calmness, and with merciless use of the weapons of incisive English. Like some other men of large nature, he showed, as he grew older, a tendency toward greater forbearance, but never quite lost his sense of pleasure in contest. St. Clair said he was born old and grew younger as years went on. To our surprise, he proved to have the capacity to find novel sources of enjoyment, and to exhibit an almost childlike satisfaction in certain newly found pursuits. At present he had taken with fresh happiness to gardening, and when we met was in what Vincent called a state of eruptive satisfaction as to the success of his wild garden. St. Clair declared him to be under the impression that he had discovered flowers and invented trees. To me he seemed like a man who, having been mind-blind to nature, had found his eyesight; but genius is always competent to present us with surprises. Certain of these changes of occupative tastes may have been fostered by the fact that of late his eyes had somewhat failed him, and declined to be tasked all day and half the night. When he became aware of this he bought Holmwood, and for two years or more amused himself by secretly adorning his purchase. It became a constantly sought resting-place during his long afternoon rides, and before we saw it he had dealt with it in a way which filled us all with astonishment.

As we walked through the hall he said to my wife: "You saw your garden, a place to plunder as you like. Now I shall have the pleasure to show you my own garden. Come."

We wandered here and there as he led us through a belt of pines, and at last came out on an open space of perhaps an acre. Around it was a low wall of gray stone. This must have been long in place, for it was covered with Japanese ivy and our own Virginia creeper, both aglow with varied tints of autumnal red. Straight walks of

dull-red brick led across this space of flowers, those still in bloom being chiefly great masses of chrysanthemum, aster, and scarlet sage. At each corner of the walks were antique crumbled capitals of Greek columns. At the far side, in a curve of the wall, he had set a sixteenth-century well-head with a Latin inscription, and on top was placed a shallow basin of red antique marble, as a water-supply for the birds.

"The well is from Siena," he said; "the marbles I bought in Rome last year. I have an antique altar; it is not yet here."

Very quaint it was, and beautiful, as the women said, with cries of surprised delight. St. Clair was silent. Clayborne looked at him expectant.

"Do you like it?" he said.

When St. Clair was feeling even a great joy intensely his eyes were apt to fill, and he himself to feel, as now, a vague sense of dismay at the girl-like unrestraint of his emotion.

"Who did it, Clayborne?" he said. "Not you. It is beautiful, fitting, in perfect taste."

Our host smiled. "Why not I?"

"Because—because there was a woman's hand in it."

"By Zeus! Who told you that?"

"No one; I told myself. You like it, but a woman helped you. There is that gray amphora lying on the wall with the red vines over it. No; that was not your thought, nor the water for the birds."

Clayborne looked amused and a trifle annoyed. "Yes," he replied; "my cousin, Sybil Maywood, my secretary; the most of it was her idea. I meant to put these capitals around the grass-plot in front of the house."

"Did you, indeed?" said St. Clair, smiling.

"Then," said Vincent, "she is the young woman we saw leaving the house when last we were here to dine?"

"Yes," said Clayborne.

"I saw her," said St. Clair, "before you returned home. She must be a person of singular good taste. She is lame and not quite erect, Mrs. Vincent, but,

> 'Fore God, she hath a lovely face.
> God in his mercy send her grace."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Vincent.

"She is slightly, very slightly deformed, and halts," said Clayborne. He seemed to me, who knew him well, to be annoyed at these comments.

"How pitiful! It were better," said Anne Vincent, "that she were also deformed of face."

"Oh, no," said St. Clair; "no!"

"Why not?" said I.

"I do not know. Why do you ask? She has hair. Did you notice her hair? And a face—"

"Naturally," said Vincent, "the girl has hair and a face."

"What a man!" said St. Clair.

"I shall ask you all," said Clayborne, pausing, "to take an interest in my cousin; she is sure to please you. She has been living in the village for two months, and has become to me far more than a very clever secretary."

"May I ask where she came from?" said Anne Vincent.

"Her people," he replied, "were of the earliest settlers at Hingham. They were important in war and peace until two generations ago, when, after loss of means, the family fell away into incapables. They sought a cheap home in a remote New England village, and there lost touch of the class in which they had lived for two hundred years."

"That is not a rare case in our country," said Vincent; "for a family to keep its social place, product of some kind is needed. A race must make and keep money, or from time to time win some form of distinction. If it desire permanency, have the preservative instinct, it can only retain its hold upon the social group it has reached by more or less continuous recognition of social duties. At least this is true of our cities."

"Is it worth while," I said, "artificially to preserve station for a breed, as is done in England, or to let it depend for continued place and influence on its own power to keep what it has won? There is no doubt at all that real talent, capacity, is valuably advertised and gets its chance earlier if, as in England, it carry the name—the label—of a race already well known. Is it worth while to insure the chance of fresh product?"

"Perhaps," said Clayborne; "and since all real success is now more and more distinctly competitive, the label helps the strong more than it does the feeble. It does secure for literature an early audience. It does not now make that audience lenient, as it once did."

"But," said I, "may not all this measurably apply also to us? If a young man has available qualities, is he not advantaged in their use owing to his being one of a well-known family which has been able to hold its own?"

"Or get other folks' own," laughed St. Clair.

"Stop him," said Clayborne; "he has no conversational reverence. This is not football, Victor!"

"Yes, sir," said St. Clair, gaily.

"You are surely right, Owen, for several reasons, most of them obvious. If the father be a man of achievement, the son is apt, unfairly, to be predictively judged in youth by what in the parent is the resultant of years. But then, also, because of family distinction, he does more easily get a hearing, and that is so hard to get. Moreover, certain social qualifications, which are fostered by generations of training, make for success in every line of life."

"Good manners, for instance, and tact," said my wife.

"Oh, tact," said I, "is a gift of nature, unteachable. A duke may miss it, a mechanic have it."

"One sees it in some children, and very early in life," said Mrs. Vincent. "I think it presupposes refinement, automatic tendency to notice the little things of life, desire to please. I think some dogs have it; yes, I really think so."

"Why not?" said Clayborne. "I am sure that they are observant, gentle, and wish to please—as much as any one of us." Our friend who spoke was as entirely lacking in the quality we discussed as a kindly man could be. We smiled as he added, "Some men have tact which seems to be available only in certain relations of life."

"That is true," said Vincent; "one might talk long about it. As an example, I recall the case of General B——. He had the art to charm and convince a great political assembly, and was quick to discern hostility, and to answer questions with competence, courtesy, and grace. When, after the meeting he was introduced to his political supporters, he quickly succeeded in displeasing most of them, and was pretty certain to say the wrong thing to every one."

"That seems hardly credible," said my wife.

"And yet," returned Clayborne, "it is true."

(To be continued.)

THE INFINITIES.

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE.

TIME and Space and Number flow
Ever onward; none shall know
Whence they come, or where they go.

None shall know; they will not bend
Their majestic course; nor blend,
Infinite, with things that end.

None shall know; the mind may sound
Dreaming voids, and find no bound
To the wall-less prison round.

Winding-sheet of woven shade,
None shall e'er thy word evade;
None shall know! 'T is thou hast said.

None; unless man, too, may climb
Clear of bounds, till Thought sublime
Conquer Number, Space, and Time.

CARPACCIO'S LITTLE ANGEL WITH THE LUTE.

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

I LEAN MY HEAD TO HEAR EACH STRING;
WE HUM TOGETHER, CHEEK TO CHEEK:
AND OH, THERE IS NOT ANYTHING
SO LOUD BUT I CAN HEAR IT SPEAK.
AND IT IS SHAPEN LIKE SOME FRUIT
ALL MELLOWNESS—MY LUTE.
(WILT SING?)

MY SINGING-BIRD, THAT I LOVE DEAR!
ABOVE THE SOUND OF HARP AND FLUTE
AND VIOL, GROWN, THE VOICE IS CLEAR
BROWN HONEY FROM MY LITTLE LUTE.
I HARKEN SO TO EVERY TONE,
BECAUSE IT IS MY OWN.
(CANST HEAR?)

F. C. GORDON

DETAIL FROM A PAINTING IN THE ACCADEMIA DELLE BELLE ARTI, VENICE. FROM A CARBON PRINT BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO. BORDER BY F. C. GORDON.

REDRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

A FUEGIAN COW-BOY.

THE GIANT INDIANS OF TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

BY DR. FREDERICK A. COOK,
Of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition.

WITH PICTURES DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR.

THE Fuegians have been reported, from time to time, since the country was first sighted and named by Magellan in 1520, but to-day they still remain almost unknown. In connection with the voyage of the *Belgica* we had unusual opportunities for studying their wild life and their weather-beaten land. They are not, as is generally supposed, one homogeneous tribe, but three distinct races, with different languages, different appearances, different habits and homes.

In the western Chilean channels, living in beech-bark canoes and in dugouts, using mussels, snails, crabs, and fish in general as food, are the short, imperfectly developed Aliculufs. These are met by many vessels navigating the Strait of Magellan, and most of our reports of Fuegians are limited to hasty glimpses of these people; but they are now nearly extinct, and they always were the lowest and the most abject of the Fuegians.

Closely allied in habits to the Aliculufs are the Indians inhabiting the islands about Cape Horn and northward to Beagle Channel. These are called Yahgans. They have been the most numerous and the most powerful of the Fuegian people, but to-day they too are nearly extinct. They are dwarfed in stature, dwarfed in mental development, and, like the Aliculufs, live in canoes, and feed upon the products of the sea.

The third tribe is the race of giants. They are called Onas by their neighbors, the Yahgans. The Onas have thus far evaded all efforts at civilization, have refused missionaries, and have, to the present time, with good reason, mistrusted white men. They have, in consequence, remained absolutely unknown.

It is the purpose of this article to offer the reader of THE CENTURY a general outline of the information gathered by the Belgian Antarctic Expedition among this strange people.

The homes of the Onas are on the main island of Tierra del Fuego. For centuries they have fought to keep this as their preserve; but the Yahgans have been allowed to pitch their homes on the southern coastal fringe along Beagle Channel. In a like manner the Aliculufs have been permitted to use the shore-line of the west. Neither the Yahgans nor the Aliculufs, however, nor white men, until very recently, have dared to venture into the interior. The great prairies of the north and the mountain forests of the middle of the island, with its still unknown lakes, have been guarded as hunting-ground exclusively for the Onas. The island is nearly as large as the State of New York. The boundary-line of Chile and Argentina, running from north to south through the middle of the island, gives each republic a nearly equal share of the country. Gold has been found in the sands along the beach of various parts of the land. This is being mined with considerable success. The pampas of the north and a part of the southern ground have proved to be some of the best sheep-farming country of the world. The gold-diggers and the sheep-farmers have thus rediscovered Tierra del Fuego. The mining-camps and the wire fences are crowding the once ruling race of Onas into the useless forest-covered lowlands and the ice-covered highlands of the interior, where they must either starve or freeze or perish at the hands of Caucasian invaders. The old happy hunting-ground of the Ona has gone the way of all other Indian homes; but he has fought bravely for it, and he will continue to do so until the last skeleton is left to bleach on the wind-swept pampa.

The Onas, as a tribe, have never been united in a common interest, nor have they ever been led by any one great chief. They have always been divided into small clans under a leader with limited powers, and these chiefs have waged constant warfare among themselves. To the present they have had their worst enemies among their own people, but now that sheep-farmers and gold-diggers want their country, they are uniting to fight their common enemy.

The advent of the sheep-farmer is so im-

REDRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

A YAHGAN CANOE.

portant a factor in the future extermination of the Fuegian Indians, and in the early development of the southern point of South America, that the industry deserves a special notice. The desolate Falkland Islands and the wastes of Patagonia have long been used as prosperous sheep-farms, but Tierra del Fuego was, until recently, regarded as too sterile to support any life except the guanaco and Indians. The first attempt to prove the possibilities of the Fuegian pampa was made at a point opposite Punta Arenas. The honor of this enterprise is due to Mr. Steubenrach, the British consular agent. Steubenrach brought from the Falkland Islands a number of sheep, and fenced and stocked a small experimental farm. Anticipating trouble with the powerful Onas, who have always been the dread of white settlers in this region, Steubenrach secured, as one of his shepherds, a missionary to preach the gospel and morality and some other things to the Indians. This mission service was a diplomatic stroke, which was thought to be

REDRAWN BY W. B. KER.

AN ONA CHIEF.

the most effective way of gaining the favor of the Chilean government and thus obtaining grants of land, and it was also thought possible, by this method, to tame the aborigines and make shepherds of them. The good preacher tried to Christianize and civilize the Indians. During the day they congregated in large numbers to hear the new medicine-man. They were indeed interested; but they proved their interest in an unexpected manner.

At night, when all was quiet and the shepherds were asleep, confident of the effect of their pious training upon the Indians, the hunters came among the herds, cut the wire fences, and drove off such numbers as suited their appetites. These night raids continued month after month, but the Indians came in fearlessly in increasing numbers to listen to the gospel. At length, driven to distraction, the white men sent to Punta Arenas for Winchester rifles. Preaching was then abandoned, and the murderous sound of firearms has taken its place ever since. The

REDRAWN BY W. B. KER.

AN ONA BELLE.

wire fences have been extended, the Winchesters have been multiplied, every available acre of Fuegian ground has been covered with sheep, while the Indians, never known and never understood, have been swept from their ancient homes.

In defense of the pioneers it should be said that the Indians from the first have waged a constant and relentless warfare. A mutual understanding has at no time seemed possible, and if the pioneers would follow their business a vigorous defense was necessary. In spite of the destructive onslaughts of the Indians, however, the farms have flourished so well that to-day the number of sheep raised individually and collectively by the Fuegian rancheros is perfectly astonishing. There is one farm not yet quite stocked which will support six hundred thousand sheep. There are others of one hundred thousand, and a farm which does not herd twenty-five thousand is considered small. The profit over and above all expenses averages about fifty cents annually for each animal. This would give, for a farm of moderate size, a clear gain of fifty thousand dollars yearly, which is certainly a princely income for a farmer. The proprietors of these ranches are mostly men of large means, who live in luxury and comfort in the cities of South America and Europe.

The Ona population at present is about sixteen hundred, divided into sixteen tribes of about one hundred each. From this number there is a constant diminution. Many of the children have been taken from their wild homes bordering on the sheep-farms and placed in European families about Punta Arenas. These children thrive well at first, and are capable of considerable education, but few reach adult age. The minor children's diseases, such as measles and whooping-cough, are extremely fatal to them, and those who escape other diseases are almost certain to succumb to tuberculosis.

REDRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

INDIAN HOUSES, RIO GRANDE MISSION.

For a number of years the Indians, watching the encroachment of white men upon their territory, have made it as uncomfortable as possible for the intruders. To bag a settler was quite as much sport as to secure game, and the white men, in return, have shot Indians with as much elation as if they were hitting panthers. Killing has been in vogue on both sides, but the battle is uneven. The Indian must vanish before the lead of Christians. Such is the mission of modern civilization.

Migration from one part of the island to another, and from one clan to another, has been common, but the Ona has seldom left his chosen land. A few have been found in Patagonia, and occasionally one has been seen among the Yahgans and the Aliculufs; but these have only been stragglers who, by

accident, have been separated from the main island. The Onas possess no canoes with which to cross the Strait of Magellan or the canals south and west; but they barter with the Indians along Beagle Channel and the west, and in recent years with the white settlers along the south. The men have a great admiration for women of other tribes, and this admiration induces them to make raids among the other Indians to capture women. So much was this done in the past that in the southeastern part of the island there sprang up a new race, a hibrid mixture of Yahgans and Onas; but these are now extinct.

Physically the Onas are giants. They are not, however, seven or eight feet in height, as the early explorers reported their neighbors and nearest relatives, the Patagonians, to be. Their average height is close to six feet, a few attain six feet and six inches, and a few are under six feet. The women are not so tall, but they are more corpulent. There is perhaps no race in the world with a more perfect physical development than the Ona men. This unique development is partly due to the topography of their country and to the distribution of game, which makes long marches constantly necessary. The Ona men are certainly the greatest cross-country runners on the American continent.

The mental equipment of the Ona is by no means equal to his splendid physical development. He understands very well the few arts of the chase which he finds necessary to maintain a food-supply. His game in the past has been easily gotten; his needs have been few, which fact accounts for the lack of inventive skill portrayed in the instruments of the chase. The home life, the house, the clothing—everything portrays this lack of progressive skill. Instead of the children being well dressed and well cared for, as is the rule among savage races, they are mostly naked, poorly fed, badly trained, and altogether neglected, not because of a lack of paternal love, but because of the mental lethargy of the people. It is the same as to shelter and garments. They have abundant material to make good tents and warm, storm-proof houses; but they simply bunch up a few branches, and throw to the windward a few skins, and then shiver, complaining of their miserable existence.

It has never fallen to my lot to listen to a language so odd, so strikingly peculiar, as that of the Onas. Some of my companions on the *Belgica* said that from a distance the talk of a group of Onas was like that of a group of Englishmen. To this I have protested, for that statement is certainly a libel on English. This might be said with considerable truth of the Yahgan tongue, which is smooth and easy; but of the grunting, choking, spasmodic talk of the Onas it is untrue. Many of the words are not difficult to pronounce, nor is the construction of sentences hard; but in every fifth or sixth word there is a sound impossible to reproduce by any one who has not had years of practice. These sounds offer sudden breaks in the flow of words, and the speaker, by efforts which suggest the getting of sounds from the stomach, struggles for something far down in his throat. He hacks and coughs and grunts, distorting his face momentarily in the most inhuman manner, and then passes on to the next stumbling-block, or whatever it is which makes the poor mortal suffer such tortures of speech. I always felt like offering him an emetic when I heard him talk.

Like all the American aborigines, the Onas feed principally upon meat, and this meat was in former years obtained from the guanaco. The guanaco roamed about in large herds upon the pampas and grassy lowlands, regions now in use as sheep-farms. The guanaco, like the Indian, is forced to the barren interior mountains, where life is a hard struggle against storms and barrenness and perennial snows. Owing to the present greater difficulty of hunting these animals and their reduced numbers, the Ona has taken most naturally to the sheep which have been brought to occupy these lands. That the sheep are owned by other men is a fact not easily recognized by Indians to whom the world of Fuegian wilderness has always been free. The many thousands of *guanaco blanco*, as the Onas call sheep, grazing peacefully upon the Indian hunting-grounds, make a picture full of irresistible temptation, as the aborigines, hungry and half naked, look from icy mountain forests down over the plains. Shall we call them thieves if, while their wives and children and loved ones are starving, they boldly descend and, in the face of Winchester rifles, take what to them seems a product of their own country?

Unfortunately, the Indians have had so many causes for revenge against the white invaders that they no longer capture sheep, as they did primarily, to satisfy the pangs of hunger, but to obtain vengeance. The wholesale manner in which they do this, however, would make a beggar of an ordinary farmer in a single night. In the neighbor-

REDRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

SHOOTING AT THE SUN.

hood of Useless Bay they have been known to round up two thousand sheep in one raid, and they seldom now take less than a few hundred at a time. While stopping at a farm on the Rio Grande I had an opportunity of being in close proximity to this kind of warfare. The Indians came in and asked for an interview with the chief of the farm. The man in charge was a bright young fellow, who knew the Indians very well. He treated the delegation kindly, fed and clothed them, and listened to their story.

The Indians spoke in broken Spanish, and said that they had been sent by the great chief Colchichoali to ask if the manager of this farm would make an arrangement for amicable and peaceful relations in the future. Colchichoali and his people had for a long time been on friendly terms with Mr. Bridges, a farmer on the southern shore. While here many had died and many others were sickly. It was the wrong season for them in the south. The winter was too cold there, the spirits were against them, and

for reasons of health alone they must seek their old haunts on the sunny northern shores for the winter. They had been ten days crossing the island over the snowy interior mountains. They had been several days already without food. The women and children were starving. The entire tribe were at the edge of the forest about one hundred miles to the south. Would Mr. Menendez give them a little food for present needs, and a preserve where the people might live and hunt in their own way, undisturbed by the soldiers and the shepherds?

Mr. Menendez replied in the affirmative, and then went on to qualify his offer. He said that at first he was not inclined to treat their demand seriously; that he suffered so much at their hands by unlimited thefts of so many thousands of sheep, and by their heartless destruction of his fences, etc., that he was not in an easy mood to harbor them near his farms; but if they promised to be good, if they agreed to steal no more sheep, he would give them the southern bank of a river about ten miles southward, where they might pitch their tents, hunt and fish, and live undisturbed. He further agreed that he would give them as much meat as they required.

The Indians returned to their chief to report the success of their mission. Owing to their lengthy stay, however, the chief thought that they had been killed, and in retaliation ordered the raiding of five hundred sheep, which, of course, made the consummation of an amicable agreement impossible. In defense of the Indians, however, it should be said that one year previous a similar arrangement had been entered into in good faith. The Indians came trustingly to a camp, where the entire company, men, women, and children, were seized by soldiers and exiled from the island.

The Onas have been masters of Tierra del Fuego, not because of the perfection of their implements of war, but because of their splendid physical force. The only destructive weapon which they have brought to effective use is the bow and arrow. The bow used by them is made of the wood of the Antarctic beech, which is scraped and worked into the desired shape by the sharp edge of one of the numerous shells which everywhere are found on the beach. The string is made of the sinews of the guanaco, neatly braided. The arrow-shaft is a reed-like branch of a tree called the Winter's bark; it is winged with feathers of native birds, and is tipped with a unique glass point.

In former years, before vessels entered the Strait of Magellan, and before the passage around Cape Horn was discovered, the Onas tipped their arrows with flint; but since white men have invaded these waters their misfortunes have been the fortunes of the Indians. From the many wrecks thrown upon the rocky shores during the last three hundred years, the aborigines have obtained glass, with which they now point their arrows, and also iron, of which they make knives. Within the last twenty-five years they have occasionally bagged an unwary gold-digger, and his kit has been added to their own imperfect implements of chase; but they have never been able to obtain ammunition, and so the rifles in their camp are of no use. The traders and farmers on the border-lands, with whom these Indians have to come in contact, have always been alive to their own interests. They have prudently refused to sell firearms or ammunition. If the Onas were able to obtain guns and supplies they would clear their island of pale-faced settlers in less than a month.

With the bow and arrow as their sole implement of chase, the Onas roam about always in the footprints of the guanaco from the barren interior mountains to the forest-covered lowlands, and during the winter from the forests over the pampas to the sea-shore. If they fail in securing their favored game, the guanaco, they capture a kind of ground-rat, or gather the snails and mussels of the beach; but the one grand aim of life is to hunt the guanaco.

Day after day in the chase the whole family march over wind-swept plains, through icy streams, into regions seemingly ever deserted by animal life. The women and children travel in one group, generally in gullies, winding around low hills, where they are out of sight of the game. The men scatter about as sentinels, mounting little elevations now and then, to search, with their eagle eyes, the undulating plains for a herd of guanaco. When on this weary chase they are always hungry, and generally but half clothed. The sick and the helpless aged are left by the wayside to starve or to support life as best they can, while the more vigorous go on and on famine-stricken until they come upon their game.

When in sight of guanaco the men seek to surround the entire herd by creeping on hands and feet and covering their bodies with the robe to imitate the animals. As they close in on them they rise, drop their robes, and naked spring upon the guanaco,

killing such as they can with arrows. Then, as the animals stand in utter amazement, they rush upon them with a knife or a club. In this onslaught they often secure the entire herd, and generally a large number. Next a gluttonous hilarity begins, which knows no bounds. It continues while the meat lasts, and then famine is again their lot. Thus their life is one of short feasts divided by long famines.

The matter of clothing, with the Onas, is a very simple affair. Although the climate of their region is cold, stormy, and even humid, they are very imperfectly dressed. The children run about in the snow either naked or nearly so. The men have a large mantle made of several guanaco-skins sewed together. This reaches from the shoulders to the feet, but it is not attached by either buttons or strings; it is simply held about the shoulders by the hands. On the chase the mantle is allowed to drop, while the hunter rushes on, naked, to capture his game. The women, when well dressed, wear a piece of fur about the waist, and another loosely thrown about the shoulders; but they are not often well dressed, and must generally be contented with a kind of mantle carelessly suspended from the shoulders, which is allowed to fall upon the slightest exertion.

Nothing could be more homeless than an Ona house. It is proof to none of the discomforts of Fuegian climate. Rain, snow, and wind enter it freely. The house is a simple accumulation of tree branches thrown together in the easiest possible manner. Sometimes it has a conical shape, but more often it is only a crescent or breastwork, behind which the entire family sit or sleep. To the windward are thrown a number of skins to keep out the wind, but from overhead the cold rains drizzle over poorly clad bodies, while the ground is always uncovered and cold. In the center of this circle of shivering humanity, or just outside of it, is a camp-fire, which, however, serves better for cooking purposes than for heating.

The arrangement of the house is such that the heat all escapes. At night the fires are allowed to go out, and the adults, lying in a circle, place the children in the center, with blankets of guanaco-skins spread over all. To keep the blankets from being blown off, and to add additional warmth, they next call their dogs to take their positions on the top of the entire mass of Indians. In former years it was a poverty-stricken family that did not have enough dogs to cover it out of sight; but the shepherds have now killed the dogs, and the Indians must rest cold and comfortless without their canine bedfellows.

There seems to be considerable love expended among the members of an Ona family. It is kindled with the first days of childhood, and it is still burning at ripe old age. It is, however, a love which is never appreciated by a white man, nor is it ever tendered to him except for brief spasmodic periods. Nothing illustrates this point better than the experience of the pale-faced newcomers. Everybody who goes as a pioneer to the Cape Horn regions is a bachelor. All buy, borrow, or steal wives when they decide to settle down upon a gold-mine or a sheep-farm. The Indian women, it must be confessed, are not unwilling to be bought or stolen, but they are not to the white man what they are to the copper-faced rival. In the Indian household a wife may be but one of several; she can claim only a small share of her husband's affection; she must work hard, is badly dressed, and is always half starved: but she prefers this life as a steady thing to the entire heart of a paleface, with the luxuries which he brings to her.

Marriage, like almost everything Ona, is not fixed by established rules. It is arranged and rearranged from time to time to suit the convenience of the contracting parties. Women generally have very little to say about it. The bargain is made almost solely by the men, and physical force is the principal bond of union. For ages the strongest bucks have been accustomed to steal women from neighboring tribes, and from neighboring clans of their own tribe. The Onas, being by far the most powerful Indians, have thus been able to capture and retain a liberal supply of wives. A missionary who has been in constant contact with these Indians for thirty years has given it as his opinion that a plurality of wives is entirely satisfactory to their peculiar emotions and habits of life.

The relation of the women who possess but one husband in common in the family wigwam to one another is of novel interest. As a rule, they are no more jealous of one another than are the children in a civilized home circle. The principal reason for this is that the several wives are often sisters. A young man takes by force, by mutual agreement, or by barter, the oldest daughter of a family. If he proves himself a good hunter and a kind husband, the wife persuades her sister to join her wigwam and share her husband's affections. Frequently, when a girl is left an orphan, she is taken

into a family and trained to become the supplementary wife of her benefactor in after years. In the hut each wife has her own assigned position, always resting in exactly the same spot, with all of her belongings about her. The wealth of the household is not common to all the occupants. Each woman has her own basket of meat fragments or shellfish, her own bag with implements, needles, sinews, and bits of fur, and each wife has her own assemblage of children.

The unwritten laws which govern the actions of the tribe as a whole are very vaguely understood. There never has been any very great need for the Onas to assemble and unite against an enemy. Any one of the numerous clans under one chief has been more than equal to overcome the feeble onslaughts of other Indians and white men. Hence the lack of tribal organization. In the family, however, the organization is firmly fixed by habits which never change. The loose arrangement of marriage and divorce does not seem to disturb seriously the equilibrium of the home circle. The camp is pitched from day to day at spots convenient for the chase. This makes elaborate houses or complex fixtures impossible. It never requires more than half an hour to build an Ona house.

The work of the man is strictly limited to the chase. He carries his bow and quiver of arrows, and his eye is ever on the horizon for game; but he seldom stoops to anything like manual labor that is not connected with the actual necessities of the chase. He kills the game, but the wife must carry it into camp. In moving, the women take up all of their earthly possessions, pack them into a huge roll, and with this firmly strapped across their backs they follow the unencumbered lead of their brave but ungallant husbands. Thus the women carry, day after day, not only all the household furniture, but the children and the portable portions of the house. The women certainly have all the uninteresting detail and the drudgery of life heaped upon them, but they seem to enjoy it. In defense of the men it should be said that they are worthy husbands. They will fight fiercely to protect their homes, and they will guard the honor of their women with their own blood. It is a crying sin of the advance of Christian civilization that this red man of the far south should be compelled to lay down his life at the feet of the heartless pale-faced invaders to shield the honor of his home.

I doubt if missionary efforts will improve the hard lot of this noble band of human strugglers. The efforts thus far made have certainly had the contrary effect, and altogether they do not need a new system of morals as badly as we do ourselves. I do not mean to infer that missionary work, in general, is hurtful to aborigines. There is a legitimate field for such efforts, but it is not among Onas, unless the work is conducted in a new manner by a thoroughly practical man. They need to be placed in a position where they may follow their wild habits without the infectious degeneration of higher life. Individually and collectively they have fewer sins than New-Yorkers. It is true that there are among them no faultless characters, but there are also no great criminals. There are some good and some bad, but the worst and the best are found side by side.

The bitter and the sweet of human life flow in the same stream. They have the same origin and the same termination. The lesson of ages to untutored man has impressed upon him a prescription of moral direction, which is quite as good as, and far more appropriate for him than, the white man's code of ethics.

POVERTY.

BY ARLO BATES.

FAIR my estate at morn to see.
I had at eve the selfsame store;
Yet fate that day had beggared me,
Since hope could I count mine no more.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

FIFTH PAPER.

XVI. AFTER NASEBY.

CROMWELL'S own account of Naseby is the tersest bulletin on record, but he takes care to draw a political moral for the hot party struggle then going on at Westminster. "Honest men," he writes to the Speaker, "served you faithfully in this action. Sir, they are trusty; I beseech you, in the name of God, not to discourage them. I wish their actions may beget thankfulness and humility in all that are concerned in it. He that ventures his life for the liberty of his country, I wish he trust God for the liberty of his conscience, and you for the liberty he fights for." In plainer words, the House of Commons should not forget how much the Independents had to do with the victory, and that what the Independents fought for was liberty of conscience.

For the king the darkness was lightened by a treacherous ray of hope from Scotland. The Scots, whose aid had been of such decisive value to the Parliament at the end of 1643, on the stricken field at Marston in the summer of 1644, and in the seizure of Newcastle three months later, had been since of little use. At Naseby they had no part or lot, and they even looked on that memorable day with a surly eye: although it had broken the malignants, it had mightily exalted the Independents. A force of Scots still remained on English ground, but they were speedily wanted in their own country. One of the fiercest of the lesser episodes of the war happened in Scotland, where in the northern Highlands and elsewhere the same feeling for the national line of their princes came into life among chieftains and clansmen as survived, with so many romantic circumstances and rash adventures, down to the rebellion of 1745.

In August, 1644, Montrose, disguised as a groom, and accompanied by two of his friends, rode across the southwestern border from Carlisle, and made his way to Athole. There he was joined by a mixed contingent of Highlanders and twelve hundred Irish, lately brought over under Highland leadership into Argyllshire. This was the beginning of a flame of royalism that blazed high for a year, was marked by much savagery and destruction, left three or four new names upon the historic scroll of the bloody scuffles between Campbells, Forbeses, Frasers, Macleans, Macdonalds, Gordons, Ogilvies, Grahams, and the rest, and then finally died down at the battle of Philiphaugh. Montrose reached the top of his success at the engagement of Kilsyth, just two months after Naseby. This made him master of Scotland, and turned Charles to a new scheme for quitting England and placing himself at the head of the Scots. He did not take into his account that both Parliament and General Assembly were bitterly hostile to Montrose, whom they insisted on regarding as a renegade Covenanter. Charles forgot, moreover, that military difficulties, at least as obstinate as in England, would confront him in Scotland. Such a project was a fair example of the king's levity. In another month the meteor went out. David Leslie, who fought at Cromwell's side at Marston Moor, and who was now on duty in England, took his force up to the border, crossed the Tweed, found Montrose and his ragged and scanty force of clansmen encamped at Philiphaugh, near Selkirk (September 13, 1645), and there fell suddenly upon them, shattering both Montrose's fantasies and the shadowy hopes of the dreaming king.

Charles's resolution was still unshaken. As he told Digby, if he could not live like a king, he would die like a gentleman. Six weeks after the fatal battle he writes to Prince Rupert: "I confess that, speaking either as a mere soldier or statesman, I must say that there is no probability but of my ruin. But, as a Christian, I must tell you that God will not suffer rebels and traitors

to prosper, or this cause to be overthrown. And whatever personal punishment it shall please him to inflict upon me must not make me repine, much less to give over this quarrel. Indeed, I cannot flatter myself with expectations of good success, more than this, to end my days with honor and a good conscience, which obliges me to continue my endeavors, as not despairing that God may in due time avenge his own cause. Though I must avow to all my friends that he that will stay with me at this time must expect and resolve either to die for a good cause, or (which is worse) to live as miserable in maintaining it as the violence of insulting rebels can make it."

This patient stoicism, which may attract the student when he reads about it in a book, was little to the mind of the bold and shrewd soldier to whom the king's firm words were written. A disaster second only to Naseby, and still more unforeseen, soon followed. Fairfax and Cromwell laid siege to Bristol, and after a fierce and daring storm (September 14) Rupert, who had promised the king that he could hold out for four good months, suddenly capitulated, and rode away to Oxford under the humiliating protection of a Parliamentary convoy. The fall of this famous stronghold of the west was the severest of all the king's mortifications, as the failure of Rupert's wonted courage was the strangest of military surprises. That Rupert was too clear-sighted not to be thoroughly discouraged by the desperate aspect of the king's affairs is certain, and the military difficulties of sustaining a long siege were thought, even by those who had no reasons to be tender of his fame, to justify the surrender. The king would listen to no excuses, but wrote Rupert an angry letter, declaring so mean an action to be the greatest trial of his constancy that had yet happened, depriving him of his commissions, and bidding him begone beyond the seas. Rupert nevertheless insisted on following the king to Newark, and after some debate was declared to be free of all disloyalty or treason, but not of indiscretion. Another quarrel arose between the king and his nephews and their partizans. They forced their way into his presence while he was seated at dinner, and addressed him with such rudeness that he was for withdrawing to his bedchamber. This only provoked the Cavaliers to fresh insolence, until the king, with livelier anger than he had ever been known to show in all his life before, commanded them to depart from his presence, and to come no more into it. The feuds and rivalries of Parliament, at their worst, were always matched by the more ignoble distractions and jealousies of the court. Suspicions even grew up that Rupert and Maurice were in a plot for the transfer of the crown to their elder brother, the Elector Palatine. That the Elector had been encouraged in such aspirations by earlier incidents was true.

Cromwell improved the fall of Bristol, as he had improved Naseby. "Faith and prayer," he tells the Speaker, "obtained this city for you. It is meet that God have all the praise. Presbyterians, Independents, and all here have the same spirit of faith and prayer, the same presence and answer; they agree here, have no names of difference; pity it is it should be otherwise anywhere." So he urges to the end of his despatch. Toleration is the only key-word. "All that believe have the real unity, which is most glorious, because inward and spiritual. As for unity in forms, commonly called uniformity, every Christian will study that. But in things of the mind we look for no compulsion but that of light and reason. In other things God hath put the sword in the hands of the Parliament for the terror of evil-doers and the praise of them that do well."

These high refrains were not at all to the taste of the Presbyterian majority, and on at least one occasion they were for public purposes suppressed. After Bristol, Winchester fell. Then Cromwell sat down before Basing House, which had plagued and defied the generals of the Parliament for many long months since 1643. Its valorous defender was Lord Winchester, a Catholic, a brave, pious, and devoted servant of the royal cause, indirectly known to the student of English poetry as husband of the young lady on whose death, fourteen years earlier, Milton and Ben Jonson had written verses of elegiac grief.

"Cromwell spent much time with God in prayer the night before the storm of Basing. He seldom fights without some text of Scripture to support him." This time he rested on the eighth verse of the One Hundred and Fifteenth Psalm: "They that make them [idols] are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them"—with private application to the theologies of the popish Lord Winchester. "We stormed this morning," Oliver reports (October 14, 1645), "after six of the clock; the signal for falling on was the firing four of our cannon, which being done, our men fell on with great resolution and cheerfulness." Many of the

enemy were put to the sword; all the sumptuous things abounding in the proud house were plundered; "popish books, with copes and such utensils," were flung into the purifying flame, and before long fire and destruction had left only blackened ruins. Among the prisoners was Winchester himself. In those days the word in season was held to be an urgent duty. Hugh Peters thought the moment happy for proving to his captive the error of his idolatrous ways, just as Cheynell hastened the end of Chillingworth by thrusting controversy upon his last hour, and as Clotworthy teased the unfortunate Laud, at the instant when he was laying his head upon the block, with questions upon what his assurance of salvation was founded. The stout-hearted Cavalier of Basing, after long endurance of his pulpit tormentors, at last broke out and said that "if the king had no more ground in England than Basing House, he would still adventure as he had done, and so maintain it to the uttermost."

After Basing, the king had, indeed, not very much more ground in England or anywhere else. This was the twentieth garrison that had been taken that summer. Fairfax, who had parted from Cromwell for a time after the fall of Bristol, pushed on into Devon and Cornwall, and by a series of rapid and vigorous operations cleared the Royalist forces out of the west. He defeated Hopton, that good soldier and honorable man, first at Torrington and then at Truro, and his last achievement was the capture of Exeter (April, 1646). Cromwell, who had joined him shortly after the fall of Basing House, was with the army throughout these operations, watching the state of affairs at Westminster from a distance, in the frame of mind shown by the exhortations in his despatches, and constant to his steadfast rule of attending with close diligence to the actual duties of the day, leaving other things to come after in their place.

XVII. THE KING WITH THE SCOTS.

ONE Sunday, at midnight (April 26, 1646), the king at Oxford came secretly to an appointed room in one of the colleges, had his hair and beard cut short, was dressed in the disguise of a servant, and at three in the morning, with a couple of companions, crossed over Magdalen Bridge, and passed out of the gate, leaving behind him forever the gray walls and venerable towers, the churches and libraries, the cloisters and gardens, of the ever-faithful city. He had not even made up his mind whither to go, whether to London or to the Scots. Riding through Maidenhead and Slough, the party reached Uxbridge and Hillingdon, and there at last, after long and perplexed debate, he resolved to set his face northward, but with no clear or settled design. For eight days men wondered whether the fugitive king lay hidden in London or had gone to Ireland. Charles was afraid of London, and he hoped that the French envoy would assure him that the Scots were willing to grant him honorable conditions. Short of this, he was inclined rather to cast himself upon the English than to trust his countrymen. His choice was probably the wrong one. If he had gone to London he would have had a better chance than ever came to him again of widening the party divisions in the House of Commons, and he would have shown the English that he had that confidence in their loyalty which at this, as almost at every other, stage, the general body of them were little likely to disappoint or to betray. After all, it mattered less where Charles was than what he was. If, in the language of the time, God had hardened him, if he was bent on "tinkling on bishops and delinquents and such foolish toys," he might as well try his shallow arts in one place as another. Do what he would, grim men and grim facts had now fast hold upon him. He found his way to Harrow, thence to St. Albans, and thence to Downham. There the disguised king stayed at a tavern until word came from Montereul—not very substantial, as it proved—that the Scots would give the assurances that he desired. Ten days after leaving Oxford Charles rode into the Scottish quarters at Southwell. He was never a free man again.

With the close of the war and the surrender of the person of the king a new crisis began, not less decisive than that which ended in the raising of the royal standard four years before, but rapidly opening more extensive ground of conflict and awakening more formidable elements. Since then Europe has learned, or has not learned, the lesson that revolutions are apt to follow a regular order. It would be a complete mistake, however, to think that England in 1647 was at all like France after the return of Bonaparte from his victorious campaigns in Italy. They were unlike, because Cromwell was not a bandit, and the army of the New Model was not a standing force of many tens of thousands of men, essentially conscienceless, only existing for war and conquest. The task was different. No situations in history really re-

Newtoune 20 Sep 1645

Nephew, what through want of time, or unwillingness, to speake to you of so unpleasant a subject, I have not yet (wch now I must supply) spoken to you freely of your Brother Ruperts present Condition, the truth is, that his unhansom quitting the Castell & Forte of Bristol, hath enforced me to put him off those Comands wch he had in my Cavalry & have sent him a Passe to goe beyond Sease: now though I could doe no less than this for wch (believe me) I have too much reason, upon strikt examination; yet, I assure you that I am most confident that this great Error of his (wch, indeed, hath ~~are~~ given me more Greefe then any Misfortune since this damnable Rebellion) hath no waise proceeded from his change of affection to me or my Cause, but, meerly, by having his Judgement [illegible] by some [illegible] making faire pretentions to him, & I am resolved, so little to [illegible] his former services, that, whensoever it shall please God to enable me to looke upon my Friends like a King, he shall thanke God for the paines he hath spent in my Armies. So much for him, now for your selfe, I know you to be so free from his present Misfortune, that it nowais staggers me in that good opinion wch I have ever had of you, & so long as you shall not weary of your Imploiments under me, I will geue you all the encouragement & contentment that lies in my Power; howeuer, you shall [illegible] me.

Your loving Uncle & most assured friend

Charles R.

LETTER FROM CHARLES I TO HIS NEPHEW, PRINCE MAURICE. IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

produce themselves. In France the fabric of government had been violently dashed to pieces from foundation to crest. Those ideas in men's minds by which national institutions are molded, and from which they mainly draw their life, had become faded and powerless. The nation had no reverence for the throne, and no affection either for the king while he was alive, or for his memory after they had killed him. Not a single institution stood sacred. In England, in 1647, no such terrible catastrophe had happened. A confused storm had swept over the waters, many a brave man had been carried overboard, but the ship of state seemed to have ridden out the hurricane. The king had been beaten, but the nation never dreamed of anything but monarchy. The bishops had gone down, but the nation desired a national church. The lords had dwindled to a dubious shadow, but the nation cherished its unalterable reverence for Parliament.

The highest numbers in a division, even in the early days of the Long Parliament, do not seem to have gone above three hundred and eighty out of a total of over five hundred. After the war broke out they naturally sank to a far lower figure. At least a hundred members were absent in the discharge of local duties. A hundred more took the side of the king, and shook the dust of Westminster from off their feet. On the first Self-denying Ordinance one hundred and ninety members voted. The appointment of Fairfax to be commander-in-chief was carried by one hundred and one against sixty-nine. The ordinary working strength was not above one hundred. The weakness of moral authority in a house in this condition was painfully evident, but so, too, were the difficulties in the way of any remedy. A general dissolution, as if the country were in deep tranquillity instead of being torn and wearied by civil convulsion, was out of the question. Apart from the technical objection of calling a new Parliament without the king and the king's great seal, the risk of throwing upon doubtful constituencies all the vital issues then open and unsettled was too formidable for any statesman in his senses to provoke.

The House proceeded gradually, and after Naseby issued writs in small batches. Before the end of 1646 about two hundred and thirty-five new members had been returned, and of these the majority either professed Independency or leaned toward it, or at least were averse to Presbyterian exclusiveness, and not a few were officers in the army. Thus in all revolutions, as they move forward, stratum is superimposed above stratum. Coke, Selden, Eliot, Hampden, Pym, the first generation of constitutional reformers, were now succeeded by a new generation of various revolutionary shades—Ireton, Ludlow, Hutchinson, Algernon Sidney, Fleetwood, and Blake. Cromwell, from his success as commander, his proved experience, and his stern adherence to the great dividing doctrine of toleration, was the natural leader of this new and powerful group. Sidney's stoical death years after on Tower Hill, and Blake's destruction of the Spanish silver-galleons in the bay of Santa Cruz, the most splendid naval achievement of that age, have made a deeper mark on historic imagination; but for the purposes of the hour it was Ireton who had the more important part to play. Ireton, now five-and-thirty, was the son of a country gentleman in Nottinghamshire, had been bred at Oxford, and read law in the Temple. He had fought at Edgehill, had ridden by Cromwell's side at Gainsborough and Marston Moor, and, as we have seen, was in command of the horse on the left wing at Naseby, where his fortune was not good. No better brain was then at work on either side, no purer character. Some found that he had "the principles and the temper of a Cassius in him," for no better reason than that he was firm, never shrinking from the shadow of his convictions, active, discreet, and with a singular power of drawing others, including, first of all, Cromwell himself, over to his own judgment. He had that directness, definiteness, and persistence to which the Pliables of the world often misapply the ill-favored name of fanaticism. He was a man, says one, regardless of his own or any one's private interest wherever he thought the public service might be advantaged. He was very active, industrious, and stiff in his ways and purposes, says another; stout in the field, and wary and prudent in counsel; exceedingly forward as to the business of the Commonwealth. "Cromwell had a great opinion of him, and no man could prevail so much, nor order him so far, as Ireton could." He was so diligent in the public service, and so careless of all belonging to himself, that he never regarded what food he ate, what clothes he wore, what horse he mounted, or at what hour he went to rest. Cromwell good-naturedly implies in Ireton almost excessive fluency with his pen; he does not write to him, he says, because "one line of mine begets many of his." The framing of

DRAWN BY WILLIAM HATHERELL, R. I.

THE ARRIVAL OF CROMWELL AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL FAIRFAX.

constitutions is a pursuit that has fallen into just discredit in later days, but the power of intellectual concentration and the constructive faculty displayed in Ireton's plans of constitutional revision mark him as a man of the first order in that line. He was enough of a lawyer to comprehend with precision the principles and forms of government, but not too much of a lawyer to prize and practise new invention and resource. If a fresh constitution could have been made, Ireton was the man to make it. Not less remarkable than his grasp and capacity of mind was his disinterestedness. When he was serving in Ireland Parliament ordered a settlement of two thousand pounds a year to be made upon him. The news was so unacceptable to him that when he heard of it he said that they had many just debts they had better pay before making any such presents, and that for himself he had no need of their land, and would have none of it. It was to this comrade in arms and council that Cromwell, a year after Naseby (1646), gave in marriage his daughter Bridget, then a girl of two-and-twenty.

The king's surrender to the Scots created new entanglements. The episode lasted from May, 1646, to January, 1647. It made worse the bad feeling that had for long been growing between the English and the Scots. The religious or political quarrel about uniform Presbytery, charges of military uselessness, disputes about money, disputes about the border strongholds, all worked with the standing international jealousy to produce a tension that had long been dangerous, and in another year, in the play of Scottish factions against one another, was to become more dangerous still.

DRAWN BY W. DERBY, ENGRAVED BY E. SCRIVEN. FROM A PRINT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM OF A PORTRAIT BY SIR PETER LELY, IN THE COLLECTION OF THE DUKE OF HAMILTON.

DAVID LESLIE, FIRST LORD NEWARK.

Terms of a settlement had been propounded to the king in the Nineteen Propositions of York, on the eve of the war in 1642, in the treaty of Oxford at the beginning of 1643, in the treaty of Uxbridge in 1644–45, the failure of which led to the New Model and

DRAWN BY S. J. SOLOMON. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

CHARLES I, HEADING HIS LINE, TURNED FROM THE FIELD OF NASEBY BY LORD CARNWATH.

to Naseby. By the Nineteen Propositions now made to him at Newcastle the king was to swear to the covenant, and to make all his subjects do the same. Archbishops, bishops, and all other dignitaries were to be utterly abolished and taken away. The children of papists were to be educated by Protestants in the Protestant faith; and mass was not to be said either at court or anywhere else. Parliament was to control all the military forces of the kingdom for twenty years, and to raise money for them as it might think fit. An immense list of the king's bravest friends was to be proscribed. Little wonder is it that these proposals, some of them even now so odious, some so intolerable, seemed to Charles to strike the crown from his head as effectually as by the stroke of the ax.

On the king's first arrival in the Scottish quarters the apparent understanding between the king and the Scots for a moment delighted the Presbyterians and exasperated the Independents. When negotiations began, this situation was rapidly changed by the haughty refusal of the king to give up church government by bishops. Charles himself never cherished a more foolish dream than this of his Scottish custodians that he would turn Covenanter. Scottish Covenanters and English Puritans found themselves confronted by a conscience as rigid as their own. Before the summer was over the king's madness, as it seemed to them, had confounded all his Presbyterian friends. They were in no frame of mind to apprehend even dimly the king's view of the divine right of bishops as the very foundation of the Anglican Church, and the one sacred link with the church universal. Yet they were themselves just as tenacious of the divine right of Presbytery. Their Independent enemies looked on with a stern satisfaction, which was beginning to take a darker and more revengeful cast.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALKER & BOUTALL OF THE PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON.

RALPH, LORD HOPTON OF STRATTON, K. B.

In spite of his asseverations, nobody believed that the king "stuck upon Episcopacy

for any conscience." Here, as time was to show, the world did Charles much less than justice; but he did not conceal from the

DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN AFTER A PORTRAIT BY VAN DYCK (ASCRIBED ALSO TO WILLIAM DOBSON). BY PERMISSION OF THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

JAMES GRAHAM, FIFTH EARL AND FIRST MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

queen, and others who urged him to swallow Presbytery, that he had a political no less than a religious objection to it. "The nature of Presbyterian government is to steal or force the crown from the king's head, for their chief maxim is (and I know it to be true) that all kings must submit to Christ's kingdom, of which they are the sole governors, the king having but a single and no negative voice in their assemblies." When Charles said he knew this to be true, he was thinking of all the bitter hours that his father had passed in conflict with the

clergy. He had perhaps heard of the scene between James VI and Andrew Melvill in 1596; how the preacher bore him down, calling the king God's silly vassal, and taking him by the sleeve, told him that there are two kings and two kingdoms in Scotland: there is Christ Jesus, the King, and his kingdom the kirk, whose subject King James VI is, and of whose kingdom not a king, not a lord, not a head, but a member. "And they whom Christ has called and commanded to watch over his kirk and govern his spiritual kingdom has sufficient power of him and authority so to do, the which no Christian, king nor prince, should control and discharge, but fortify and assist."

The sincerity of his devotion to the church did not make Charles a plain-dealer. He agreed to what was proposed to him about Ireland, supposing, as he told Bellièvre, the French ambassador, that the ambiguous expression found in the terms in which it was drawn up would give him the means by and by of interpreting it to his advantage. Charles, in one of his letters to the queen, lets us see what he means by an ambiguous expression. "It is true," he tells her, "that it may be I give them leave to hope for more than I intended, but my words are only '*to endeavor* to give them satisfaction.'" Then he is anxious to explain that though it is true that as to places he gives them some more likely hopes, "yet neither in that is there any absolute engagement, but there is the condition 'of giving me encouragement thereunto by their ready inclination to peace' annexed with it."

"It is not easy for me," the French envoy wrote in the gloomy days at Newcastle, "to direct well the affairs of a king who does not let me know the whole of them, who in essentials does not pay much heed to my counsels, though he would have me think that he does, and would have the public suppose that he honors me with his confidence, but who by different arrangements that he makes underhand, and from the varieties of advice that he takes from anybody who comes near him, builds up just the same idle fancies as those that have been the ruin of him. I have done all that was in me to hold him up and to hinder him from ruining his affairs. I do but lose my time. His position, his behavior, and his luck give me little ground for promising myself more success." What Charles was in dealing with wise friends in 1646 that he was also when he came to deal with wise enemies in 1647.

FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

THE CITY OF BRISTOL.

XVIII. THE KING A PRISONER.

After all is said, the cause of the king's ruin lay as much in his position as in his character. The directing portion of the nation had made up its mind to alter the relations of crown and Parliament, and it was hardly possible, in the nature of things,—men and kings being what they are,—that Charles should passively fall into the new position that his victorious enemies had made for him. Europe has seen many constitutional monarchies attempted or set up within the last hundred years. In how many cases has the new system been carried on without disturbing an old dynasty? We may say of Charles I what has been said of Louis XVI. Every day they were asking the king for the impossible—to deny his ancestors, to respect the constitution that stripped him, to love the revolution that destroyed him. How could it be?

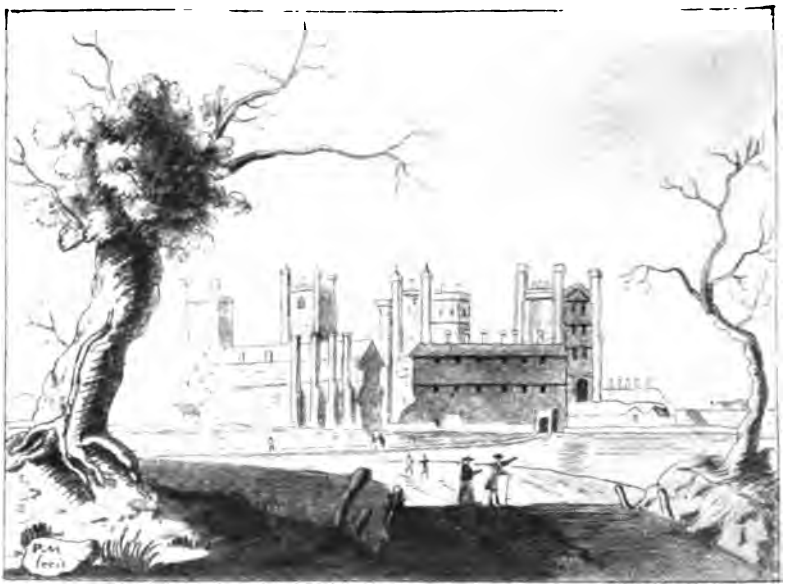
It is beside the mark, again, to lay the blame upon the absence of a higher intel-

DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN AFTER A PRINT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM OF THE PORTRAIT BY PETER OLIVER.

JOHN PAWLET, MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER.

lectual atmosphere. It was not a bad intellectual basis that made the catastrophe certain, but antagonism of will, the clash of interest, the violence of party passion and personality. The king was determined not to give up what the reformers were determined that he should not keep. He felt that to yield would be to betray both those who had gone before him, and his children who were to come after. His opponents felt that to fall back would be to go both body and soul into chains. So Presbyterians and Independents feared and hated each other, not merely because each failed in intellectual perception of the case of his foe, but because their blood was up, because they believed dissent in opinion to mean moral obliquity, because sectional interests were at stake, and for all those other reasons which spring from that spirit of sect and party which is so innate in man, and always mingles so much evil with whatever it may have of good.

The undoing of Charles was not merely his turn for intrigue and double-dealing; it was want of vision into facts, blindness to signs, blundering mismeasurement of forces, disheveled confusion of means and ends. Unhappily, mere foolishness in men respon-



FROM THE EXTRA-ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF CLARENDON'S "HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR," VOL. IV., NO. 104, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

BASING HOUSE IN HAMPSHIRE.

sible for the government of great states is apt to be a curse as heavy as the crimes of tyrants. With strange self-confidence, Charles was hard at work upon schemes and combinations, all at best most difficult in themselves, and each of them violently inconsistent with the other. He was hopefully negotiating with the Independents, and at the same time both with the Catholic Irish and with the Presbyterian Scots. He looked to the support of the Covenanters, and at the same time he relied upon Montrose, between whom and the Covenanters there was now an antagonism almost as vindictive as a Corsican blood-feud. He professed a desire to come to an understanding with his people and Parliament, yet he had a chimerical plan for collecting a new army to crush both Parliament and people, and he was looking each day for the arrival of Frenchmen or Lorrainers, or Dutchmen or Danes, and their march through Kent or Suffolk upon his capital. While negotiating with men to whom hatred of the Pope was the breath of their nostrils, he was allowing the queen to bargain for a hundred thousand crowns in one event, and a second hundred in another, from Antichrist himself. He must have known, moreover, that nearly every move in this stealthy game was more or less well known to all those other players against whom he had so improvidently matched himself.

These blind and incoherent designs were all his own. He had advisers who told him the truth. Mazarin's envoy assured him more than once, "without any disguise, and with much freedom," how deeply the Scots were dissatisfied with his evasive proposals, and how the English moderates, as well as the Scots, would scarcely hear any more of coming to terms with him. His English friends at Oxford perceived that nothing short of a miracle could save him. He might, it was true, by some turn of the Continental wheel, obtain help from abroad, but there was no sign of it. Or he might get good armies from Ireland, and of these there was no sign either. Or it was possible that the Scots would place their forces at his disposal, and with them and the English Royalists he might reduce the kingdom of England to its old obedience. But such a combination as this, the religious question being still left

open, would be indeed one of those miracles over which only baffled reactionists, émigrés, and kings in exile are capable of brooding and dreaming. The Earl of Dorset, a Royalist moderate, told him there ought to be a fair treaty between him and the Parliament, without the king's stooping to his subjects, or subjects being deprived of their liberty by the king. It was not safe for the king, said Dorset, to introduce arbitrary government upon this free-born nation, nor was it just for the people to endure it. Charles replied to him coldly, and said that he had the voice of Jacob, but that his hands were the hands of Esau. On another occasion Dorset and other peers urged him to treat. Charles answered them, in a flame of petulance, that if the swords of his friends failed him, he would keep his head by his own sword. The peers were so overwhelmed with the misery of his state that they conceived the extraordinary design of handing their master over to the Parliament, thinking his honor would be better served if he capitulated under compulsion than if he went of his own will under the spears.

The queen's letters during all these long months of tribulation shed as much light upon the character of Charles as upon her own. Complaint of his lack of constancy and resolution is the everlasting refrain. Want of perseverance in his plans, she tells him, has been his ruin. When he talks of peace with the Parliament she vows that she will go into a convent, for she will never trust herself with those who will then be his masters. "If you change again, farewell forever. If you have broken your resolution, nothing but death for me. As long as the Parliament lasts you are no king for me; I will not put my foot in England." Bitterly she reproaches him with every concession. "This is the last time, and I tell you that if you yield again you are lost, and I will never come back to England, but will go and pray to God for you" (December, 1646). We can have no better measure of Charles's weakness than that in the hour of adversity, so desperate for them both, he should be thus addressed by a wife to whom he had been wedded for twenty years.

His submission is complete. He will not have a gentleman for his son's bedchamber, nor Montrose for his own bedchamber, with-

FROM A FRESCO IN THE CORRIDOR OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS, PAINTED BY C. W. COPE, R. A. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

BASING HOUSE DEFENDED BY THE CAVALIERS.

DRAWN BY B. ROSENMEYER.

CHARLES AWAITING THE RETURN OF THE FRENCH ENVOY.

out her consent. He will not decide whether it is best for him to make for Ireland, France, or Denmark, until he knows what she thinks best. Amid all the difficulties, he tells her, against which he had struggled in this unparalleled rebellion, none had done half so much harm, nor given him half so much vexation, as the causeless stumblings and misunderstandings of his friends. Yet so long as he was rightly understood by her, he despised them all. But since he is now most mistaken there whence his chiefest comfort comes, he really should sink under his present miseries. "If I quit my conscience," he pleads in the famous sentiment of Lovelace, "how unworthy I make myself of thy love!" With that curious streak of immovable scruple so often found in men in whom equivocation is a habit of mind and practice, he had carefully kept his oath never to mention matters of religion to her, and it is only under stress of this new misconstruction that he seeks to put himself right with her, by explaining his position about apostolic succession, the divine right of bishops, and the absolute unlawfulness of Presbyterianism, ever the ally and confederate of rebellion.

MINIATURE BY CROSBE AT WINDSOR. BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

BRIDGET CROMWELL (MRS. IRETON, AND LATER MRS. FLEETWOOD).

Charles's unlucky duplicity reached a climax in the famous instructions to Lord Glamorgan. This proceeding has given rise to fierce controversy, and it is worth recalling, as illustrating the character with which Cromwell and the clearer-sighted partizans of order had to deal, for the king was the knot of English historic tragedy. Glamorgan, himself a Catholic, was in politics one of those dangerous and headlong simpletons for whom the king had a fatal affinity. Charles allowed him to go over to Ireland with a commission —first to deal with the Pope and the Catholic powers, and next to help to conclude a peace with the confederate Catholics in Ireland. In both cases the general character of the desired bargain was the same—armies or cash in exchange for relief, or something more than relief, to the members of the Catholic communion.

Glamorgan, either construing his commission differently from modern historians, or else convinced of the absolute necessity, with or without instructions, of procuring for his master the immediate succor of an Irish army, without referring to Ormonde struck his secret bargain with the confederate Catholics. The penal laws against the free and public exercise of their religion were to be repealed; the churches that the Catholics had seized were to remain theirs, and derelict churches were to become theirs; and the Catholic clergy were to exercise an independent ecclesiastical jurisdiction over their flocks. This treaty, made in August, a couple of months after Naseby, was discovered in October, and found its way to Ormonde before Christmas. The Irish Privy Council was furious, and Glamorgan was promptly sent to prison. His treaty was known at Westminster in the middle of January (1646), and its enormity lost nothing by crossing the Irish Channel. Here, as in Dublin, it was regarded as nothing less than an abandonment of the king's ecclesiastical supremacy, the establishment of popery, and the ruin of the Protestant clergy, even to the fabrics of their churches and their material possessions. Charles speedily and explicitly threw Glamorgan over. Then his conscience smote him, and after justifying the proceed-

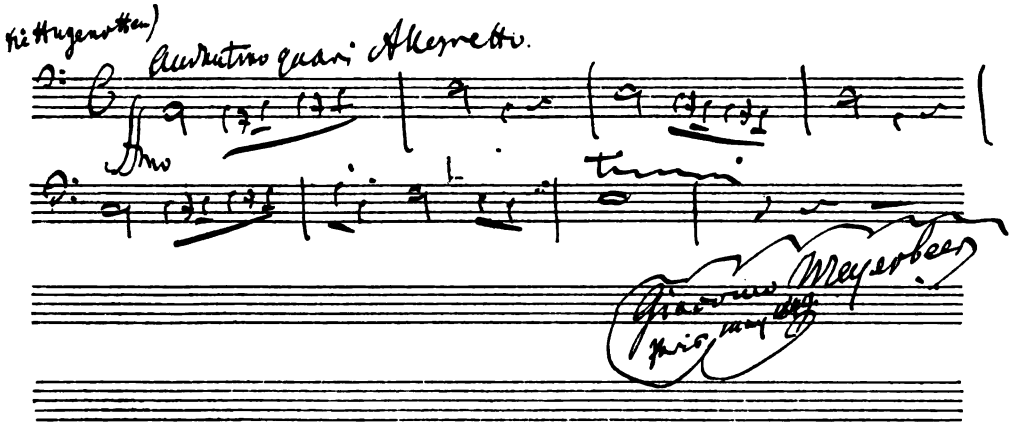
ings against Glamorgan as necessary for the clearing of the royal honor, he requests Ormonde to suspend the execution of any sentence upon the offender, and, in fact, the unfortunate emissary was soon at large and in favor again. To Glamorgan himself he wrote: "As I doubt not but you have too much courage to be dismayed or discouraged at the usage like you have had, so I assure you that my estimation of you is nothing diminished by it, but rather begets in me a desire of revenge and reparation to us both (for in this I hold myself equally interested with you), whereupon, not doubting of your accustomed care and industry in my service, I assure you of the continuance of my favor and protection to you, and that in deeds more than in words I shall show myself to be your most assured constant friend, C. R."

The last word upon all this may be taken from Clarendon to Nicholas. "I must tell you," he says to the secretary, "I care not how little I say in that business of Ireland, since those strange powers and instructions given to your favorite Glamorgan, which appear to be so inexcusable to justice, piety, and prudence. And I fear there is very much in that transaction of Ireland, both before and since, that you and I were never thought wise enough to be advised with in. Oh, Mr. Secretary, those stratagems have given me more sad hours than all the misfortunes in war which have befallen the king, and look like the effects of God's anger toward us." In Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," strange to say, this tortuous episode is never referred to. Yet no other incident of the struggle made a deeper impression either of Charles's insincerity, or of that meanness toward his agents which had already shown itself on the tragic scale to all the world in the somber case of Strafford.

At Westminster the effect of Glamorgan's proceedings was terrible. The Presbyterians, in their discomfiture, openly expressed their fears that the king was now undone forever. Charles, in a panic, offered to hand over the management of Ireland to his Parliament, thus lightly dropping the whole Irish policy on which he had for long been acting, flinging to the winds all his engagements, understandings, and promises to the Irish Catholics, and handing them over without conditions to the tender mercies of enemies fiercely thirsting for a bloody retaliation.

Nothing that he was able to do could disarm the universal anger and suspicion which the seizure of the king's papers at Naseby had begun, and the discovery of Glamorgan's papers at Sligo had carried still deeper. His resort to foreign powers was well known. The despatch of the Prince of Wales to join his mother in France was felt to be the unsealing of "a fountain of foreign war"; as the queen had got the prince into her hands, she could make the youth go to mass and marry the Duke of Orleans's daughter. The king was going to bring ten thousand men from Ireland to overrun the Scottish Lowlands, and then to raise the malignant north of England. The King of Denmark's son was to invade the north of Scotland with three or four thousand Dutch veterans. Eight or ten thousand French were to join the remnant of the royal army in Cornwall. Even the negotiations that had been so long in progress at Münster, and were by and by to end the Thirty Years' War and consummate Richelieu's great policy in the treaties of Westphalia, were viewed with apprehension by the English Reformers, for a peace might mean the release both of France and Spain for an attack upon England in these days of divine wrath and unsearchable judgments against the land. Prayer and fasting were never more diligently resorted to than now. The conflict of the two English parties lost none of its sharpness or intensity. The success of the policy of the Independents, so remarkably shown at Naseby, pursued, as it had been, against common opinion at Westminster, became more commanding with every new disclosure of the king's designs. In the long and intricate negotiations with the king and with the Scots at Newcastle, Independent aims had been justified, and had prevailed. The baffled Presbyterians only became the more embittered. At the end of January, 1647, a new situation became defined. The Scots, unable to induce the king to make those concessions in religion without which not a Scot would take arms to help him, and having received an instalment of the pay that was due to them, marched away to their homes across the border. Commissioners from the English Parliament took their place as custodians of the person of the king. By order of the two houses, Holmby, in the county of Northampton, was assigned to him as his residence, and here he remained until the month of June, when once more the scene was violently transformed.

(To be continued.)



AUTOGRAPH OF MEYERBEER LENT BY LOUIS O. STANTON.

THE COMPOSER MEYERBEER.

BY MORITZ MOSZKOWSKI.

THE 2d of May, 1894, was the thirtieth anniversary of the death of Meyerbeer, and according to the provision of his will, on that day his heirs entered into possession of his musical estate. Among other conditions to inheritance, Meyerbeer stipulated that his unpublished manuscripts be given to that one of his grandsons who should have developed most musical ability. These posthumous works, however, will not be published.

In commemoration of this anniversary of Meyerbeer's death "L'Africaine" was given at the Berlin royal opera-house, several papers made cursory reference to the import of the day, and there were occasional expressions of curiosity, in musical circles, as to the nature of the master's musical legacy. It was believed that there existed a completed opera of which the young Goethe was the hero, but the facts only partly sustain that assumption, for the work proved to be simply a drama by Blaze de Bury, entitled "La Jeunesse de Goethe," in which music is accorded an important rôle.

All of these discussions and conjectures attracted little attention from the outer world, and aroused less interest among musicians of the inner circles than could have been expected, considering the honored and popular name with which they were associated. This circumstance suggests an investigation of Meyerbeer's present position in public esteem, of what it once was, and as to what rank the verdict of future generations is likely to assign his creations.

Music is an art which rapidly alters its forms. We speak of "immortal masterpieces" of music, forgetting that barely four hundred years have passed since that epoch which we of to-day look upon as the dawn of musical art. What enormous development, what unforeseen perfection, and what wide dissemination it has attained during this period! How much has been created, admired, and afterward buried! And there has been no lack of errors of diagnosis in regard to musical works. Many have been adjudged dead that contained the life-impulse, while others have been accredited with a vitality that they did not possess. Factious critics have sometimes proved too ambitious to become grave-diggers, and at other times have worshiped musical corpses, as the Portuguese court parasites did homage to the exhumed remains of Ines de Castro, which Pedro had seated upon the throne.

Among the energetic partizans of the so-called new German school, the men whom I have denominated grave-diggers were numerous, and it strikes me that the arrangements which they made for the wholesale burial not only of Meyerbeer's operas, but of all related works, were a trifle prema-

ture. It is not to be denied that they succeeded in somewhat discrediting the value of Meyerbeer's music, and after the absolute denial of merit in his works had become an article of faith for Wagnerism there was no hesitation in its acceptance by those who desired to be modern *à tout prix*.

The public at large, which has little judgment in things musical, soon became an active participant in the war for the reformation of dramatic music; for Wagner not only illustrated his art principles through his operas, but also announced them in papers on art, which most skilfully accentuated the German national element in its esthetic ambitions. He furthermore took into consideration so much that was foreign to music, attempting to establish parallels between his reformatory ideas in his own department of art and matters which concerned apparently remote domains of thought and action, that many who had originally been totally indifferent came through this indirect path of reasoning into the Wagner fold.

The anti-Semitic propaganda found a capable champion in Wagner. Had there been no other available reasons for condemning Meyerbeer's music than the Jewish origin of its author, that, with Wagner's help, would have sufficed. The interesting discovery was made that the scores of "Robert le Diable" and "Les Huguenots" were in reality nothing but Jewish brogue, though they afforded valuable documentary proof at the same time of the existence of the famous French-Jewish alliance.[1] I will not accuse Wagner of having greeted this popularized interpretation of his ideas with satisfaction, although in his warfare against Meyerbeer and his adherents he sometimes failed to confine himself to purely artistic arguments.

It should be mentioned, however, that before Wagner's appearance upon the field the fight against Meyerbeer had been conducted with great personal enmity. Spontini, who was at first overestimated, and later saw his fame fade, had done all that was possible in this reprehensible style of warfare. As soon as he became convinced that no machinations could prevail against the success of his hated rival, he overreached himself in the harebrained assertion that Meyerbeer did not compose his own operas, but that they were the products of a certain Gouin, who preferred selling his fame to endangering his position as postal clerk by the acquisition of musical *renommée*.

[1] A supposed alliance to combat German composers. —EDITOR.

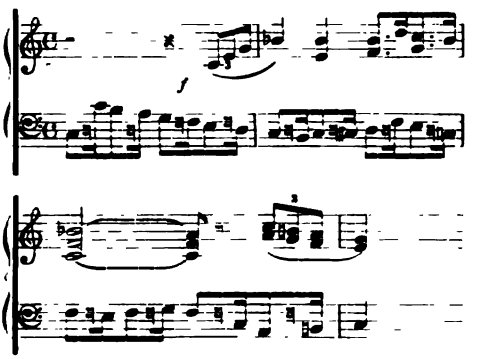
In justice it must be admitted that Meyerbeer's ardent admirers carried the glorification of their master to the borders of the ridiculous. When Dr. Schucht, for instance, in his work on Meyerbeer, says that the "Struensee" overture "takes first rank among classical overtures," and when he, in discussing that early work, "Gott und die Natur," claims that it evinces a command of counterpoint equal to that displayed by Händel and other masters of polyphony, every honest and intelligent person who honors Meyerbeer must regard these assertions as regrettable exaggerations.

Heine wrote of Meyerbeer in veins varying from extreme rapture to bitter mockery. In those operas composed during Meyerbeer's Italian period he found "Rossiniisms intensified by means of the most delicious exaggerations, the gold gilded, and the flowers endowed with stronger perfumes." He could not reach a similar height of absurdity in regard to "Robert le Diable" and "Les Huguenots," for their qualities precluded such a result, even though most recklessly loaded with superlative praise. With the advent of "Le Prophète" a complete change manifested itself in Heine's musical taste. He had fallen out with the composer, and thereafter saw in him only a "*maître de plaisir* of the aristocracy, and a music-corrupter, who composed diseased music," etc.

I remember that, even while a child, I was aware of the contradictions contained in the various opinions that I heard expressed in regard to Meyerbeer's music. How I longed to hear a stage-performance of one of his works! When I was about ten years old my wish was fulfilled. The third theatrical performance that I was permitted to attend made me acquainted with "Les Huguenots." I had previously heard most of the opera played upon the piano, and had not been pleased with it thus presented; but through the medium of voices and orchestra it made an immense impression on me, the details of which are still clear in my memory. It was not until some years later that I heard "Robert le Diable" and "Le Prophète." It seems strange to me that my present estimate of the comparative artistic value of these three operas should so perfectly tally with my youthful impressions. "Le Prophète" seems to me to approach "Les Huguenots" in musical value, while "Robert" is far inferior; but this order of rank does not accord with the scale of public esteem. Recent years have developed a slight disposition to glorify "Le Prophète" at the expense of

"Robert"; the latter work is nevertheless thought to possess greater melodic spontaneity, and the value of this quality is certainly beyond dispute.

Notwithstanding the fact that music is largely a matter of taste, it possesses elements that may be assayed. If we compare the scores of "Robert" and "Le Prophète" in all their details, taking into consideration the attributes of each as a musical dramatic work, we find in "Le Prophète," first of all, a far more characteristic formation of the concerted numbers. The sermon of the Anabaptists and the chorus of peasantry associated with it form together a masterpiece of choral development, evincing a power of climax possessed by no earlier dramatic composer. The rhythmic structure and modulations show a true art perception, just as the two principal motifs (in C minor and C major) show a gift for melodic invention. I have always regarded the beginning of the latter, with its audacious upward progression to the chord of the seventh, as one of



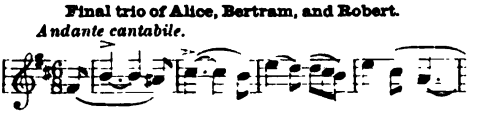
Meyerbeer's happiest inspirations. When this melody is repeated by the whole chorus in unison, it seems like a veritable *cri du peuple*, and the accompanying sturdy tributes of the celli, contrabassi, fagotti, and tuba sound like the dull tread of the working-classes marching to revolution. The chorus "Auf! tanzet um Leichen," in the third act, is endowed with characteristic color; but Meyerbeer's sovereign command of choral and instrumental forces is most brilliantly exemplified in the great ensemble of the church scene. The movement in D major, "Seht den König, den Propheten," is Händelian in its grandeur, and affords the most effective contrast possible to the "allegretto agitato" that succeeds it. The excitement which takes possession of the deluded people, who cannot be sure who is their betrayer, after the recognition scene between *Fides* and *John;* the ecstatic rejoicing called forth by the seeming miracle of the Prophet; and the final blending of the "Domine, salvum fac regem nostrum" with the triumphant cries of the people—all this is handled with such mastery, and the manifold details are so ingeniously devised, that, excepting the sword consecration in "Les Huguenots," the whole mass of opera literature furnishes no counterpart to it. The entire act is, besides, very rich in harmonic and instrumental effects, showing that Meyerbeer was, even in these spheres, a successful innovator.

It is obvious that these enormous demands upon musical and dramatic resources could have left little for the fifth act. Librettist and composer were both entirely exhausted, and could hope for a satisfactory finale only at the hands of the stage-machinists, to whom they could, to be sure, cry as does *King Philip* in "Don Carlos," "Cardinal, I have done my duty; do yours." Taking it all in all, we may say that Meyerbeer reached the zenith of his technical skill in "Le Prophète," and that his creative power had at that period hardly diminished. It is not to be denied that this work exhibits numerous weak movements. The whole of the last act does not contain one important musical number; indeed, there is much in it that is repulsive. *Fides's* grand aria (A flat major) is a model of disagreeable and misplaced vocal bravura, and the andante in E major, in the duet between *John* and his mother, direct torture. What the composer intended to express through the almost endless repetition of B in the trumpets, and later in the hautboys and violins, is to me incomprehensible. Perhaps others may see his intention more clearly.

Of the ballet music in "Le Prophète" the skating dance alone has obtained great popularity. The other numbers are entirely ineffective. Meyerbeer evidently devoted little care to their production, because they had not the slightest import in the scheme of the opera. In comparing the ballets of "Robert" and "Le Prophète," I prefer the former. As both are incidental accessories, the superiority weighs less. It is of much more moment that the last act of "Robert" so far surpasses that of "Le Prophète" in healthy and soulful melody. The final trio of

Final trio of Alice, Bertram, and Robert.

Andante cantabile.

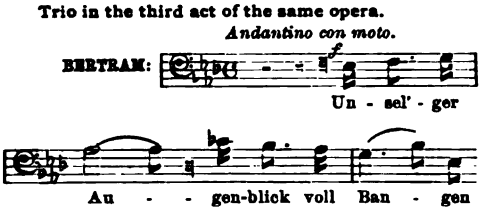


ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY T. JOHNSON, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

GIACOMO MEYERBEER.

Alice, *Robert*, and *Bertram* is one of the most beautiful parts of the opera, and the pathetic melody played by the orchestra while *Robert* reads his mother's will reconciles us to the bantering of the preceding period, out of which it grows. Unfortunately, the composer's intention is never entirely realized by our opera orchestras in the performance of this melody. Meyerbeer designed that it should be played underneath the stage, and by keyed bugles. In order to avoid the considerable difficulty of securing a perfect ensemble, and the trifling extra expense thus involved, the melody is assigned to the orchestra cornets, and loses materially in poetic effect. *Alice*, *Robert*, and *Bertram* have another fine trio in the third act, al-

Trio in the third act of the same opera.



though it is effective only from the standpoint of the old Italian operatic style, on which the composer of "Robert" had turned his back. Shreds of that school adhered to him, however, for a long time. When we consider that Meyerbeer had previously written seven operas purely in Rossini's vein, it ceases to seem strange that many traces of Italianism are to be found in "Robert."

If we compare "Crociato in Egitto," the last of Meyerbeer's operas in the Italian school, with "Robert," which he began five years later, we find an astounding change of style—even greater than that shown in the period of Wagner's development between "Rienzi" and "The Flying Dutchman."

Musical historians with fine perceptions, in this, as in so many similar cases, have given the world the benefit of their backward-glancing prophecies. They discover the "claws of the lion in 'Crociato.'" If one has the whole lion before him, the genuineness of the claws can no longer be questioned. Had the score of "Crociato" been submitted to me as the work of a thirty-three-year-old composer, and had I been asked for an estimate of his gifts as based thereon, I should have made a fool of myself. The whole opera impresses me as a shallow imitation of Rossini's mannerisms, and the only feature of it which I find worthy of praise is the skilful treatment of the voices. Harmony, structural forms, and impersonations are unendurably commonplace: nothing forecasts greatness.

Meyerbeer's increasing musical ability, as traceable through his successive operas, "Crociato," "Robert," and "Les Huguenots," is quite analogous to the gradual development shown in Beethoven's symphonies. Berlioz says, quite properly, of the First Symphony, "This is not yet Beethoven." No one would question that the Second Symphony bears the unmistakable impress of its creator, but not until the Third Symphony does the master exhibit the full glory of his genius. The careers of Beethoven and Meyerbeer are analogous, in that each in his own province showed not only the ripest individuality but also the most perfect mastery of art forms; for just as Beethoven is the mightiest composer that has arisen in the symphonic field, so is Meyerbeer still the foremost representative of grand opera. The gap between the highest and most ideal forms of instrumental music, and grand opera, distorted here and there through concessions to stage-machinists and ballet-dancers, is too wide to push the comparison further.

Whatever one's opinion of Meyerbeer's music in general, it cannot be denied that "Les Huguenots" is a work that exhibits entirely original invention, a rare wealth of characterization, and a wonderful mastery of technical resources. Even Richard Wagner, the most spiteful of Meyerbeer's opponents, was aroused by the fourth act to the expression of the warmest praise.

Schumann alone saw retrogression from "Robert" in "Les Huguenots"; he indeed preferred "Crociato" to "Robert."[1] This assignment of rank is incontrovertible evidence of the one-sidedness and untenableness of Schumann's opinions. The individualities of the two musicians were so unlike that they necessarily repelled each other. Schumann could accord Meyerbeer justice as long as he showed noteworthy capacity on accepted lines; but as Meyerbeer became more and more Meyerbeer, as his artistic physiognomy became more and more marked and significant, he lost Schumann's sympathy.

[1] Schumann's "Music and Musicians" (Fragments from Leipzig, No. IV): "I agree perfectly with Florestan, who clenched his criticism of the opera with the words: 'In "Crociato" Meyerbeer was a musician, in "Robert" he wavers, and from "Les Huguenots" on he is distinctly a "Franconian."'" ("Franconian" refers to a character in Schumann's writings, who represents the Philistine ways of thinking.)

Rivalry, unhappily, often enough leads to enmity; but a no less deplorable, because unjust, antagonism often arises between artists having irreconcilable tastes. Such was the case between Meyerbeer the positivist and Schumann the symbolist. The former was a cosmopolitan, and the latter a national artist. The one was attracted by the brilliancy of the footlights; the other reveled in clair-obscure. Meyerbeer was objective, *i. e.*, worked from the outside in. Schumann was subjective, *i. e.*, worked from the inside out.

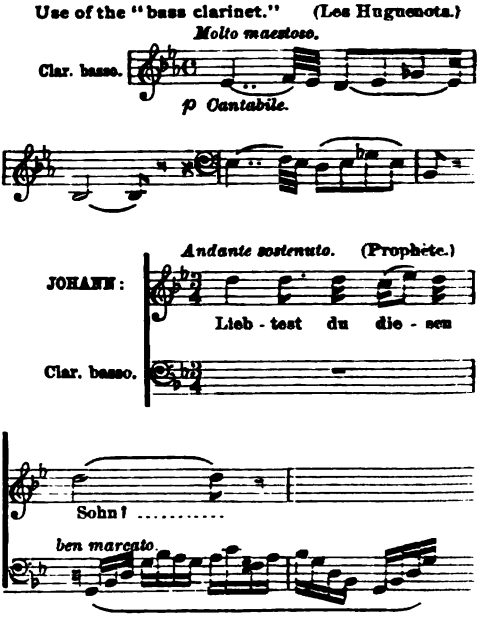
All music that does not belong to the class that might be called abstractly contrapuntal grows obsolete. This style alone is based on the everlasting laws of unassailable logic, for its structure rests upon combinations of actualities which are inspired by the spirit of mathematics. It is therefore not subject to the changing tastes of passing time. Quite other is the fate of musical works in the conception of which imagination plays the principal rôle, which arouse a thousand varying moods in their hearers, and in which the whole range of resources of musical expression is exhaustively applied; for here we have to do with an art of individual feeling and temporary taste. Such music is not deathless, but its life may be shorter or longer—a long life certainly indicating inherent strength. If this be granted, we cannot refuse "Les Huguenots" a place among the masterpieces of musical dramatic literature. What composer would not rejoice to see his creations the subjects of strife for fifty-eight years? While thus calling attention to the enduring vitality of "Les Huguenots," I should go too far did I claim that this work still presents the full vigor of youth.

There are two factors either of which may induce decadence in the effectiveness of a musical work. The one is the natural dullness of sensibilities toward any pleasure or stimulus with which we are too familiar; the other is the apparent change in our tastes. There is of course a wide difference between that loss of charm in a composition occasioned by too frequent hearing, and that caused by our having revised our estimate of its value. In the case of "Les Huguenots" we shall be obliged to concede the presence of both factors, but this may also be said of all works that belong to the same genre.

Did Rossini, Halévy, and Auber, in their operas, make less damaging concessions to the public, and to the vanity of singers? Did not their works also contain examples of those forced and artificially produced effects that Wagner quite aptly called "effects without motives"? Even if we grant that Meyerbeer is the greatest representative of the French grand opera, that is no justification for loading all of the shortcomings of his school upon his shoulders.

The score of "Les Huguenots" is so full of veritable musical beauties, it contains such a wealth of noble melody and ingenious dramatic settings, that one can well afford to overlook the many features of it that have become obsolete, and the few that are positively disagreeable. Its instrumentation is replete with characteristic qualities. A certain virtuoso-like treatment of certain instruments, entirely different from that found in Mozart's and Weber's writings, was one of Meyerbeer's characteristics. *Raoul's* romanza in the first act suggested to the ingenious composer the employment of the long-disused viola d'amore, the ethereal tones of which blend most exquisitely with the *mezzo voce* of the tenor singer. This is the last occurrence of this instrument in all musical literature—probably because the charm of its tone-color is fully developed in but few keys, best in D major. The bass

Use of the "bass clarinet." (Les Huguenots.)

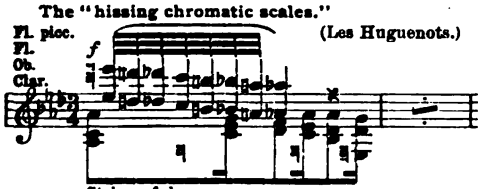


clarinet, which Meyerbeer introduced into the opera orchestra, and which he used as solo instrument in "Les Huguenots" and "Le Prophète," has, however, been largely adopted by later composers. Altogether Meyerbeer's treatment of the wood-wind was

entirely original and suitable. Every good treatise on instrumentation contains illustrative excerpts from his works, because they show such an extraordinary sense for tone-color, and such complete familiarity with the technic of each and all instruments.

Meyerbeer's inventive faculty especially distinguished itself in producing melancholy, weird, and wild combinations. This was strikingly manifested in "Robert." The famous triplet passage for the bassoons in the cemetery scene has always ranked as one of the greatest strokes of this master's genius. He understood how to draw new and characteristic effects from this instrument. "Les Huguenots" furnishes especially numerous examples in this genre. Who does not remember the awful, hollow timbre with which the piccolo, bassoon, contrabass, and grand drum endow *Marcel's* war-song, or the hiss-

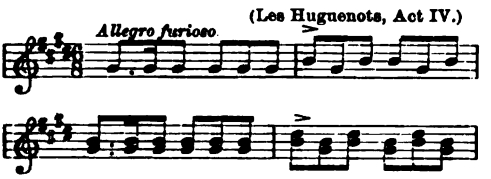
The "hissing chromatic scales."



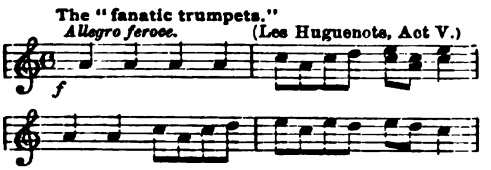
Strings & bassoons.

ing chromatic scales in which the flutes, hautboys, and clarinets so horribly portray the flaming bloodthirstiness of the Catholic conspirators? Meyerbeer's employment of the trumpets to depict furious fanaticism,

(Les Huguenots, Act IV.)



The "fanatic trumpets."



as in the fourth and fifth acts, was markedly successful. In other places his treatment of the trumpets is not congenial to German taste. French and Italian operatic scores have always materially differed from German in this particular. Each of these three nations has its own physiognomic character in instrumentation.

Berlioz once said of Meyerbeer that "he not only has the luck to have talent, but he has the talent to have luck." This was equally witty and true. If it was a rare good fortune for our master to have been aided in his difficult career as operatic composer by the possession of a million thalers, there was a second good fortune, not less valuable, for which he had every reason to be profoundly thankful. This second good fortune was called Scribe. The composer had in Scribe a librettist who not only possessed astonishing dramatic inventive faculty and knowledge of stage-business, but who also had the talent of adaptability. Scribe could suit his work to the peculiar and often capricious demands of his collaborators. He complained often enough because of the changes that Meyerbeer required in his texts, but he always yielded until a difference of opinion arose with regard to "L'Africaine" which no amount of discussion could adjust. Meyerbeer in consequence laid aside this score, which was already far advanced toward completion, took up the "Prophète" libretto, and, after that had been finished, wrote a comic opera, "Dinorah," for which Carré and Barbier furnished the text. In my opinion Meyerbeer's reason for the acceptance of this latter unsympathetic and also technically weak book is obvious. He wished to prove by the composition of this dubious idyl that the nature of his talent did not confine him to the heroic style; and it cannot be said that he failed to accomplish his purpose. "Dinorah" is not poor in characteristic graceful and brilliant vocal and instrumental effects. Still, it shows unmistakable evidence of decadence in inventive power, apparent in debilitating repetitions, rhythms, and in melismas from his earlier works. For this reason "Dinorah" has never secured a firm foothold in German opera repertoires, although even to-day it is highly regarded in France. The festival opera, "A Camp in Silesia," composed for the dedication of the new Berlin opera-house, has had a similar experience. The French adaptation called "L'Étoile du Nord" is seldom seen in Germany, although it has obtained considerable popularity in Paris.

"Le Prophète," "L'Étoile du Nord," "Dinorah," and several compositions intended for the concert-room and dating from the same period, had long since been performed when Meyerbeer returned to the neglected "L'Africaine." Negotiations with Scribe for the alterations of the last two acts were fruitless, and the death of the librettist, in 1861, blighted the composer's hopes of ever

seeing the libretto revised to accord with his desires. He was therefore obliged to finish the opera on the original lines. What displeased Meyerbeer in the text was the circumstance that, according to Scribe, the supposed African heroine turns out to be a young East Indian queen—a somewhat violent transformation, but one that Scribe regarded as essential. He maintained that India, with her gorgeous costumes and her pompous religious ceremonials, lent herself easily to musical illustration, whereas Africa was not operatically suggestive. He was not entirely wrong, for the first performance of "L'Africaine"—after the death of both authors—developed the fact that the most effective parts of the opera were those the scenes of which were laid in India. The composer was afforded exceedingly appropriate musical colors for the pomp of the Buddhist religious service, with its exotic magnificence of processions and dances; whereas other parts of the opera are uninterestingly dry, as might be expected from the long political and geographical discussions which they contain.

During his years of exhausting labor in the operatic field, Meyerbeer found time to compose a not inconsiderable number of small choral and orchestral works,—many of them *pièces d'occasion*,—the majority of which are to-day entirely forgotten. Such of his cantatas and church music as have become known to me are hardly worthy of earnest consideration, but I must not fail to call attention to one of Meyerbeer's works which, although small in its proportions, equals the best creations of the master in artistic significance. It is his music to Michael Beer's tragedy "Struensee." The score embraces only fourteen numbers, but it belongs to the masterworks of its genre, and may be classed with Beethoven's "Egmont," Mendelssohn's "Midsummer-night's Dream," Weber's "Preciosa," Schumann's "Manfred," and Bizet's "L'Arlesienne." Meyerbeer, with the overture to "Struensee," nullified, once for all, the reproach that he could not write orchestral pieces in symphonic form.

Few, in advance, would have accredited the great master Verdi with the ability to produce such a "Requiem" as he has given to the world; and when the painter Lenbach incidentally showed that he could paint hands as well as heads, he also did so without the permission of his critics. It is doubtless vexatious that artists sometimes venture to exhibit new features of their talent, regardless of the category to which critics have consigned them; but it is certainly most disagreeable of all when any one—like Meyerbeer, for instance—persists in living in his works, although long since declared artistically dead and buried. Yes, he lives, to the satisfaction of all unprejudiced musicians, who know no one-sidedness in art, and who will not allow doctrinaire pedants and their sterile principles to embitter their love of the beautiful.

TO AN ENGLISH SETTER.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

CORINTHIAN of dogs! how mark the grace
That guides your movements? how portray your face,
The meditation in the eyes, the poise
Of royal head? Such were great Landseer's joys,
Who in its woodland splendor, lithe and frank,
Found your race Greek, from chest to slender flank,
And gave it poetry for heritage.
Would that in his—your high breed's classic age—
The master had but seen and limned again
The sunlight rippling through your silken mane
Of white and gold! Would he might see you now,
Cleaving the goldenrod like Dian's plow,
And quick with autumn's half-barbaric mood,
Scattering the sumac leaves in showers of blood;
Or in some carved Olympiad runner's pose,
With peaked ears high, marking the cloud of crows
Flap with sarcastic echoes o'er the plain,
While your deep challenge and pursuit are vain.

LINES AND SAIL-PLAN OF THE "SPRAY."

FACTS IN REGARD TO THE SLOOP THAT WAS SAILED SINGLE-HANDED IN A VOYAGE OF 46,000 MILES AROUND THE WORLD.

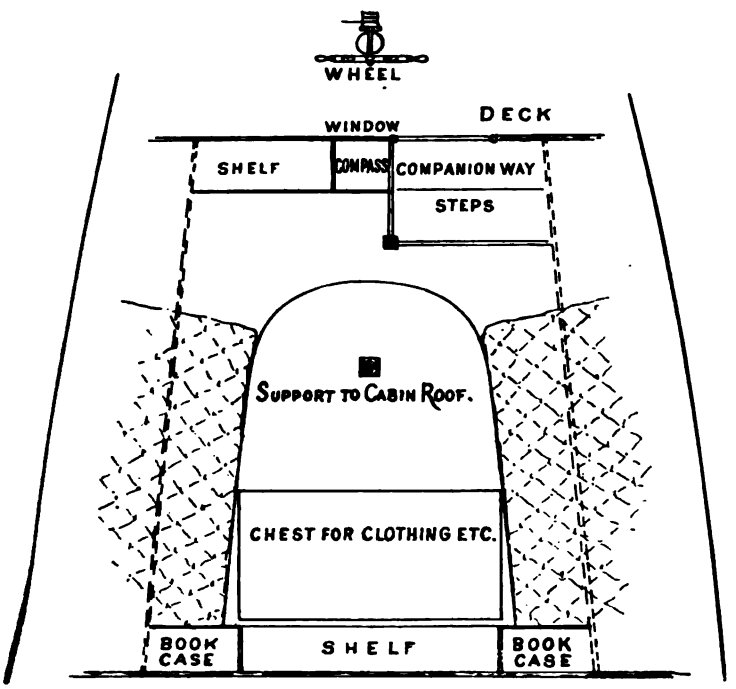
BY JOSHUA SLOCUM.

FROM a feeling of diffidence toward sailors of great experience, I refrained, in my published account of my single-handed voyage around the world, from entering fully into the details of the *Spray's* build, and of the primitive methods employed to sail her. Having had no yachting experience at all, I had no means of knowing that the trim vessels seen in our harbors and near the land could not all do as much, or even more than the *Spray*, sailing, for example, on a course with the helm lashed.

I was aware that no other vessel had sailed in this manner around the globe, but would have been loath to say that another could not do it, or that many men had not sailed vessels of a certain rig in that manner as far as they wished to go. I was greatly amused, therefore, by the flat assertions of a local expert that it could not be done, and was also amazed that one in his position should put himself so completely in my hands, when he criticized me somewhat unkindly, I think.

One can, under the circumstances, afford to be generous. I will give my fluent critic a chance to say that he *did not know*, and will do so by showing that I do know what I am talking about, only regretting that in my want of general experience I should have disturbed any one's self-satisfied tranquillity.

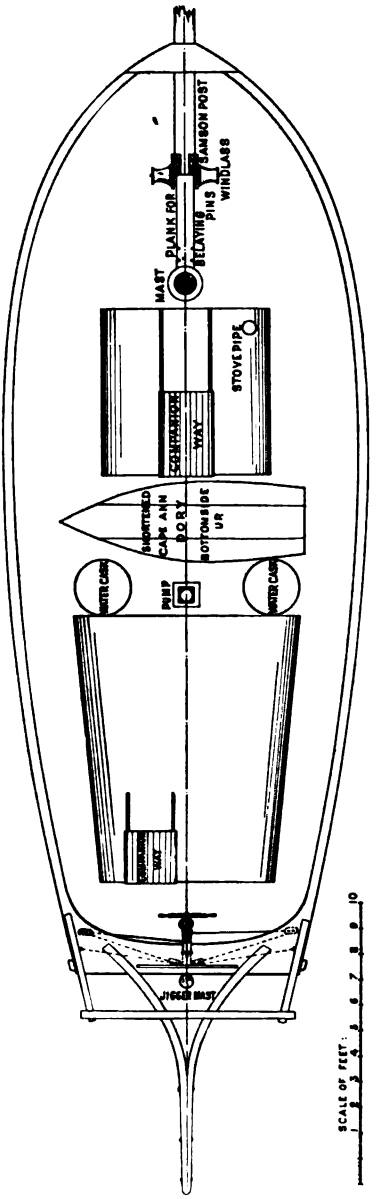
The *Spray*, as I sailed her, was entirely a new boat, built over from a sloop which bore the same name, and which, tradition said, had first served as an oysterman, about a hundred years ago, on the coast of Delaware. There was no record in the custom-house of where she was built. She was once owned at Noank, Connecticut, afterward in New Bedford, and when Captain Eben Pierce presented her to me, at the end of her natural life, she stood propped up in a field at Fairhaven, opposite New Bedford. Her lines were supposed to be those of a North Sea fisherman. In rebuilding timber by timber and plank by plank, I added to her free-board twelve inches amidships, eighteen inches forward, and fourteen inches aft, thereby increasing her sheer, and making her, as I thought, a better deep-water ship. I will not repeat the history of the rebuilding of the *Spray*, which may be found on page 681 of THE CENTURY for September, 1899, except to remind the



DRAWN BY C. D. MOWER.

PLAN OF THE AFTER-CABIN OF THE "SPRAY."

reader again that "it is a law in Lloyd's that the *Jane* repaired all out of the old until she is entirely new is still the *Jane*. The *Spray* changed her being so gradually that it was hard to say at what point the old died or the



DRAWN BY C. D. MOWER.

DECK-PLAN OF THE "SPRAY."

new took birth. . . . As measured at the custom-house, the *Spray's* dimensions were forty feet long over all, fourteen feet two inches wide, and four feet four inches deep in the hold, her tonnage being nine tons net, and twelve and seventy one-hundredths tons gross."[1]

But, first of all, I gladly produce the lines of the *Spray*, with such hints as my really limited fore-and-aft sailing will allow, my seafaring life having been spent mostly in barks and ships. No pains have been spared to produce here the faithful lines of the *Spray*. She was taken from New York to Bridgeport, Connecticut, and under the supervision of the Park City Yacht Club was hauled out of water and very carefully measured in every way to secure a satisfactory result.

These are the only lines of the *Spray* ever published. Captain Robins produced the model. Our young yachtsmen, pleasuring in the "lilies of the sea," very naturally will not think favorably of my craft. They have a right to their opinion, while I stick to mine. They will take exceptions to her short ends, the advantage of these being most apparent in a heavy sea.

Some things about the *Spray's* deck might be fashioned differently without materially affecting the vessel. I know of no good reason why for a party-boat a cabin trunk might not be built amidships instead of far aft, like the one on her, which leaves a very narrow space between the wheel and the line of the companionway. Some even say that I might have improved the shape of her stern. I do not know about that. The water leaves her run sharp after bearing her to the last inch, and no suction is formed by undue cutaway.

Smooth-water sailors say, "Where is her overhang?" They never crossed the Gulf Stream in a nor'easter, and they do not know what is best in all weathers. For your life, build no fantail overhang on a craft going offshore. As a sailor judges his prospective ship by a "blow of the eye" when he takes interest enough to look her over at all, so I judged the *Spray*, and I was not deceived.

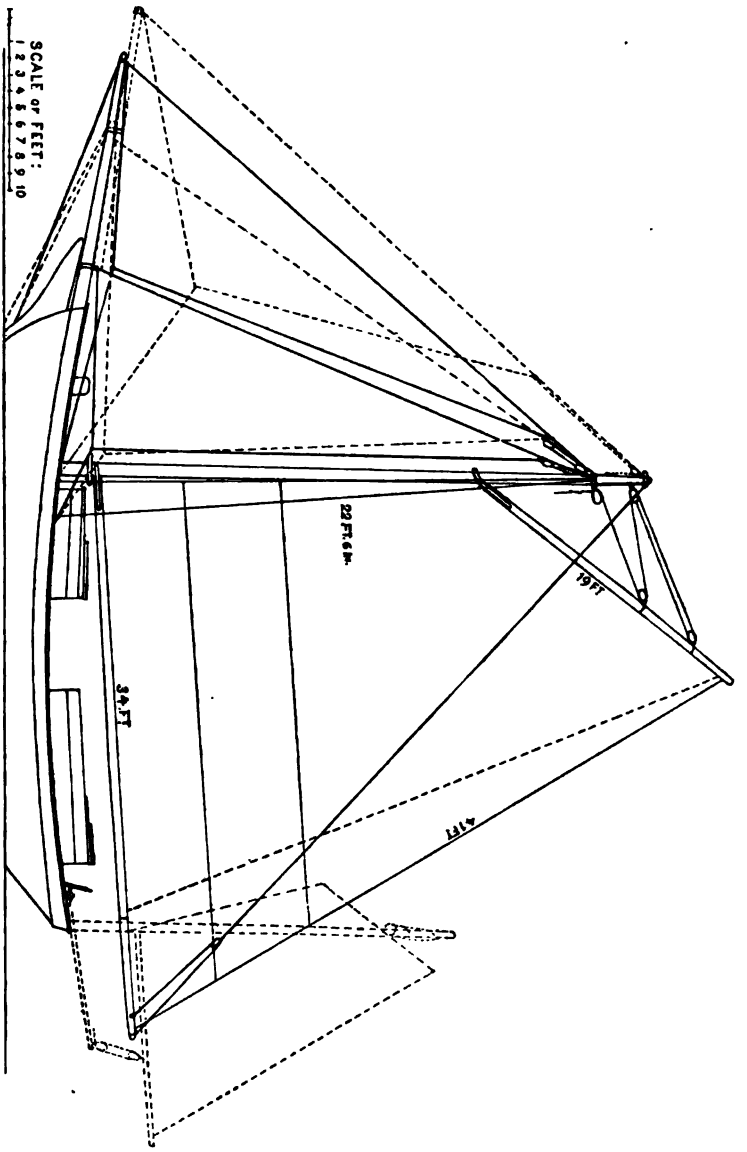
In a sloop-rig the *Spray* made that part of her voyage reaching from Boston through the Strait of Magellan, during which she experienced the greatest variety of weather conditions. The yawl-rig then adopted was an improvement only in that it reduced the size of a rather heavy mainsail and slightly improved her steering qualities on the wind. When the wind was aft the jigger was not in use; invariably it was then furled. With her boom broad off and with the wind two points on the quarter the *Spray* sailed her truest course. It never took long to find the amount of helm, or angle of rudder, required

[1] For pictures of the different rigs of the *Spray* in the order of the changes, see THE CENTURY for November, 1899, page 135; THE CENTURY for September, 1899, page 684; and THE CENTURY for February, 1900, page 594.—EDITOR.

to hold her on her course, and when that was found I lashed the wheel at that angle. The mainsail then drove her, and the main-jib, with its sheet boused flat amidships or a little to one side or the other, added greatly to the steadying power. Then if the wind was a bit squally I would sometimes set a flying-jib also on a pole rigged out on the bowsprit, with the sheets hauled flat amidships, which was a safe thing to do even in a gale of wind. A stout downhaul on the gaff was a necessity, because without it the mainsail might not have come down when I wished to lower it in a breeze. The amount of helm required varied according to the amount of wind and its direction. These points are quickly gathered from practice.

Briefly I have to say that when close-hauled in a light wind under all sail she required little or no weather helm. As the wind increased I would go on deck, if below, and turn the wheel up a spoke more or less, relash it, or, as sailors say, put it in a becket, and then leave it as before.

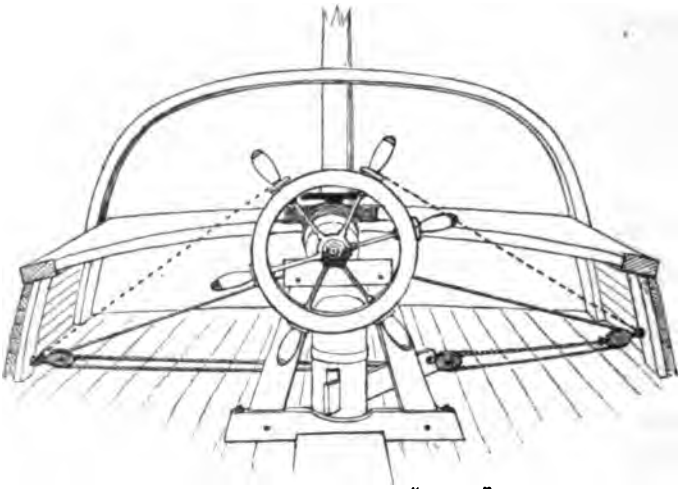
To answer the questions that might be asked to meet every contingency would be a pleasure, but it would overburden a magazine article. I can only say here that much comes to one in practice, and that, with such as



SAIL-PLAN OF THE "SPRAY."

The solid lines represent the sail-plan of the *Spray* on starting for the long voyage. With it she crossed the Atlantic to Gibraltar, and then crossed again southwest to Brazil. In South American waters the bowsprit and boom were shortened and the jigger-mast added to form the yawl-rig with which the rest of the trip was made, the sail-plan of which is indicated by the dotted lines. The extreme sail forward is a flying-jib occasionally used, set to a bamboo stick fastened to the bowsprit. The manner of setting and bracing the jigger-mast is not indicated in this drawing, but may be partly observed in the plans on pages 756 and 758, and the picture on page 760.—EDITOR.

love sailing, mother-wit is the best teacher, after experience. Labor-saving appliances? There were none. The sails were hoisted by hand; the halyards were rove through ordinary ships' blocks with common patent rollers. Of course the sheets were all belayed aft.



STEERING-GEAR OF THE "SPRAY."

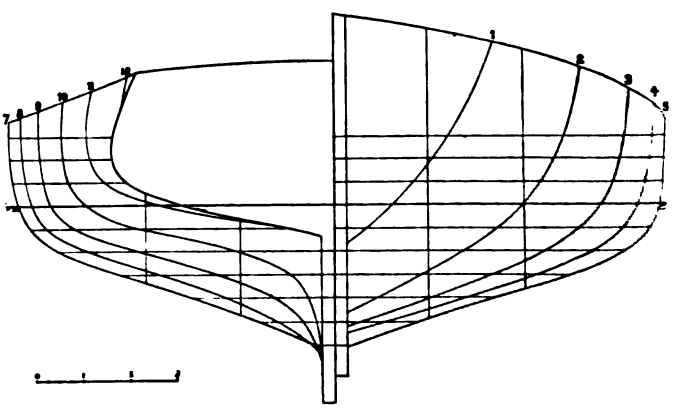
The dotted lines are the ropes used to lash the wheel. In practice the loose ends were belayed, one over the other, around the top spokes of the wheel.

The windlass used was in the shape of a winch, or crab, I think it is called. I had three anchors, weighing forty pounds, one hundred pounds, and one hundred and eighty pounds respectively. The windlass and the forty-pound anchor, and the "fiddle-head," or carving, on the end of the cutwater, belonged to the original *Spray*. The ballast, concrete cement, was stanchioned down securely. There was no iron or lead or other weight on the keel.

If I took measurements by rule I did not set them down, and after sailing even the longest voyage in her I could not tell you offhand the length of her mast, boom, or gaff. I did not know the center of effort in her sails, except as it hit me in practice at sea, nor did I care a rope yarn about it. Mathematical calculations, however, are all right in a good boat, and the *Spray* could have stood them. She was easily balanced and easily kept in trim.

Some of the oldest and ablest shipmasters have asked how it was possible for her to hold a true course before the wind, which was just what the *Spray* did for weeks together. One of these gentlemen, a highly esteemed shipmaster and friend, testified as government expert in a famous murder trial in Boston, not long since, that a ship would not hold her course long enough for the steersman to leave the helm to cut the captain's throat. Ordinarily it would be so. One might say that with a square-rigged ship it would always be so. But the *Spray*, at the moment of the tragedy in question, was sailing around the globe with no one at the helm, except at intervals more or less rare. However, I may say here that this would have had no bearing on the murder case in Boston. In all probability Justice laid her hand on the true rogue. In other words, in the case of a model and rig similar to that of the tragedy ship, I should myself testify as did the nautical experts at the trial.

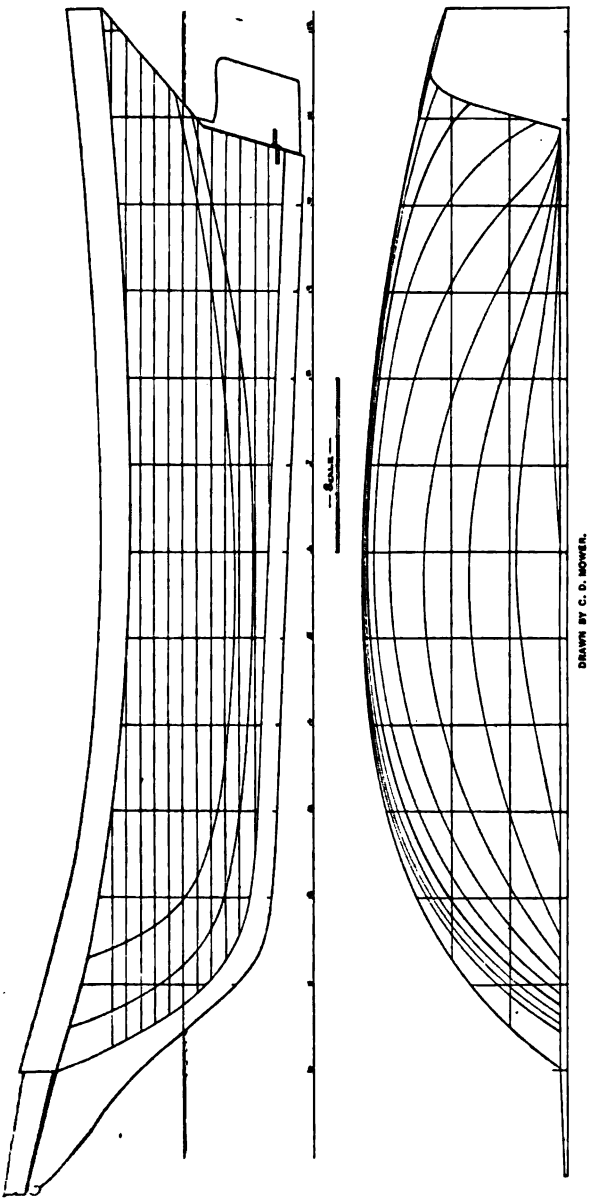
But see the run the *Spray* made from Thursday Island to the Keeling Cocos Islands, twenty-seven hundred miles distant, in twenty-three days, with no one at the helm in that time, save for about one hour, from land to land. No other ship in the history of the world ever performed, under similar circumstances, the feat on so long and continuous a voyage. It was, however, a delightful midsummer sail. No one can know the pleasure of sailing free over the great oceans save those who have had the experi-



DRAWN BY C. D. MOWER.

BODY-PLAN OF THE "SPRAY."

ence. It is not necessary, in order to realize the utmost enjoyment of going around the globe, to sail alone, yet for once and the first time there was a great deal of fun in it. My friend the government expert, and saltest of salt sea-captains, standing only yesterday on the deck of the *Spray*, was convinced of her famous qualities, and he spoke enthusiastically of selling his farm on Cape Cod and putting to sea again.



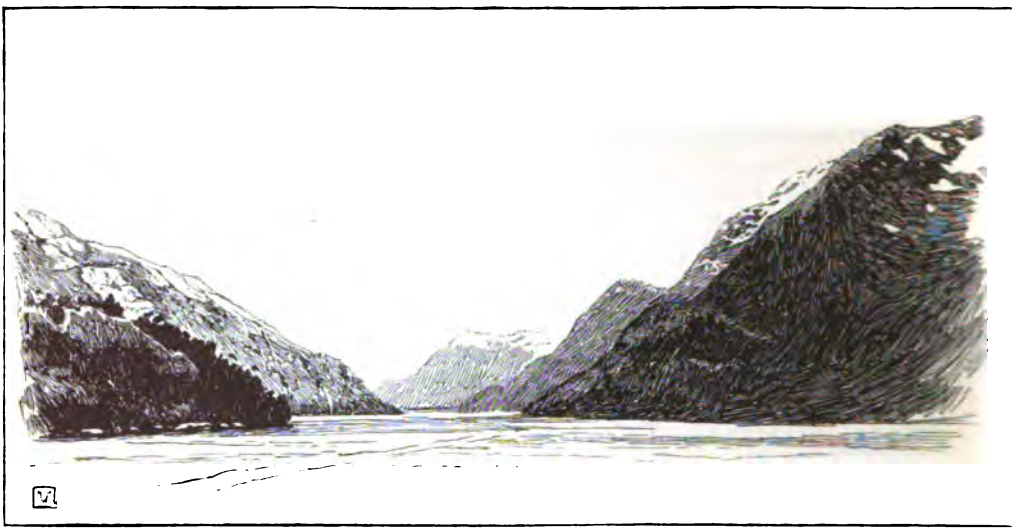
LINES OF THE "SPRAY."

To young men contemplating a voyage I would say go. The tales of rough usage are for the most part exaggerations, as also are the stories of sea danger. I had a fair schooling in the so-called "hard ships" on the hard Western Ocean, and in the years there I do not remember having once been "called out of my name." Such recollections have endeared the sea to me. I owe it further to the officers of all the ships I ever sailed in as boy and man to say that not one ever lifted so much as a finger to me. I did not live among angels, but among men who could be roused. My wish was, though, to please the officers of my ship wherever I was, and so I got on. Dangers there are, to be sure, on the sea as well as on the land, but the intelligence and skill God gives to man reduce these to a minimum. And here comes in again the skilfully modeled ship worthy to sail the seas.

To face the elements is, to be sure, no light matter when the sea is in its grandest mood. You must then know the sea, and know that you know it, and not forget that it was made to be sailed over.

I have given in the plans of the *Spray* the dimensions of such a ship as I should call seaworthy in all conditions of weather and on all seas. It is only right to say, though, that to insure a reasonable measure of success experience should sail with the ship. But in order to be a successful navigator or sailor it is not necessary to hang a tar-bucket about one's neck. On the other hand, much thought concerning the brass buttons one should wear adds nothing to the safety of the ship.

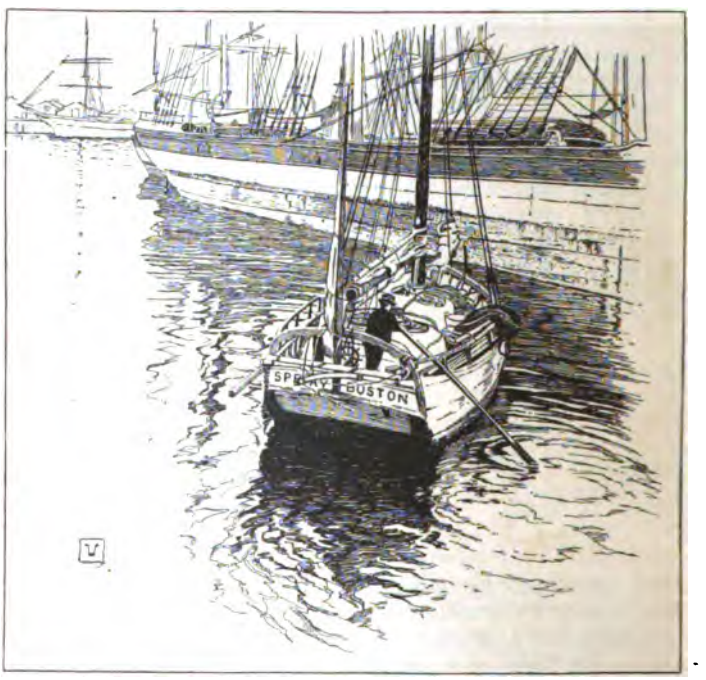
I may some day see reason to modify the model of the dear old *Spray*, but out of my limited experience I strongly recommend her wholesome lines over those of pleasure-fliers for safety. Practice in a craft such as the *Spray* will teach young sailors and fit them for the more important vessels. I myself learned more seamanship, I think, on the *Spray* than on any other ship I ever sailed, and as for patience, the greatest of all the virtues, even while sailing through the reaches of the Strait of Magellan, between the bluff mainland and dismal Fuego, where I was obliged to steer, I learned to sit by the wheel, content to make ten miles a day



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

SCENE OF THE "SPRAY'S" HARDEST EXPERIENCE—MIDWAY OF THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN, LOOKING WEST FROM FORTESCUE BAY.

beating against the tide, and when a month at that was all lost, I could find some old tune to hum while I worked the route all over again, beating as before. Nor did thirty hours at the wheel, in storm, overtax my human endurance, and to clap a hand to an oar and pull into or out of port in a calm was no strange experience for the crew of the *Spray*. The days passed happily with me wherever my ship sailed.



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

CAPTAIN SLOCUM ROWING THE "SPRAY" OUT OF THE YARROW RIVER, MELBOURNE HARBOR, AUSTRALIA.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

A STORY OF COLORADO.

BY EVA WILDER BRODHEAD.

A FAINT smile glimmered across Mrs. Herritt's fair, faded face as she sat on her porch in the waning light of the October afternoon, rocking tranquilly, and regarding with suave interest a certain active little scene which the main street of the Colorado town presented. She sat long and lax in the low chair. About the soft attenuation of her figure the folds of a daintily sprigged print gown fell loose and starchless, with an effect frankly free of any pretension either esthetic or modish. There was a similar accent, artless and unfashionable, in the slack, smooth coiling of Mrs. Herritt's heavy light hair, in which a dull fawn tint was subduing the yellower hue of youth. She had, upon the whole, the air of one more solicitous to please herself than the public, and the innocent blueness of her eyes, though a little frustrated of convincing candor by reason of the triangular droop of the lids, still added to her outward person a final note of unaspiring simplicity.

Behind Mrs. Herritt the house door stood open. The paint was scaling from its battered panels, and the vista of worn oil-cloth which it disclosed showed a surface through which the canvas structure was nibbling. A child's toys and the scattered leaves of a book lay about the porch floor, and a wiry vine overhead was casting its copper leaves down in a perpetual little clatter. Some of these fell on Mrs. Herritt's folded hands, but her attention remained fixed upon the throng of well-dressed women who were still issuing from the door of the town hall half a square away.

The action and attire of this loquacious group contributed a sudden look of life and color to the almost deserted adobe-colored street. From the snow-patched peaks, drawn up in solemn bivouac along the west, mild shadows were falling. On Old Baldy the sun lay in a last amber haze, the glow of which, crossing the town's commercial block of pink brick, its coal-grimed mine tipples and fans, its gathering of miners' paintless dwellings, of Mexican mud huts, and of pretty, ornate, jig-sawed cottages, widened illimitably on the outer plains. These, vestured in the wan chrome of autumnal grama- and buffalo-grass, were without accident, except for a solitary butte to the north, which, rising in a gray majestic pile, like an aged fortress, conferred the pathos of an extreme contrast upon the town. Everything looked trifling and crude in the face of the hoar mass. The red roofs of the better houses perking through the thin cottonwoods might have been thrust in place by a child's inconsequent hand; the very church spires were fantastic; while the Truex house, a massive aggregation of pink and buff sandstone, looming in aristocratic isolation at the end of the street, offered its florid vulgarity to the vast mournfulness of the scene in a sort of complacent antithesis.

It was very quiet. The voices of the throng of women carried far, in a sound of such enthusiastic accord as made Mrs. Herritt graphically aware of the nature of the business which had, that afternoon, been forward in the Women's Political League. That it had with fervent unanimity declared for Mr. Truex, or rather for the party of which he was a congressional nominee, seemed certain. Such an action on the league's part was indeed natural and inevitable. Truex was the personage of the town, a man of financial account as mine-owner and merchant, and of that genial turn of temper which no sane person finds pleasure in withstanding. He was popular, and might have had political honors long before this had he wished them. The fact that he had not wished them before, and was suspected of not particularly wishing them now, added to his candidacy an element which the women of the league found charming. It was a sort of personal tribute to each of them that the ambitions of his daughter should have coerced his final acquiescence. It showed the power of woman's eloquence, and was a triumph to the whole sex. They all liked to feel that they could have a

hand in rewarding a compliance which presented features so modest and retiring. To thrust the crown upon an unwilling Cæsar is always a pleasant business. If you happen to know him in a friendly and familiar sort, the joy grows: it is a commonplace of psychology that the single vivid detail rivets the mind more forcibly than acres of abstraction. Hence, in the candidacy of its fellow-townsman the league found itself, for the first time, regarding the party, hitherto nothing more than a dim agglomeration of lofty principles, with quite a new and enthralling interest. In working for its success there would now be the concrete satisfaction of watching results in a neighbor's household; of seeing glory close at hand in Helen Truex's person; and of observing the pageant of millinery and chiffon which must naturally attend the expansion of her career.

Mrs. Herritt could see Helen in the throng. The girl, so long burdened with the rule of her father's widowed house and the formation of his character, already showed in her small, keen face something of the care that yokes with empire. Among the others she seemed a kind of nerve-center, which vibrated force. Every one seemed charged with it—every one except the secretary of the league, who seemed at intervals to be quietly suggesting to Helen the lateness of the hour.

The secretary was tall and beautiful, even at the distance, and Mrs. Herritt, catching the air of dignity and moderation in her attitude, breathed a word of tribute. "If they were all like that!" she said to herself. As she saw how Miss Truex rested her hand on the secretary's arm, Mrs. Herritt remembered that current gossip ascribed to Helen a design of domestic happiness for her father, and that Esther Burley was the one whom she had chosen to add luster to the honors of state and to soothe its cares.

Whatever Esther's own views of this matter might be, Mrs. Herritt could observe no change in her looks when Mr. Truex himself, emerging presently from his office, fell into the applausive hands of the league. His big, cordial face and broad shoulders rose above the stir of flowers and feathers in stalwart relief. He seemed to be making jokes, for a wind of light laughter came up the street.

"They 've been serious so long they 're ready to be amused at anything," commented Mrs. Herritt. "Ah, they 're looking this way! They 've been telling Mr. Truex what a rousing vote they mean to give him. They 've said there was n't a woman in town that would n't go to the polls on election day, and just then they 've remembered me!"

The league was certainly gazing toward the Herritt house, while Truex, escaping from the throng, repeatedly shook his head with a gesture of interdiction.

"They want to appoint a committee to call on me, and he 's telling them not to," surmised the lady on the porch; "but they will—they have!" She added presently, in speculative fashion: "Miss Burley and Mrs. Wiles seem to be their choice—the West as it was and as it is. Ah, they 've started!"

There was assuredly a certain air of objective about the two women who could now be seen coming down the street. Beside Miss Burley, a stately figure in her severe frock of dark blue, waddled a short, stout person, over whose ears a limp straw hat was firmly tied. Mrs. Wiles's weather-beaten face shone unabashed above the straight neckband of a black calico gown, frankly adjusted down the baggy waist with white agate buttons. As her attire was now, it had been in those early days when she helped her husband to winnow and wash gold from the surface soil of foot-hill streams, working beside him with pan and rocker, or shoveling dirt into the head of their little sluice. Times had changed. The hopes and hazards of the West were equally diminished; a bit of mica in a pebble underfoot, save in favored places, no longer had power to make the heart swell in wild surmise. The land had evolved into a civilization the complexities of which embraced universal suffrage and the ladies' tailor; but Mrs. Wiles, in accepting the privileges of one, had not seen fit to adopt the ideals of the other. She was called very "genuine." The league had a way of drawing the attention of visitors to this quality in the pioneer woman; but its tone was always unconsciously apologetic, as if it realized the incompetence of moral grandeur to atone for so aggressive an oddity of attire and manner.

"We 're sent to give you a straight talk," announced Mrs. Wiles, undoing the Herritt gate; "though, 's I told 'em all, 'it won't assay nothing. 'T ain't no use to go prospectin' for votes round Mis' Herritt,' I told 'em. 'You might as well look for free gold in a head of cabbage.'"

Mrs. Herritt stood with hospitably extended hands. "You make a joke, then, of my weakness!" she complained lightly, in a soft, flagging voice.

"Well, we want you should vote for Jim Truex," panted the older woman, sinking on

the door-step. "We aim to round up and corral for him every last vote there is in this town. He 's a fine man. And though of course we all know you got a notion ag'in' ladies operatin' at the polls, why, we jest laid off to ask you to drop all that for once, and walk up and put your ticket in with the rest of us like a little man. That 's the proposition."

Esther's glowing young face expanded in laughing appreciation of this. She leaned against the porch post, and its leafy tangles framed with glittering bronze the gloss of her dark hair and the serene oval of her cheek.

"But not if you have convictions against it," she excepted, regarding Mrs. Herritt, who had relapsed into her chair as if seeking sanctuary. "Of course we would n't persecute you, but, as Mrs. Wiles forcibly says, we all think so well of Mr. Truex—" her tone had an effect of trembling never so little, and Mrs. Herritt surmised a deeper warmth of color in the young woman's face, though she went on almost at once—"that—that we hope to have a most liberal showing in November. Yet we could n't ask you to overthrow a principle for us, Mrs. Herritt."

"Indeed, no!" broke in Mrs. Herritt, with an accent of timid impetuosity; "no, no! I 've no principles, but only just feelings against women—poor, weak, fallible women—taking part in public affairs. That 's all. If I could nerve myself to—to vote at all, I would surely do so for Mr. Truex. But I shrink only to fancy leaving my little, humble sphere for such a thing. I am not like you two—strong and brave, and knowing all about parliamentary usages and that. I have no ambitions. I 'm only a home body. I admire and—and respect those who have time for clubs and debates and such; but just for myself I have only one aim and object, and that is my family."

"Well, but our clubs are for our families as much as for ourselves," protested Esther. "What we get from their associations is n't just the personal pleasure. It 's all that derived value which finally shows in the good of our households. We can't be narrow without the chance of hurting those we love. It is n't merely to get warm ourselves, though that would be reason enough, that we want to be out in the sunshine of progress!"

"Oh, that word!" mourned Mrs. Herritt. "It makes me quite faint. I can't feel that progress ought to be expected from us women. We are not the ones to push forward; it is our sweeter mission to—to—"

"Stand stock-still and block the hull stream?"

"Not that, Mrs. Wiles, but to maintain the equilibrium of life." Mrs. Herritt sighed her satisfaction in this lofty utterance. "It is for man in his rugged strength to rush forth to battle with the fierce world. Woman's place is to greet him tenderly when he returns scarred and wounded, and draw him into the sanctuary of home. I feel this so strongly, though I say it in a poor little feeble way! I am only one of 'the soft and milky rabble of womankind,' as my noble husband often says in his fond, foolish fashion. I can't argue about it. I could n't make any telling points; I 'm not smart, you know. I can only say over again that my whole life is just to keep a fire aglow upon the sacred hearth of home."

"But, land sakes! Mis' Herritt," demurred Mrs. Wiles, in a sort of exasperation, "a person won't build a fire no worse for knowin' B from a bull's foot!"

"And then, too," cut in Esther, "you forget that industrial conditions have changed since the world was young. Women can't all stay in their tents tending the fire, while their men sally forth to the hunt. And since so many women must themselves go forth, it does n't seem wise or kind that those who have not to face this necessity should make a virtue of nestling comfortably in the inglenook."

"It would be cruel of them," acquiesced Mrs. Herritt, as composedly as if the analogy were her own. "My heart is *so* with all women who must rush wearily forth to toil!" She sighed over this disheveled and panting image, and added that what she most feared for her sex thus occupied in daily combat with the world was a loss of the bloom which was its supreme charm.

"Huh! in my opinion, the bloom that can't stay on while a woman 's earnin' her livin' is mostly finicky fluff, that 's better blowed away. A peach is a heap cleaner eatin' with the fuzz off."

Mrs. Wiles's picturesque outburst failed, perhaps, of full effect by reason of a wild, childish cry which just now arose in the house. There was a patter of feet in the hall, and a small girl of thirteen appeared in the doorway, breathless and agitated, stumbling over the folds of a long checked apron, and exhibiting in her rolled-up sleeves a pair of thin red arms.

"Don't be scared, mother," she besought. "It was only Billy. He was helpin' me make the tea, and he scalded himself. I

put flour on. Was that right? And he 's stuffin' a towel in his mouth now so 's not to give you a headache."

"Brave little man!"

"And, mother dear, will I put the steak on now? I got the table set."

"Yes, love. I trust you 've remembered, Jenny, what mother likes to see on the table?"

Jenny's anxious little face flushed. She cast a furtive eye at the visitors. "Mother," she said huskily, "Mrs. Lusk would n't give me no chrysanthemums. I told her you liked me always to have flowers on the table, and she said she 'd robbed her plants for us for 'bout as long as she was going to. She said we 'd better turn in and raise our own flowers, and not depend on our neighbors for our decorations. She said she did n't blame *me* none, but that—"

"Never mind, Jenny. Poor Mrs. Lusk! She does n't understand. Don't grieve about it. Mother knows you did your best."

The child's face beamed as she turned away.

"Jenny is learning to be a perfect little housewife," explained the mother, with an air of modest pride. "I do feel that our young girls should all be instructed in the simple domestic arts. I am always explaining to Jenny that to be learned in modest household lore is woman's best knowledge. She quite hates her school work now, and I allow her to stay home largely. After all, a girl's truest education is at the mother's side, is n't it?"

"She don't look over-strong to be tacklin' all these here domestic arts," commented Mrs. Wiles, rising.

Her comment fell harmless upon Mrs. Herritt, who scented, it seemed, a rose of compliment in the thorns of her guest's remark.

"Yes, Jenny looks frail. A young girl ought always to suggest something delicate and flower-like, ought n't she? And must you really go?"

"Why not, when we 're weighed down with a sense of failure?" smiled Esther.

Mrs. Herritt had risen also, and the two stood facing each other: the one vigorous and vital in her young freshness; the other listlessly poised, a slight, sinuous shape, which seemed to melt into the creeping dimness of the twilight as into some natural element.

"You won't think hard of me because I want to keep my door shut tight against the distant roaring of life?" she implored.

"Law, no!" groaned Mrs. Wiles, and she added to Esther, as the two emerged into the street, "What 'd be the use?"

Miners with scarlet panaches of flame in their flat caps were thronging the way. Along in the press of them shambled a worn, elderly man, whose shoulders bent as if in reminiscence of the desk he had just left in one of the mine offices beyond. He deflected toward the Herritt gate. At its clang Miss Burley looked irresistibly back. Mrs. Herritt, still standing on the steps, was holding forth her long, persuasive hands in fond greeting.

"You are a wee bit late," she complained tenderly, "my big man of men! Yes, I am sitting here in the gloaming, dreaming my little feminine dreams, and waiting for some one. Run in, love, and see if the tea is all right, will you? And be sure the twins have their faces washed, won't you? And, Edward dear, hand me my shawl—it 's so lovely here in the twilight!"

"I can't figure that woman out no way in the world," admitted Mrs. Wiles. "She 's as plausible as a salted claim. You never know if she 's a straight proposition or if she 's selling you out. You can't go back of what she says without seeming to go back on your own sex scandalous, and you can't agree with her without—without—"

"Appearing to fix the ideal position of woman somewhere between that of an odalisk and a squaw!"

"That 's the time you struck it rich!" applauded the other, while Esther added: "Mrs. Herritt has got more sex than strength of character. You might say that though the weft of her humanity is sleazy, the feminine qualities are splashed on it large, as in fresco, with a scene-painter's brush. She makes a cult of the pattern, and if we admit that the design is good, it is hard to object to the ritual of worship. That 's why she 's so baffling. Her conventionalism amounts to heterodoxy. But we won't worry about our lack of success with her, Mrs. Wiles. One vote won't matter."

One vote, indeed, as the outcome attested, would have made no feature in the sweep of Truex's majority. Those counties concerned with him showed a flattering unanimity of conviction. The Mexican vote alone might almost have carried the day for him, and Helen, as she went over these returns, commenting upon the largeness of her father's Spanish-American contingency, cried out suddenly that he owed much of it to her friend.

"Esther did it," she said, fastening her eloquent and meaning glance upon him. "Her speaking Spanish gave her a great pull with the Mexicans. She talked to the

women. She talked to the men. It was splendid to hear her, and even better to look at her."

"It 's certainly good to look at Esther," conceded Truex.

"Good! I believe only the West could produce a woman so wholesome and splendid, with the candor and sweetness of a child, yet like Pallas Athene herself, 'mighty and wise and benignant.' She is cut out for a statesman's wife, papa, and she 's going to be one!"

Truex gave way to his mirthful satisfaction either in his daughter's fervor or her plan.

"And how do you know that this goddess is prepared to look with favor on an old mustache like me? See here, Nell; of course you carry me around in your pocket: but how about Esther?"

Helen let the paper slip through her hands. "Papa," she began eagerly, and stopped. "No," she sighed, "no! I can only assure you of her—esteem. If you want to know more, you must inquire further." She roughened his shaggy black hair affectionately. "And you will? Say you will!"

Truex leaned slumberously back in his chair. "I don't see why you want me to marry."

"I want you to be happy."

"Ain't I happy?"

"Well—happier, then."

"Oh, well, we 'll see. After we come back from Washington, Nell, we 'll lay our heads together."

Helen had the wisdom to rest her plea upon this prospect. It might be madness to defer, but undue pressure was preferably to be avoided in securing her aims. She felt, however, reasonably sure of their success, insomuch as the idea which she set before her father was one certain to grow upon his fancy. The path she had chalked out for him would more and more allure him as he regarded its bowery turns. There could be no doubt of this, and she left her generous sentiment and romantic enterprise hopefully to the adjusting agency of time.

During their absence from the West the subject often came up in a casual and playful way. Of himself Truex would refer to it. The prospect, indeed, seemed to Helen so secure that her greeting of Esther, upon the return from Washington in the spring, had an almost emotional tenderness.

They merged a common feeling of consciousness in a review of what had happened in town during the months of Helen's Eastern experiences.

"Of course you heard of Mr. Herritt's death?" said Esther. "It was early in the winter."

"I suppose he could n't have left his family very well provided for?" inquired Helen. Her instinct of universal responsibility began already to unfold an anxious wing.

"There was a small insurance, I believe. But no one has ventured to think of such a thing as ways and means in the face of Mrs. Herritt's grief. I never saw any one so smothered in crape! It is enough to kill her, and she told me she hoped it would; that she believed the true wife should fail and fade away when widowed, as a flower does when its stalk is broken. She said she thought the whole idea of the suttee was founded in a beautiful truth."

"Maybe it is when you get to the bottom of it, Esther. All Mrs. Herritt's notions have a fundamental germ of truth. That 's what makes her so impregnable. There 's always a grain of true ore in her tinsel."

"You should see her now to realize her full scope. She 's an idyllic widow. I had to own it, though I knew if I admitted any argument of hers, personal or otherwise, I should soon find myself pledged to the whole social system of the middle ages. But her long, sagging black stuffs, her heavy-lidded eyes, that dull pale hair done carelessly, as if in the abstraction of woe, even the way in which her hands crept piteously together, all this gave me a rich sense of artistic rightness. I was ashamed of myself, Helen, because the tears in my eyes somehow gave me a kind of poetic pleasure."

"I see. Her bereavement is like her wifehood, perfectly selfish, correct, and irrefutable. A bewildering and fascinating exhibition it must be."

"Helen," said Esther, solemnly, "if you could see those black-frocked children hanging about her, not as other children hang about a mother, demanding her attention and making the little appeal of childhood, but pressing their services upon her, stepping on tiptoe, vying with one another for her least absent word or look! It 's a revelation. When I saw those baby hearts expanding in love and strength to meet their mother's needs, I began to wonder if courage and devotion on her part might not have failed of so triumphant a result as their opposites secured without effort. I began to understand the force of the theory of which Mrs. Herritt's life is an embodiment; I began to feel its charm; I began to understand the terrible strength that lies in consis-

tent weakness." She caught her breath, and added: "Yet I could n't be sure I was n't suffering a hallucination in getting an impression so subversive of all accepted ideas about motherhood."

"No wonder. When one begins to observe how broad and beautiful the moral results of selfishness are, he may well question his sanity."

"May n't he! Well, you go to see her, Helen. She 'll juggle with your notions, and then you 'll understand me. The things you thought you had hold of to all eternity will suddenly appear airy nothings, and what seemed airy nothings become the great dominant facts of life. Go, Helen!"

"I will, I will. Some one ought to find out what she is going to do. Poor thing! She sees herself in a dim romantic mist, and she's got a knack of enforcing this view on others; but she can't hocus-pocus bread into her children's mouths."

"No, dear. Yet somehow I don't seem to worry about her. To relax the system is to meet accident with the minimum shock. I don't believe fate can hurt her much, for she has this truth in her philosophy."

Mrs. Herritt and her affairs, as it fell out, were destined to occupy Helen in short order. Upon that very evening, when Mr. Truex came home about sunset, there was a look so unwontedly grave upon his good-looking face that Helen at once made inquiry concerning it.

"No," said he; "nothing is wrong—that is, with me. But I 've had a sad little experience this afternoon. I don't know when anything has touched me so. I am a hard-headed fellow—"

"You have n't a soft fiber in you!" acquiesced his girl, with tender irony.

"—and things don't usually move me much; but the way she came into the office, pale, shrinking—it might have been an ogre's den! You see, she 'd got it in her head that I was very bitter about her not voting for me—"

"It was Mrs. Herritt, then?"

"Did n't I say so? And she began by begging me to forgive her. She said that she 'd always felt that politics were 'way beyond her depth; that they were for strong men to grapple with; and that Mr. Herritt had always encouraged her little foolish qualms. She said home had always been her shrine—"

"That 's her very tone! Go on!"

"Well, she went on to say how she admired independent, courageous, big-brained women, who dared to go right out in the world and offer battle—"

"'Offer battle'! How like her! She makes us all appear great raw-boned Amazons."

"I don't know where you get such a notion," objected her father, letting down his brows; "I 'm telling you she spoke of her great respect for progressive, intelligent women, and could only blush for her own timidity and ignorance."

"She gives an insidious effect of self-effacement, certainly. Maybe I 'm hard on her, after all. Go on! Don't puff your lips, papa!"

"Well, my dear, if you have n't any sympathy for a poor, heartbroken little woman!" he exclaimed. "However, she wants to place a mortgage on her cottage, and they sent her to me. It seems Herritt left little, and there are debts."

"It 's only seven months since he died. What 's become of the insurance, I wonder?"

Truex shook his head amusedly. "That 's the pathetic part. This poor soul, without thinking of the future, spent most of it in putting up an expensive monument to her husband. Her only thought, she said, was to express, at any cost, her devotion to his memory. She—she cried when she told me."

"She should have thought of her children before doing such a thing with her little money."

"Women are hard as nails to one another," commented Truex. This venerable sentiment seemed to strike him as fresh, and he repeated it. "Now, even I, hard-fisted old codger as I am, saw something affecting in her forgetting everything but her sorrow. This looking round the corners of your grief to see what 's beyond it—oh, it 's all right. A wise person would do it. But she is n't that kind. She is n't a woman of resources, but, as she said sadly, just one of those unaspiring souls whose empire is the hearth, and whose emblem is the loom and wheel."

"If she 'd said the sewing-machine and cook-stove it would n't have sounded so well, would it? And did you make the loan? I hope you did."

"Yes." He rose, stretching his vast frame, while his eyes, as Helen followed their glance, seemed to fasten with a certain half-absent, half-startled expression on the beckoning finger which the new moon bent white from the lilac sky. He seemed aware of seeing something new.

Helen said whimsically: "Is n't it slim and bright? I would like to give it to Esther to wear in her hair." And as her father laughed at this and patted her head, she exulted over the security of her hopes.

As summer passed away, things seemed indeed to be proceeding favorably toward their fruition. Before the departure for the East everything must be settled, and along in late October Helen saw an opportunity of pushing her purpose to achievement. There was to be a social gathering in the big house, and Helen had settled upon this occasion as being singularly appropriate to the announcement of her father's betrothal. To the accomplishment of the scheme nothing was lacking but the consent of those interested, and to secure that of one of them Helen determined on immediate measures.

It happened to be a chill night of fall when she settled this point. A snowy breath whistled down from the divide, rattling crisply in the dying trees, and enhancing with its wintry bluster the homely implication of cheer in the piñon-stick fire, before which Helen sat in the library. It was ten o'clock. She expected momently to hear her father returning from one of those business meetings which of late not only engrossed his evenings, but sent him home with a clouded brow and flagging step. He had seemed unwilling to discuss with her whatever it was in his legislative or commercial pursuits that worried him. She had therefore learned to withdraw her anxious curiosity. And now, as she heard his key in the latch, she smoothed her brow of any hint of questioning and ran to meet him.

For once, however, Mr. Truex bore no air of heaviness; a gladsome alacrity the rather marked his motions. There was even a boyish gaiety in his manner as he surprised Helen with an embrace of unusual warmth. She took this unwonted demonstration fondly.

"Oh, papa," she murmured, "I won't be first much longer! I want it to be so, and yet—"

Truex sat down by the fire. He laughed. "Well, you 'll always be important, I guess. And—er—how do you know there 's going to be—some one?"

Helen drew away from him, struck with something significant in his tone.

"Papa! what have you been up to? Oh, you 've asked her! I know, I know! And she said? But I know what she said!"

"She was a long time saying it, Nell. I 've been on pins and needles for weeks. I 've been obliged to you for not asking me questions. But to-night! Yes, it 's all right. I never expected to feel as much like a boy again."

The jubilant ring of his voice smote Helen unexpectedly. She had meant him to be happy, but—so happy? She felt herself suddenly projected into a great solitude, and the tears sprang to her eyes.

"I 'm glad," she whispered; "but it 's a kind of lonesome feeling somehow."

"Lonesome! You 'll never be that, Nellie. Indeed, I feel that almost her sole reason for taking me is on your account. A motherless girl, she said in her sweet way, appealed to her beyond words. She understands you perfectly, Nell. I knew I was safe when I made her admit that what you needed was a mother to whom you could devote yourself in loving service. And then finally she whispered that if anything could touch her buried heart to life it would be such an appeal to her womanhood. Why, Helen!"

"'Buried heart'! What—who?" She drew herself together. "Tell me who—I am to serve—so lovingly. It seems not to be Esther."

"Why, you know I mean Mrs. Herritt? Of course you know. Lucy her name is. She laughs and calls it a plain little everyday name, just like herself. Lucy!" He repeated it fatuously, then fetched a breath of resolution and continued in another tone: "That about Miss Burley, now. It could n't be, Nellie. She is magnificent. Lucy often dwells on her qualities, and says she is exactly like some lines she saw somewhere—something about 'Glowing with valor and beauty, and strong for labor and battle.' But a man does n't care for that heroic kind of thing in a wife. It 's too much of a strain—like living in a cathedral and having oratorios for breakfast. A man like me, weighted with national affairs, wants peace in his home. The immense pressure he 's under makes it necessary for him to find rest in the ministrations of a sweet, submissive spirit." He went on hymning his needs and exploiting the range of mild and emollient qualities which these demanded for their alleviation. There was a new effect of importance upon him. Happiness had expanded in him latent sources of joyous egotism. He was authoritative and eloquent; subconscious modes of being seemed to rise and overflow his ordinary surfaces with strange prismatic colors.

Helen stumbled to her feet, a little dazed with the sight of it all. "However it is," she said gently, "I am glad," and she let him reach out for her, and add to his satisfaction the little detail of her assent.

"If you could hear Lucy praise you up, Nell—your cleverness and energy, and a dozen other things! There is so much, she says, that you must teach her—docile little soul!"

"Ah," smiled Helen, darkly, "she has nothing to learn of me—or of any woman!"

A MIDWINTER TRAMP FROM SANTIAGO TO HAVANA.

THE NARRATIVE OF A SEVEN-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-MILE JOURNEY ON FOOT THROUGH CUBA, WITH AN EYE ON LANDSCAPE, GAME, AND PEOPLE.

BY H. PHELPS WHITMARSH,
Author of "The World's Rough Hand."

"For to admire and for to see,
And to be'old this world so wide."

ONE bright but exceedingly cold day in the early part of February, 1899, we took the sunny side of Wall street down to the vessel which was to carry us to Cuba. I will not give the name of the line, as it neither needs nor deserves advertising. We were booked direct to Santiago, whence we planned to walk through the little-known interior of the island, a distance by map of about five hundred miles, to the city of Havana. There were three of us, two men and my fox-terrier "Billy," all eager for excitement, adventure, or whatever the "Pearl of the Antilles" had to offer.

As I am not writing a sea-tale, I will not give a description of our trip in the "tub," her wallowings in the sea off Hatteras, her *mañana* rate of speed, her "Delmonico" fare, and other peculiarities.

Nor will I stop to tell of our day at the bright little isle of Providence, nor linger to mention the deep-water blue of the sea, the boiling pitch in the deck seams, and the many wonders of flying-fish latitudes. Suffice it to say that on the evening of the eighth day the eastern end of Cuba lay like a dark rain-cloud on our starboard bow, and that on the morning following we were in Santiago.

At Santiago we had intended to map out our route through the island, based upon whatever knowledge we could get concerning the roads and the interior in general. To our chagrin, however, we failed utterly in this respect. No one, so far as we could discover, knew anything definite about the back country except for a very limited distance. But we did not go short of advice; we received oceans of it, in the contradictory waves of which we were like to be drowned. Some said that such a trip as we contemplated could not be made without horses and pack-mules, others that the only sure way of reaching Havana was to follow the coast-line, still others that it was impossible anyhow. We were promised, moreover, interesting things in the way of fevers, smallpox, starvation, and bandits. The advice of the governor, that we should dress as Cubans in order to escape observation, go well armed, and be vaccinated, we took. The vaccination, however, did not take, there being no good vaccine virus either at the camps or in the city.

After four days of unsatisfactory questioning and unreliable information, we grew weary and decided to start out and feel our way through the country as best we might. Accordingly, we gathered our things together for a start, and found that our packs would be by no means light. What with blankets, clothes, hammocks, canteens for water, provisions, a camera and films, revolvers, a rifle, cartridges, a machete, a "billy" for making tea, and many other smaller items, it certainly looked as though we were turning ourselves into beasts of burden. All these things, with the exception of the arms and the camera, we strapped up in our blankets, after the Australian fashion. That night we expressed our American clothes ahead of us to Havana, and put on Cuban cotton suits and broad-brimmed palm-leaf hats. The following morning, in the gray light of dawn, we shouldered our swags, and, with our hobnailed boots clattering noisily, made our way through the deserted streets out of the city.

Leaving the "bull-pen" to our left, we took the road which leads direct to the mountains and over them to San Luis. To this little town, the end of the short railroad, we had been directed by a government courier, whose companion had been murdered

and robbed on the road a few days before. During the night a heavy shower had fallen, and the deep mud made progress slow, particularly as Cuban mud has a strange tenacity, and balls on the feet like snow in our climate. The downpour, however, had made all nature fresh and green, and with the faint mist that rose from the moist earth came that suggestive Cuban scent that distils at night under the shrubbery and trees. For several miles the road lay between hedges of short trees, festooned and overgrown for the most part with morning-glories bearing pink, mauve, and variegated blossoms of unusual size, and also a magnificent white variety with flowers as large as the Bermuda lily. Occasionally we passed patches of light-green banana-trees ribboned by the breezes, small groves of cocoa-palms, and clumps of the palm called royal. When the sun was fairly up, the mountains rose before us in all their majesty of height and vivid coloring: brown where the grass fires had burned their shoulders, dark green in the ravines where the streams tumbled and the foliage was dense, black where the rock outcropped, ash-gray where the slender boles of the palm-trees spiked their sides.

Before long the road began to undulate over the foot-hills. By seven o'clock we had reached the village of Boniato, where, after a sparing breakfast of bread and chocolate, we left the road for a zigzag trail leading over the mountains. Up, up we went, the sun hot on our backs, the swags heavy on our shoulders, now north, now south, now passing through a belt of cloud, until after a three hours' climb we reached the breezy summit. There we dropped our swags and sat down to rest and to enjoy the enchanting view that spread out before us. Directly below lay the thatched huts of Boniato, beyond a series of little hills, farther the white tents of the soldiers' encampment, farther still the red-tiled city and the oblong harbor, farther yet the stern outline of the Morro, and beyond all the sea. We sat there silently for a long time, and when we took the trail again and began to drop down on the other side of the mountains, we felt that, now we had left the city and the sea behind us, our journey had begun in earnest.

A mile or so farther on we made our first camp-fire, boiled a billy of tea in true "sundowner" style, and ate some of the provisions we had brought with us. Though we had made only twelve miles or so, we were already beginning to feel the effects of our tramp; already our shoulders ached, our feet felt sore, and our clothes were soaked with perspiration. We were like "green" horses, unused as yet to the load and harness. A brief rest, and we pushed on again, down the rocky, winding trail, worn deep by the feet of mules and horses, which are used to "pack" everything that goes into and comes from the interior; down past idle sugar-plantations, ruined huts, overgrown farms, but always through charming scenery. Every little while we stopped to admire some bit of tropic beauty—a rushing mountain stream with steep rock sides, a clump of feathery bamboos, a small forest of palms, or maybe some strange, gay flower or insect. The few people we met were on horseback—nearly every one rides in Cuba—and were evidently going from one town to another. All gave us "Good morning" or "Good afternoon," and all were most curious to know where we were going, and why.

About sundown we made the straggling little town of San Luis, where we were able to get a meal, but no other accommodation. Finding on the outskirts, however, a ruined building, we slung our hammocks on the standing posts and, by the light of the moon, turned in. Our walk of twenty-seven miles, under a broiling sun and heavy swags, had not made us fastidious as to our camping-place. All we wanted was a place in which to lie down; nor did the moon, nor the fleas which infest all Cuba, prevent us from sleeping that night.

It was still moonlight when we turned out next morning and got away. We had determined in future not to walk in the heat of the day, but to cover what we could in the early morning and the late afternoon. There were two roads leading out from San Luis, one going northward to Holguin, the other turning northwest toward Jiguani and Bayamo; and as the latter towns promised more interest, because of their age and the prominent part they played in all the Cuban wars, we turned our faces in their direction. The second day, however, was not a success. Although the country began to smooth out somewhat, we were too stiff to accomplish much. Even Billy, to whom the fun of chasing lizards was a novelty and a delight, followed sedately at our heels. We cooked our breakfast in a native hut, and ate a lunch of dates and bread at a *cantina* in the little town of Las Palmas. We did not get much farther that day. The ford on the river Cauto, which is just beyond the town, proved too seductive, and we enjoyed a bath and a long siesta under the dense, odorous shrubbery of the bank.

Toward evening we made an effort to walk a little more, but it was a half-hearted one. About a mile beyond the river we struck an old insurgent camp,—some fifteen or twenty shelters of palm-leaves,—where we decided to stay for the night. As we did not wish to disturb the centipeds and tarantulas which make their homes in the thatch of huts, we slung our hammocks under the trees, and after a supper of bacon toasted over the camp-fire, bread, and tea, we put in our second night under the sky. For my part, I lay awake for a long time that night, gazing at the heavens and musing. The moon had not yet risen, but a myriad sparks set in the purple-black dome, and the Milky Way, in broad, phosphorescent smears, gave a dim light in which the trees and greenery took phantom shapes and the tufted crowns of the palms were outlined. Beneath the trees it was entirely dark. Underneath us the lizards darted among the dried palm-leaves. From above came the metallic rustle of great leaves stirred by the wind, and the harsh notes of night-birds; from the wild plants in the wood a sweet smell. Before I went to sleep I looked at my watch. It was just half-past ten. I smiled as I thought that, while I lay under the starry sky in that languorous, enervating summer night, my friends at home were just coming out of the theaters, shivering and muffled, into the icy cold of winter. But although the first half of the night was warm, it grew cold toward daylight. Our blankets and hammocks were drenched with dew when we struck the trail again in the morning.

Forty-odd miles of splendid grass-country, with dinner under a giant ceiba-tree and supper by the side of a small palm-sheltered stream, brought us into Jiguani, the fortified town that boasts the birthplace of General Garcia and the headquarters of Jesus Rabi. On the outskirts we came upon two American soldiers lying by the side of the road, who, taking us for Cubans, bade us "Buenas noches." When we declared ourselves to be Americans, they took us to the quarters of their company (of the Fourth Volunteers), in town, where we were received with open arms and put up in the barracks.

Jiguani is a quaint, picturesque place more than three hundred years old. It was the first town not built of wood that we had passed since leaving Santiago. Though its present population is not more than a few hundred, it once held twenty thousand; hence its admirable system of fortifications. A circle of blockhouses, barbed-wire trochas, and intrenchments surrounds it, and, upon the hill back of all, a large fort commands the country to the east, south, and west. The proof of its strength lies in the fact that, in spite of being attacked many times, the fort wrecked, and most of the town destroyed, it was never taken. To this day the marks of bullets and cannon-shot can be seen in its ancient walls.

We remained in Jiguani a day, looking it over. We might have stayed longer, but for the *nigua*, or chigoe, an insect which gets under the skin of the feet, and we were getting rather finicky about our feet. Owing to this peculiar insect, about half the soldiers in quarters there were lame, and some of them had almost lost their toes. We carefully shook the dust of Jiguani off our feet, therefore, and trudged on to the historic city of Bayamo, where we were royally entertained by the officers of another company of the Fourth Volunteers.

For an artist Bayamo is a paradise. The distemper used on the outside of the walls of the houses runs the whole length and breadth of the chromatic scale. Old yellow, azure blue, mud-brown, Roman red, shades of mauve and green, meet the eye at every turn, and show the people's love of color. Yet, in spite of this riot of hue, it never offends, never "comes up and hits you in the eye," as one of my artist friends expresses it; for it is all faded, lichen-grown, and mellowed by age and by the sun. Then the grass-patched tiles of the roofs, the wattled mud walls of the ranchos, the Roman arches and columns, elaborate wrought-iron window-grilles, little bits of quaint architecture, and an abundance of overgrown, picturesque ruins, make this city peculiarly paintable.

After a day of sight-seeing we took the trail again toward Cauto Embarcadero, which is the head of navigation on Cuba's largest river, the Cauto. Crossing the stream west of Bayamo, we came upon a crowd of washerwomen kneeling on the stones and beating clothes with small hard-wood paddles. On the farther bank we plunged into the woods and soon lost sight of the curious signal-tower that surmounts the cathedral spire at Bayamo.

At that time we had only one canteen for carrying water, and, as the day was an excessively hot one, we drew upon it frequently. Before we had made many miles, however, we learned at a native hut where, to our astonishment, we were refused a drink, that there was no water on the road until we reached the Cauto. We immediately

jammed in the stopper of the canteen more tightly, and walked on, suffering from thirst. After ten miles or so of baking savannas and yarey plains, we made a halt under some bushes and divided the little water we had left. It was not sufficient to quench our thirst, and our mouths were so dry that we were unable to eat the bread and sausage we had provided for lunch. All the afternoon we kept on in that sweltering heat. The perspiration ran into the corners of our eyes in salt, stinging streams, and drenched our clothes and even the blankets upon our backs. We grew quarrelsome, then silent, while our thoughts ran always to bumpers of iced lemonade, shandygaff, and "schooners" of lager-beer. At last, near sundown, we "rose" the signal-tower of Cauto, when we at once hastened down to the river and drank our fill.

That day, however, was too much for us. If the hundred and forty miles or so that lay between us and the next city, Puerto Principe, were to be as hot and as waterless as the country we had just passed over, we decided that a pack-mule would be a necessity. There was a small, dirty steamer, or more properly steam-launch, lying in the river which, we heard, was bound down-stream to Manzanillo the next day. Upon this transport we promptly engaged passage at the rate of three dollars Spanish each.

The following noon we boarded the *Fernandez*, which had been issuing agonizing shrieks for our benefit for half an hour; and with a schooner loaded with yarey matting and panniers in tow, we proceeded at a three-knot rate toward the sea.

The river Cauto, though in no place wide, is navigable for vessels of light draft for some sixty or seventy miles. For this distance it winds through a low, flat country, which it floods annually during the rainy season, and thus encourages a tropical growth which for beauty and luxuriance I have never seen surpassed. A little beyond the village we ran the gantlet of a forest fire that was raging on both banks. The roar of it was like the sea in rough weather, and the crackling like volleys of artillery. Smoke, ashes, sparks, and heat almost stifled us as we steamed through it. The deck-hands stood by with buckets of water, lest the woodwork or awnings should take fire. Beyond the destroyer all was bright and delightful; a cool little breeze was coming up-stream, and the varied greenery of the tropical foliage on both sides of us caused us to cease regretting our departure from the route of our journey. No words of mine can paint the scenery of the Cauto: dense, untrodden forests, with mammoth ceibas, moss-draped jucaros, and the slim gray columns of the palms above; and a tangle of small timber, lianas, vines, and strange parasites below.

Here and there were tall palms bending low over the placid water, lush grasses, ferns, bunches of creeping bamboos, and occasionally a native hut, with plantain, mango, and orange groves about it. Faint, sweet odors of flowers and fruit were wafted out from the brushwood to us as we wound down the tortuous channel; bright-plumaged birds that took no fright at our progress skimmed the water and chattered in the tree-tops; alligators eyed us sleepily from banks and logs; ducks, cranes, cormorants, and other water-fowl splashed and dived fearlessly about us. Even I, ardent sportsman though I am, was fain to lay aside my rifle after a few shots, and content to lie under the awning at the bow, drinking in this panorama of pure enchantment. As the sun went down, with little puffs of cloud of unimaginable colors floating in the western sky, the verdure and the water became for a few moments golden-tinted—beautified, it seemed, by magic, not by nature.

At Guamo, a village on the western bank, we tied up to some tree-stumps for half an hour to buy provisions. We left it with all the inhabitants sitting at the water's edge, beating the air with their hats and hands in a vain effort to keep off the swarms of mosquitos which made the shore to us unbearable. By the light of a remnant of a moon, we continued our passage down the river, which had become a winding, silvery lane banked with mysterious screens. The *Fernandez* furnished no sleeping accommodations for her passengers or crew; and we fell asleep on the deck that night, with the fragrance of the forest in our nostrils and the musical ripple of the water in our ears. At daylight we anchored on the Cauto's treacherous bar for an hour or two amid pelicans and sea-birds. Thence we proceeded along the coast some ten miles into the open harbor of Manzanillo. This city, which is the port for Bayamo, Jiguani, and the sugar-producing district to the eastward, is a bright, clean, healthful place of about fourteen thousand inhabitants, two thirds of whom are those Cubans who come under the head of "white." At Manzanillo we became the guests of our good friend Captain Franzheim, to whom we were indebted not

only for unbounded hospitality, but also for sundry provisions and bottles which we found in our panniers after leaving.

After four days of unaccustomed luxury in the way of fresh meat, iced drinks, beds to sleep in, and papers ten days old to read, we started out afresh, with our caravan increased by a small Cuban mule, whose general appearance promised us a little variation in the days to come. Nor were we disappointed in this respect. If led, he went at a pace that would have kept us in Cuba for the remainder of the century; if driven, he refused to keep the road, and made long circuits with the idea of getting back to town. Indeed, it was his persistence in turning back that caused us to give him the appropriate name of "Balaam." We learned after a short time, however, that he would follow like a lamb. Henceforth, therefore, we traveled in single file, one of us leading, the other about fifty yards behind, and Balaam in between, alternately stopping for a mouthful of grass and trotting nimbly along to the jingle of canteens, cooking-utensils, and quinine pills.

Although the surest and in fact the only recognized road to Cauto was by way of Bayamo, we determined to save forty miles or so by cutting across the country in a direct line. But in spite of the services of a so-called guide, furnished by the alcalde at Caño, we found after half a day's walking that we were on the wrong trail. We were in a densely wooded region, crossed and recrossed by a labyrinth of trails made by the yarey-gatherers; and while our map and compass gave us the general direction we should take, we were assured by a native, whom chance brought our way, that it was impossible for us to get through without guidance. The man persuaded us to accompany him to a cluster of huts hid away in the palms, where we spent the remainder of the day and the night. In the hut where we were entertained, tobacco-leaves were drying under the roof, and naked children sprawled about the floor; friendly black pigs ran about like members of the family, and chickens roosted dangerously overhead. In the middle of the night we were disturbed by a man rushing into the hut and awakening the family in the inner room. In a few moments we were left alone, wondering what had happened. Soon the stillness was broken by a series of long-drawn howls from a hut near by. It was a mother bewailing the loss of a child. Sickness was very prevalent in that swampy district; indeed, we found *calentura* common with the natives throughout the country, and we were constantly called upon to act as physicians. Of that little hamlet I still have a haunting recollection of a sick babe gasping its life out upon a bed of bright-green leaves of supposed medicinal virtue.

We tumbled out at daybreak at the señora's call, "Americanos, café!" As soon as the mule was loaded, we placed ourselves in the hands of one Manuel, an ex-captain of the Cuban army, so aptly called the "Army of Expectation," who in due time brought us safely to Cauto again. Here we crossed the river for the last time on a float pulled from one side to the other by ropes, and struck the trail leading almost due north to the town of Victoria de Las Tunas.

Our new trail led through a cleared space in the woods dignified by the name of *camino real*, or royal road. At one time it had doubtless been a fair country road, passable by bullock-teams in the dry season; but at our passing it was so overgrown, narrowed, and boggy that it had to be abandoned for side-paths cut through the brush. As Balaam, with his spreading panniers, was continually getting stuck in the narrow wood-paths, our progress was slow. We put in two sleepless nights on that road fighting mosquitos,—we even went to the extent of lighting fires under our hammocks,—and passed almost an entire day without water. When we did strike a water-hole, the liquid was so foul that we drank it with fear. We also ran short of provisions. But for the kindness of some Cuban soldiers, who gave us a tin of sardines and some biscuits, we should that day have done what the Australians call "a perish."

At Las Tunas, once a large town, but now in a state of absolute ruin, we stocked up liberally and turned west toward Puerto Principe. Just beyond the township we found a stream, the first since leaving the Cauto that ran, or that almost ran. Experience had taught us a few things by that time, and we filled everything we had that would hold water, particularly as we were told that the rivers for the next hundred miles were dry. We were then in about the center of the island, on an upland plain where continual breezes from the northeast made travel both easy and enjoyable. Deer and guinea-fowl were plentiful, also pigeons and a species of partridge. From Las Tunas all the way to Cascorro we found abundant sport for both gun and rifle. These uplands, moreover, are exceedingly well grassed and exhibit a profu-

sion of flora. Short, prickly trees with tiny leaves and pink blossoms on the azalea order, red lilies with yellow centers (truly Spanish), shrubs with clusters of mustard-yellow flowers, pink periwinkles, and slim, leafless trees with pale, tulip-shaped bells were common. Here, too, we saw air-plants without number, bee-orchids encircling the gray trunks of the palms, and a gorgeous orchid of royal purple, quite strange to me. It grows, apparently, only on the bark of a gnarled, stunted tree, and is virtually without leaves. Once I found a spray of yellow blossoms evidently of the same species.

Some fifteen miles west of Las Tunas we entered the "big forest," which is still in its primeval state and contains much magnificent timber. Mahogany, ebony, cedar, and other hard woods are plentiful here, but owing to its distance from the coast and the expense of cartage, it will doubtless remain untouched for many a year. The dense shade of this great tangle teems with bird life. A few kinds are recognizable by English names, such as the partridge, parrot, dove, woodpecker, and guinea-fowl, but for the most part their names have no equivalent in our language, such as the tocororo, arriero, cordoniz, and many other gay-plumaged birds. As an experiment, we shot several green parrots and cooked them. The meat was tough beyond description, but the soup we obtained would not be despised even in civilization. Lizards in great variety, black, green, gray, curly-tailed, and some which puffed out the skin about their throats in a peculiar way, darted among the leaves and upon the tree-trunks as we passed. Snakes with linoleum patterns crossed our paths with an all-conquering, get-out-of-the-way air; timid deer gazed at us with startled eyes before bounding into the underbrush.

In the forest we first made the acquaintance of that little animal which the Cuban army in some parts almost depended on for food—the jutia. While walking some distance ahead of my companion, on the lookout for deer, I noticed two animals, which at first I took to be some small kind of bear, in the high branches of a tree. I fired my rifle at the larger one, and though the bullet went through its body, as I afterward found, the thick vines about it prevented its falling at that time. With a second shot, however, I brought down the other jutia. The animal was about ten or twelve pounds in weight, was covered with thick, coarse hair, and had teeth like a rabbit. In general appearance it resembled a large possum or an exaggerated rat. At the "post-mortem" we debated upon its identity and fitness for food. As we could determine neither, we decorated Balaam, greatly to his disgust, with one on each side, and took them with us. For odorous reasons, however, we were obliged to throw them away before we met any one, though we learned later that, when properly cooked, they were very fair eating.

On the eighteenth day after leaving Santiago we left the big forest and crossed the river which marks the western boundary of the largest province in Cuba, which is known popularly as the Oriente and the Tierra Adentro (Interior Country). Santiago province is rich in mineral deposits, valuable woods, and grass-lands. Its soil throughout is extremely fertile, and the number of products it is capable of producing, owing to the varying elevation, is not to be outdone by any country in the world.

At Guaimaro, the first village we made in Puerto Principe province, we spent the night in the hut of the rural guards stationed there. We were without a permit to carry arms, and they evidently considered it safer to keep under their wing such suspicious characters as by that time we certainly looked to be.

Very soon after passing the border we noticed changes. The country became flatter and more uniform, negroes were less common, and the ruined houses along the wayside were chiefly of stone, instead of wood. Evidences of a better and richer class of people than we had seen before were not wanting all through Puerto Principe. Before the war virtually the entire province was given up to cattle-raising. At present, however, all is ruin and desolation. The cattle have been killed, the houses burned, and the owners, in most cases, have fled to Spain with all the money they could scrape together.

Puerto Principe, the capital, is built on a plain several hundred feet above sea-level, and some forty miles from its seaport, Nuevitas. It has the distinction of having been twice attacked by the famous bucaneer Morgan. The first time he made a rich haul, but on his second attempt he was ambushed and beaten back. Though large, substantially built of stone and brick, and possessing many fine buildings, it is uninteresting in comparison with other Cuban cities. The streets are dreary and monotonous, and the whole place seems dead. I could not help thinking that the forty thousand inhabitants it is supposed to have were, for the most part, underground. The morning we left, the

thermometer had taken a sudden drop to 60°, with the result that the entire population turned out with blankets round their necks, making a spectacle at which we might have laughed, had we not felt ridiculously cold ourselves. Before we got out of town, however, we were arrested for carrying firearms, and held until General Carpenter gave us the necessary permit. The next city we intended to make was Sancti Spiritus, which, by the trail, was one hundred and fifty miles away.

From this point there was a certain sameness to our trip, which, if given in detail, would be wearisome. Our feet by that time had got over the blistering stage; we had become accustomed to the general conditions, and were in good training for the still long tramp ahead of us. It is true that we had taken up several holes in our belts since we left Santiago, but otherwise we were in excellent trim; always hungry, strangers to indigestion, worrying not a whit about the morrow, and enjoying hugely the scenery, the happenings on the road, and the glorious freedom of the life. If good befell us, so much the better; if ill, it was "copy." So we jogged along, daily becoming more hobo-like in appearance and more worthy of being disciples of the great Diogenes.

With the first paling of the eastern sky we tumbled out of our hammocks, blew the smoldering ashes of our camp-fire into flame, and cooked our simple breakfast. If we had been lucky the day before, this consisted of eggs, or perhaps a few slices of salt pork, dry bread, and tea, minus sugar and milk. If otherwise, hardtack and tea contented us. Next, Balaam was untethered and loaded with our various belongings, each man stowing his own pannier, and the whole cargo tightly lashed on, lest the severe jolting to which it was invariably subjected should cause us loss. Then in the cool, dewy freshness of the morning we struck the trail and did our best walking. Sometimes our route lay over the parts of the old camino real, hedged in with trees and Spanish bayonet; at other times we wandered off on a ribbon-like by-path through plains of shoulder-high guinea-grass, or wound round the spur of a hill. Again we dipped into luxuriant creek-beds, swam rivers, parted our way through the wet grass of torrid quagmires, passed belts of prickly bush-land, lost the sun in the leafy shades of forests, or stumbled up a broken, precipitous mountain-side.

About eleven o'clock we usually camped for a dinner of bread, Spanish sausage, and sweet chocolate, washed down with tea again. Then, during the heat of the day, when all nature languished, and the baked red earth burned through the soles of our boots, we stretched ourselves in some shady spot, smoked fragrant Cuban cigarettes, and took our siesta. Some of these noonings were spent in delightful nooks; for, by necessity, they were nearly always near a stream or water-hole, where maidenhair ferns, flowers, hanging vines, and all manner of tropic greenery flourished in the moist atmosphere. Looking out from these natural arbors into the open spaces where the sun beat down, the trees and all distant objects swam in the heat-haze, and the lizards ceased their darting to blink and bask. Occasionally the calm would be disturbed by the rapid *pad, pad* of an unshod Cuban pony carrying a solitary traveler, or perhaps a flock of noisy green parrots would alight above us; but otherwise all was quiet, peaceful, restful. One fell asleep without effort in such places.

When the shadows began to lengthen we moved on again, and walked steadily until sundown, or until we reached some river or village where it seemed advisable to remain for the night. Perhaps half the time we slept out under the sky, generally suspended between trees, though twice we "downed it" on the bare earth. The rest of the time we slept in native huts, where, in spite of the people's poverty, we were treated with unvarying kindness and generosity. From first to last we were never allowed to pay a centavo for lodging, nor permitted to leave in the morning without a bowl of coffee.

The day we left Puerto Principe we fell in with a perfect swarm of jutias. The trees on both sides of us were literally alive with them. They were too tame to give us any sport, though we did one the honor of taking its photograph and, later, its life. In the groves surrounding the ruins of old haciendas we also found tamarinds, limes, and cocoanuts.

Some seventy miles of flat grazing-country, sparsely covered with stunted trees and dotted with the bleaching bones of dead cattle, brought us to Ciego de Avila, a little town on the line of the famous Jucaro-Moron trocha. The town had just been occupied by several companies of the regular army, and we were most kindly entertained that night by the officers of the provost guard. After visiting some of the blockhouses and seeing the trocha, which is a line of forts and redouts protected on each side by an

entanglement of barbed wire, we pushed on toward the Santa Clara border, and reached Sancti Spiritus four days later.

When we made a gradual descent from the uplands and came in sight of the mountains to the southwest of Sancti Spiritus, we were delighted at the prospect. Even Balaam pricked up his ears. After the long spell of flat country it was good to see an elevation—something definite to set one's course by. The interesting lay of the land in that direction, indeed, caused us to depart from the inland route we had planned, and head toward the southern coast. We spent nearly two days, however, looking over the old town and the charming scenery about it, during which time we were the guests of the officers of the Fourth Tennessee United States Volunteers, who, notwithstanding our appearance, took us in and treated us with true Southern hospitality.

From Sancti Spiritus we made our way through the most lovely of tropical scenery to the charming little mountain village of Banao. A few thatched huts and the ruins of some fine haciendas are all that now remain of the once famous health-resort, but nothing can destroy the natural beauty of its clear mountain stream, its trees and verdure-clad peaks. Skirting the hills to the southward and passing several idle sugar-mills, we reached, after two days, the broad estuary of the river Manati, which we crossed by means of a small boat, with our four-footed companions swimming alongside. The next morning early we caught a glimpse and a whiff of the blue Caribbean. Later, the white houses and forts of Trinidad came in sight, and we hastened on over the rapidly widening white road, bordered with odorous cassia-bushes in full bloom, into the bright little town.

As mail was waiting us at Cienfuegos, and as we had not received any since our departure from New York, we remained in Trinidad only long enough to lay in a stock of fresh provisions and enjoy the luxury of a good meal. We were warned that the road to Cienfuegos was almost unused, of the roughest possible character, and that it crossed no fewer than eighteen rivers. This news, however, only added fresh zest to the prospect. We found the information we had been given in every respect true; indeed, that forty miles or so of circuitous trail was quite the most interesting part of our island journey.

During the two days and a half that we were making it, we were at least thirty-six hours without seeing a habitation or a person. The second day we lost our bearings entirely, and came dangerously near running over the cliffs into the sea. When the swift-falling darkness of the tropics came upon us, the trail was persistently taking us in the wrong direction; and we went to sleep that night with an interesting uncertainty as to our whereabouts, and within hearing of the breakers. Next day, about noon, we emerged suddenly from the cool, shady woods into the dazzling sunshine of a white-beached cove. And as we looked out upon the immensity of blue water, enlivened by a heeling, white-sailed schooner heading eastward, we stood for a moment bewildered by the blaze and glory of it all. We spent an hour or two here, frolicking in the clear, tepid water, and then, being loath to leave the sea, we kept along the white strand, reckless of distance, roads, or river-mouths. Toward evening we spied a small boat flying a Cuban flag anchored close inshore, then a thatched hut upon the beach. We found it to be the abode of a solitary turtle-fisherman, who made us welcome with coffee and aguardiente. After examining his large-meshed nets and one of his "catch," which he kept in the water tethered by the flippers, we regretfully took to the woods again; for he told us it was impossible to follow the coast farther because of the wide mouths of the rivers.

Between Trinidad and Cienfuegos we first made the acquaintance of the land-crab. We found it in such numbers, moreover, that I verily believe the region must be the home and the nursery of this strange crustacean. We came upon them, not by ones and twos, nor yet by dozens or hundreds, but by the acre—all of them scuttling about doing something, though what Heaven only knows. In a dark ravine, walled in with dripping rocks of coral structure, an uncanny place of itself, we encountered the first batch of them; and, to be frank, we did not like their looks. Some were black, others a bright orange color with faces like owls, others combined these two colors, and still others, the largest variety, were mud-green in hue. And the way they swarmed about us, threateningly waving their long claws and viciously snapping them together, was uncomfortable. We drew our machetes and began to clear a path ahead of us, but it was a hopeless, endless task, and we soon tired of it. We were obliged finally to walk through them, kicking them aside and crushing them underfoot at every step. Poor Billy, not un-

derstanding the nature of the beasts, would insist upon tackling them and getting the worst of it; and even Balaam, though a native, showed an agility quite out of keeping with his Cuban bringing up.

After getting all our belongings wet twice while fording rivers, climbing steep, rocky ascents, pitching down into eery gorges, traveling for miles over the loose stones of the river-beds, where the trees met overhead and formed a vault of verdure; after skirting lush swamps overgrown with great ferns and other swamp flora, peering into crab-haunted caves, and coming face to face with nature in her wildest state, we left the weird but beautiful region behind us and entered Cienfuegos.

We remained in the busy city of Cienfuegos three days, again guests of the ever-hospitable American officer, and then turned our faces toward the north coast. As there was a great saving in distance to be made by crossing the river Damuji and thence striking across to Yaguaramas, we took a small steamer as far as Constancia. From the moment we got Balaam on board, however, until we reached the landing, he gave us trouble by making frantic endeavors to leap overboard. We were obliged finally to lash him fore, aft, and amidships to the stanchions of the boat-rail, where, in spite of all, he continued to plunge insanely until we got ashore.

At Yaguaramas we found the end of the railroad line leading to Cardenas, Havana, and civilization, and no sooner did we strike this than the aspect of the country changed for the better. Towns and villages were scattered every few miles along the line, and the cultivation of cane, vegetables, and fruits was not the uncommon sight it had been heretofore. Though cane was still scarce, the majority of the sugar-mills were grinding, and most of the inhabitants, therefore, were at work.

The country virtually all the way across to Cardenas was flat and, save for the plantations, uninteresting. Still, our journey was not entirely devoid of incident, for we were arrested twice and had no end of trouble and fun with Balaam in the swampy districts. If there was a creek to be crossed, the mule invariably made for the deepest water, with the result that he took several brilliant "headers" and provided us with wet blankets to sleep in.

In one village we were chased by a lieutenant of mounted police and held up at the point of a large, rusty revolver. When we told the gentleman, who had a strain of Chinese in his blood, that we were Americans, he put up his weapon and smilingly shook hands with us. "Then we are brothers," he said.

At another village the whole police force, composed of three negroes and one white Cuban, turned out with rifles at our approach; but after we had sworn at them a little, patted them on the backs, and told them they were brave fellows, they allowed us to proceed. Notwithstanding this, the natives everywhere received us in the most friendly manner and shared with us whatever they had.

By the time we reached the flourishing town of Cardenas we were sights to behold. Our once white suits were torn by the bushes, blackened by the camp-fires, and generally toned by the iron-red dust of the roads. Billy was likewise reddened. Balaam, with his sagging pack and frayed lashings, looked like a beggar's mule. The whole outfit, indeed, had a most disreputable appearance. We were looked upon at Cardenas with suspicion, since every policeman we saw considered it necessary to examine our papers. We did not like this excessive vigilance very well, and so pushed on. Over the rockiest of roads, through a country well watered and grassed, though almost depopulated, we made our way in two half-days to Matanzas. The next morning but one we entered upon the last day of our tramp.

We left the sugar-mill near Bainoa, where we had slept, by the uncertain light of dawn. We were prepared to make twenty-eight miles that day, and proposed to put in our last night at the town of Guanabacoa, which is only a short distance from Havana. As our average rate of speed was only three miles an hour, we omitted our usual noonday rest, and, except for a stop for breakfast at Jaruco, and another for lunch in the hills, kept steadily on. By reason of wrong directions at Jaruco, however, we took a circuitous trail, skirting the base of the mountains, and thus increased the length of our journey some eight miles. The first indication of this error was given us by the compass; but as we had then gone too far to return to the right road with any benefit, we wound on through the palm-clad hills and dales, with bad words for the people of Jaruco.

In spite of this exasperating addition to our walk, we were, I think, well repaid for it in the way of scenery. Though we were so close to the greatest city in the island,

the whole appearance of the country was wild and luxuriantly beautiful. For fully fifteen miles we saw neither habitations nor people, though we passed the picturesque ruins of many fine houses and not a few villages. For the most part the path ran parallel with the jagged, knife-edged crests of the Cordillera, now scaling the ridge of a foot-hill, now dipping abruptly into a teeming little gully, again passing within hail of a dark, echoing cavern set in the limestone walls of the cliffs. Buzzards hovered overhead, thirst-quenching guayabas followed the path, and palms grew everywhere. About midday, from the bald pate of a conical hill, we caught a glimpse of blue water far away to the north of us. But although our view seemed far-reaching, we failed to see any indications of the city. Encouraged, however, by a sight of the sea, we pushed on with all possible speed until sundown, when we left the trail for the first good road we had seen in Cuba. By the first milestone we were still thirteen kilometers from Havana. After refreshing ourselves at a wayside cantina with wine and biscuits, we kept on, in the cool of the evening, to Guanabacoa. Our intention was to remain here for the night; but, notwithstanding our fatigue, we had by this time developed an insane desire to finish our trip that day. We marched through the town, therefore, without a thought of putting up, and shortly afterward saw the glare in the sky above Havana.

Although the entering of a city at night and on foot was no new thing for either of us, yet at that time, after forty-six days on the road, and after having walked seven hundred and fifty miles with that particular city as our goal, we looked at the mysterious arc of light in the heavens before us with a strange pleasure not unmixed with exultation; for not only had we accomplished what we had set out to do with safety and in perfect health, but we also had that peculiar masculine satisfaction of knowing that we were the first white men to travel through Cuba on foot.

As soon as we crossed the bridge at Guanabacoa we saw the electric lights of Havana in circles, squares, and seemingly endless rows. The whole city was ablaze. The placid waters of the harbor over which we looked were shot with silvery streamers. For the remaining four miles we forgot our sore feet, our weariness, even our hunger, and stepped along at a gait in keeping with our lively spirits. At every turn we found evidence that we were again entering civilization: first a great, white-walled fort guarding the road; then brightly lighted carriages; later a paved street, and at last a horse-car. Then from the suburban gloom we suddenly emerged into a busy thoroughfare. We had made forty miles that day, and were in Havana.

But alas! our rejoicings were quickly nipped in the bud. Before we had gone a block a small man with a large whistle appeared at Balaam's head. He looked at us suspiciously for a moment, then whistled twice. As if by magic four policemen appeared. In vain we protested, threatened, and flourished handfuls of papers under the little man's nose. Our looks were against us. With a jubilant negro crowd surrounding us, we were marched off ignominiously to the police-station for the seventh time, and "run in," mule, dog, and all, for the night. Thus even to the last were we recipients of the one thing above all others that a stranger notices in Cuba—its boundless hospitality.

IN THE GLOAMING.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

THE summer day is dying,
The drowsy flowrets fold;
Long shadow soft is lying
On the green and gold.

The brook, what is it saying,
Or is it laughter sings,
Some voice of joy was playing
Among day's happy things?

The brook is flowing, flowing,
But not like summer streams;
Faint lights are on it glowing—
It is the drift of dreams.

TALKS WITH NAPOLEON.

HIS LIFE AND CONVERSATION AT ST. HELENA.

THE ORIGINAL RECORD MADE BY NAPOLEON'S PHYSICIAN, DR. B. E. O'MEARA.

SECOND PAPER.

For a general introduction to these papers, and some account of the eighteen volumes comprising Dr. O'Meara's autographic journal of his conversations with Napoleon, the reader is referred to THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for February. The last entry in that instalment of extracts from the journal was dated July 7, 1816. The matter to follow, as far as and including the entry for the 17th of July, completes the first manuscript volume. It will be noted that the second volume, instead of following in the order of the calendar, begins with July 4, and continues chronologically. It is impossible to explain the repetition in dates, but it will be noted that the July entries in volume 1 consist almost entirely of conversations with Napoleon, while those in volume 2, up to the 17th of July, for the most part relate to conversations with other persons, and matters in general. In his published work O'Meara drew from both sets of entries, but used the minor part of the matter given in this paper, and eliminated a large part of the literary color and personal flavor.—EDITOR.

NAPOLEON'S SPIRITS UNDERGO A CHANGE.

8th [July, 1816]. N[apoleon] asked, as usual, for news; about the commissioners; about the island. He said he supposed that the English ministry had busily employed themselves for some time searching out for the worst part of the world to place him in, and, said he, "they have succeeded well certainly, and they have truly found out a governor [Sir Hudson Lowe] worthy of the detestable spot they have sent me to, for one is as ugly and horrible in appearance as the other. The one is the ugliest and most frightful-looking place in the world, and the other is equally ugly as a man, and his mind answers to his looks, I believe." He then laughed very much, and appeared to be pleased with his conceit. Spoke about the commissioners again; young De Las Cases [and] Bernard [Marshal Bertrand's servant], who was sick. . . . He observed that the window-curtains were very dirty (as they really were), and ordered them to be shifted by taking those of some other room, I think he said, where they were useless.

9th [July]. N[apoleon] asked, as usual, for news. Told him that the Princess of Wales was at Tunis, in a palace of the dey, during the time the English fleet went there to enforce peace. "A brave woman!" said he; "she is *pazza* [crazy] to be wandering about in that manner. But, *poverina*," said he, "she has nothing to do, and constant change of place amuses her." I told him that Lord Exmouth had given the dey only ten minutes to determine upon complying with the terms offered, or war, which he said was very right. Told him that I had dined at the admiral's [Sir Pulteney Malcolm's]. He asked who was there. I told him so-and-so, and the French commissioner, whom I said I believed, from what I saw, not to be a bad man; on the contrary, I thought that he was *buon uomo* [a good man], to which he assented, and said, "*Gia, gia, poverino, povero coglione.*" ["Yes, yes, poor fellow, poor dullard."] I told him that he had known De Las Cases, to which he said he knew —— "in a country house," said he. I said that he had never seen *him* [Napoleon]; that he had asked how he was. To this he made no answer. He asked if the handsome Frenchwoman [Mme. Stürmer] was there. I replied, no.

He asked if the admiral kept a good table; if it was a better one than Sir G. Cockburn's. I said he kept a very good table; that everything was good, and no ceremony. That every one was at their ease; not so much form as at Sir G. C.'s table. "What!" said he, "is not the admiral a man who likes ceremony?" I said, quite the contrary in his own house. I here remarked that the admiral was a man beloved by every one; that I had never heard any person speak ill of him. To which he said: "I believe it true; he carries it in his countenance."

I told him that Montchenu [the French commissioner] had said that he was sent here against his will. "How so?" said he. "If he did not like to come, he had his choice to come or remain." I said that he had been

DRAWN BY G. ALDEN PEIRSON, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY L. G. BILLINGS.

PLANTATION HOUSE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR OF ST. HELENA. (SEE MAP, PAGE 614 OF THE FEBRUARY "CENTURY".)

paid so many compliments by the king [Louis XVIII], etc., that he was induced to accept of it; that he had said it was a bitter pill, gilt over; that when it was first intimated to him that he was to go to St. Helena, he asked, "What sin have I committed, that you exile me to such a place as St. Helena?" He [Napoleon] laughed a little at this, but his countenance changed shortly after, and he looked, I thought, displeased and reserved as he went out of the room without his usual bow and "*Allons*."

11th [July]. N[apoleon] in rather a melancholy mood; exclaimed against the weather and the island, which he pronounced to be the most melancholy abode in the universe, and that they had sent out *il piu triste degli uomini* [the saddest of all men] as governor of it—*e piu triste, e peggio dell' isola, un animal accio* [the saddest, the very worst person on the island, a big animal], who took a pleasure in making them suffer.

THE QUESTION OF A NEW RESIDENCE FOR NAPOLEON.

Sir Hudson asked me, at Hutt's Gate, if I had any idea of which part of the island Bonaparte would prefer to have his new house built in. I replied that I thought he would prefer The Briars. He said that would never do. He could not have that, as it was too near the town; that it was out of the question. He then asked if I thought he would like any other part better than Longwood. I mentioned perhaps Sandy Bay best [see map, page 614, February CENTURY]; that I was of opinion he would like, in all probability, Colonel Smith's place, if he could not get The Briars. That I was sure he would prefer a habitation on the other side of the island to this. He desired me to endeavor to find out for himself what place he would prefer. This he has asked me to do before, two or three times. Said that he [Napoleon] had refused to see the commissioners. Asked what Mme. B[ertrand] wanted particularly with Montchenu. I said that I had heard she wanted to inquire after her mother's health, and that Las Cases was anxious to ask about his wife, whom Montchenu had seen.

12th [July]. N[apoleon] not in the best possible humor apparently, though he was very civil to me. He appeared uneasy and melancholy. Told him that the governor had gone up yesterday in order to see if it would be possible to add new apartments to the house at Longwood, or to build a new house, whichever he (N.) would like best. He said:

"If he keeps me here at Longwood, I do not want anything from him; I do not want any additions or new house here. I hate this place; the sight of it makes me melancholy. Let him put me in some place where there is a shade, if he wants to do anything for me. Here it either blows a furious wind, or if not, when I go out the sun distracts my head, burns my brains out, for want of shade." He then said that he "would like to be on *the Plantation House side*. But," says he, "what is the use of his coming here proposing things, and doing nothing? There is Maréchal Bertrand's house, not the least advanced since he came here. The admiral at least caused the work to go on for us. He put a carpenter here, who always remained, and made the work go on. There is my fireplace has smoked for three months, and repeated application has been made to remedy it, but in vain."

I said that orders had been given repeatedly to repair it; that the governor said the reason the things did not go on rapidly was that he did not know what to do, what place he would like. That he did not like to undertake anything without knowing whether he (N.) would like them or not. That if he would once *fix a plan* for the house, the governor declared that he would order *every workman* on the island to proceed to Longwood to set about it, with a proportionate quantity of engineer officers. (This I repeated twice.)

He replied: "To this house, or in this spot? I want nothing from him." ("*In questa casa, in questo luogo? Non voglio niente da lui.*") I said that the governor declared that he would do everything in his power for to accommodate him. That he was fearful that making additions to the present house would annoy him in consequence of the noise of the workmen. He said: "Certainly it would be a great annoyance to me. But I do not want him to do anything to this house on this dismal place; I want nothing from him." He then repeated what he said before, about promising to have everything done, and nothing effected afterwards, and that Maréchal Bertrand's house had had the plan arranged for months, and yet that the building did not advance. "Look!" said he, pointing to the window-curtains, "look there. I was obliged to order a pair of my sheets to be put here as window-curtains, as the others were so dirty, and I could not obtain others to replace them." I observed that a pair of sheets had been fixed up as curtains.

"That officer of engineers . . . appears to me to be an imbecile—promises always, never performs." I could not help assenting to this. He then asked about the other engineer officers. I said they did very [little] else than walk about with long waving feathers in their hats. He said then: "Whose fault is that but the person who commands, for not making them do their duty? He is worse than them. Truly no more sad person (*il piu tristo uomo*) could have been sent out by your government. He is even worse than the island (*peggio dell' isola*). A bad man; see how he has treated that poor woman, Mme. Bertrand. He thought she was too comfortable, and he has deprived her of the little liberty she had; has prevented people from coming to visit her, which was the only solace she had. A woman like her, who has been always accustomed to see company. It was a malignant cruelty that he prevented her from [seeing that] chattering *babillard* [Montchenu]." I said that the reason it was done was Mme. Bertrand's having sent a letter to the Marquis Montchenu without first sending it to the governor. "Bah!" said he, "that is *coglioneria*. Because either her husband or herself could have gone to town to see him; that was only a pretext." He then observed that he was a very fit subject for a chief constable (*capo di sbirri*) or a chief of spies, but not for a governor. "Weak men," said he, "are always timorous and suspicious. All I want from him is to give me as little of his presence as possible! This is all I will ask from him."

He here spoke about sixteen thousand pounds, which one of the papers said was bought into the English funds in the name of Maréchal Bertrand, and fifteen thousand pounds in that of Cambacérès. Appeared to know nothing more about it than what was said in the papers. He afterwards went to look over his History in the next room.

14th [July]. N[apoleon] dressing at 5 P. M., Montholon in company. (When Montholon is present I have observed that he [Napoleon] does not generally say much to me.) Asked for news, weather, etc. Told him there was a report of Savary having escaped from Malta. He laughed, and asked if any one was with him. I told him that there was a report that some other officer was.

He said, "Ah, then it must have been Lallemand." Asked what part of Malta they were in. I said, Fort St. Angelo, and that they had been closely confined. He asked where St. Angelo was. I told him.

He also said: "Your government have

truly shown a great contempt for the allied powers in sending such a *boja* [hangman] over me, of whom they, the allies, profess to be in so much dread, and to secure whom the English have foolishly expended so much money."

NAPOLEON'S FURIOUS DRIVING.

16th [July]. N[apoleon] overtook me in the park, and made me get up in the carriage and take a drive with him. Went round the park at a furious rate. Asked several questions about the teeth; seemed to be apprehensive of some of his teeth getting carious. Asked me to breakfast himself. Spoke at breakfast about marriage. Asked me why I did not marry the Rosebud,[1] that she was a fine girl. "At least," said he, "if you do marry, marry a handsome, fine girl, and you will have something to look at if you do not get money."

At breakfast, and after, N[apoleon] asked about the commissioners, and about Mme. Stürmer. Asked whether she had ever seen him. I said yes, two or three times, and that she was very desirous of seeing him again. "And who prevents her?" said he. I said that both her husband and the French commissioner believed that he would not see them. "Who told them so?" said he. "I never said so. I believe they have never asked. I am willing to see them whenever they ask Maréchal Bertrand. They are in some capacity, either a public one or private. I have never refused seeing any person when it was properly asked, either as an individual or a public character, unless when I was ill." I repeated that they imagined that he would not see them. "Quite the contrary," said he; "they may come whenever they like, by asking Maréchal Bertrand, especially the *lady*. I will have great pleasure in seeing *her* at any time; a *lady always*, and also the others, Montchenu for example. He is a Frenchman. I would naturally be glad to see him. It is true, I have never, perhaps, done any good for him, though I took his name off the list of the emigrants at the same time with Las Cases, and allowed him to return to France. They have never," repeated he, "asked to see me. The governor said some unconnected, unmeaning stuff about them." He, however, said that he would only receive them as private characters.

STILL BROODING ON THE GOVERNOR.

Here he began at the governor. Said that sending such a man was worse than sending him [Napoleon] to this horrible isle. "He is only fit for the keeper of galley-slaves, *un galeriano, un geôlier*. He does everything in his power to render my state (already horrible) still more miserable than it was. Look," said he, "so far from doing anything for my comfort, that application has been made for three months for the chimney, which smokes, to be repaired, without avail. This arbor I have asked for above three months to have covered with some stuff in order that I may breakfast out without being burned by the sun, but he will neither order it to be done himself, nor allow us ourselves to get it done. Bertrand's house, too, nothing done for two or three months. If the admiral had remained it would have been finished six weeks back.

"They say that movables of different descriptions have been sent out with a man who has been charged with putting them up. He has been here two or three times and gone away again. He ought to remain here to see what is wanting, and to direct it. Why does he not send up a list of what things there are, and ask what are wanting, instead of sending up what he likes himself to us, just as a jailer would to so many convicts? He promises to send up a billiard-table which the English government have sent out, but nothing of the kind is sent. He promises to have the rooms of Gourgaud and Las Cases repaired. Nothing is done to them. He comes up here, promises everything, and nothing is done.

[1] According to Las Cases, Napoleon had a habit of bestowing nicknames on people. It is plain that *boja* (hangman) was his favorite appellation for the governor, Sir Hudson Lowe. During his stay at The Briars his host's merry daughter Betsy became, in his nomenclature, the Rosebud. In after years, as Mrs. Abell, she printed "Recollections" of those years at St. Helena, in which she gives the following picture of Napoleon's furious driving:

"As a diversion to close the day, the emperor proposed a ride in his Irish jaunting-car. Our horses were accordingly sent on to Hutt's Gate, the residence of Madame Bertrand, and, accompanied by Napoleon, we set off at a hard gallop. I always was, and still am, the greatest coward in a carriage; and of all vehicles, that jaunting-car seemed to me to be the one best calculated to inspire terror: it was driven by the fearless Archambaud, with unbroken Cape horses, three abreast, round that most dangerous of roads called the Devil's Punch-bowl. The party occupying the side nearest the declivity seemed almost hanging over the precipice, while the others were, apparently, crushed against the gigantic walls formed by the perpendicular rock. These were drives which seemed to inspire Bonaparte with mischievous pleasure. He added to my fright by repeatedly assuring me the horses were running away, and that we should be all dashed to pieces." See also a reference to furious driving on page 784.—EDITOR.

"He is a bad man, and, I believe, though perhaps I may be mistaken, capable of any crime. . . . *C'est le comble de l'injustice du gouvernement Anglais* to send out such a man—a Prussian, not an Englishman, a hangman (*un boja*), *un galeriano*. He is only fit to have the charge of convicts or galley-slaves." (Here he repeated, "*Le crime sur son visage.*")

"He must be truly a hangman who would unnecessarily increase the miseries of people situated like us, already too unhappy. A man devoid of humanity or heart. He adds insults to injuries. The English government sends out everything they think I may want, but coming through his hands, from his manner, it appears rather an insult than a benefit.

"Could he not inclose a list of what things were come to Bertrand, saying that the prince regent, supposing that there were not such things to be had at St. Helena, had ordered a supply of such and such things to be sent out, and to know whether I stood in need of them, or part of them? But he sends up what he likes, just as if he was giving us *alms*, so that it appears an insult, what your government intended as a civility. There is a necessary form to be observed with all people, and especially with people like us. I do not like to complain about trifles or without reason, but after a month or two, after I see what is going on, I will certainly make such a complaint of him to the prince regent as will astonish Europe. I will send it to himself; I will send copies of it to every officer in camp."

Here he said that he had treated Maréchal Bertrand very badly; that he had insulted him so grossly in a letter that if he were the maréchal he would make him account for it in a duel,[1] and "if," said he, "the governor had any courage, he would not refuse to meet him." That he had cruelly treated that poor woman, Mme. Bertrand, by depriving her of the society she was accustomed to. "A woman who all her life only existed in society. It is not punishing her husband," said he, "who, if he has a book, does not care for anything else. He is so suspicious that he would wish to cut us off from every human being for fear that I might escape. I wonder that he is not afraid of allowing Poppleton and you to remain near me for fear that you both might betray him. Only he knows that he *must* have somebody near me, he would not allow you. He would willingly be always watching me himself if it was in his power. Have you not galley-slaves in England?" I said no, but that we had some convicts condemned to work at Portsmouth and other places for so many years. "Then," said he, "he ought to have been made a keeper and director of them. It would just be the office suited to him. *Un galeriano, un capo di spioni* [a master of galley-slaves, a chief of spies]."

O'MEARA DEFENDS THE GOVERNOR.

Here he spoke about his telling De Las Cases that he had read his letter, and observed that it was an insult to De Las Cases, and an indignity to the office of governor, which he held, to let it be known; that he had opened people's letters like a spy, and that he ought either to let it be done by some other person, or at least if he did it himself, not to let it be known. "But he suspects everybody," said he, "and, judging by his own dark, malevolent, suspicious heart, capable of committing any crime, supposes everybody to be equally base as himself. That man, if Lord Castlereagh ordered him, I am sure would mix up a dose of poison for me with his own hands, or would himself perform the office of assassin or hangman."

Here I interrupted him, and told him he was mistaken, that the governor would never do so. . . . "*Veramente ha il cuore di boja.* [Really he has the heart of a hangman.] Your government have even done worse to me in sending such a *boja* over me than in sending me to this horrible isle. There was nothing more wanting to complete their injustice than sending this *galeriano* out, and they have put the finish to it."

Here he spoke about his money, and said that he would not tell where it was (if he had any), as he supposed the English government would be villainous enough to seize upon it, as they had done before in the *Bellerophon*.

Made several comparisons about Sir H[udson]; said that he was not an Englishman; that he had nothing of the national appearance of the English. "A Prussian," said he.

"Generally," said he, "in the English, even the bad ones, you will see something good in the countenance, but this man has something so horrid, hangman-like, repu[illegible]

[1] Two years later Marshal Bertrand offered to give Sir Hudson Lowe "satisfaction" in a new quarrel, growing out of complaints against Colonel Lyster, then officer of the guard. Lyster challenged Bertr[illegible] ignoring him, chose to regard Sir Hudson Lo[illegible] principal. The latter removed Lyster.—Ed[illegible]

in his crime-committing, down countenance, that I cannot describe. It makes my teeth almost chatter to look at him. He is conscious of evil, for he cannot look you in the face."

17th [July]. N[apoleon] walking out in the garden. Spoke about the interview he had had yesterday with the governor. Appeared not quite so much enraged against him as before it, but still repeated a great deal of what he had said yesterday, and said that he had told the governor himself that he had unnecessarily increased his restrictions; that he had without any reason punished that poor woman, Mme. Bertrand; that he had insulted De Las Cases by informing him that he had read his letters, and by saying that if he wanted a pair of shoes or boots he must send to him first, about the slowness of the works, etc.

He said that the governor was not the man the English nation ought to have sent out; that he ought to be a person of great politeness, and a man accustomed even to give a refusal with such forms as would almost make it satisfactory to the persons refused, to temper them, instead of a rough, abrupt man of the most repulsive manners, "a man without education," said he, "without any politeness, and of a forbidding and suspicious aspect, and whose countenance, instead of inspiring any confidence, imparted to the beholder an idea of a man capable of committing any crime, and withal a *coglione*. For," said he, "if Bertrand had a mind to contrive any plot, could he not go down to town himself whenever he liked, or could he not make an appointment with a persón to meet him down in the valley? Has he not the liberty of going as far as the Alarm House, and could not he see any person he liked? *Una coglioneria, minchioneria* [nonsense, stupidity], that one would think none but a simpleton would be capable of. But Bertrand may go wherever he likes. It is only me whom they wish to keep, and it was an insult offered to him by the government, and a most disgraceful one on the part of the person who gave it to such a man as Bertrand, who is esteemed by all Europe."

He here spoke about the house, and said that if he expected to remain long in St. Helena he certainly would wish to have it erected at the Plantation House side of the island, where he might have some shade, and where there were some houses near to him.

"But," says he, "*as I think that as soon as the affairs of France are settled, and things are quiet there, the English government will allow me to return to Europe, to remain in England* and finish my days there, as I do not believe that they are quite so foolish as to be at the *expense of eight millions* [of francs] *annually to keep me here when they will no longer have occasion to be afraid of me*, therefore I am not anxious about the house."

NAPOLEON ESTIMATES HIS CHANCES OF ESCAPE.

Here he spoke anew about escaping, and said that if he was inclined to try it, which he was not, there were ninety-five chances in a hundred against his effecting it; "but," said he, "this jailer every week imposes new and vexatious restrictions upon me, just as if I was in a place where I had nothing to do but to step into a boat and be away. When I was at Elba it was different. It is true that while one lives there is a chance of escape; although ironed and chained down, inclosed in a cell of stone, and every human precaution taken against a possibility of it, still there is a chance of escape, and the only way to prevent it is to put *me to death*. This is the only sure way. *Il n'y a que les morts que ne revient pas*. Let him put me to death, and all uneasiness on the part of the European powers, Lord Castlereagh, himself, and his government will cease! No more expense then, no more squadrons to watch me, or poor soldiers, fatigued to death with pickets and guards, or harassed with carrying burdens up those precipices. I am sure those poor devils have reason to hate me and wish my death. They must, however, be conscious that the fatiguing duties imposed upon them are unnecessary and vexatious, as the sight of the island must convince every one but a suspicious *coglione* that escape from it was nearly impossible, unless, as I have said before, that while there is life there is a chance, if attempted. Where could I go to, allowing that I got out of the island? Every place I could arrive at I would find enemies to seize me. This governor's conduct will soon be known in England, and will not procure him any credit there. Those officers all will write an account of the unnecessary rigor with which I am treated, and their opinion of it. The newspapers will be full of it."

Spoke about depriving Bertrand of the power of passing in people; said that it was an insult, "and though," said he, "I would not have made use of it to cause people to come here, still it was a satisfaction to have the power of doing so. . . ."

O'MEARA'S "MEMORANDUM BOOK NO. 2."

Here begins the second set of July entries mentioned at the head of this paper. While some of the matter has no particular historical value, it is given with very few omissions to show the diary character of this part of O'Meara's journal. Redundancies and faults of style are retained, and, where necessary to make the text clear, words have been added, but always in brackets.—EDITOR.

4th July [1816]. N. walked out in the garden at 10 A. M. Sent for me to ask some questions about Emmanuel de Las Cases, who had sprained his ankle.[1] The beef and mutton sent up this day not eatable, the first being in a state of nearly putrefaction, so much so that a crew of hungry sailors just returned from a long southwest cruise would have refused to eat it. The mutton like a lantern.[2] Sent back again to the contractor by Captain P[oppleton], with an intimation that if a similar quantity of good meat were not sent back in lieu, that a complaint [would] be made to the governor. Admiral [Sir Pulteney] Malcolm presented his officers to N. and had a long conversation with admiral, in a great measure concerning the battle of Waterloo. N. promised to read to him a chapter of his History the next time of his arrival. Bernard better.

No answer or meat arrived at 11 P. M. Montholon's nurse went off in a pet in consequence of not being allowed to keep a young child of hers all night. Had some difficulty in inducing her to remain.

5th July. N. employed in reading and dictating. Leave granted by Sir H. Lowe to Mrs. Dove, a soldier's wife, to come to Longwood for a month in consequence of General Montholon's application. Poppleton wrote to governor a complaint about the beef. The governor's answer contains thanks to him for his exertions, but some parts of his letter are unintelligible to me. Bernard not so well as yesterday. [Prescription in doctor's cipher.] Mr. Cole [of Balcombe, Cole & Co., purveyors] came up about the meat.

N. drove out in the evening in his carriage, at six, round the park at a furious rate. The vehicle could scarcely be discerned in consequence of the clouds of dust produced by the rapidity of the course. He afterwards paid a visit to young De Las Cases, who had sprained his ankle two days before. Marshal and Mme. Bertrand dined at Longwood with N.

NAPOLEON A STICKLER FOR ETIQUETTE.

De Las Cases complaining of Sir H[udson Lowe], I told him that in the list which he had sent to Sir Hudson to forward to England there were several articles (such as stockings and others) which he might either have for nothing, or if he did not like that, that he might pay the prime cost of them in England, and that the governor had told General Montholon of it, and, I believed, himself. He acknowledged this, and said that he believed the governor came with an intention to be civil, but that his manner of offering it made it appear otherwise. That he did not like to receive anything from the English government either by paying for it or otherwise, as if he took them and paid for them, in the confusion of accounts it might be supposed hereafter that he had got them for nothing. That he wanted at least to have an *opportunity of complaining*, to have the right of complaint. That if he took anything from the government he would not be able to complain hereafter, and might be accused of ingratitude if he did so. Said that if they could send a sealed letter to England that a complaint would be sent against the governor to the Prince Regent in order to get him removed. Asked me several questions about the means of getting a letter to him. I told him that it was necessary to send it through the ministers, and that if they did not approve of the contents they would not forward it to the Prince.

He said that the emperor would prefer being fettered, and treated with all form and politeness, than have the kind of liberty he had at present, and not be treated with all those forms and etiquette which he expected. That by a person in power humbling himself to the unfortunate, he really exalted his own character, instead of debasing it. He said also that the E[mperor] had received an *open* letter from his mother, which he rather conceived was an affront from the government than anything else. That he would prefer not receiving any letters to getting them *open*.

[1] Son of Count de Las Cases. The son at that time was sixteen years old, and assisted in the clerical work. In 1822 he assaulted Sir Hudson Lowe in a London street. In 1825 an attempt was made to assassinate him near Paris (supposedly by two Italians), and the fact that Sir Hudson was then in Paris caused some remark.—EDITOR.

[2] Mrs Abell (the Rosebud), in her "Recollections," explains this phrase in describing a visit to Longwood, when Napoleon showed the rooms to her mother, her sister, and herself:

"Thence we went to the larder, where he directed our attention to a sheep that was hanging up, and said laughingly, '*Regardez—voilà un mouton pour mon dîner dont on a fait une lanterne.*' And sure enough it was so, the French servants having placed a candle in its lean carcass, through which the light shone."—EDITOR.

MUCH ADO ABOUT LETTERS.

Napoleon sought unofficial communication with the newly arrived French commissioner, the Marquis de Montchenu; Mme. Bertrand wrote a letter inviting him to Hutt's Gate, where the Bertrands were then living, and where Las Cases, in case of his coming, was to join them; but the governor prevented the delivery of the letter. Bertrand resented this in a letter of July 2, to which the governor replied rather severely on July 4. On July 6 Montholon, at Napoleon's dictation, took a hand in the squabble. These letters are the chief subject of the following conversations with O'Meara, who at that time was calling professionally on Mme. Bertrand.—EDITOR.

6th [July]. N. out at 10 past 3 P. M. Mme. B[ertrand] informed me that she had written the letter to Montchenu in consequence of directions from N. himself, twice repeated, and that in case of Montchenu's having come up, that old De Las Cases was to have immediately proceeded to Hutt's Gate, in order to have an interview with him. This alluded to a letter written to the French commissioner by madame, inviting him to come up to Hutt's Gate to speak to her, but which letter had displeased the governor, in consequence of its not having been first submitted through him. She also said that her husband was obliged to write by the dictation of Bonaparte several things which must be unpleasant to the governor's feelings, such as accusing [him] of multiplying unnecessarily the restrictions, imposing new ones, and rendering his life miserable by them. But that all this was dictated by Bonaparte himself, and after being written, submitted to his inspection prior to being sent.

She said also that Montholon had told Napoleon that Sir H. Lowe had said that he (N.) must pay himself all the domestics, as well French as English, and that a great part of the household expenses also must [be] defrayed by him. This I believe to be chiefly false (on Montholon's part).

Bertrand asked me if I had ever heard that he had said injurious things of the governor, as he believed that such had been reported to him. Said that he had never spoken of the governor but to two people; that whatever he had to say he would say it to himself, and not to others. Said that when spoken of about him, he had always said that he did not yet know enough of him to form an opinion of him. "It is true," said he, "that he has multiplied the restrictions and imposed others, which Sir George Cockburn would probably never have done, but I never said anything bad of him. What I wrote was dictated by the emperor, and was not my own." I asked him why [he] did not explain this to the governor, which he did not seem to like to do.

7th [July]. N. out in the garden. Saw him in his room. Mme. Bertrand greatly alarmed about the governor being angry with her husband. Told me that a letter had been written by Montholon by order of Bonaparte, containing many injurious reflections upon Sir H., accusing him of having no heart, of unnecessarily multiplying his restrictions, of studying to make his life unhappy, in very strong language. Said that instead of her husband having been instrumental to writing injurious reflections upon Sir H., that when he wanted to suppress some strong language, that Bonaparte told him he was afraid, that he was a coward, etc. That the other [Bertrand] had said that he never was so in his service, but that he was afraid to write injurious reflections upon paper, which could be productive of no good, and did not show any bravery in preparing them. Said that he had torn up a letter of five pages, written by Gourgaud by order of N., because it was full of invective. Said that Las Cases was the greatest trembler and dastard upon the earth, and that being afraid himself to go to town, like a poltroon, he had made a tool of her, and got her to write the letter to Montchenu which got her into a scrape, and had afterwards said because she had sent the letter openly that she did not take her measures right, or she might have easily got a letter conveyed to him. This he said in presence of Poppleton.[1] Said that when Sir H. got Montholon's letter he would see that everything [that] had been written by her husband was milk and honey to it. She said that De Las Cases was the principal means of embroiling the governor with Bonaparte by misrepresentations calculated to embitter his mind and render his feelings more poignantly acute to his situation. That he had said the English government had sent out two *sharks* to devour them—one Sir G. Cockburn, and the other Sir H. Lowe.

She was in great alarm about the sentinels having stopped some servants coming into the house with provisions, my servant with Madeira, and the label torn off the bottle. Piontkowski told her that she was in exactly the same situation with them at Longwood. That nobody could come to see her without

[1] This paragraph to the name "Poppleton" is the matter on the manuscript page given in facsimile on page 618 of THE CENTURY for February.—EDITOR.

a pass from the governor, and Sir Pulteney or Sir G. Bingham. Said that Major Harrison acted a base and dishonorable part, unworthy of a British officer and the uniform he wore; that he was there as a spy over them; that he had sent a poor sentry to camp to be flogged for having let a black fellow in to get a drink of water. That he would tell him so, and also Sir G. Bingham. Undeceived her about the orders, which only prohibited strangers without a pass, but allowed officers and their families accustomed to visit them upon putting their names down, and under these to be brigade, major-general, and naval staff, members of council. Brooke, Balcombe, Cole, and Fowler to be exceptions.

8th [July]. N. in the garden. Saw him in his room. Mme. [Bertrand] related nearly the same things as yesterday. Said she did not know whether the letter of Montholon's had been sent or not, but that she hoped it was, in order to show Sir H. that her husband was not the only person who wrote injurious reflections.

Montholon told Cipriani, in case Napoleon spoke to him concerning the proposed economy in the house, to explain to him the cause of apparently so great an expenditure, because, says M., "the emperor does not believe me!" "Why so?" says the other. "Not believe you!" *ironically*. "Oh," says M., "because he knows there is some difference between De Las Cases, Gourgaud, and myself, he does not believe me; he thinks that I may say something against them out of spite."

9th [July]. Madame spoke again about the letter. Said that it accused the governor, instead of complying with his instructions and treating the emperor in the mildest manner, had, on the contrary, done everything to make his life miserable and unhappy; that if his conduct were known to the English nation he would be removed directly. That he had left him [Napoleon] in the most sterile and horrid part of the isle, where nothing could thrive, not even a plant could grow in the garden for want of water, and also everything was blasted and withered by the continual wind, which blew furiously over this bleak and desolate spot allotted to them. That he ought to have had Plantation House; that if he intended to build a house for him, that he ought to do it over at the Plantation House side of the isle, where there was some shelter; that the emperor's health was daily declining in consequence of the bleak spot he existed in; that if he would not do this he [N.] did not want him to make any more buildings, or to do anything else for him; that he did not want any more to be done to the wretched barn they were in.[1]

P. S. The letter despatched this morning to Sir Hudson. She added that it was in contemplation to make a regular complaint to the Prince Regent, Parliament, and the English nation, of Sir H. Lowe, and to pray for his removal. That she would advise him to be more lenient, or he would lose his government; that the emperor wished to have Sir P. Malcolm as governor.

MME. BERTRAND TALKS OF NAPOLEON'S ESCAPE.

Spoke about the Bill, and Napoleon's escape from the island, an attempt at which I told her would be inevitable death by hunger, thirst, or being drowned, even allowing they could get a boat victualed, etc., and escape the cruisers, which I thought impossible. She said perhaps he could get out to an American vessel at some distance from the island in a boat. I asked her how he was to know of an American vessel being near. That no American would be let in or allowed to stay near the island; that an attempt of the kind could only be supposed to be made by people under sentence of death to whom a slender chance was open, and who could only die at best. She said that Las Cases had said that the Frenchmen would not be liable to the penalties in the Act, in assisting him [B.] to escape in a boat. I said that I thought they would in consequence of the paper they had signed.

9th [July] continued. N. out at 4 P. M. Weather very bad, and N. discontented with it. Mme. Bertrand in the evening said to me, apparently with joy, "Well, the famous letter has been sent.[2] I hope the governor will see that it is not my husband who writes the most violent letters." Said that the letter contained some of the severest reflections that could be upon Sir H., accused him of ill-treating them all, and particularly Marshal Bertrand. That though they were prisoners, they ought to be treated with the delicacy and respect due to their rank; that Napoleon had only two miserable rooms, so small that the furniture sent from England was useless, as it could not be put

[1] The original structure at Longwood was intended for a barn, afterward remodeled as a country house for the lieutenant-governor, and then added to for Napoleon's household.—EDITOR.

[2] The letter of July 8, dictated by Napoleon and signed by General Montholon, which, according to the latter, Marshal Bertrand had refused to write.—EDITOR.

into them; that Longwood House was in a state of ruin, the rain entered into nearly all the chambers; that they were in a state of constant danger from fire, in consequence of the roofs being covered with paper and pitch; that they had sent an engine certainly, which was, however, useless from want of water; that it was in vain that they tried to grow anything in the garden for the same reason, and in consequence of the eternal destructive wind; that the grounds were without fence, and that the hogs and cattle entered to the very doors; that there was a show made of building them additions, but that nothing was done in consequence of the want of an officer to be always on the grounds to superintend; that somebody in the line of an upholsterer was also absolutely necessary in Longwood; that the property of N. was in continual danger of being consumed by fire, etc., with what I have mentioned above.

She . . . spoke about N.'s health; . . . she dreaded also a fit of apoplexy might befall him. Said that Lord Holland had sent out to N. a machine for making of ice, which had never been sent to him by Sir H. Lowe. That some of the *Newcastle* officers had said so at Longwood, and that it was on board of the *Newcastle*. This I did not know myself before.

O'MEARA DECLINES A FEE.

Montholon this day gave twenty-five pounds to the accoucheur for delivering his wife; also left a similar sum in my writing-desk for me, which I did not know of until informed of it by Cipriani. I brought it back to him, and with great difficulty, and after much persuasion, prevailed upon him to take it back again. I told him that as surgeon to B. I could not think of taking money from him for my medical services, etc.

Mme. Bertrand asked me to get from Sir T. Reade the newspaper ("Times") containing her husband's letter to the Duke of Fitz-James,[1] and animadversions upon it, which I told her would wound both her and his feelings very much, but she still begged to have it.

10th [July]. N. out. Montholon made several complaints (and with reason) about the neglect of the purveyors in not sending up champagne and *vin de Grave*, which had been demanded three weeks before; about the purveyors refusing to pay a bill for fowls, etc., which Sir H. had ordered they should prepare, and that Balcombe should pay; about the neglect in not sending up coals or mutton for three days or four, three fowls yesterday and five to-day, instead of five each day. I wrote to Sir T. Reade about it, and Captain Poppleton went to town himself to explain it to Sir H. It appeared to be entirely through the carelessness and inactivity of the persons employed to supply the establishment, who were sent for by Sir H. and reprimanded. It was partly owing also to the customary negligence, laziness, and stupid imbecility of the clerks in the company's stores. The wine and other articles came up in the evening.

Had a long conversation with De Las Cases, nearly of the same tendency as a former one. In the evening an answer was received by Montholon to his letter to Sir Hudson.

11th [July]. N. out walking opposite to dining-room. Received Captain Rich on his departure for the Cape.

Mme. B. says that De Las Cases declares that "*the emperor is his god!*" that he considers him as *such*, adding, "I believe he believes in no other!" I asked her if she knew anything about sixteen thousand pounds having been purchased into the English funds in the name of General Bertrand, which I saw in the papers. She denied any knowledge of it, said that all his money was in France; that they left it so precipitately that they had not time to arrange it, but left it in the hands of a banker there. That perhaps Marie Louise might have given orders for that sum to be invested in his name.

THE GOVERNOR HAS A TALK WITH O'MEARA.

Sir H. Lowe, passing by the house, sent a sergeant to tell me to follow him. Had a long conversation with him. He said that he would report De Las Cases to the English government for contemptuously refusing to accept of the articles sent out for the supply of the generals and others with Bonaparte, in order to prevent their experiencing any want, while, at the same time, he, De Las Cases, wrote him a letter to be forwarded to Lady Clavering, desiring some of the same articles offered to him by the governor to be purchased in England. Said that so far from being afraid of the complaints being made of him to the Prince Regent, that, did not his orders positively forbid his sending any sealed letters, he would forward any of theirs sealed. That he would forward any complaint of theirs; also that he would publish in the papers any letter of Napoleon's

[1] The Duc de Fitz-James, brother-in-law of Marshal Bertrand, and an intense royalist. He helped to secure the condemnation of Ney, and asserted that Bertrand had taken the oath to Louis XVIII, producing a confidential letter as proof.—EDITOR.

that he desired, and that he had told N. himself so. Said that Montholon's letter was not at all couched in the violent terms Mme. [Bertrand] supposed; it was rather polite than otherwise. That he had answered that he would forward it to England in order to let the government know what General Bonaparte's wishes and thoughts were.

Desired me to tell Mme. Bertrand that he was very sorry that any restrictions he was obliged to lay on were hurtful to her feelings. That he *was very sorry* that she should be incommoded by them, though, says he, "she has let herself be made a tool of by them, which advise her not to do again." Said he would be very glad to see her.

On his arrival at Longwood found that Montholon was out, though Sir H. had written to him that he would be at Longwood to see what was wanting. Told me to tell him that he had called according to his promise. Just as he was going away Montholon arrived, and Sir H. told him that he wished to do everything in his power to make them comfortable in the house. That he would make any alterations that might be desired; that he would either increase the house by additional buildings and making it two stories, or he would, if they liked, heighten the house nearly finished for M. Bertrand, and build two wings to it so as to make a comfortable house, or, in fact, anything they wished. That the reason more had not been yet done was that they had not given him any plan of what they wished to be done, and of course he did not know what to do; that if they fixed upon a plan once he would send every workman in the island, and all the means possible to complete it, with the engineer officers, etc. That he was afraid the alterations or additions in the house now occupied which might be requisite would prove an annoyance to Bonaparte in consequence of the noise of the workmen. That he would send a man to take a plan of the present house in order to propose some alterations and improvements, to be submitted to Bonaparte afterwards.[1] Montholon assented to all this, also requested that the library might be sent up as soon as possible, and the room where it was made comfortable before anything else, which Sir H. promised to do. Montholon also spoke about the billiard-table, and a good deal about the possibility of repairing and adding to the present house, which seemed to be difficult to be obtained without annoying N. with the noise of the workmen. Nothing, however, was finally decided until the plans of the house should be drawn.

MONTHOLON'S ACCURACY AGAIN IN QUESTION.

12th [July]. N. out for some time in the garden. Mme. Bertrand asked me if Sir Hudson Lowe had said to Montholon yesterday that there was every inconvenience on the island; that it would be impossible to make a comfortable house for B., or to make him comfortable; that the climate was bad; that he had no doubt it would be prejudicial to N.'s health; that there was no object in view in keeping him in such a disagreeable place, as he could as easily effect his escape from St. Helena as from any other island belonging to his Britannic Majesty, and that he had *written the same already* to the English government; that he experienced every inconvenience himself in the island. I answered that I had been by the whole time, except about perhaps a minute; that I had not heard Sir H. say any such thing; that I was sure he had not said anything of the kind; that all I heard him say was that he was very much annoyed with rats at Plantation House, as much so as at Longwood. Told her Sir H.'s message.

13th [July]. N. did not go out, neither would he see the admiral, as he was not dressed when he arrived. Admiral on July 8 paid a visit to Mme. Montholon. N. dined in the dining-room with the others. Went to town and communicated to Sir H. a *part* of a conversation I had yesterday with N. relative to his wishing to have his new house at the other (Plantation House) side of the island, and some complaints of his respecting want of curtains, delay in Bertrand's house, neglect in not remedying the chimney which smoked, etc. Sir H. said that he would be glad that N[apoleon] would ride over and choose the spot himself, and said that he would call up for the purpose of having some conversation with him. I told him that Bertrand had seen the place he alluded to (Colonel Smith's); that I had no doubt N. would wish that in preference. He said that N. could not so easily be watched. I said I thought very easily, as he would be in the midst of his [Sir H.'s] staff, to which he assented, and then said he, "What will the Austrian commissioner do?" but afterwards that they might easily be removed. Said that the explanation I had given about the new restrictions imposed upon Bertrand's house was not correct; that the intention of Sir G. Cockburn had been to do the same, and that prior to leav-

[1] Talk of a new house went on for two or three years, and finally an extensive one-story structure was finished at Longwood just before Napoleon's death.—EDITOR.

ing St. Helena he (Sir George) had strongly pointed out the necessity of it, and acknowledged the great inconveniency of such free access being allowed to Bertrand's house; that it had been originally allowed in consequence of its being supposed that Bertrand's house would soon be finished. That it was far from a piece of revenge for Mme. Bertrand having written to Montchenu; begged of me to explain this to them. Said that Bonaparte was wrong in supposing that Longwood was the worst part of the island; that there were but very few small spots where there was any shade; that he knew nothing about the chimney's smoking or the want of curtains (which was true), that it was right to blame him for that; that he would consider about building the house for N. at the Plantation House side. That Rosemary Hall and Colonel Smith's must go together, etc.

Told him what Mme. Bertrand had informed me Montholon had said to N. as being the subject of conversation between him and Sir Hudson. He was as much astonished at it as myself, and declared (as I well knew before) that he had never said anything of the kind, and desired me to tell madame so.

Told Mme. B. what Sir H. said. Gave her the paper ["Times"] containing very severe reflections upon her husband. She repeated again what Montholon had said. Told her in answer to a request she had made of being sent some better tea, that she must make a complaint to Major Gorrequer, as the tea had been got out of the company's stores.

14th [July]. Mme. B. said that they had already read nearly the same comments in the "Star" on her husband's conduct; that the Duke of Fitz-James ought to have published the whole of the letter; that her husband did not say Louis, but only whatever king the French nation should choose (a very convenient way of explaining it away, certainly, this, and French-like); did not appear near so much annoyed at it as I expected.

Saw N. in his room. Bertrand and *femme* dined at Longwood.

SUSPICIONS AND DISSENSIONS.

16th [July]. N. out at breakfast in the garden. Mme. B. asked me if I did not think that Lady Lowe influenced her husband to impose unpleasant restrictions on them on purpose, out of spite to her, in consequence of her not having visited her; that N. also supposed so. I endeavored to convince her of the folly and untruth of such a supposition.

17th [July]. N. out in the garden. Spoke to him for some time.

18th [July]. Billiard-table brought up. Sir H. arrived and arranged some matters with Montholon about the house, and Shortus got a wigging. Everything connected with the buildings, repairs, etc., put under the direction of Colonel Wynyard. Mr. Jackson of the sappers and miners appointed to assist also. N. did not go out.

19th [July]. Fire discovered in the reception-room at Longwood at 5:30 A. M., caused by a beam of wood resting upon the flue of the grate, which, being made red-hot by a large fire the night before, had communicated to it, and had burned slowly all night nearly up to the ceiling. Put out by Captain P., some of the domestics, and the guard. No water in the cistern and none nearer than five hundred yards. Lots of staff-officers at Longwood afterwards. New chimney commenced. Billiard-table completed. Montholon and others trying everything to irritate Napoleon against the governor. Told him that there was not a sufficiency of victuals for the servants for their dinner. N. asked Cipriani, who told him that it was not true; that there was sufficient, though a sheep, the meat of which was unfit to be eaten, had been sent back.

20th [July]. Saw N. in his dressing-room; appeared to be melancholy. Did not say a word either to me or Marshal B. Walked about the building afterwards and went into Montholon's room. Several mules laden with red stone arrived for the chimney, etc. Dissensions between Gourgaud and De Las Cases about the room occupied now by Montholon, but which when evacuated by him both desire to have. Las Cases *dice poco e male, ma travaglia, travaglia sempre come topo nel formaggio a servirgli la messa* [speaks little and poorly, but works, works like a mouse in the cheese to get his share].

21st [July]. N. received in the garden Mrs. and Miss Balcombe [Jane], the Rosebud [Betsy], and some other ladies and gentlemen. Quizzed Jane about my being in love with her, and observed to Betsy that she grew very tall, remarking at the same time that "all weeds grow apace." Bet half angry.[1] Some mosquito-nets for his bed and yellow curtains sent up by Sir T. Reade to me for him.

[1] Mrs. Abell (Betsy Balcombe), in her "Recollections," says of Napoleon: "I have never seen any one with so remarkable and striking a physiognomy. The portraits of him give a good general idea of his features; but his smile, and the expression of his eye, could not be transmitted to canvas, and these constitute Napoleon's chief charm. . . . He was, perhaps, rather too fond of using direct compliments, but this was very pardonable in one of his rank and country."—EDITOR.

22d [July].[1] N. out twice in the carriage. Ordered that the rooms belonging formerly to Montholon should be appropriated, the large one for a library, the others for Piontkowski, to the great mortification of *il Gesuita falso* ["the false Jesuit," Las Cases] and Gourgaud. The Gesuita pretended to be sick in order to induce N. to pity him, and accordingly bestow upon him the rooms, but it would not do. Montholon triumphant in consequence of Las Cases not having succeeded, which he partly attributed to counsels given by him to N. A ship-tank sent up to be a reservoir in case of fire.

Mme. Bertrand observed to me that the review of the Fifty-third [Regiment] was fixed on the anniversary of the battle of Salamanca, as an insult to the poor emperor. I told her that it was quite accidental that it occurred on that day; that it was a customary thing in all regiments to have an inspection on putting on their new clothing. She said also that Mme. Montholon had said that the Rosebud behaved very impolitely in not asking after her health, congratulating her on her accouchement, etc. That she was impolite also to N., and scarcely curtsied to him.

Grand dinner in camp. Present, governor's staff, heads of departments, etc.

23d [July]. Mme. B. said that it was very mean in Sir G. Bingham not to call either on her or B. since the new restrictions were laid on them. That he ought to be above it; that N. had observed the same, and said that it was unworthy of Sir G. B. That he was paying court to the governor, etc. I endeavored (but, I believe, to no purpose) to convince her that no such thing was the case; that Sir G. B. had daily intended to call on both, but something or other intervened which prevented it. That he was not a man to be influenced by such unworthy motives.

SOCIAL RIVALRY IN THE SUITE.

Saw N. in the garden. Told him that Captain Meynel would come up or send up men to arrange the arbor. Referred me to Montholon. Appeared melancholy. Went afterwards into Montholon's room, where he stayed for three hours, until half-past eight, probably because there was no other apartment for him to sit in unless he went again into his own. Mme. [B.] said that Mme. M. puts on two additional gowns a day in order to please Napoleon. . . .

Sir G. Bingham sent to desire to see N., with Lady B. and Colonel and Mrs. Wynyard. N., however, sent word that he was unwell.

24th [July]. N. played at billiards for the first time. Went out in the carriage afterwards. N. arranged first that the rooms disposable should be arranged thus, viz., the large one for the library; the antechamber and the other small one for Piontkowski. After proceeding, however, with Montholon to look at them, he ordered that the antechamber should be made into a mess-room for Cipriani, Marchand, etc., and the other into an office for Piéron. He afterwards changed again, and decided upon keeping the antechamber as a passage for himself to go to the library unseen, and the other for a mess-room for Cipriani and Marchand, the present wine-cellar to be converted into an office, and the office into a wine-cellar.

A lieutenant and two mids, with several sailors, up at work covering the arbor with a studding-sail.

Discovered that the primary cause of the great enmity at present subsisting between Gourgaud and De Las Cases was about the governor, De Las Cases having told N. in the hearing of the other that if they wanted a pair of shoes or stockings they must send first to the governor to get leave to purchase them. This Gourgaud contradicted (though he is not by any means a friend to the governor, but merely to do an ill office to the Jesuit [Las Cases]), and said that it was a shame to tell such stories without foundation to the emperor; that they were without common sense or reason; that he had repeatedly sent down and bought whatever he wanted, and had also gone himself. This mortified the Gesuita so much that an inveterate enmity took place directly. They had previous to this been trying to do each other mischief underhandedly through jealousy or other worse motives.

Mme. B. appeared better contented, as somebody told her that N. had said in the carriage to Mme. M. that her gown was very ugly, and that she looked ugly in it. That he found fault with the yellow color of it and red ribbons about it; and also that he was

[1] On this date the French commissioner, Montchenu, wrote to M. Prieur in France about the means taken to guard against Napoleon's escape, concluding as follows: "Nothing occurs without my being informed of it, so you may reassure your good neighbors of Angoulême: I can promise that you won't see HIM again whilst I am here. . . . Bonaparte is not at all amusing: he is always ill-humored, teases every one who comes near him, will be treated like an emperor, and behaves like one to everybody. Copy my letter and circulate it: it will reassure cowards and cautious plotters."—EDITOR.

very angry with Montholon for breaking out a door in the small room, formerly his, without asking permission. She appeared to hug herself with the idea that he had found fault with Mme. M., and also because he had said that when Bertrand's house was finished he would have two drawing-rooms to sit in, and he would frequently go to her house. This pleased her greatly. She said that the reason N. would not see Mrs. Wynyard was that she had not applied through Bertrand for an interview.[1]

Asked Bertrand to procure an interview for Rev. Dr. Ward, lately arrived from India, where he had been for eighteen years, at the request of Colonel Maunsell. Bertrand promised to do all he could, but said that N. had told him not to apply for any person who did not come personally to him [Bertrand]. I told him the old divine intended doing so.

BERTRAND'S CONDEMNATION.

25th [July]. Told N. of the arrival of the *Griffon* from England the night before. I informed him also that Marshal Bertrand had been tried by a council of war and condemned to suffer death, though absent. "What!" said he; "this Bertrand, this man here?" pointing in the direction of his house. I replied in the affirmative. He appeared then lost in astonishment for a few seconds, when, recollecting himself on my observing what an unjust and unprecedented thing it was to condemn a man in his absence, he said: "By our laws a man accused of a capital offense may be tried for contumacy and condemned to death, though not present, but at the same time when they get hold of that man they cannot act upon the sentence; they must try him a second time. If Bertrand were now in France he would be acquitted, like Drouot." He observed afterwards that it showed well what a rage existed in France against him. Said that it availed nothing, but that he was sorry for it on account of madame, who would take it so much to heart. He seemed greatly pleased when I told him of Cambronne's acquittal. He received this day a letter from madame, one from Lucien, and another from Pauline. Complained of rheumatic pain in his side, and expressed his fears of the humidity of the climate.

I told Bertrand of his condemnation. He had just seen it in the paper. Did not seem much affected at it. Said nearly the same as N. about the French laws. I went in afterwards and told, along with B., madame of it, endeavoring to convince her that there was nothing in it. She bore it better than I expected.

26th [July]. Saw N. in his dressing-room. Gave him a paper of the 20th May, and told him a good deal of the news it contained about the insurrection at Grenoble. He asked who had organized it. Seemed surprised when I told him that it was said four thousand half-pay officers were concerned in it. I told him a man named [Jean-Paul] Didier was said to be at the head of it. He repeated the name two or three times, and said that he must have been in subaltern capacity in it. He asked about Lefebvre-Desnouettes. I said that he had been condemned to death like Bertrand, but that he had escaped to America.

He said: "I see what a bad state of things exists in France now, when they are forced to have recourse to such abominable and disgraceful measures as condemning Bertrand to death in his absence. The country must be in a sad state." I observed that it reflected but little credit on the Duke of Fitz-James, what he had done with respect to Bertrand. "Yes," said he, "it is disgraceful to human nature. A brother-in-law to take such measures to destroy another. The manner, too"—producing a confidential letter. "But," said he, "in these revolutions everything is forgot. What benefits you confer to-day are forgotten tomorrow. His side is changed; gratitude, friendship, relations, every tie vanishes like that," said he, making a motion with his fingers, "and all sought for is to aggrandize one's self. Such is the nature of revolutions."

A SCRAP OF FAMILY NEWS.

He asked about Marie Louise. I said that she had arrived at Parma, and that it was said she still retained the title of Majesty.

[1] In her "Recollections," Mrs. Abell says of a conversation with Napoleon:

"He remarked once that he had heard a great deal of the beauty and elegance of the governor's [step]-daughter, and asked me who I thought the most beautiful woman in the island. I told him I thought Madame Bertrand superior, beyond all comparison, to any one I had ever before seen. My father had been greatly struck with her majestic appearance on board the *Northumberland*, and I always thought every one else sank into insignificance when she appeared; and yet her features were not regular, and she had no strict pretensions to beauty, but the expression of her face was very intellectual, and her bearing queen-like and dignified. Napoleon asked me if I did not consider Madame Montholon pretty. I said, 'No.' He then desired Marchand to bring down a snuff-box, on the lid of which was a miniature of Madame Montholon. It certainly was like her, and very beautiful. He told me it was what she had been when young."—EDITOR.

"*Già* [yes]," said he, "*certo* [certainly]." He then asked about his son. I said I had seen nothing about him. I told him Camille Jourdan had arrived in England. He seemed surprised at this, and said he could not conceive why, as he never had been a patriot. He asked me by whose orders the tent was erecting, by the governor's or admiral's. I said that the men who did it were sailors, but that I could not tell by whose orders it was undertaken. That it might be by either's. N. appeared to want to know very much. I said that I had spoken to the governor about it, who had intended to have it done, and proposed to cover it with white nankeen. He laughed and said after, "Ah, this governor is a sad man (*un uomo tristo*). *Fa niente.* [He does nothing.] He promises and does nothing. Truly a weak man, a sleepy-headed fellow, a man of no memory. Ah," said he (looking very significantly at me, as much as to say I would not be here now), "if England had not men in her service of more talent than him!" His looks here and the motion of his head were so significant that I could not mistake his meaning, though he said no more. He said he liked very much Mill's Papers;[1] that he easily understood them, and they were important.

I told him about old Montchenu's kissing Mrs. M——. . . . He laughed very heartily at this, and . . . asked a good deal about the commissioners. Whether Mrs. M—— was old or young, if handsome. Spoke about Mme. Stürmer; said that he would like to see her. I said that her husband was jealous of the Russian [Count Balmain]; said that he did not now live with them. . . . He asked about the botanist sent out by the Austrians, asked what he did. I said I did not know. "Ha," says he, "I think there is something in it; that he is sent out by the Austrian government in some diplomatic capacity or other. That of a botanist is a cloak for it." He then said, "Perhaps as a spy about the other [Baron Stürmer]."

He complained of pain in his side, probably rheumatic; said it was caused by the humidity of the climate. Asked some questions about his liver. I advised him to rub his side well with a flannel cloth and some eau de Cologne. He laughed, looked at me, and gave me a gentle slap in the face, laughing.

NAPOLEON'S DETESTATION OF DRUNKENNESS.

27th [July]. N. drove rapidly three times round the park in his carriage. Received and conversed with, for a long time, Colonel Keating of the Bourbon regiment. Appeared to be well acquainted with everything concerning the Isle of Bourbon, Mauritius, etc.

Spoke to N. in Mme. Montholon's room. N. said that he had still a pain in his side, and asked several questions about the liver, and made me show him the situation of it on my own body. Asked the symptoms of hepatitis and what caused it. Said that he thought this climate was not sufficiently hot to cause it. I gave him some explanations, and *Dr. Mme. Montholon* immediately entered into an elaborate lecture upon hepatitis. Described with *great knowledge* that there was sometimes inflammation on the convex and sometimes the concave side of the liver. Entered into some of the symptoms, which she had got by heart out of Buchan's "Domestic Medicine," translated into French. I told N. that intoxication was a frequent cause of it, especially when combined with the effects of a hot climate. "Then," said he, "I ought not to have it, as I never was drunk but once in my life, and that was twenty-four years ago, at Nice. . . . I drank three bottles of Burgundy, and was completely drunk. Oh, how sick I was the next day! I wonder how a man who once gets drunk can ever think of doing it again. Such headache, vomiting, and general sickness; I was nearly dead for two days."

Mme. Bertrand asked me if I thought that the English government would give up her husband. I told her certainly not. She said: "Oh, how much I ought to be obliged to the English government for sending my husband here! Perhaps, God knows, if it had not been for that he would have been taken up and shot, *fusillé*." . . .

ABSURD POSITION OF THE COMMISSIONERS.

28th [July]. Took a drive with N. in his carriage. Told him what Sir Thomas Reade told me, viz., that the Russian commissioner did not take any part in the letter written officially to the governor to see him. That it was only the French and Austrian commissioners who had applied; that the Russian would be very proud of being introduced to him, not in an official capacity, in fact in any manner which would not constrain him. He appeared surprised at this, and said that he had been told that the Austrian and Russian had applied, and not the Frenchman. He made me repeat it to him again. He said that they, the two who had applied, had taken their measures very badly

[1] By James Mill, father of John Stuart Mill.

if they wanted to be presented to him. That all the powers of Europe could not force him to receive them. "It is true," said he, "they can break open the door or level the house down, and then find me where, where? . . . If they are not satisfied with the governor's report that I am here, cannot he cause them to come up when I am walking in the garden? They can see me from the other side of the ditch walking, if they do not credit this jailer of a governor, this chief of spies." He then remarked what *coglioneria* [nonsense] it was to send such a set out without any official authority, unrecognized even by the governor, and again said that no powers should force him to see them against his will; that two millions of men in arms should not make him do it. I told him that the Russian was a man of talent, and very much esteemed by those who knew him.

He . . . said that he had heard that the admiral [Sir P. Malcolm] was not to remain here more than a few months, and asked me if I believed it. I said I thought that he would not remain more than a twelvemonth. He said: "I do not think that two such opposites as the governor and him ever agree together. It must be very disagreeable to the admiral, who is a good man, to have any connection or concern with the other, who is such a *galeriano*. They surely cannot agree together. He is too good a man for such a governor and such an island. They ought to send out some ugly brute (*gualche brutta bestia*), with a mind as deformed as his face, as admiral, and then they will think things perfectly resembling each other." . . .

A BOOK WITHHELD FROM NAPOLEON.

"There was a book[1] sent out to me lately by the author, an Englishman, I believe. . . . On the back of this was written, in letters of gold, 'To the Great Napoleon, the Great Emperor Napoleon,' or 'the greatest man in the world,' or," said he, "some other *coglioneria* like that. Now, this *galeriano*, this brigand of a governor, would not allow the book to be sent to me because that was written upon it; because I was called emperor; because he thought it would be agreeable to me to see that some esteemed me, that all men were not like him. It was a proof of meanness and lowness that I did not think any man capable of, much less a general and a governor. Mean, dirty spite and malice, and *coglioneria* withal, for he sends me letters directed to the Emperor Napoleon. And this is the man sent out here by England to be over *me*, whom you say all the powers of Europe have their eyes upon. *Uno sciocone*. [A big fool.] He pretends that we must not write a note for a pair of shoes or stockings without letting him send it, or that we must not even speak what we think. That we must not speak without asking him, *un imbecille, minchione, scempio* [an imbecile, dullard, ninny]," said he. "I could send, if I had a mind, letters to Europe by every ship which leaves the island, but I do not like to do underhand things. He pretends that we shall have no correspondence but through him; that he must know everything we do, even our thoughts. *Sciocco* [fool], I could send as many letters as I like. I could yesterday have sent by the colonel, the governor [of Bourbon], letters. He offered me to do so. I told him my way of thinking, I told him several things. He doubtless will make known what I have said to him about the way I am treated. The other, *boja*, seemed to anticipate what I would say to him, as he, in a manner, prepared him for it, as he told him about some things which I mentioned to him."

He said shortly afterwards that it must have been owing to Sir H. being possessed of the faculty of writing well ("for," said he, "he certainly writes well") that he got this situation, "for," said he, "he has never done anything. He is not known. Indeed, the only command that he had where there was anything to do he was obliged to capitulate. But by his letters he has humbugged the ministers (*coglionato il ministro*), and made them believe that he was possessed of more talent than he has." . . .

He praised Sir Thomas Reade, and asked some questions about him.

I told him that it was asserted that the Emperor of Austria was going to take a fourth wife in the daughter of the Elector of Saxony. He replied that it was very probable, "for," said he, "he would have married her before if it had not been for me. He wanted to do it, but I would not let him. I prevented it because she was a very bad and a wicked woman." . . . He said that the Emperor of Austria was a man of no affection or feeling. . . . He abused the island; said, "*Soggiorno più infame di questo non c'è nel globo.*" ["A sojourn worse than this could not be found in the world."]

[1] Hobhouse's "The Last Reign of the Emperor Napoleon."—EDITOR.

(To be continued.)

THE WARFARE OF RAILWAYS IN ASIA.

BY ALEXANDER HUME FORD.

AMERICA, Germany, Belgium, Japan, China, Italy, France, Turkey, England, and Russia are to-day building or projecting railroads in Asia. Suddenly, and for the first time, every one of the nine countries first enumerated discovers that at the beginning of 1900 its railway lines, at some point, touch or encroach upon those of the tenth—America at Hankau, Germany at Tientsin, Belgium at Ching-ting, Japan in Korea, China at various points, Italy at Tai-yuan, France at Wu-chang, Turkey and Germany in Armenia, while England, touching Russian lines at Peking, Niu-chuang, and other points in central China, also is threatened at Herat and Kabul in Afghanistan, and is fearing even for her northern boundary of India in the Pamirs.

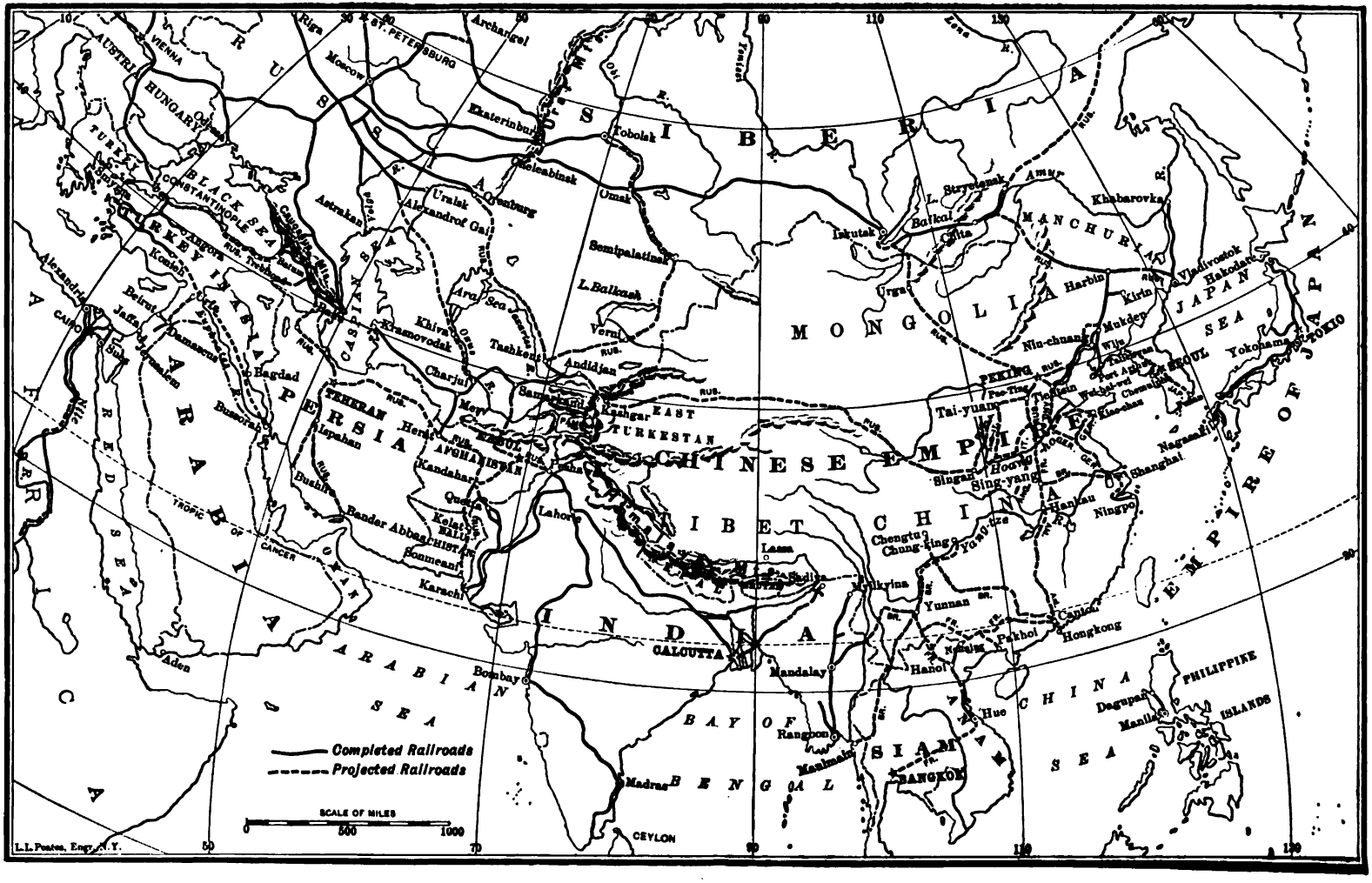
This situation has been foreseen by Russia for at least a generation. Like a hand, the palm of which firmly covers Siberia and Transcaspia, the Czar has planted his railway system in Asia. From this strong palm five fingers radiate, and feel their way preparatory to closing in for the next firm grasp. At present an apparently weak and insignificant finger of steel is gradually slipping from its point of connection with the palm, in the Caucasus, toward Constantinople; it has made some progress. The next finger almost touches Teheran, and is gliding down through Persia to the gulf. The middle finger slips out from under the palm at Merv, in central Asia; it has touched Herat, and, unless stopped, will soon reach Kandahar and the Arabian Sea, touching British India teasingly in the ribs near Karachi. The index-finger, starting from Samarkand, has already reached the border of China. It will penetrate through the center, its tip finally emerging at Peking, that long-coveted plum, the capital of China, on which already rests Russia's thumb, like a powerful lever coming down from Siberia.

Russia is almost ready once more to close her ever forward hand, to advance the palm, and again reach out for more; but now, for the first time in the history of her railway advance into Asia, the Great Bear finds her right of way contested, not by weak, semi-civilized tribes, but by every other great power of the world. Nevertheless, either one by one or altogether, as opportunity offers, Russia is determined to advance her railway tentacles, although now at every point other hands are extended to meet hers, and the final grapple must soon occur. Where and when will the first struggle take place?

RUSSIAN ADVANCE INTO TURKEY.

UP to the beginning of 1900 Russian railway schemes in Turkey have made less actual progress than in any other Asiatic country, partly for the reason that it is the inviolate policy of the Czar to build railways only into territory over which he is ready to proclaim sovereignty, partly on account of the violent opposition of the Sultan, backed by the powers, and partly for the reason that hitherto there has existed no unbroken rail connection between Moscow and Armenia. But now that the road from Petrovsk to Baku, along the western shores of the Caspian, is about completed, and Germany having secured a concession to build a railroad from Konieh to the Persian Gulf at the mouth of the Euphrates, Russia has demanded extensive concessions from the Porte, and her Armenian railroad is being surveyed from Batum to Trebizond and along the shores of the Black Sea to Constantinople. In violation of the treaty after the Crimean war, Batum has been fortified until it is impregnable, and forms a base for the next advance on Turkey.

But Turkey, also, is awakening from her lethargy. Numerous railway concessions have been granted, and iron rails are proceeding from Constantinople, Smyrna, even from Jerusalem and Damascus, toward a common point of meeting on the Euphrates. Here, too, Russia will doubtless meet her rivals, but it is the quiet back-door way to Constantinople that will receive most of Russia's attention. Skirting the shores of the Black Sea, this will ever be under the protection of her fleet, and in the event of



Completed Railroads
Projected Railroads
SCALE OF MILES
0
500
1000
L.L. Poates, Engr., N.Y.
RUSSIA
SIBERIA
MONGOLIA
MANCHURIA
JAPAN SEA
EMPIRE OF JAPAN
CHINESE EMPIRE
TIBET
CHINA
INDIA
PERSIA
ARABIA
AFRICA
EAST TURKESTAN
CASPIAN SEA
BLACK SEA
TURKEY
INDIA
BAY OF BENGAL
ARABIAN SEA
CHINA SEA
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
SIAM
ANAM
BANGKOK
CALCUTTA
Bombay
Madras
CEYLON
Mandalay
Rangoon
Maulmain
Hanoi
Hue
Pakhoi
Hongkong
Canton
Yunnan
Lassa
Sadiya
Mylkyina
Chengtu
Chung-king
Yang-tze
Hankau
Ningpo
Shanghai
Singan
Sing-yang
Tai-yuan
PEKING
Tientsin
Nin-chuang
Mukden
Kirin
Harbin
Urga
Iskutsk
Chita
Balkal
L. Stryetensk
Amur
Khabarovka
Vladivostok
Hakodate
Yokohama
TOKIO
SEOUL
Nagasaki
Tobolsk
Omsk
Semipalatinsk
L. Balkash
Verni
Andidjan
Tashkent
Samarkand
Kashgar
Peshawar
Lahore
Kandahar
Herat
Meru
Charjui
Khiva
Krasnovodsk
Ara Sea
Astrakan
Uralsk
Alexandrof Gai
Orenburg
Cheleabinsk
Ekaterinburg
Archangel
Moscow
ST. PETERSBURG
Riga
VIENNA
AUSTRIA
HUNGARY
Odessa
TURKEY
Smyrna
CONSTANTINOPLE
Angora
Trebizond
Batum
Konieh
Beirut
Jaffa
Damascus
Jerusalem
Suez
Alexandria
CAIRO
Bagdad
Bussorah
Ispahan
TEHERAN
Bushire
Bander Abbas
Kelat
Quetta
Sonmeani
Karachi
Aden
Nile
TROPIC OF CANCER
RED SEA

attacks by the Kurds or Turks, Russia may consider the peril to the road ample excuse for annexing Turkish Armenia. It will all depend upon how the powers are engaged when the crisis comes.

The railway advance from Beirut, in Palestine, on the Mediterranean, has passed Damascus, and is continuing to Aleppo and beyond, with Urfa, on the banks of the Euphrates, as its present prospective terminus, while the railroad projected from Constantinople has proceeded half-way across Turkey to the same point. When they meet, in the near future, a continuous trip from Paris to Palestine, and even to Jerusalem, will be possible, as the line from Damascus is also being projected in that direction, leaving but a very short distance unsurveyed between Jaffa and Port Saïd, where the Anglo-Egyptian system of railroads begins; and finally, when this gap is closed, it will be possible to go from London to Khartum by rail in less than a week, and long before Cecil Rhodes completes his Cape-to-Cairo project an all-rail route from Calais will be ready to complete its connection.

Arabia is still destitute of railroads, but it is to be seen whether, after closing her hand on what she now has under her fingers, Russia will not reach out and cover the country from Tiflis to Aden with a feeler in the shape of a projected railroad, following up the logical belief of every loyal subject of the Czar that Russia is heir apparent to all Asia and must soon accomplish her inexorable destiny. It would be casting a reflection on the astuteness Russia has always shown in her railway advance to doubt for one moment that, if opportunity offered, she would parallel the Red Sea with her iron rails, and thus nullify the strategic value of the Suez Canal to England in time of war; for with railway control of the Red Sea, Russia could send all English war-vessels around the Cape of Good Hope before they could attack her in the far East.

RUSSIA'S RAILWAY POWER IN PERSIA.

In Persia the power of the Czar is greater than that of the Shah. The country of Iran is surveyed for a network of projected Russian railways, some of which are even now under course of construction, so that St. Petersburg and Teheran will soon be bound closely together by iron rails. The point of advance into Persia is from Tiflis; at Teheran one branch will turn south to the Persian Gulf, while the other will proceed eastward, through territory which is virtually Russian, to a connection with the Transcaspian Railway at Herat. The affairs of all northern Persia being administered by Russian agents, no great difficulty is likely to be encountered until the vicinity of Herat is reached. What steps England will then take will depend upon the ministry in power at the time. Hitherto England has always receded in her demands as Russia advanced, and when war occasionally seemed imminent, Russia, with Oriental patience, waited, and before many years a new English ministry would prove pliable, and the Muscovites would carry their frontiers still nearer India without the loss of a man.

The line from Teheran south to the Persian Gulf divides at Ispahan, the main line going on to Bushire, near the head of the gulf, while the branch proceeds across the country in a southeasterly direction to Bander Abbas, at the head of the Gulf of Oman. These are the two branches which are destined, in all probability, to become as important commercially to America as to Russia, notwithstanding the fact that they give to the latter country its long-coveted outlet to the Indian Ocean, a matter of the greatest strategic as well as commercial importance to Russia. Through these two ports must enter all material for the construction of the central Asian railways. A few months ago Russia ordered from American manufacturers twelve million dollars' worth of railway material, wherewith to build a branch line of the Trans-Siberian system, and much of this material must go from New York via the Suez Canal to Vladivostok, Siberia. The Persian Gulf is almost midway between our Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Russia, alone of all European countries building railroads in Asia, does not supply her own material, but looks to America for rails, cross-ties, locomotives, equipment, and even the tools with which to lay her thousands of miles of track, as well as the steel bridges she erects across the various rivers. Most of Russia's projected Asian roads will be built entirely with American material, and her Eastern roads now accessible to our ships are entirely American-built. It may be readily understood why Russia will strive to secure a series of ports on the Indian Ocean as outlets for her railroads.

THE RUSSIAN VOLUNTEER FLEET.

In connection with her Transasiatic railroads, Russia conducts several steamship lines, the greatest of these being the Russian Volunteer Fleet, composed of superb

ocean steamships, really auxiliary cruisers to her navy, which run from St. Petersburg on the Baltic, and Odessa on the Black Sea, to Vladivostok, Siberia. Between these terminal points (it is fifteen thousand miles from St. Petersburg by water to Russia's nearest Siberian port) there is not a single coaling-station belonging to Russia, and in time of war the Czar could no longer rely on friendly states to provide his fleet with coal. Almost any of the great powers would have the Russian navy at its mercy. But were the Dardanelles Russian territory, a convenient port on the Mediterranean would be attained. With the Persian Gulf in her possession Russia would, indeed, add greatly to her security. A new naval base would be established, and England would be put to an enormous expense for maintaining an increased fleet of war-ships in Indian waters.

In addition to this, Russia would begin to become a power in ocean commerce. With a new outlet, by rail and water, from her European possessions, she would soon build up populous cities on the coast of the Arabian Sea, and garrison them well with the pick of her soldiery.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IN AFGHANISTAN.

THE route through Persia is not Russia's only project for reaching the Indian Ocean. At the risk of England's declaring war, she has advanced her railway to within a few miles of Herat, and now evidently contemplates a dash to Kandahar, and then on through Baluchistan. Only those who remember how quickly Russia has laid rails in the past can realize how suddenly the world may be startled with the news that this road has been completed. Russia does not invite scrutiny of her railway projects. It is still necessary to obtain a permit from the minister of the interior to travel on the Transcaspian Railway, and the railroad from Merv to the gates of Herat was built before the world was notified of Russia's intention.

It is the strong middle finger of Russia's railway hand in Asia that reaches down to Herat; it will stretch farther, and all the while the great hand behind this finger is being strengthened. The Transpersian line, which ends at Herat, will give a direct all-rail communication between Moscow and India's frontier; but, not content with this, Russia is preparing to build a railroad from Orenburg, directly connected by rail with St. Petersburg, twelve hundred miles around the Aral Sea, and along the Syr Daria River to Samarkand, which is already connected with Herat by rail. Since the opening of hostilities in South Africa, which will keep England busy there, and the entrance of Germany into Asia Minor as a possible railway ally of Russia, the Czar's government now seriously contemplates extending the Alexandrof Gai Railroad to Charjui, bringing Moscow about two thousand miles from Herat and Samarkand, which is six hundred miles nearer than by any other possible route. From Samarkand south through Bokhara and Afghanistan, Russia has projected, and is already building, a more direct line to Kandahar. Her railway frontier in Turkestan is now about three hundred miles from Kabul; Herat is only three hundred and ninety miles from Kandahar; and from that point to Kabul is three hundred and thirty miles.

For more than a decade England has not advanced her Indian frontier. Her railway lines to the west still end just beyond Quetta, some eighty miles from Kandahar, and at Peshawar, about one hundred and seventy-five miles from Kabul; but to both cities lines have been surveyed, and the rails are ready to be laid whenever a ministry in London feels that occasion calls for such a step. England once held Kandahar, but an over-honest ministry recalled the troops from what has been termed India's scientific frontier; for with troops in Kandahar and Kabul it is believed that an invasion of India would be impossible.

England's theory of a buffer state to stop the encroachments of Russia has proved a failure. In the Pamir region, to the north, the Indian frontier already touches Russia, and a railroad is projected from Andidjan (the present terminus of the Transcaspian Railway) to the plateau of the Pamir; but whether Russia's railway will ever enter this inhospitable plateau, twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, is doubtful. However, at Kandahar and at Kabul a meeting of the Russian and Indian railways seems inevitable in the near future, and at last the frontiers of the two countries will become adjacent. This may or may not come about without war, but in any event it will give some advantages to England, for it will bring Calcutta within a week or ten days of London; and even far-off Singapore, only eighty miles north of the equator, will be drawn nearer to the English capital, in point of time, than many parts of Canada already tapped by rail. The enormous gain to merchants in transportation of certain goods, the rapid delivery of mails and the quick travel possible will probably more than com-

pensate England for any disadvantages she may see in having Russia for so near a neighbor. Of course the advantages to Russia would be greater still, for while England would probably have free access to the entire line from Calais to Calcutta in time of peace, yet should war ensue, she would still have to send her troops to India by the roundabout, tedious water route, while at all times Russia's troops would have right of way from St. Petersburg to the frontier of India, and to her naval transports on the Arabian Sea.

CENTRAL ASIA AS A BASE FOR RUSSIA.

THE Transcaspian and central Asian countries are now pretty well covered with railroads, constructed or building, and at every town the Russian government has stationed thousands of Cossacks and native soldiers. At a moment's warning Russia could mobilize a vast army, and in a few hours could throw a number of battalions across the Afghan or the Chinese frontier. Her influence in western China is paramount; but in Afghanistan, with all her preparations and the expenditure of millions, she can penetrate no farther than the frontier of her railroads, for it would take as many men to carry sustenance through the barren, rocky mountains as there would be fighters in the army. If there is to be war it must be along or within reach of railroads and troop-trains. Central Asia has become the base from which Russia must enter India and western China, and she has transformed it from an abode of robbers and slave-traders to a prosperous, peaceful, agricultural community. The former ruffians are now drafted in her army, and are ready to follow where they are led.

Russia's steel fingers do not cease for a moment to harass her old foe of the ages, but the index reaching straight across China from Tashkent, while paralleling the Anglo-Italian concession in the valley of the Yellow River, touches other European interests. This line has been surveyed for its entire distance, but the exact route of several hundred miles through the desert of central China has not as yet been decided upon definitely. Nevertheless, its completion will give Asia three distinct transcontinental lines from Paris to the Pacific. Throwing, as it does, one half of China under Russian influence, it is the greatest strategic line, from a territorial standpoint, that Russia has yet advanced. Almost parallel from Peking to Kashgar, where the Russian system ends, China has recently completed the erection of a telegraph line, and along this route from each end both countries expect to build a railroad. Russia is already extending one of the many tentacles of her Transcaspian system to Kashgar, and another she is sending up through her own territory to Omsk, to connect the Transchinese with the Trans-Siberian system. It is the Transchinese line which, like a bent finger, its knuckle against England at Singan, turns north to press firmly with its tip the city of Peking, where the Trans-Siberian system (Russia's railway thumb) presses down with all its weight upon China's capital, the two holding it between them with the grip of a vise.

THE TRANS-SIBERIAN SYSTEM IN THE EASTERN PROBLEM.

THE base of the thumb may be said to be Omsk, where the Semipalatinsk road will connect with the Transcaspian system, and more than one line of steel sinew with Moscow and St. Petersburg. The thumb and forefinger have closed together, and in little more than a year they have added so much territory as to make Russia, instead of England, possessor of the largest amount of the earth's surface. More than this, every acre of Russia's possessions is contiguous, and every mile of her frontier is fortified by railroads.

As much of the Trans-Siberian system proper as will ever be built is now about completed, for construction-trains make their way with few breaks from Lake Baikal eastward, and over frozen rivers to Stryetensk, on the Amur, the terminus of the road; for it is a branch, called the Chinese Eastern Railway, that leaves the main line at Chita and proceeds to Vladivostok, with other branches to Port Arthur and Peking. But Russia contemplates an additional and still more direct line to Peking, and as now projected it will proceed from the banks of Lake Baikal through Mongolia, a Russianized province, to the Chinese capital. It may be a wild idea, but Russian engineers are actually talking of a railroad from Stryetensk to Bering Strait, over a comparatively easy route that does not enter the Arctic Circle. This imaginary line, they hope, would connect with the American line which is now being built to Dawson City, the distance from which to Stryetensk is about three thousand miles. If this road ever is completed they figure that New York will be placed in railroad connection with London, Calcutta, and Cape Town.

From Vladivostok and Talien-wan (the outport of Port Arthur) a steamship line is projected to our Pacific coast, Russia being

anxious to establish close trade relations with us.

Although not surveyed three years ago, the Chinese Eastern Railway is now almost completed, thanks to American tools, material, and methods. From Harbin, on the Sungari River, it is now possible to travel to Port Arthur and Niu-chuang, and even to Peking itself, by the English line from Niu-chuang, although Russia is now building a road into the Chinese capital from Mukden, paralleling the English line. Another line is projected from Kirin to Korea, but this will not be even talked of until through communication with European Asia is possible via the Trans-Siberian Railroad, at least a year hence, and then the protests of Japan will be treated from a far different standpoint. One more year of peace and good will in the far East is all Russia asks before the war of the railroads breaks out.

While in Port Arthur and the far East during the summer of 1899 I was made to realize the secret of Russia's successful conquest of Asia by rail. She replaces instability with stability, at the point of the bayonet, it is true; but it cannot be conceived that Manchuria, now a Russian province, will ever be content to return again to the rule of her mandarins. Russia encourages Chinese merchants to cross her borders; she protects them, and they no longer hide their wealth in fear of being compelled, by dishonest officials, either to disgorge or be tortured to death. The Manchu farmers are protected from the raids of robbers and extortionate tax-collectors, and the coolies, ever accustomed to blows and abuse, take naturally to the brutal treatment they receive from their Russian masters, who employ them by tens of thousands on the Chinese Eastern Railway. In fact, the Manchus are so glad to work for the Russians that often they tear up miles of track after it has been completed merely for the pleasure of doing the work over again—and being paid for it. But now that Cossacks guard every mile these depredations are less frequent.

RAILWAY COMPLICATIONS IN CHINA.

RUSSIAN railroads in the far East now ostensibly end at Peking, but there is the French alliance, to say nothing of the Belgian syndicate so called, but which is believed to be really a Franco-Russian concession from the Chinese government to build an extension of Russia's railway south from Peking into forbidden territory; for there is a treaty between England and Russia that neither shall advance upon the other's sphere of influence in China, or even allow their individual citizens to do so.

England, with her usual Anglo-Saxon honesty of purpose, adheres rigidly to these agreements; Russia, on the other hand, with true Oriental chicanery, declines diplomatically to keep any part of any treaty she enters into unless compelled to do so by armed force stronger than her own, so that in matters diplomatic the wily Oriental always comes out first, and indignant John Bull blusters loudly because he is left so far behind. So it is that the only part of China that Russia does not cover with her closing hand is that comparatively small sphere where all interests of the world clash. She uses France's paw for that.

The alleged Franco-Russian concession (the greater portion of the money to build the road having been subscribed in Europe more than a year ago) will soon be completed. This line will cross the proposed Russian Transchinese line at Ching-ting, about one hundred and sixty miles south of Peking. From its northern terminus, ten miles south of Peking, trains are now running to Ching-ting. From Ching-ting this joint line runs through a rich mineral and coal country, and across the Hoangho River into the valley of the Yang-tze-Kiang, and to Hankau, on its very banks, notwithstanding Russia's agreement with England to keep out of the Yang-tze valley. At Hankau, the center of the tea trade, where ocean steamships ply with safety, Russian business houses are superseding those of England; and it is rapidly becoming a Russianized city. This is as far south as Russia's threatening domination has advanced, but a friendly power, America, —in other words, the Brice Syndicate,—is now preparing to build a railroad through the richest section of all China south from Hankau to Canton, where ends the French system running north from Tongking. Recent reports from Peking indicate that Russia is still striving to have the American concession withdrawn from the present projectors, so that together with France she may herself build this road. From Canton a French railroad is projected due east to Yunnan, where it meets the lines of English railway from Mandalay and India; but the railways France has projected in China are not likely to realize an early completion, and they form the weak link in the chain.

Germany, thus far, has confined herself to Shantung province, with roads running

from Kiao-chau harbor to the Hoangho River, and one to the Grand Canal.

England's railway influence in northern China is spasmodic, and mostly in conjunction with other nations. In her venture from Shan-hai-kwan to Niu-chuang, Russia has outgeneraled her at every point, and is paralleling this line to Peking preparatory to driving England out of the district entirely.

From Tientsin England and Germany jointly have secured a magnificent concession for a railroad, which will follow the Grand Canal for its entire route to Shanghai. This will be an easy piece of construction. Germany will control this line from Tientsin to the point of intersection of her Southern Railroad, and England has agreed not to connect her naval station Wei-hai-wei with this or any other railway. From Shanghai England will build, independent of any other nation, to Nanking, on the Yang-tze-Kiang, and southward from Shanghai to Wen-chau. With Italy she has secured a most valuable concession in the Shansi and Honan districts, where, with Russia paralleling her every line, she hopes to exploit in peace the wonderful coal- and iron-beds in her possession. From Hong-Kong England is building a short road to Canton, and a recent concession gives her the right to build from Wu-chau, near Canton, northwesterly to Cheng-tu, beyond the Yang-tze-Kiang; but elsewhere in central China she is conspicuous by her absence. From the termini of the Anglo-Italian railroads at Singan and Sing-yang to Chung-king and the Yang-tze-Kiang (where England's iron rails will again begin their journey southward), a distance of about four hundred miles intervenes, and should this ever be occupied by rails it will give two direct trunk-lines from Peking to Burma and Tongking. No work has as yet been done on the concession from Chung-king to Yunnan; but from this point southward England has projected two lines of railway, one through Siam to Maulmain, on the Gulf of Martaban, the other to Kunlong ferry, on the boundary-line of Burma, where the railroad from Mandalay now ends. From Mandalay a road is now completed northward to Myitkyina, on the Irrawaddy, while from the Calcutta districts a railroad is in course of construction to Sadiya, on the Brahmaputra. Only one hundred miles separate these two towns, and a rail connection would complete the round-Asia route of projected railroads.

France, though backward in the building of projected Chinese railroads, is rapidly pushing her line across Burma from Hue, and has completed a small section in Tongking, from Hanoi to Lang Son, on the Chinese border. In Korea a recent concession authorizes her to build a railroad from Seoul, the capital, to Wi-ju, on the Yalu River, on the boundary of Russia's new possessions, and only a little more than a hundred miles from Mukden, on the Chinese Eastern Railway, and as near the heavily garrisoned Russian outports, Niu-chuang and Port Arthur, from which points rails could doubtless be quickly laid to Wi-ju to connect with the line line of Russia's ally, in case of emergency.

Japan's only railway concession on the continent of Asia is in Korea, from Fusan to Seoul, the capital. This is almost the greatest thorn in Russia's side, promising to be the cause of the evidently inevitable conflict over Asiatic railway concessions, and may compel Russia to winter her Pacific squadron in Nagasaki harbor. Japan, feeling sure of the backing of England and China, wishes to bring matters to a trial of conclusions before the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway, which will forever settle the doom of Korea as an independent nation; but Russia has given England assurances which, for the sake of peace, Great Britain accepts as if she really believed them to be in earnest.

The Chinese railroads about Peking enter into the situation only as possible spoils to the victors after the break-up, but there may be trouble when the division comes, unless Russia is allowed to arrange the matter peacefully and to her own satisfaction, for she now considers Peking a Russian city, and to all intents and purposes it is.

Such is a statement of fact concerning the warfare of railways in Asia. There are two possible results. England, Italy, Germany, Japan, and the United States may awaken to the situation soon enough to checkmate Russia by completing their routes. In this event virtually a new world will be opened to peace, civilization, commerce, science, invention; but if these countries continue too long to be apathetic, the Great Bear will have all Asia in the merciless grasp of his steel-shod claws, and no man can foretell the outcome.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Date-Line.

THE stir in the minds of men occasioned by so great a change in the date as the one made this year seems to be universal. That 1900 is the last year of the nineteenth century, and not the first of the twentieth, naturally settles itself, so far as THE CENTURY MAGAZINE is concerned, with the following definition from The Century Dictionary:

> 3. A period of one hundred years, reckoned from any starting-point: as, a *century* of national independence; a *century* of oppression. Specifically, one of a number of hundred-year periods, reckoned either forward or backward from some recognized era. Thus the *first century* of the Christian era began with the year A. D. 1 and extended to the end of the year 100; the *third century* began with 201 and ended with 300; and the *eighteenth century* began with 1701 and ended with 1800, the year completing the hundred-year period in each instance giving name to the century.

It is idle for one to try to avert a feeling not untinged with mysticism at this passage from eighteen to nineteen in so intimate a matter as the date of one's diary and letter-heads. In vain one says to himself, no real epoch is approaching, no actual corner is being turned; any moment in one's life may begin a more important period. One may reason about it as ineffectually as one reasons about birthdays when one has passed youth.

Perhaps it is because the date-line that one passes, though imponderable and in itself a fashion of speech, does, after all, truly stand in the imagination for that flight of time which is the very tread of fate. The pathos of the unescapable is in it. Time moves on for all of us to the inevitable and unknown terminus, and it is natural to turn from the thought of a century's flight to the flight of the individual life.

There is a sense that comes in the full tide of being that the time ahead is shorter than the time that has passed. We may hold that it is possible that some of the best accomplishments of a career lie in its later fortunes; but this is only an effort at self-comfort, such as Longfellow put forward in "Morituri Salutamus," where are fondly arrayed the accomplishments of the aged. The moment comes and comes again when the fact is forced upon the mind that youth is gone, that the time that remains is curiously brief.

> There 's not enough for this and that:
> Make thy option which of two.

It is then that one thing after the other seems strangely not worth while. Emerson's "Terminus" states the conclusion most poignantly, but not the surprise with which the conclusion is reached.

Those who give way to the effects of this discovery are probably natures lacking in initial energy. When we see old men enthusiastic in schemes up into the seventies—even the nineties—we find an overplus of the common vitality which makes most men keep up their interest in life beyond the period of youthful force. And when we see men early to recognize that their "best days" are gone, there is an under-supply of the energy with which average natures are endowed.

There are those who in their very youth, probably through lack of vital fire, realize that life at the longest is short; they start discouraged. And yet logically they are right. Human life, in comparison with the spaces of history, with the stability of some forms of vegetable growth, with the endurance of inanimate matter, and with our imagination of eternity, is indeed cruelly or, if you please, ridiculously brief.

So, indeed, all men should pray, if prayers could be made and heard after the fact, that they be born with an ample share of the intoxication, the illusion, of hope, with physical energy as well as energy of purpose, with resolution which should start with their lives and stay with them to the end.

It may be said that it is rational that youth should cherish schemes, and that many of them are of a kind that middle and old age must abandon, in the very nature of things; it is right that the "thoughts of youth" should be "long, long thoughts," and that the "long thoughts" of youth should be calmly and philosophically relinquished in later years. True enough! But there are long, long thoughts that are the part of wisdom in the middle-aged and the old. It is not only the rich, with their endowments, their institutions, which will last in proportion as they are wisely framed—it is not only the rich, we say, who can build well, and for more than a day, no matter how late in life. There are examples that can be set; there are words that can be said; there are wise and long-living results that can be attained by purely spiritual means. Deeds pregnant with great followings over a large field, or over a small, may take little time in the doing. Almost every newspaper tells of an "every-day hero," a hero who may be a child that, with an instinct of altruism, loses its own life in rescuing another's; or it may be one whose capability for heroism may be revealed only in tottering age. There may go from the last years of the oldest a sweet and saving influence that, passing from heart to heart, will never fail in the long procession of souls.

Fortunate for those who can cross any given date-line, no matter how far on in the list of lines possible yet to be crossed, not in the mood of Arnold's melancholy "Growing Old," but in the

masterful temper of Emerson's familiar trumpet-call:

> As the bird trims her to the gale,
> I trim myself to the storm of time,
> I man the rudder, reef the sail,
> Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
> "Lowly, faithful, banish fear,
> Right onward drive unharmed;
> The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
> And every wave is charmed."

Benefits of Jury Duty to the Juror.

A REFORM much needed in at least one large city of the United States is a more uniform enforcement of the laws relating to jurors. Altogether too many classes of citizens are exempt from a service which is one of the best possible schools of citizenship; but if all who are not exempt by law were held to their duty with the strictness of a compulsory military system, a service which is now vexatious and burdensome to a relatively small number of citizens would be light when distributed among many, and would be accepted in a cheerful spirit as a fair contribution to the welfare of the State.

A great many abuses cluster about the shirking of jury duty, or the general desire to shirk it. Hundreds of citizens never go to the polls lest their names should get on the jury-lists. They have not the manhood to assert a conviction in regard to public men and public measures, nor the fairness to share in the ordinary burdens of citizenship. This is a spirit of meanness which prevails mostly among those who can best afford the loss which may be supposed to be incident to the gift of their time, and who can least afford to be without the physical and moral protection of the laws. With an equanimity which nobody frowns upon, they sponge upon their fellow-citizens in the matter of personal service to the community.

Other hundreds of citizens who would think it cowardly to throw away their votes in order to escape jury duty are willing, nevertheless, to seek exemption as a favor from politicians and lawyers who do a wholesale brokerage of friendship in this line, so lightly do the commissioners of jurors hold to their duties. This method of evasion by favor is so general that those who connive at it suffer abrasion of conscience to no greater extent than they would if they were to encourage beggary by bestowing a dollar of somebody else's money on every passer-by.

Those who seek exemption after they are summoned to appear in court meet with firmness, yet with proper consideration, at the hands of the judges. If every branch of the machinery of the republic stood the strain of human weakness as well as the bench, ours would be, indeed, an ideal form of government.

Our judges, with their ability to weigh the average justice of decisions by jury, are always the stoutest defenders of the jury system. They would perform a public service if they would lead, unitedly, in a movement to strip the system of many of the present legal exemptions, and to hold every citizen of competent intelligence and education to compulsory jury duty in rotation.

Several other necessary reforms would benefit from the proper enforcement of even the present jury laws. It might ultimately be questioned whether those who are incompetent to decide an ordinary question of fact in the jury-box are capable of selecting lawmakers and of determining public policies through the agency of the ballot-box. With the limitation of the suffrage to those having the moral right to exercise it might come compulsory voting,—which many think one of the reforms in the direction of better government,—and compulsory sharing, perhaps, in other burdens of citizenship.

Aside from the obligation to render jury service, every citizen who evades it, no matter what his status in life may be, throws away a great opportunity for self-improvement and for the cultivation of interest in his fellow-man. Employers of young men in positions of trust could not seek their own interest more surely than by submitting to the inconvenience and expense of encouraging their assistants and clerks to study the errors and contentions of life from the vantage-ground of the jury-box. Every father should urge his son to look upon the folly of deceit and passion from the bulwark of justice, and should do so, first of all, by his own good example as a faithful juror.

A Neglected Art.

No one who has had correspondence with French men or women can have failed to remark the grace and charm of even their briefest notes—the nice adjustment of word and phrase to express the relationship between sender and receiver, with the proper degree of respect or affection, or, indeed, of respect in affection. Courtesy in letter-writing is one of the most delightful survivals of that old régime with which, politically, we are much out of sympathy. In France the accomplishment is characteristic alike of the *grande dame*, the gentleman, the shopkeeper, and the seamstress. It is a part of the education of every French boy and girl, and if it strikes an American sometimes as carried to an artificial extent, it is perhaps because in France epistolary communication—like nearly every other of its institutions—is carefully elaborated on a theoretical basis. Whatever we may think of a Frenchman's judgments, he would scorn that one should assume him not to be a creature of rational conduct. You may not think his reason for doing a thing cogent, but he always has one, and always is ready to give it, and he cannot condemn an act more utterly than by his "C'est ridicule!" This nicety in matters of formality is at the basis of the French idea of society as an organization, and it has permeated the official life of all other countries. To any one with a feeling for art the grace of French correspondence is a perpetual delight, like a strain of beautiful music.

There is nothing in which the character of the superior man or woman expresses itself more than in letter-writing. When a warm heart and a witty mind are united in the free play of a friendly epis-

tle the charm is perennial. England and America have produced examples of admirable literary letters, both in substance and in form. It is, however, not the matter, but the manner, upon which we wish to lay stress—the need of cultivating the graces of every-day correspondence. Do parents give themselves any solicitude about this part of their children's education? Are our preparatory schools awake to this desideratum? Are our universities, which of course cannot undertake such preliminary work, bringing pressure in this direction upon the schools which send them the large proportion of their matriculates? And yet what training can be more practical for man or woman? What doth it avail to know Latin and the "ologies" if one writes an uncouth, flabby, or ungracious note? To know just the right way of saying the thing that is to be said is an art more to be desired than much knowledge, and one that goes farther in making life agreeable. Many a young woman's career has been wrecked on the maxim that "knowledge is power." "I am told, madame, that your daughter knows a great deal," said a Frenchman to the mother of a blue-stocking. "She should be very careful that nobody finds it out." The consciousness of book-learning excites the antagonism of a healthy nature; while tact, kindliness, and grace, the ingredients of a well-expressed letter, are the sort of good that more communicated more abundant grows. There is no better way of inculcating them in children than to insist upon their relation to letter-writing. A child that has learned the sort of consideration for others that is involved in a courteous and kindly letter is already a useful member of society.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Homeopathic Practitioner.

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN.

ONE day while strolling down a lane,
I found young Strephon lying
Beneath a tree, in bitter pain,
Wounded and wan and sighing.

Within his hand he held a dart
From out Dan Cupid's quiver,
And while he plained his broken heart,
His tears ran like a river.

"O cruel Cupid!" loud he cried,
"The wound you gave is mortal,
For Chloë has my suit denied,
And turned me from her portal.

"Ah, woe is me! I die of love"—
Just then the air was thrilling
With rippling laughter from above,
Tuneful as song-birds' trilling;

And on a branch that gently swayed
Sat Cupid, deftly stringing
His bow, then to the wound he 'd made
Another dart went winging.

"Coward!" I cried, "the hurt he had
From others should secure him."
"Nay," laughed the wanton little lad;
"It will not kill, but cure him.

"For though the former shaft I sent
Was tipped with Chloë's flushes,

Unto the latter one I lent
The charm of Celia's blushes."

And when, next evening, I espied
Celia and Strephon straying
Through woodland pathways, side by side,
With lover-like delaying,

"Faith, Dr. Cupid," whispered I,
"Your cures are made instanter;
The famous motto you apply,
'. . . similibus curantur.'"

Beatrice Hanscom.

Romance Below Stairs.

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN.

BARNEY was a footman; Bridget was a housemaid:
Her slim feet made no more noise than a little, frightened mouse made.
That scuttered swiftly by,
And sent her skirts as high
As showed how shapely shapely ankles can be when they try.

Over the heads of the two of them a red-haired Cupid hovered
With a four-leafed clover in his hand to keep them undiscovered.
A bit of a brogue had Barney,
He 'd filed his tongue on the Blarney;
And Bridget's accent was like zephyrs loafing round Killarney.

He kissed her on the stairway; he kissed her in the hall;
He kissed her under her tilty nose, and paid her cheeks a call.
Her mistress said she was "neat,"
But Barney said she was "shweet,"
And swore the very thought of her, faith, took him off his feet.

Now, when they had an evening out, they took it both together;
And if the outer season matched their own sweet inner weather,
They flew to Cinthral Park,
And chose a bench in the dark;
And there they 'd spark and spoon awhile, and then they 'd spoon and spark.

Young princes woo young princesses in no more royal bowers,
Nor in pools of shade more sheltered from the moon with trees and flowers.
The snobs may prink and fidget,
But Cupid 's no man's idiot:
He smiles no more on a king and queen than he smiles on a Barney and Bridget. *Rupert Hughes.*

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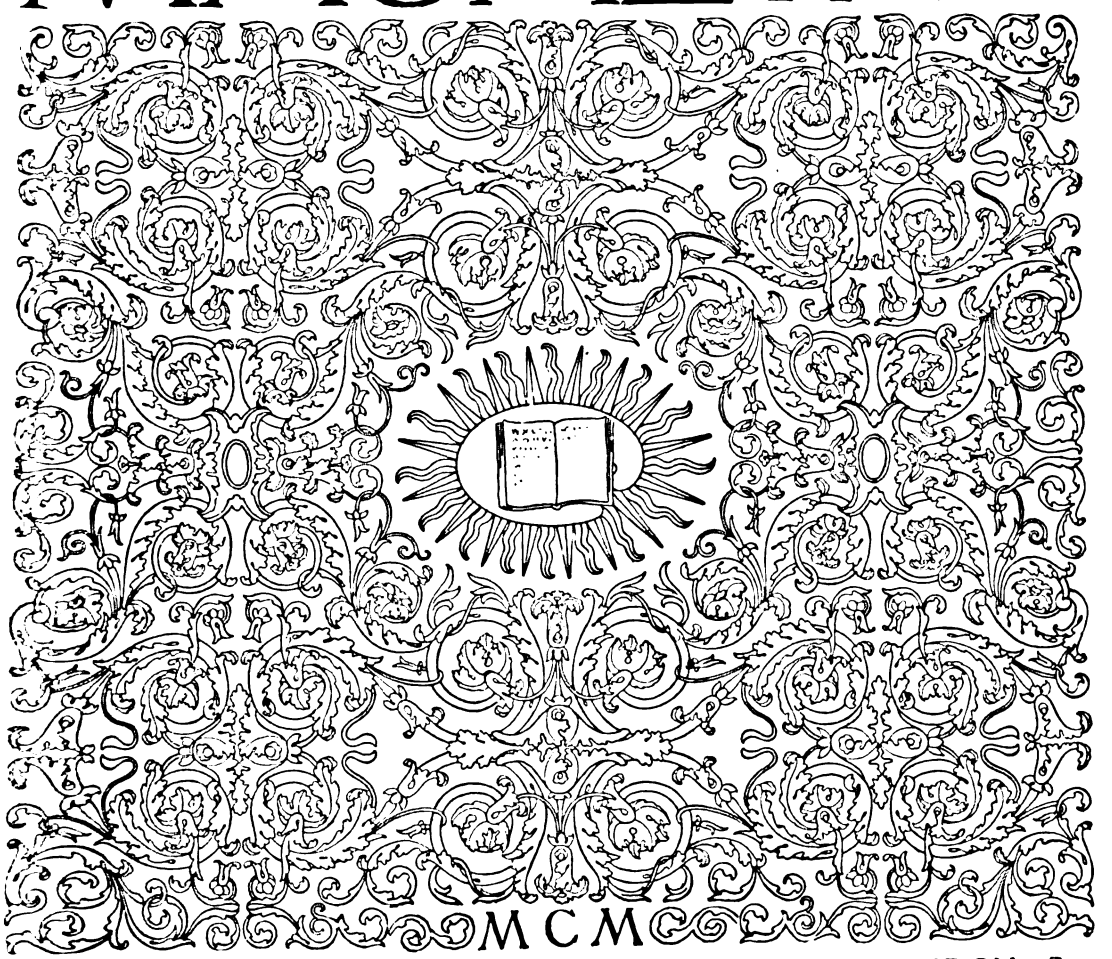

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LIX. APRIL, 1900. No. 6.

THE DULCE-PIJI FAMILY.

A STUDY OF MARMOSETS.

BY JUSTINE INGERSOLL.

WITH PICTURES FROM LIFE BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT.

THEY are not vaudeville artists, as one might suppose from the title, but simply a family of marmosets. Oustiti they are called in France, and silk monkeys in Germany. In a certain dictionary the implication is made that they are ugly little fellows, and beholding the illustration which inspires this uncomplimentary description, one cannot wonder at it, for never was marmoset created in a likeness so hideous. Further still, I have heard them called marmozeets, marrymozets, marmozooks, and even marmots. This last misnomer is the cruelest of all, for the marmoset is proud of his distinction in the animal kingdom.

What is a marmoset? you will ask. The books of natural history will tell you that they are the smallest species of the monkey tribe; but when I hear them singing like a thicket full of thrushes, as they do when they are quite content, then I say they are birds; again, when I see them jump about my room as light as puffs of smoke, then I say they are spirits; and yet again, when I look into their faces and see the expression there, half human, half elf-like, then I say they are hobgoblins. I have been under the spell of these bewitching little beings for many a year, and to-day I am no nearer knowing what they really are than I was at first. Even Dulce, who is the head of the family of which I am going to tell you, keeps up the mystery of his identity. Dulce comes from Colombia, South America, but he goes wherever I go, in winter in a fur-lined basket, and in summer on my shoulder. Seeing him there, I have heard people exclaim, "Is it alive?" which shows the intelligence of the average observer, for Dulce is all a-quiver with life from nose-tip to tail-tip. Again I am asked, "Is he intelligent?" "Very," I reply. "And how does he show it?" "By loving me," which answer should be conclusive. Dulce is a gentleman of the old school, fastidious, alert, and valiant. Vehement in his likes and dislikes, and quick to recognize the good and the bad, he acts as my divining-rod. I know when Dulce sings softly upon first acquaintance that here is a person to trust, but when he goes off in a succession of short clicks like a policeman's rattle, then I am on my guard. When I first saw Dulce he was trying to make the best of things in a grimy corner of the shop of a South-street dealer in animals. He had that very day come from his tropical home, and I

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wondered if the hands that had decorated his ears with ornaments of coral and tinsel were hands that had loved him, and if so, how they could ever let go a being so beau-

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

DULCE.

tiful. No silk was ever softer than his fur, through the gray of which I caught shades of orange and black. His eyes were sparks of electric light, struck from the battery between the white tufts of hair on each side of the face which scrutinized me so critically. Poor little exile! I went close to his cage, and, to my joy, instead of shrinking from me in agitated aversion, as all the others had done, he came to meet me. I opened the door, and before I knew it he was upon my shoulder, with one of his white rosettes pressed against my cheek, singing the tenderest and sweetest little song, which told

me that I was his and he was mine. I took him home, and because he was so sweet I called him Dulce.

"You are foolish to love him so, because no marmoset ever survived a winter in this climate," my friends would say. Quite true. Before Dulce came I had seen many of his kind die agonizing and, I know now, unnecessary deaths, not from climate, but from bread and milk. But Dulce came to teach me how to keep his race in health, beauty, and happiness. His first object-lesson was to pounce upon a box where I kept weevils, or meal-worms, for my mocking-bird, and make way with a dozen or more at a sitting. In this way he told me that the marmoset was insectivorous. Meal-worms can be had all the winter from bird-dealers, as well as

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

BINO.

live bait from the fish-market; but when summer comes Dulce and I go on grasshopper hunts, and such sport as we have chasing them about in the warm grass, and ferreting under stones in cool places for crickets! In June, when Dulce is sound asleep,—for he snoozes from five o'clock in the afternoon till ten the next morning,—I go out in search of the crisp brown bugs that fall under the electric light. Eggs, both raw and hard-boiled, cooked lobster, and paper-shelled clams are all capital substitutes for the summer insects. It is now six years since I found my little companion, and to-day he is as active and as strong as a Shetland pony.

Piji, his mate, is of his own choosing. He selected her out of many marmosets, and it was a pretty piece of romance to see how delicately he kissed her on her lips when he took her for better or worse. Piji is pretty and pert and very timorous, but Dulce loves her, and if she were to die I think he would die too, for that is the way with these beings of intense and fixed affections. Knowing this, I said one day, "And then, Dulce dearest, there would be nothing left to remind me of you, for never could there be anything so sweet as you again on earth." "Don't you be so sure of that," he chirped, kissing away the tears from my eyes; "you leave that to me."

Another member of this family of phantasms is a little creature we call Mimi. Mimi weighs about three ounces, and came to me suffering from paralysis—a far more frequent disease among marmosets than consumption. Bread and milk was responsible for her condition. Mimi has an air of valetudinarian importance. She is fidgety to a degree, but that does not keep the others from being kind to her. For almost a year I have kept Mimi alive and free from pain with homeopathic doses of nux vomica. Quite in contrast with this frail, querulous little old lady is Bino, a splendid specimen of the cotton-headed marmoset. Snow-white as to breast and legs, her back is covered with a jacket of cinnamon-colored fur; her face is black and of an Ethiopian cast, veiled with a film of grayish down, which makes her look as if she had run against a cobweb. On her head there is an avalanche of snow-white hair, which hangs square upon her shoulders and gives her a grotesque likeness to the Abbé Liszt. Like him, she is a great musician. Nothing more mellifluous can be imagined than the flute-like cadences of her voice, and her pipings are always in a weird minor key. I have a friend, a French artist, who on this account calls her *ma petite Biniou* ("my little bagpipe"). Like all self-sacrificing beings, Bino is shamefully put upon by her brothers and sisters. I am sorry to say that I have seen Piji, Mimi, and even my sweet Dulce snatch from her food for which she was hungry, but I have never seen the time when she was not willing to give up to them the choicest cuts of grasshopper. When their little hands are smeared with tapioca or their feet are covered with dust, Bino's beautiful mop of hair is used as a napkin or a door-mat, as the case requires. Not one of them ever thinks of being barber to Bino, but let any one of the others present a disheveled appearance as to his or her locks, and straightway Bino gets to work and brushes and shampoos the tangled hair till it shines like satin.

Not until the babies came did I comprehend the true beauty of this remarkable animal's character. But now I have let out the most wonderful event that ever occurred in the history of the Dulce-Piji family, and, so far as I know, in the history of any family of marmosets in captivity. Once before such a thing did occur, but I interfered with a hot-water bag, thinking that I knew more about it than the mother did, and the poor little baby was boiled to death. It was in the latter part of April that I came home one evening to find my Dulce waiting for me at the top of the banisters—something he had never done before, for, as I have said, he is a great sleeper. He looked mysteriously important, and greeted me, I thought, with more than his usual dignity. Bino was jumping from cornice to cornice, her face working and twitching with some strange excitement, keeping up all the time a shrill piping. Over the rim of the basket where they all sleep, her eyes as big as saucers, was popped the face of the valetudinarian. But Piji, pretty little Piji, the most excitable and easily scared of the lot, was nowhere to be seen. A sudden terror froze my heart. Piji, poor little Piji, had been killed! "Dulce, Dulce," I cried, "is it rats?" Dulce looked mysterious, and led the way to the top of the high desk where the basket stood. He and I lifted the flannel blanket. I heard the newest and faintest and strangest little chirpings. "No, dear," said Dulce, "it 's not rats"; and there lay little Piji with all the terror gone out of her eyes, looking very sweet and complacent, and under each arm a little black wabbling head moving restlessly about—two little images of Dulce! I kissed Dulce over and

over again; then I took Piji and her babies, Dulce offering no objections, and put them in a cage by themselves, where they would be warm and quiet. I gave the mother a double allowance of meal-worms, tapioca, and banana, and from day to day the babies grew bigger and stronger. They have round polliwog heads set on silver-gray bodies, and sleek tails ringed to the tip with black.

cage all day long, and at night I would see her steal down two or three times to assure herself that all was well with the babies. One day the babies disappeared. Piji showed no signs of agitation, but I searched high and low to find them. Finally, there they were high on top of a tall cheval-glass, and Aunt Bino was the kidnapper. She was kissing them and hugging them to her in a

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

THE BABY.

I think they were impatient to see the world, for on the third day I took them on my hand, and, with a snap, four little black eyes opened wide. When they saw the sort of place it was, two little mouths, the color of oleander-buds, uncurled, and in concert they gave a piercing shriek, and were glad to scramble back to their mama and hide their faces in her fur, where they clung tighter than any limpet to its rock.

All this time Bino was going on like a crazy creature. She would stay close to the

transport of unselfish affection. She had torn a hole in the wire of the cage and possessed herself of them, much, I think, to Mama Piji's relief, for by this time her big, lusty sons were getting too much for her. Seeing the pleasure it gave her, I let Aunt Bino, after this, assist in the daily care and education of the babies. Their faintest cry stirs her face into wrinkles of solicitude, and she waits in a quiver of impatience until Mama Piji grows weary of the demand made upon her, and somewhat petulantly bites the

tails of her sons to show that she would be rid of them. Then it is that Aunt Bino's arms are stretched out, and first one and then the other is carefully lifted from the mother to Aunt Bino's strong back; or, as it sometimes happens, they go, like strong wine, to her head, where they cling with all their little hands, the two long tails, like the strings of a bonnet, knotted under good Aunt Bino's chin. She does not mind that the little urchins make her either uncomfortable or ridiculous, but off she trots with her precious burdens for an excursion into the country—the chestnut-tree outside my window. Here she bounds from branch to branch, the two impertinent little heads bobbing up and down on each side of her white topknot, no queen happier; but let Mama Piji call for her children ever so softly, and back comes Aunt Bino on a scamper to restore to the little mother her own.

A month to the day the babies were born they ceased to be babies, and entered upon that indeterminate period of a man's existence designated as boyhood. This epoch was heralded in by a terrific uproar. Papa Dulce was asserting his authority and getting his whiskers pulled. With a small piece of banana he was teaching his sons the first and most important lesson in life,—how to eat correctly,—and getting into an irascible frame of mind over the lesson. Mama Piji was encouraging, Aunt Bino was approving, and Cousin Mimi was scolding the performance.

I went to the assistance of Dulce, and gave a medicine-dropper full of warm malted milk to each of his turbulent offspring. This I repeated three times a day until they scorned the pap of adolescence, and took to meal-worms and all the things their papa told them were good for them—except little Cousin Mimi. He could never make them take kindly to her and her fussy ways.

When I tell people of the interesting traits of my little companions and the constant entertainment they afford me, they exclaim incredulously: "Oh, pshaw! That is your imagination. You make up these things, and expect us to be fooled into believing them." But indeed I make up nothing in regard to these intelligent and affectionate little creatures. I have not yet told the half, and when human beings complain that life is empty and existence a horrid bore, I can only say, "Get a marmoset."

MUSIC.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

FROM reed and rill and turning sphere,
From the unfathomed past,
The future's darker vast,
One harmony thy heart may hear;

The vale, the hill, the sea, the stars,
Great Nature and the soul,
I teach them, and out roll
Forever my immortal bars.

The voices else fast-fettered, dumb,
Beyond the poet's word,
But ever by him heard,
I free them, and they singing come.

In their bright songs the heights to be
Gleam like the hills at morn;
Back where thy soul was born,
Thither thou goest, following me.

I rule the future and the past;
What shines His face before
I show thee, and once more
The loveliness that could not last.

I call, I cease, yet am not gone;
Although my voice speak not,
Thou hearest me in thought;
In deep of dreams I murmur on.

I speak for all that live and love,
That sorrow and rejoice;
Mine is the only voice
All know on earth, all know above.

IN THE WILSTACH GALLERY, PHILADELPHIA. ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF. SEE "THE CENTURY'S" AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES IN "OPEN LETTERS."

THE ANNUNCIATION. PAINTED BY H. O. TANNER.

BY RICHARD WHITEING.

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

IN October and November fashionable persons pour into Paris for the season. From this time forward, for about six months, town will be their headquarters. Sometimes they make short winter trips to the southern watering-places, but they are still more or less in touch with the capital. The immigrant swarm includes all sorts of outlandish figures, pleasure-seekers of the world at large. These do not visit the shrines with quite the same devotion as of old. Still, to any one on this continent whose pursuit is "a good time," Paris is always, more or less, a matter of course. It can never be left wholly out of the reckoning.

Our older European societies make leisure a very serious vocation. They are deliberately trained for it, and they chase the butterfly with more conviction than the younger communities of the world. For instance, in a general sense, the dandy in America, while on his way to more generous recognition, is still only the transient and embarrassed phantom of Disraelian phrase. The urgent crowd yet mocks at him and his like, and he has no regular course of frivolity that keeps him hard at it, in a stately progress from trifle to trifle, for the revolving year. In France the science of not earning your own living is carried to high perfection. So it is in England, though in a more serious way, thanks to the larger resource of public life. In both you see the same thing in different forms—the necessity of making pleasure an organized energy.

Years ago, when there was a temporary lull in the performances at the Salle Ventadour, the society papers were much exercised as to what should be done to fill the blank. There was a Tuesday night left unoccupied. The necessary man, however, came at the right moment in the shape of a viscount, who imagined a Tuesday at the Théâtre Français. It was "created," and with the greatest care. Society subscribed. The "Figaro" published a plan of the house, showing exactly where the Rothschilds, the Pourtalès, the Sagans, and other shining lights might be discerned with the naked eye. The contriver was considered to have deserved well of his country.

Theoretically, there is now no season in Paris, just as, theoretically, there are no fashions. This means that one section of society is still sulking with the Republic. The idea is that it will be inconsolable until the King comes back, and that it disdains all those mundane vanities in which it has no better leader than a President and his wife. I remember once seeking out M. Worth, now long since gone to his account, to inquire of him, in a spirit of philosophic investigation, how the fashions were started. I had imagined that it would be interesting to discover the very fount of inspiration in these matters, to find out exactly how a new skirt or a new bodice was revealed to the race. He satisfied my curiosity in the most obliging manner, though, at the outset, he assured me that, under the Republic, the fashions were not started at all. They simply occurred, in a more or less fugitive fashion, because there was no one to set the needful example.

In the old days, he said, it was simple enough. He hit upon an idea, and submitted

it to two or three ladies of taste in the court of the Empress. They liked it, or did not like it, and taking counsel with him, they finally shaped it into something which they might feel justified in laying before the throne. It was then further modified on its way to perfection. At length came the great day, say the opening of the spring races, when one or two of them imposed it on the mass of womankind as a sort of edict from above. With that it started on its travels round the world.

But, virtually, of course, life has to be lived, just as women have to be dressed, and so, no matter what the régime, things get themselves done after a fashion. The science of sulking with the Republic has to own certain limitations. Rich and idle people must amuse themselves, and if they cannot get the social leadership they want, they have to invent some working substitute. As a class, the French aristocracy have no participation in public affairs. They go into political life in the unit, not in the mass, and on the same principle of equality as the notary of a country town who works his way into the Chamber or into office. So, many of them fall back on pleasures of the more frivolous kind, but for these all who seek to enjoy them, high and low alike, train with exquisite care. It is mainly a training for moderation. They know that excess is a mistake. The object is the luxury of agreeable sensation, and this precludes riot.

There is nothing more wonderful in nature, or rather in art, than a French man or woman who has succeeded in perfectly realizing this racial ideal. The man especially eats and drinks well, but only by virtue of the most rigorous self-control. His dishes are arranged in a certain succession of flavors that help one another. His drinks are sipped in a scale of stimulation rising from grave to gay. I have known little partnerships for this purpose, in which men dining out at a strange place have agreed that one shall serve as taster for the two, on the principle that if indigestion is to be the penalty, there shall still be a survivor. As the different dishes are served, the taster smiles or shakes his head, and the other instantly partakes or refrains. It marks their sense of reverence for the temple of the body, and so brings them as near to religion as some are likely to get.

CHILDREN OF THE RICH.

FIVE O'CLOCK IN A PRIVATE HOUSE OF THE FAUBOURG ST.-GERMAIN.

This training for trifles begins at birth with the infant of fashion. It is very much the business of his nurse to see that light and air do not visit him too roughly. His swaddling-clothes are a marvel of completeness as non-conductors of the winds of heaven. As soon as he is old enough to understand things, you see him toddling out with his tutor, a grave ecclesiastic, who watches over him at work and play, and puts the right notions into his mind. The ties thus formed are never wholly severed. The priest attends to all the goings out and the comings in. When ball is the game, he is there to see that his charge does not hurt himself, nor hurt the ball. He makes the lad gravely polite, and grounds him in the secondary religion of the salute, on the principle of no game of shuttlecock without a bow to your partner. He also, of course, grounds him in the humanities. At this early age the child is not sent to school. He is coached at home by the priest, and taken once or twice a week to what is called a *cour*, an establishment where private teaching is tested by public examinations. The cour directs the studies, and determines proficiency in them by question and answer. Tutor and pupil prepare as best they can in the interval.

The essence of the system is the exclusion of everything from the boy's mind that ought not to be there. So he is under the strictest supervision from first to last. The priest takes him to the cour and fetches him away again. When he goes to the *lycée*, or public school, it is much the same. The valet takes the place of the priest, and fetches and carries, with due provision of muffler and umbrella for rainy days. So it goes on until the time of the great change, when, perhaps, the youngster is sent to Saumur, the great cavalry school. Then, for the first time, he has to stand alone, and father, mother, nurse, valet, and priest have to say good-by. It is always an anxious moment—especially so for the neophyte.

The bound from tutelage to the very license of liberty, moral and intellectual, is a marked characteristic of the French system. Marriage makes the trembling ninny of a girl a finished woman of the world. A first shave converts the gawky school-boy into the ape of a boulevardier, vices and all. The transformation is as sudden as anything in Eastern magic. He was a boy after his time under the tutelage system. He becomes a man before his time at Saumur, and he generally goes through a stage of puppyism which is a trial for his friends. This is the period of his first duel, a thing done on the sly, and revealed to his horrified mother only after the scratch has healed. By and by there may be other escapades of a more serious nature. But the mother is still there to find out all about them almost before they happen, and the watchful father is at hand to see that they entail a minimum of scandal.

At this stage his people begin to think of marrying him, and here again all is provided for by the ever-watchful system. It is the mother's business to learn the whereabouts of *ingénues* doubly dowered with virtue and with millions. The marriage is arranged,—the term has a more than usually deep significance in France,—and the pair have a chance of living happily ever after, if they know how to make the best of it. It is no bad chance. Though the French marriage is not, in the first instance, based on love, it is supposed never to take place until liking, at least, is assured. The rest is expected to come as a matter of growth. The theory is that any two persons of about equal age, circumstances, and breeding, if only they start fair in friendship, will learn to love each other by the mere accident of companionship and the identity of interests. The odd thing is that they very often do.

The wife has been still more carefully brought up, in her way. Nothing can exceed the more than Hindu sanctity of know-nothingism in which the mind of the young French girl is shrouded from birth. At the convent she has had the wall between her and a wicked world. Her whole art of polite conversation with a man is little more than "Oui, monsieur," "Non, monsieur." After a dance she must be safely and swiftly deposited—a sort of returned empty—by her mother's side, and during that brief flutter of freedom it is not good form to take advantage of the absence of the parent bird. A few observations on the weather and the picture-galleries are considered to mark the limit of taste. "Gyp" has assured us in many a cynic page that the ingénue is not half such a simpleton as she looks. But it must not be forgotten that "Gyp" has largely invented a type for her own business uses. The real article, while it is not exactly a lamb in innocence, is still happily unaware of most of the evil going on in the world. Here, as military life was the great change for the boy, marriage is the greater change for the girl. She passes at once into a sphere in which she is considered fair game

THE CHARITY BAZAAR.

for any allusion to anything within the bounds of good breeding. She rises to her opportunity, or to the stern duties of her station, whichever way you choose to put it, and in a surprisingly short time comes out as the finished woman of the world. This is the French way. I neither blame it nor defend it; I do not even try to account for it. I simply say what it is.

In this new state of development you will probably find the young wife at the head of a salon. Her vocation in this respect will be determined by her rank, her wealth, or her talents; but with or without them, if she holds any position, she will aspire to this kind of social leadership. It is difficult to define the French salon in a phrase. It is by no means a mere drawing-room filled with company. It is something distinctly organized with a purpose of leadership. The hostess tries to make her house a center of influence. But why go on? At Washington you have the thing itself in fair perfection of development. People come and go; they bring the news, they hear the news, and they work out their little schemes. The main art of the salon is, of course, conversation. As men at the bar talk to live, people in the

salon live to talk. With this they have to cultivate the social graces. They learn to listen well, to keep their tempers, to amuse —in a word, to make life pass smoothly for themselves and for others. The salon is really a great school of manners, and it is part of that art of painless pleasure which, as we have seen, is widely cultivated in France. If the wife belongs to the aristocracy her salon will be of the *grand monde*. If she only wants to belong to it, her salon will probably be political. If she shines by taste or talent it will be literary or musical. There are salons for everything, even for settling elections to the Academy. If you attend them you are expected to be amusing as well as to be amused.

Salons have their fortunes, like little books. They go up and down, according to the circumstances of the time, and sometimes the literary salon is most in vogue, and sometimes the political. The old-fashioned Legitimist salon has had all sorts of fortunes. It was in great force when Louis XVIII was brought back by the allies after Waterloo. Then the scheme was to undo the work of the Revolution, and the women of the Restoration, with their priests at their back, set about it with a will. They organized the "White Terror," a sort of counterpoise to the "Red," which had just passed away, and they gave the whole Liberal school of thought an exceedingly lively time.

There was some attempt to revive the Legitimist salon when Marshal MacMahon had his brief innings. The Duchesse de Chevreuse held gloomy state, and people prophesied the coming catastrophe of the Republic over afternoon tea. But the duchess was only less belated than her old master, the Comte de Chambord, and it was felt that if Legitimism was to get the whip-hand of France it must still condescend a little to notice the time of day. So the most typical salon of this period was the one managed by the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia. It was the requisite blend of old and new. She was active, much in evidence, a great patron of charities—in short, a person with a finger in every pie, and all to the end of the restoration of throne and altar. But she failed for want of a good partner. The duke was an amiable nullity in affairs. He could drive a four-in-hand; he was an authority on the laws of sport, a noisy politician, but no more. They tried to make a diplomatist of him by the simple process of sending him as ambassador to the court of St. James, but he was soon recalled.

The salons of finance lent a hand in this pious work. Mme. Bischoffsheim spent money like water to keep the cause in heart. So did the Duchesse d'Uzès—a Clicquot in her origin. The development of her salon, the way in which it rose from small ambitions to greater ones, was peculiar. It began merely as the best match-making salon in the Faubourg St.-Germain; it ended as the best salon of political intrigue. Long after the 16th of May had been swept into limbo, the influence of the duchess survived in her championship of the Boulangist movement. She rallied to the Comte de Paris, as she had been ready to rally to his cousin, and she is said to have put up no small part of the money for that gigantic trust of sedition which was to be managed by the man on the black horse.

In this way we see how easily the social salon passes into the political. In fact, the dividing-lines as I have given them are only for purposes of classification. There are few drawing-rooms where they stick solely to one thing. The more or less purely political salons exhibit an agreeable diversity. They are of all shades, and of course they are especially Republican. At present, however, the salons of this variety are in a state which the grammarians define as "being about to be." They have been, and they are to be again. But they are still waiting for such leadership as they had under Mme. Adam, Mme. Floquet, and Mme. Lockroy. Mme. Lockroy, indeed, survives as a ruler. She is the wife of the pushing politician, late minister of marine, who has more than once occupied that position, and she was the daughter-in-law of Victor Hugo. She is charming and sociable, and is altogether a person that no rising Republican politician, with convictions and an enlightened sense of self-interest, can afford to neglect.

Still, she is not what Mme. Adam was. That lady still holds receptions, but she too is only an object of comparison beside her former self. Her great day was at the time of that very 16th of May when she held aloft the banner of the Republic, as the duchesses held the banner of the reaction. Her house was a kind of citadel, amply provisioned with tea and cake, where the struggling Radicals, with Gambetta at their head, held the councils that saved their cause. The hostess had an almost ideal equipment of gifts for this part—beauty, widowhood (which meant freedom), and the inheritance of a wealthy Re-

FLOWER FÊTE IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

publican senator. Then she touched life at other points, as a busy, if not a great, writer in romance as in politics, and as a champion of woman's rights. Add to this, as might be expected, a boundless self-confidence. Her failings were those that leaned to the side of this virtue. She grew too pushing, too energetic, and became one of that imperious band who rule our spirits from their urns—in this case, the urn for tea. She was for giving laws to the lawmakers of the Republic, and settling the rise and fall of ministries from her boudoir. When that ambition was fairly developed the Republican chiefs had to part company with her. But, before the change, she exercised a wide influence. She virtually gave away places. Her salon used to be thronged with all sorts of people who had their way to make in the world. Men who wanted a prefecture paid assiduous court. Dramatists who had hopes of production at the Français, a state matter in its further reaches, elbowed them on the stairs. It was a busy and a brilliant scene. It lost its essential glories when Gambetta and his associates no longer appeared, to keep their hostess in countenance in her promises of political favor. With them, naturally, went the place-hunters. Still, she struggled on, and kept up the fight by founding the "Nouvelle Revue," and making herself exceedingly disagreeable at times as the candid friend of the party in power.

She is visited and honored yet, if only as a memory, but, from ill health and the other causes, she is no longer what she was. She reached her height of influence when the obsequious municipality of Paris named a street after her pseudonym of "Juliette Lamber." Her decline was marked by a proposal in the same assembly to take her street away from her and give it to some new Egeria. For all that she holds it to this day. Poor General Uhrich at Strasburg went up and down in thoroughfares in this manner during the war. In the earlier stages of the siege he was rapidly promoted from streets to boulevards and squares; but as the Germans tightened their grip on the city, and the reports grew less favorable, he lost all.

Another and an interesting variety of the political salon is the salon of the lady spy. This is exceedingly well appointed, and is altogether a curiosity of its kind. You are cordially welcomed if you have any information to impart. You give it as to an intelligent woman of position who happens to be keenly interested in public affairs, and whose little dinners are a refreshment of all the senses. If you are a foreign attaché you are expected to turn a side-light on the international intrigue of the moment; if a rising politician, you show the inwardness of a forthcoming debate; if a journalist, you give and you receive from all the four winds of the spirit as they blow. It goes on quite merrily for a time, until the hostess suddenly disappears under the imputation that she was in the pay of a foreign power, or perhaps of the Prefecture of Police.

The literary salon was in its perfection when M. Caro was the favorite lecturer at the Sorbonne. There is generally a fashionable professor in Paris, as there is a fashionable preacher. The smartest women attend his lectures, and take copious notes on points of metaphysics or theology. The strength of Caro's position was that they actually read the notes when they got home. He came to strengthen that reaction in favor of the Catholic faith which was one effect of the war. People were so humbled by the national disasters that their thoughts were easily turned to religion. So there began a movement against skepticism, and Caro led it at the Sorbonne. He lectured, with exceeding grace and charm, to prove that there was no necessary divorce between philosophy and faith. The fine ladies were edified and delighted. They formed rival salons in honor of him, both known as the "Carolines," after his name—one set as the "Carolines" of the north of Paris, and the other as the "Carolines" of the south. This went on until Pailleron put him and his worshipers on the stage in a famous comedy, "Le monde où l'on s'ennuie." It was meant to crush Caro, but it did nothing of the sort. Ridicule gave him the benefit of an advertisement. He met the attack by taking a box in the theater and watching the whole performance, sometimes applauding his own counterfeit on the stage. He died as he had lived, successful, and deservedly so, for he was a man of erudition, and of great refinement of manner and of literary style. The interest of his personality in this connection is that it shows how society, when it is in the mood, knows how to get entertainment out of everything. Here was a lecturer at the Sorbonne who gave Paris not only two literary salons, but even a new play.

The French club takes its character from the French salon. It has to be amusing or die. The French have a highly developed club life, only it is necessarily a club life of

THE PADDOCK AT THE AUTEUIL RACE-COURSE, BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

AN OLD PARISIAN BEAU.

their own. They take less joy than the English, from whom they are supposed to derive the institution, in those negative clubs in which you simply dine and read your paper. They expect the club to do a good deal for them. It is to have an active function, and is to be much more than a mere place of meeting. So the really typical club of Paris is the one formerly known as the Mirlitons, now fused with another, but still carrying its principles into the partnership. The Mirlitons is a club of the united arts. It is for painters, men of letters, and the like. They are not left to their own devices. The committee organize all sorts of entertainments. They hold choice concerts in the season, at which some of the best amateurs in Paris are to be heard. At another time it is a picture exhibition, to which, as to the concerts, members may invite their friends. Now and then you have an amateur dramatic performance, or a great assault of arms, which brings together, as deadly opposites, some of the most noted swordsmen in Paris.

Another variety of appeal to this universal desire for something to do is the dining club. Many Frenchmen who do not need an all-the-year-round club are still glad to meet their friends at intervals of the week, fortnight, or month. The clubs for this purpose

ON COMMON GROUND—RICH AND POOR AT THE CONFESSIONAL.

are legion, and they need a new directory for every year, for they come and go. They unite men with the same pursuits or the same tastes. They are of all sorts. There is a dining club of men of letters. There are clubs (or there used to be) for the subdivisions of schools, for the Parnassians and for the Plastics, as there was a Boiled Beef Club, for the naturalists, under Zola. Add to these a club for failures in literature, a club for men whose plays have been hissed off the stage, a club for blockheads, clubs for painters, etchers, and so on. Then there are the clubs of provincials—the Club of the Apple, which brings the Normans together, as men from the cider country; the Club of the Cigale, which unites the poets of Provence; the Celtic Club, at which Renan used often to preside. This is one of the simplest modes of reunion. It entails no cost for premises, and but little for management. The members meet at a restaurant, and as they don't have too much of one another, they are usually at their best.

The same craving for something to give a pulse to life may largely account for the number of gambling clubs in Paris. There are clubs that are for nothing but gambling,

and, apart from these, there is high play at pretty well every institution of the kind. The Frenchman is almost incapable of sitting still, of a state of mere being without doing, in club life. The concentration of baccarat is an agreeable variant of passionless repose. The gambling clubs proper—or improper—take a fine-sounding name sometimes derived from literature or art, but they are well understood to be simply places for the rigor of the game. They are mostly proprietary, and are magnificently appointed. The owner can afford to do the thing well at a moderate and, indeed, a merely nominal subscription. A good dinner is supplied at little above cost price. It brings customers to the house, and inspires them with hope for the chances of the green table.

Of course the English variety of club is not unknown. The old-fashioned Union, for instance, is quite as select as Boodle's or White's. It is almost a mark of good form to wear your hat there. You go to the Union as you might go to church. So you do to the Jockey. It has long since got rid of its wildness of youth, when Lord Henry Seymour, a brother of the Marquis of Hertford, was one of its members, and used to drive down in his coach and four, to the edification of the boulevard. It is exclusive and correct. Its surviving dissipations have a stateliness about them which might almost make them the devotional exercises of any other institution.

All the recreations of society have this note of special adaptation. There is always an attempt to give the turn of taste or of luxury. The inventor of the bran-bath must have been a Frenchman. The very sports of the field are something of a garden entertainment. If the racing is not quite so serious as it is in England, it is prettier and more comfortable. Still, it is good racing, too. Nothing need be better than the great meetings at Chantilly, at Auteuil, at Longchamps, and a dozen other places that might be named. But even there, and I am not saying it in the least in blame, there is still the search for elegance. The stands are more tasteful, the President's box is better, the approaches are better. The French have almost the honor of the invention of the private meeting. They certainly have brought it to its perfection. The scene varies. Sometimes it is La Marche, sometimes the Croix de Berny, sometimes Marly-le-Roi. This amusement they combine with coaching. You are driven down in a party to some delightful little place all among the green trees, and there you have your race all to yourselves, your picnic after, and, perhaps, your dance to follow. The sport is only a *pièce de résistance*, and the true feast is in the side-dishes.

There is a classic simplicity about such things in England which has its charm too, but the world is wide enough for both styles. An English coach drive is a drive in a coach, and there an end. You go a long way, have something to eat in an inn parlor, and come back as you went. The French shorten the drive and lengthen the lunch. When the horses get home they will be put up in crack stables, wonderful to behold. The fittings in German silver, if not in the real article, in patent leather, and in deep-toned mahogany, or what not, are usually covered up, like drawing-room furniture in its chintzes. The horses themselves see so little of these braveries in a general way that they have a tendency to shy at them, on company days, when the cloths are removed. In Baron Hirsch's stables the family colors used to be woven into the very matting which covered the floor. It is so with all French sports—with their polo, for instance, where still they do good work. Compare the polo-ground at Bagatelle for notions—as distinct from the beauty of the scene—with the same thing at Hurlingham or at Ranelagh.

It is the same with the riding. The Row in the Bois is prettier in its surroundings than the Row in Hyde Park. It is more ample, and it commands a finer landscape. The sense of the time of year, spring, summer, or even winter, is more insistent. The personnel may not be quite so impressive as in the Row, but that is another matter. The riding is a little mixed. Everybody thinks himself entitled to have a try. The freedom from fear and trembling with which some Frenchmen will mount a horse must ever cause fear and trembling in the beholder. The beggar on horseback is not half so objectionable as the rich man who has mounted late in life. The park riding is good, but here once more, as in all else, it tends to err on the side of finesse, and to suggest the Hippodrome. There are no better circus-riders in the world. Who but they have taught the horse to waltz and to make his bow? A little of this affectation has crept into the management of the cob. Finesse! finesse! you find it everywhere—even in the institution of afternoon tea. The bread and butter is a trifle too diaphanous for human nature's daily food. The sense of a religious rite is a little too intrusive.

When the French copy the foreigner, they copy with the exaggeration of idolatry.

With the Grand Prix the season comes to an end. People then begin to think of flight to the spas, to Marienbad, or to Ischl, where they catch a glimpse of the Austrian court, or to Aix-les-Bains and other places at home. Then, too, comes the time for the country houses. The country-house life is highly developed, only less so than in England, and there is everything but liberty. They will "entertain" you morning, noon, and night, and they have yet to acquire the art of letting you alone. There are picnics and excursions all day long, with dances and *jeux de société* at night. It is distracting. Some of the best houses are those associated with the names of the old vineyards, such as the Château Laffitte, the Château d'Yquem, the Château Margaux, the Cos d'Estournel. The capitalists are gradually buying up these ancient seats and turning them into pleasure-houses, as well as places of business. The vintage pays the piper, and it is also part of the sport. You play at pressing the grapes.

Then apart from all this, or with it, there are the hunting and the shooting. These are serious sports in France, taking the country as a whole, and they are not to be rashly despised by those who are familiar with only the exploits of the cockney sportsman. The hunting of the boar, the hunting of the wolf, are both dangerous, and both associated with fine breeds of hounds. Boar-hunting, in particular, is no joke. The wolf-hunting is chiefly a scheme for the destruction of vermin. In some parts of the country these marauders are very troublesome to the flocks, and do any amount of damage. Then there is the hunting of the stag, where, once more, the decorative tendency comes in. Their art of hunting is as old as their country. They have given a name to most of the terms of sport, and they have invented most of the forms and ceremonies. We have all laughed over the great curling

CLUB DES PANNÉS (CLUB OF THE "HARD-UP") WATCHING THE PARADE OF FASHION.

horns round the body of the sportsman, but these have their uses at the close of a long run, when you hear them through the silence of the woods and the witchery of the twilight, sounding the death of the stag. It is like something from the tale of Arthur or of Roland. The horns wind for every stage of the process—for the view, for the turn at bay, and, as we have seen, right on to the end. There is quite a rubric for the death, and still another for the distribution of the daintily carved morsels of the quarry among the hounds that have run him down. This is generally done by torch-light, in the court-yard of the château. Another great ceremonial observance is the benediction of the hounds on St. Hubert's day. This was revived by the Duc d'Aumale when he came back to live at Chantilly, with a determination to revive its glories. All who wore the duke's livery of the chase had to attend a solemn mass, with the pack at the door of the church, under the eye and whip of the huntsman. At the moment of the elevation of the host the hounds were expected to bark in chorus, but too often they only howled in sections as they felt the thong. In all this we see the tendency of the French to dramatize everything in life. The English rules of sport are for business; the French for beauty and grace.

These amusements run into money, and so, once more, the rising men of the time, who are the architects of their own fortunes, have their chance. There is no holding them back here, as there is no holding them back anywhere. They buy their way into rich families and into great châteaux. They, and the families into which they buy, make society. Beyond these there is a fringe of betitled impostors. In no other country in the world are there so many dukes, marquises, and counts who can give no intelligible account of their blazon. They form a society of their own. They are on terms of tolerance with one another, for their principle is, "Live and let live." It is understood that I go on calling you "count" as long as you go on calling me "baron," and no questions asked. Their nutriment is the wild gull from oversea. It is with their aid that the fresh-caught millionaire from Brazil begins to furnish his salon. The house-agent will contract for them at a pinch, as for the chairs and tables. The sham nobility take their seats at the newcomer's board, and if they respect his spoons, he may be a long time before he finds out the difference between them and the real article.

ENTRANCE TO A PRIVATE HOUSE DURING AN EVENING RECEPTION.

A more respectable member of "the fringe" is the broken-down gentleman who has lived in good society, and who, for a variety of possible reasons, has lost his footing. These dejected spirits tend generally to haunt the scenes of former bliss. One of their gathering-places is at the junction of the Avenue of the Bois with the Place de l'Étoile. They take their seats there on fine afternoons, to watch the long procession of carriages and live again in their memories of former splendor. The mention of them is not without significance at the end of this survey. Truly

they represent a dead and gone state of things, or, at any rate, a dying one. The fine folks of their memories are really passing away as an order. Fashionable Paris is no longer to be confounded with aristocratic Paris. The two things are separate and distinct. Fashion has outgrown its old bounds of the old families, and aristocracy, as a governing force, has become a mere survival of habit. The two aristocracies, the old and the new, the Legitimist and the Bonapartist, —not to speak of the Orleanist, as shoddy as the last,—are mutually destructive. As they cannot agree to revere one another, they have helped the crowd to despise them all. A new society has come into power by process of natural change. Education, which is the real basis, is within the reach of all.

Republics must educate or perish. Under this one no nimble spirit need be ignorant for want of the chance of knowledge. There is small difference of opportunity between the duke's son and the cobbler's. Manner is a heritage which the French have in common. All that remains to win social importance—and I put it last in no paradoxical spirit—is to win wealth. There again, whatever the dignity of the pursuit, the career is at least open. Access to political power is equally a part of the heritage. With this and with wealth, education, and manners, social importance comes at call, and the mere handle to the name becomes a pure superfluity. This is the real meaning of what is now going on in France. The old hereditary sets are being quietly elbowed out of the way by the new claimants for a place in the sun. The big names, as they appear in society journals and in the letters of foreign correspondents, have a quite fictitious importance. Fashionable Paris is now one of the newest things in the place.

STRATFORD BELLS.

BY F. B. F.

ONE Sabbath eve betwixt green Avon's banks,
In a dream-world, we hour by hour did float;
The ruffling swans moved by in stately ranks;
With soft, sad eyes the cattle watched our boat.
We, passionate pilgrims from the far-off land
Beyond the "vexed Bermoothes"—oh, how dear
That strange, sweet picture, by the Enchanter's wand
Familiar to our spirits made, and near!
Then suddenly a loud and resonant sound
Thrilled from the skies and waters; lo! the chimes
Of Stratford rang and rang; the very ground
Murmured, as with a deep-voiced poet's rhymes,
While swift melodious tone on tone was hurled.
'T was Shakspere's music brimmed the trembling world.

THE SOUL OF WILLIAM JONES.

BY CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT.

I.

"NO, ma'am," said the medium, firmly; "I could n't materialize him for you for less 'n a hundred an' fifty, not no way. 'T is n't as if you lived in Indianapolis or Louisville yourself. The spirits is more used to comin' to cities than they are to the country. Why, once I lay in a faint for twenty-four hours after I materialized her husband for a lady down in Jasper County. These things has to be considered. Then, they won't materialize in no common room, they're that touchy. There has to be a cabinet for 'em and proper arrangements. I 'd have to fetch a cabinet up here, an' the expenses would be heavy. I can't do it for less, no way in the world."

Emeline Jones scrutinized the man's face with hungry, desperate eyes. It was not a face that repaid scrutiny. The sallow skin, drooping black mustache, curved nose, and eyes of dull jet, with fat, white lids falling heavily over them, did not make up a countenance which the average judge of character would select as belonging to one divinely commissioned to mediate between the worlds of flesh and spirit. This, however, did not occur to the little woman before him. She interlocked her fingers nervously.

"I ain't got no hundred an' fifty. I wisht I had," she said, her soft face working; "I 'd give more 'n that just to talk to William a minute or two. There 's some things it just seems to me I 've got to ask him; but I guess I 'll have to do with the messages—not but what they 're beautiful," she added hastily, fearing lest she might have offended their appointed deliverer, "only they ain't always just to the point. He uses longer words than he useter, an' I expect he can't keep his mind on the things I want to know about. I want to see him, I want to!"

"Yes, ma'am. There 's nothin' like materializations. They stay by one somehow. There 's the same differences between messages an' materializin' that there is between telegraphin' to a place an' goin' by train yourself."

"I wisht I was rich! It seems as if I could n't stand it."

The man moved restlessly at the sight of her distress.

"It 's a great comfort to the departed to be materialized, too," he observed. "They do say they get homesick for a sight of the old places. I 'm right sorry I can't afford to do it for you for less; but I 'll tell you what I 'll do. If you 'd like a message this mornin', I 'll see if I can get you one, an' I won't make no charge for my time."

"It 's awful good of you," said the woman, gratefully. "Mebbe here by ourselves he 'll speak out a little more than he does in the meetin's. Won't you come right in to the house, Mr. Wichens?"

The two had been talking beside the road, in front of the tiny unpainted dwelling of rough gray boards crossed by slender weather-strips which had embodied the idea of home to the late William Jones. The house, with its surrounding patch of sward and bit of garden, was encircled by a mighty corn-field, glistening bravely in the August sun. About the corn-field was the forest. Encompassing the forest was the sky, and the sky is the great thoroughfare of the universe, the king's highway, that leads from everywhere to everywhere. Of all the countless travelers who pass that way, surely there were some whom expectant, hospitable souls might intercept and entertain. This, at least, was the way it seemed to the little circle of spiritualists upon the farms lying about Jerusalem Four Corners. Their faith had been inspired some years before by the remarkable table-tipping feats of a hysterical girl, and it had been for them a harmless and comforting cult, affording them much interest and an innocent consciousness of much distinction, until Mr. Wichens, trance-medium and general spiritualistic worker, had heard of them, and came that way to see if he might not reap of the harvest the good people themselves had sown for him. It was advisable for him to forsake Cincinnati for a time. He was not in favor with his own clientele, owing to his connection with an especially humiliating exposure. In the western tier of Ohio counties there is

more than one crudely primitive country district like this of Jerusalem Four Corners. They are eddies in the tide of civilization which swept on westward to Illinois and Iowa, and their people are the predestined victims of the unscrupulous. Mr. Wichens decided to spend the summer traveling northward, and August found him on the edge of Paulding, with a well-filled purse and the complacent conviction that the world held many greater fools than he.

At Emeline's invitation he descended from his smart new buggy and hitched his horse. She led the way up a path planted on each hand with flaming orange lilies. The one door of the house led into a spacious kitchen, from which opened the "front room," an apartment resplendent in a red-and-green carpet, holland shades, an ash center-table, and a stiff lounge covered with a large-flowered tapestry carpeting.

"Won't you be seated, Mr. Wichens?"

This modern Charon, who ferried earthward across the Styx souls hungry for a glimpse of home, took a chair and covertly appraised his surroundings.

"Your husband left you pretty comfortably fixed, Mrs. Jones," he observed, glancing about with the large condescension of one who is at home in so many worlds that all mere earthly dwellings look alike to him.

"I own the place. It 's only sixty acres, but we worked hard enough to pay for it," said Emeline.

"Ah, yes. Now, if you please, Mrs. Jones," he said, his manner becoming suddenly distant and majestic, while his speech grew polysyllabic and imposing, "I will approximate the condition of trance necessary to establish communication with the spirit-world. When I appear to be quite rigid, you may begin to put questions as usual, and if your husband is near he will doubtless respond to any inquiries you may make."

The compensations of ignorance and credulity are very great. It never occurred to Emeline Jones to doubt that her husband had a soul. She believed that it was, and that it was immortal, and when, in the first horror of sudden loss, some of her spiritualistic neighbors tried to comfort her with the assurance that she might still communicate with him, they found her curiously eager to believe and embrace this doctrine. It was so necessary that it must be true.

So she watched Mr. Wichens as he settled himself in his seat, throwing back his head and clutching both arms of the chair as he did so. His color changed from white to red, and back again; his lids fell; he breathed heavily; his muscles stiffened into rigidity. He was a loathsome sight, in his black-and-white fatness, but Emeline's eyes were held. The scene had been repeated more than once during the meetings of the last three weeks, but she had not yet become hardened to the marvelous meaning of it. Vaguely she felt that here, in her little room, tremendous things were happening. The greatest chasm in the universe was being bridged, so that her love might cross it unafraid. The beauty and the wonder of it took away her breath, and with the instinct of the worshiper she sank upon her knees and hid her white, excited face. The seconds passed like hours.

"Emeline!"

The voice that issued from the man's throat was hoarse, and had the effect of coming from far off. It was so that the "control" always spoke, and by that token Emeline knew that the soul of her husband waited to have speech with her. She lifted her head.

"Is it you, William?" she said timidly. Now, as always, when the supreme moment arrived, she felt a curious sensation of flatness and unreality. All the burning words which she thought she could pour out from her heart freely and unhindered suddenly became impossible. Her speech limped along tame, accustomed ways.

"How—how are you now, William?"

"Dreadful poorly just now, Emeline."

"Can you see me, or only hear me speak?" Her voice was curiously tense as she put the question.

"I can't see you."

Emeline caught her breath before she went on.

"What are you a-doin' there, William?"

There was a perceptible pause before the answer came. Wichens had little imagination, and credited Emeline with less. Also he had found that with these simple, practical people it was hardly possible to be too material, too concrete. Had not Emeline herself complained that her husband's messages were not to the point? So the spirit of William Jones responded at last to his wife's interrogation.

"I 'm teamin' it just now. Times is hard here, too, an' the off ox died last week."

"I did n't understand before that you had to work for a livin' there, too," murmured the woman, with a flash of resentment against the whole toiling universe. "Could I—could I help you anyhow, William?"

"Ask Mr. Wichens when he comes to. He 'll know if there is any way."

There was something flabby and helpless about this speech which did not in the least résemble William Jones's muscular way of meeting hard times; but his wife went on with eagerness:

"There ain't anything I would n't do if only I could really sense it that 't was you, William; but someway I can't seem to feel as if 't was really real."

"You would n't feel that way if I 'd been materialized once, prob'ly." The hoarse voice was growing fainter, and at this sign that the interview was nearing its end the woman rallied her courage suddenly.

"There ain't no way to do that but to mortgage the farm, an' you know you told me never to do that; but if it 's true that you want to come back, I 'd even go against what you told me. William, there 's one thing I got to know if I die for it, an' that is if you 're still in the same mind you was that last evenin', just before you went out. You remember what it was you said? Do you feel that now? If you do, I should n't think you 'd want to be materialized. For God's sake answer just this!"

To her passionate appeal there came no reply. The soul of William Jones was discreetly silent, or had passed upon its way.

The medium came out of his trance slowly.

"Well, ma'am, was it satisfactory?"

Emeline wiped the tears from her cheeks and steadied herself to answer:

"If it was n't, it ain't no fault of yourn, Mr. Wichens. I 'm sure I 'm much obliged to you."

As the man left the house Emeline watched him thoughtfully, a growing resolution hardening the lines of her round face, which had remained unusually girlish in spite of the work and worry of her less than thirty years.

For most of us money cannot buy the things that belong to our peace. The rich are as poor as the poorest in this. But Emeline suddenly realized that she was exempt from this human limitation. Her heart's desire was purchasable, though at a great price.

"I guess *money* ain't goin' to stand in the way of my seein' him if he wants to come back!" she said, with a strange new sensation of freedom and of power.

II.

"EMELINE JONES, you ain't really done such a fool thing as that?"

"Well, I have then. I put a mortgage on the farm an' got the money, an' the materializin' is to come off at the say-unts at Levi Thomas's Sunday afternoon. An' I got a new white dress with black ribbons to wear to it."

Emeline was sitting on the door-step of her little house, at the side of one of her oldest friends, Mrs. Ellen Evans of Arkswheel. Rumors of the "doin's" of the trance-medium at Jerusalem Four Corners, and especially of his dealings with William Jones's widow, had reached that village, a dozen miles distant, and on hearing them Mrs. Evans had put on her sunbonnet and gone down to the store to see if any of Emeline's neighbors were in town and would take her when they started homeward. It was a time for action. Some one must demolish the medium and snatch Emeline as a brand from the burning, and Mrs. Evans felt herself equal to the task.

Arkswheel, with its twelve hundred inhabitants, was sufficiently a center of civilization to qualify any of its residents for missionary effort toward the people "down around the Swale." Yet now that she was really here, and deprived of the moral support of gasolene street-lamps and the railroad, Mrs. Evans felt curiously inefficient. The corn was so tall, the woods were so somber, the sky was so near and the world so far, that things impossible elsewhere seemed not unlikely here. The dramatic possibilities of the situation worked upon her against her will, and Emeline's obstinacy was imperturbable.

The sun had dropped down behind the solemn blue forest, but across the sky still flamed the long rose-colored pennons of the defeated day. It was one of the martial sunsets that call the soul to arms. Emeline felt its summons. She looked at the kindly, anxious, wrinkled face of the woman beside her.

"You 're as good a friend as I got, Ellen, an' I would hear to you if I did to anybody; but I want to tell you it ain't no use to talk to me. I can see how you feel, but you might as well save your breath."

"Emeline, I left things an' come down here in the middle of my cannin' an' jell'-makin' to tell you what I thought about this business, an' it seems to me I got to do it. Your mother an' me was friends back east in Columbiana County. I mean to talk to you the way I know she would."

Emeline drew a long, heavy breath.

"I 'll tell you what I never meant to tell a soul; then you 'll understand how it is I

must see William if money can do it, mortgage or no mortgage. You know"—her voice broke for an instant—"how sudden it was when he died: how he went out in the sulky after supper to train the colt; an' it shied an' threw him out against a stump, an' that was all there was of it," said Emeline Jones. "He was dead when they brought him in to me. I don't believe folks ever cared for each other much more 'n we did, but we used to have words over nothin' sometimes, like other folks. It was that way then. We was both tired that night, but I guess it was prob'ly my fault. The supper did n't suit him. He thought I was goin' to fry chickens, an' there was only cold beans. So we had some words about that, an' one thing led to another, an' finally he flung out of the house, an' the last words he ever said to me was, 'I wisht I need n't ever see your darned baby-face ag'in.' He never did. O my Lord!" cried the woman, rocking herself to and fro in a burst of tearless agony, "do you think I can forget that? It 's three months since he died, but there ain't been a day nor an hour of a day that I ain't heard it in my ears. I thought I 'd go mad before the medium come. Even since I began to get messages they ain't gone right to the spot. I 've tried an' tried to get one about that, but somehow I never can. I did n't want to speak right out an' let folks know. I don't know whether the medium mistrusts or not. When he began to talk about materializin' it come to me that if William would let himself be materialized—if he would come back an' look at me, even if he did n't say a word—it would be a sign he did n't mean it any more. Seems to me I can have peace after that."

Mrs. Evans was silent. She had not imagined a contingency in which it would be so difficult to speak her mind. It was outrageous that good money, valuable for the material ends of life, should be squandered upon sentiment, but that she should feel herself becoming reconciled to such waste was past belief. She made a vigorous effort to recover her original point of view.

"But, Emeline, William never wanted you to waste money, an' he never would want you to, no matter what happened. They say in Arkswheel you been squanderin' it right an' left."

"I 'm scared sometimes to think how much I 've spent," confessed Emeline. "It took the hundred dollars we had in bank for the funeral an' the stone I put up. Then"—she hesitated, aware of a lack of sympathy—"there 's been things the medium said William wanted. He said he could get him most things he wanted if I 'd let him have the money, so I had the mortgage made for three hundred,—'t was as much as anybody wanted to put on this place anyhow,—an' it's took a hundred an' fifty for what the medium said William wanted, an' I give the medium the rest this mornin', before you come, to pay for the materializin'. He give me a receipt."

Mrs. Evans gasped. "Good Lord! Emeline, you 'll never get paid out in this world. You 'll lose the farm."

"I don't care," said Emeline, defiantly; "I 'll have my two hands left, an' I ain't no children to think of. Once for all, it 's William's money. If there 's anything he wants with it, do you think I 'd be keepin' it back? I 'd rather chuck it in the fire than have him want an' not get."

"But, Emeline, you 're talkin' as if it was all true. The idea of William wantin' things! Land! When he was here an' wanted things he hustled round an' got 'em. I guess if he wants things there he 'll do the same. The Good Book says the Lord 'll provide even here. I don't think he needs your help toward supportin' William. It 's all stuff."

Emeline flushed, but her face kept its steadfast look. "I can't run no risks," she answered. "I don't know whether it 's true or not about his wantin' things, but when that man 's around he makes me think it is; but if it was all lies I 'd have to do just the same, if there was just one chance of its bein' true. You 'd feel so if it was your husband. I can't run no risks. That 's all there is about it."

Remonstrance was so obviously useless that Mrs. Evans held her peace. When she spoke again it was to say:

"It 's Sunday that the materializin' is to be?"

"Yes. I want you should stay over. The neighbors around here are dreadful good to me, but they don't seem like own folks yet."

"I 'll stay quick enough," said Mrs. Evans, with a certain satisfaction in the prospect; "but I don't want you to think I approve of all you 've done, Emeline."

"Wait till it 's over," said the other woman, confidently.

The great day dawned with a cloudless sky and a blazing sun. The heat was intense along the white, dusty road the women took in driving to Levi Thomas's, but Emeline was pale when they reached the house, and the hands that held the reins were cold.

Levi Thomas was the most influential farmer in the neighborhood, and the only man of substance who held to the tenets of the spiritualists. In his "best room" the cabinet had been set up, and when Emeline and her friend arrived the room was already filled with whispering circles of the believers. A seat in the front row had been reserved for Emeline, who came forward shyly in her new white gown with its fluttering black ribbons, and shrank into her place. Her neighbors eyed her inquisitively. She suddenly realized with a heart-sickening revulsion that to see William in this crowded room, beneath the fire of all these curious eyes, would be intolerable. Then forlornly she reminded herself that it was, after all, only of his willingness to see her that she desired to be assured. She dropped her eyes and clasped her hands tightly in her lap, trying in vain to still the tumult of her nerves. She was sick with apprehension, wonder, fear. The room seemed to rock about her, and it was only with a tremendous effort that she kept her seat.

The hour for the meeting was half-past three. It was after four, but Mr. Wichens had not appeared.

"It 's time he materialized himself," whispered a woman with a reputation for audacity, and a subdued titter arose from her corner. Emeline, thinking her own thoughts, had not realized that it was late.

At half-past four a man drove up rapidly, leaped out, hitched his horse to the rail, and came up the path in haste. He held a letter in his hand.

"Has Wichens come?" he asked the group of men standing about the door. They stared at him blankly.

"Thought he was stayin' at your house. Was n't he comin' with you?"

"He ain't been there all day. He left with his horse an' buggy last night. Said he was goin' up to Arkswheel an' comin' back this mornin', but he ain't come. He druv toward the Indiana line, an' I ain't been quite easy about it since he did n't show up this mornin'. This here 's a letter for Mis' Jones he left in his room."

"He ain't come? What 's that? Took his horse an' buggy? Great Scott! You don't think—" "He 's got her money—got it Friday an' give her a receipt." "Gone for the Indiana line? By the Lord Harry, the man 's a thief!"

The buzz of voices took on an ominous sound.

"Hold on a jiffy," said the man who had just arrived. "Let Mis' Jones read her letter. Mebbe it tells somethin'."

Emeline, startled and uncomprehending, was pushed forward by a dozen hands. Her head reeled, but she took the letter stolidly and opened it. When her eyes had grasped the contents a deep flush mounted to her face. The letter she crumpled in one hand.

"He ain't comin'," she said dully.

"What fer ain't he comin'?" demanded the man nearest her.

"He just says he ain't comin'. That 's all there is to it."

"Can't ye let us see the letter?" Some one held out a hand for it.

Emeline clutched it tighter, with a terrible fear in her throbbing brain. That grip of her stiffened fingers was all that kept her pitiful secret from these prying eyes. Could they take it from her against her will? What if her hand relaxed and let it fall?

"He says he ain't comin'," she repeated hoarsely.

"Look out!" cried Mrs. Evans; "she 's goin' to faint, what with the heat an' all. If there 's any men in this crowd, why ain't they up an' after that thief? It 's three hundred dollars of her money he 's got."

This sentiment was received with a murmur of approval, but Emeline said with a last desperate effort:

"Don't go!"

"'S-sh now," said her friend; "you don't know what you want. Let the men alone an' come up-stairs with me."

She was a woman of weight, but skilfully and speedily she extricated the dazed Emeline from the crowd that was pressing about her, and piloted her up the narrow stair to Mrs. Thomas's best bedroom, where the women had left their hats. Once inside, she slipped the bolt and gave Emeline a little shake.

"Now you tell me quick what 's the matter you don't want them to go after him. They can't catch him anyhow if he got over into Indiana last night, but they might 's well try. I 've got to know what to say to 'em."

With shaking fingers Emeline produced the crumpled note. It read:

MRS. JONES.

MADAM: I held communication with your husband to-day, on the subject of his materialization. He positively refuses to do his part in it. He seemed to think you would understand this unwillingness. I consider that I have fulfilled my part of the contract, as it is impossible to materialize him against his will. However, I will do

what I can for your husband hereafter. I would have come this afternoon to explain matters to the meeting, but it occurred to me you would not like to have Mr. Jones's refusal made so public. Trusting you will see fit to tell the circle that I have fulfilled my obligations to you so far as lay in my power,

Yours to command, D. WICHENS.

III.

THE two women drove home in silence. Mrs. Evans had dealt with the assembled company, answering questions and protecting Emeline with the skill of a veteran tactician, but toward Emeline herself speech was more difficult. When she tried to denounce Wichens volubly as a scheming rascal, deserving State prison, the face of dumb misery and doubt that Emeline turned upon her hushed her at once, and she became silent and constrained.

It was tea-time when they reached the house, and Emeline moved about stiffly, insisting upon going through the form of preparing the meal; but when it was ready she sat at her place idly, tasting nothing. Mrs. Evans's distress at this found vent in tears, to which Emeline paid scant attention. She pushed back her chair from the table at last.

"Seems if I 'm not hungry," she said. "I think I want to get the air. You don't mind, do you, Ellen, if I go out for a little? I 'll not leave you long."

Her friend opened her lips to protest, then thought better of it, and Emeline went out into the dusk, alone.

Mrs. Evans, watching her anxiously from the door, saw that her hesitating steps almost involuntarily sought the corn. She plunged down one of the long, dim aisles, between the rows of quivering blades that met far above her head.

William himself had planted the corn. It had been cultivated duly, and the sun and the rain had combined to prosper its growth. There was no finer field in the whole county, and in a vague, inarticulate way Emeline had felt something of the human quality in its merit. The corn had "be'n company" for her that summer in her sorrow and distress. Its glistening ranks were her army of defense against loneliness and the fear of coming poverty; and blindly she turned to them now, when loneliness and poverty were most crushingly upon her.

She tried to realize her disaster as she walked. From any point of view she was impoverished, but the bankruptcy of her heart was bitterest.

"Wichens has got the money whether he 's a fraud or not," she said to herself. "If he was a fraud, then William did n't send no such message to me as that. I wish I knew he was a fraud. But Wichens might be a thief, an' yet William might 'a' sent the message, too. O God! O God! I wisht I knowed the truth!"

Up one row and down the next she made her way heavily. The long leaves crossed and barred her progress, but she tore her way through them. Her half-dazed brain was haunted by the notion that she was pursuing some elusive thing, a thought she could not overtake, a peace she might never capture. The wholesome, penetrating sweetness of the dew-wet corn, that is like no other fragrance the world yields, was in her nostrils, and unconsciously she was soothed by it as she plodded through the heavy soil.

As exhaustion came to her body, her mind grew calmer. She had suffered all that it was in her power to suffer during those three months, and the reaction inevitable to a healthy nature had come at last, but this she could not know. She wondered dully that half the weight upon her soul seemed to have fallen away from it, but she was too broken and weary to think definitely; and at last, tired out, she dropped upon the sward at the end of the field.

In the house her friend was laboriously washing the dishes and putting away the remnants of the meal. Then she took the milk-pail and went out to the barn. Emeline had two cows, and the chores must be done even if hearts broke and minds tottered. When all was accomplished to her satisfaction, she sat down by the window to wait Emeline's appearance; but the day had been an exhausting one, and she was weary.

"I 'll just lie down on the lounge a jiffy; then if she don't come I 'll go look her up," she thought, and threw herself heavily across the home-made sofa, the straw-filled mattress and cushions of which were covered with gay calico.

When she awoke the dawn was shivering into sunrise, and there was a sound of singing in her ears. On the door-step stood Emeline, her figure outlined against the rosy glow of the morning. Her face was turned upon the east. Her dress was damp with the night's dew and stained here and there from the soil, but her eyes were clear and sane, and her face was suffused with living emotion. It was flushed, exalted, glad.

She lifted her arms above her head, and her voice rang out clear and sweet:

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

Mrs. Evans, wakened from heavy sleep, struggled slowly to adjust the apparition which confronted her to her recollection of yesterday's overwhelming misery. What resurrection of joy for Emeline had the dark hours brought? She sat up, her face a bewildered interrogation.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour.

"Emeline, in Heaven's name, what 's come to you?"

The woman on the door-step turned joyously.

"The Lord 's remembered me. That 's all," she answered; "but he knows it 's enough. I 've heard from William, an' this time I know it 's real."

"Emeline Jones! You don't mean that man come back in the night?"

"That man? The medium? Oh, no," said Emeline, with the large indifference of one to whom the question had suddenly become alien and remote. "I guess when we look at it right we don't need no mediums."

"Tell me quick what you mean!"

"There ain't much to tell. It was this way. When I went out last night I thought I 'd go crazy. I could n't think the things I wanted to think. An' I walked an' walked in the corn for hours, I guess. You know how I must 'a' felt. It seemed like everything had failed me—everything. Finally I sat down against the fence at the far end of a row, because I could n't walk another step, an' then I must 'a' gone to sleep. The first I knew there seemed to be a light shinin' round me, an' in the light there was a face. I was dazzled, an' I did n't want to look. I shut my eyes, but I knew some one was watchin' me, an' when I finally looked, there was William's face as plain as I ever see it in my life. He did n't say nothin', nor I did n't. He just looked at me out of the shinin', so pitiful, an' a little smilin', too. He did n't need to speak. He looked it all. It was just as if I heard him say: 'Bless your heart, child, you should 'a' knowed I never meant it when I said mean things to you. I 'd said 'em before, but you knowed I never meant 'em. An' to pin your faith to that critter, too, as if I 'd have any truck with such cattle!' He seemed to say all that an' more, puttin' me in mind of things that was just between him an' me, an' shinin' at me like the sun all the while. An' I felt —I felt like you do when you go out into the wind before a shower, after there 's been a long dry spell, an' it blows through an' through you till you 're all made over.

"Before I knew it, I said, 'Yes, William, I won't be such a fool again,' an' the sound of my voice woke me up, an' it was gettin' light. That 's all there is to it, but somehow it 's enough."

Mrs. Evans rubbed her eyes, hesitating to believe or disbelieve. Her general skepticism was shaken, but her faith was not established, and she distrusted dreams only less than mediums and messages.

"It does sound a good deal more like William than all them other communications," she admitted; "but if he was comin', why did n't he come in time to save the farm?"

Over the work-worn features of the younger woman came a subtle look of pity for this human being to whom the loaves and fishes of love seemed of the prime importance.

"It was more than the farm I 'd lost, an' it 's more than the farm I 've got back," she said; "but mebbe if they give me time I can save the farm, too."

RED MAGIC.

BY ABBIE CARTER GOODLOE.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

SIR ROBERT leaned over toward his sister. "It 's very interesting, is n't it, Kathleen?" he inquired.

Miss Campbell put her hand up to her mouth and stifled a little yawn.

"Well, we saw it much better done in Calcutta, you know. I am beginning to think the fakir is like the gentleman—the same all the world over." And then she looked rather contritely to where her host

was sitting. He had taken so much trouble to amuse them that it seemed hardly fair to be anything but enthusiastic. Sargent caught the look.

"What were you saying, Miss Campbell?" he asked.

"We were saying that we had seen much the same thing done in Calcutta," she answered, with a fine economy of truth.

"Oh, yes. That ladder-climbing trick is very old, I believe, and very easily explained by those who understand how it is done. It rather passes my dull comprehension, however. Old Medicine Pipestem may not be as expert as the jugglers you have seen in the Orient, but he is quite mysterious enough to puzzle me."

Sir Robert turned his handsome, clever face to Sargent.

"I am afraid both you and Kathleen miss the vitally interesting thing about this exhibition," he said seriously. "Whether Ram Choga is more proficient in his art—for I believe that is the best term for it—than the Indian, Medicine Pipestem, is of no moment. The real point of interest is that the art of the East Indian fakir and the art of the American aborigine should so startlingly resemble each other. Why, it opens up anew the whole subject of the origin of the peoples of North America! I have ever taken issue with those ethnologists who hold that the American Indian is a descendant of the lost ten tribes, and have always inclined toward the theory, so ably advanced by Thomas Jefferson and others, that they derive their origin from the Mongols and Malays. Although my information on the subject is far from being profound, my convictions are all with the eastern Asiatic theory, and everything I have seen here to-night tends to confirm them; and I am persuaded that if at one time there was a more highly civilized race upon this wonderful continent, it was exterminated by some great Mongolian invasion similar to that which, under Jenghiz Khan, swept over China, or to that which devastated the Roman Empire. Not alone do striking likenesses in language prevail, such, for example, as the Dakotas' word for moon, *oweeh*, and the Tatar word for the same, *oee* or *aee*, or, a still more perfect case, the Cherokees' word for dog, *keera*, and the Tschischouski, *koera*, but the manners and customs—"

"Bob," Miss Campbell's voice came in a pleading whisper, "spare us! What have we done to merit this? Besides," she added, "I am sure that won't be interesting in your book. Don't forget not to put it in."

Sir Robert smiled slightly, much to Sargent's relief.

"Kathleen persists in taking it for granted that I am going to write a book on 'The British Empire in America.' I think that is what she calls it. It is needless to assure you, Sargent, that, considering the vastness of the subject, and the short time in which I have to study it, and—and for other reasons, I shall do no such thing."

Miss Campbell laughed a little mocking laugh, and the sound of her voice was strange in the Indian tepee.

"Don't believe him, Mr. Sargent!" she urged. "Nothing short of a total inability to get hold of pen and paper could keep him from writing a book about you. And even in that case, I believe he would take to scribbling his notes on his dress-shirts, or get me to tattoo them on his back like the man in that horrid story of Rider Haggard's. There, dear, don't get cross!" She slipped her arm within her brother's.

Sir Robert looked down at her. "Hands off!" he said, with mock severity. "Great heavens! have n't you any reverence in your frivolous composition? If you don't respect me, your brother, have n't you any compunctions about making light of a newly created knight, of an M. P., an F. R. G. S., a—"

"Don't, Bob!" she pleaded again. "Do hush talking, and get Mr. Sargent to tell us what that Indian is saying."

A young, gaudily dressed buck was flashing backward and forward between the little knot of white people and the larger assembly of Indians on the other side of the tepee. He was gesticulating, and speaking excitedly, with much the air of the professional showman who feels that his star attraction is not wholly appreciated, and who insists on proclaiming the star's merits. The light from the fire, blazing up every now and then, showed his face with its working muscles and startling decoration. Between the eyes, on the forehead, was painted in vivid green the head of a serpent, the body of which trailed backward to the hair, reappearing at the nape of the neck, and writhed its length down the spinal column, finishing up with a flourish and final coil upon the Indian's heaving chest, which lay bared where the red flannel shirt fell away. It was extremely unpleasant as a work of art, and it gave the man his name. Behind him the figure of Medicine Pipestem, his father, the most noted medicine-man in the Blood nation, crouched upon the floor of the tepee, swathed in his medicine-robes.

Sargent looked at the half-breed interpreter.

"What is Painted Snake saying?" he demanded.

The face the boy turned to Sargent wore a curious expression of blended amusement and fear.

"He says, sir, that Medicine Pipestem makes much big medicine, and that Painted Snake will become great medicine-man, too, but that *napiake* [white woman] and the other palefaces do not believe, because evil spirits have hold of them. He says Medicine Pipestem will show still further wonders, and prove that the Gitchi-Manito has sent him a message."

"Well, tell the beggar to hurry up, then," said Sargent, testily. He was afraid Miss Campbell was getting bored, and the mere notion was alarming. Miss Campbell's feelings had suddenly become of vital importance to Sargent.

As he looked at her it seemed most amazing that he had known her only a week. Sir Robert and he had been friends since their Cambridge days, when the former had taken every scholarship and prize within hailing distance, and he himself had just managed to scrape joyously through his university career. He suddenly remembered with keen disgust the several invitations down to Oak Court, which he had somehow neglected to accept. Why, he might have known this girl years ago! And then, shortly after the end of college days, he had been stricken with that fever for excitement and tramping and a perfectly unconventional life which is almost sure to attack every normal Englishman at least once in his lifetime, and usually in his youth, and he had packed up his slender belongings, and left well-ordered little England for her Majesty's vast and picturesque dominion in America.

Alberta had suited him very well indeed, and from time to time, even into that out-of-the-world locality, reports of his friend's career, of his wonderful popularity and brilliant achievements, had made their way. Apparently Sir Robert had traveled over and studied his queen's colonial possessions in the most unlikely places, and had written books thereon which had attracted the favorable notice of a great many gentlemen behind the throne. Some of them were simply judicious and flattering pæans of praise of the British government; some contained a youthful, courageous, and sane amount of blame for obvious mismanagement and oppression; and some of them, in the light of political events of the next few years, read like prophecies.

Great Britain has a special liking for her sons who go forth, take notice of what she has done, and give it to the world in brilliantly written books. She bestows titles and favors upon them. Before he was thirty Campbell had been knighted, made an under-secretary, and was on the road to dazzling promotion. His friends feared the worst. There was nothing he was not likely to attempt, and he was always successful. If he had not been such an unaffected, thoroughly popular personage his triumphs would have been insufferable.

When he left England for a trip around the world every one predicted that something would come of it. Sir Robert himself, however, had no very definite intention of getting anything but pleasure out of the journey. He had taken his sister, and he expected to derive a great deal of enjoyment, not only from seeing much that was new, but from going over with her ground that was already familiar and interesting to himself. She had proved a most congenial traveling companion, and, as a rule, grateful for the amazing amount of statistics and varied information which Sir Robert imparted. They had traveled in a leisurely fashion across eastern Europe, through India and Japan, and the Pacific steamer had brought them to Vancouver, when Sir Robert had suddenly remembered Sargent. Old memories and affections began to stir, and he sent a letter post-haste to tell Sargent that, though the Rockies and the prairies divided them, he would see his face again or know the reason why. Sargent read the letter in the little post-office at Spitze, and felt more flabbergasted than he had ever felt before in his life. He could not accustom himself to the thought that Campbell—Sir Robert wrote "we," and Sargent thought he meant himself and a servant—was so near. In a sort of dream he got himself on his pony and headed for his ranch. He had only one thought—he must prepare for Campbell's arrival.

That event took place late one afternoon, a fortnight after the advent of Sir Robert's letter. It is needless to describe Sargent's feelings when the coach from Fort Macleod drew up before his shack, and Sir Robert clambered down, followed by an exceedingly pretty girl, who bore so striking a likeness to him as to be unmistakably his sister. Sargent never remembered how he comported himself on that occasion. But after a few moments of dazzled contemplation of

the situation and Miss Campbell it occurred to him that, after all, things might be much worse. By nightfall he had taken a most cheerful view of the crisis, and was planning a series of expeditions for her amusement and edification.

He had found her charmingly companionable, and interested in everything. This visit to the Blood Indians, and the exhibition later by the greatest medicine-man among them, Sargent had counted upon as being perhaps the most entertaining thing he had to show her, and now she seemed actually bored by it. He looked over to where she sat, between her brother and the wife of the agent of the reservation, whom they had brought with them, and began to anathematize old Medicine Pipestem in his heart for being such a brute of a conjurer.

But Sargent's fears were simply born of an over-anxiety to please. Miss Campbell, so far from being bored, was intensely interested in everything going on. She had seen better juggling than the old Indian was master of, but there were many other things which were strange and wonderfully entertaining to her. From where she sat she could not only see the interior of the whole medicine-lodge, but could catch glimpses of the night outside, and little breaths of fresh, cool air scented with the wolf-willow, when a flap of the tent was lifted and dropped as braves and young bucks passed in and out. Strange northern stars hung low over the land, and from far away came the wild cry of the coyote. Inside the lodge the fire, which flickered and leaped up and sank down, showed her on one side the tepee the little group of white people, her brother and Sargent and the Indian agent, Leroy, and his wife, and on the other the strained, awe-struck faces of twenty-five or thirty Indians crouching on the ground, and watching with fascinated gaze the tricks of Medicine Pipestem and the wild, excited gestures of Painted Snake.

Over in one corner, where the fringe of darkness hung heaviest, sat a bent, withered, fabulously old-looking warrior, who beat feebly upon a tom-tom, and by his side a young boy blowing shrilly upon a "mystery whistle." Close about the fire was a circle of blanketed, befeathered chiefs, who had listened at first stonily to Painted Snake's boasting, but who were becoming restless and frightened as old Medicine Pipestem proceeded with his magic. Painted Snake, who had gone about among them all day, had promised great things. His father was to show, that evening, the greatest medicine ever seen among the Blood or any other nation, and the white man was to tremble and turn weak before it. The Indians thought they would like that,—they had never seen the white man afraid,—and so they had flocked to the medicine-lodge. If Medicine Pipestem could make the white man weak, he would be, indeed, a great medicine-chief, and Painted Snake, who had heralded this wonder, would share the glory. Much could be done for ten dollars and unlimited *sixikimmi*.

Behind this circle of chiefs swayed and crouched and panted a crowd of restless young bucks, more credulous and more excited than their elders. Their wild gestures and white, awed faces showed weird in the uncertain light. They formed, in Miss Campbell's opinion, the most interesting element of the unique tableau. Old Medicine Pipestem was sitting silent and meditative before the fire, smoking a long pipe. Except for the excited words of Painted Snake, which every now and then broke the stillness, and the low murmur of talk and restless movement of the young warriors, the tepee was absolutely quiet.

Suddenly the door of the tent was lifted, and a young squaw entered, bearing in her hand a small earthen pan filled with dark, freshly turned earth. She gave it to Medicine Pipestem, who gravely laid aside his pipe, and began to stir the mold with his hands. Painted Snake went over to him, and kneeling beside the old man, whispered a few words to him. After a second's hesitation Medicine Pipestem drew forth from his shaggy medicine-robe a small bag. Painted Snake emptied the contents into the palm of his hand, and advanced toward the group of white people. He stopped pointedly before Miss Campbell, and stretched out his hand. In its hollow lay three small, dark-brown seeds. Then he stepped quickly back, and returning the seeds to Medicine Pipestem, began to strut magnificently up and down. The old man, paying no heed to his son, dropped the seeds carefully, one by one, upon the earth which the squaw had brought, and covered each gently with more earth, scooping it up from the sides of the pan. Then he carefully placed the dish before him, in the cleared space between the fire and the spectators, and rose.

After an instant's contemplation of the scene before him, he slowly began to take off, one by one, his trappings of medicine-

man—the thick robe of bearskin and the heavy head-dress and the many ornaments—until he stood there quite nude, save for the shaps and the great medicine-bag which hung around his neck. It was a visionary but strong face that the old man turned to the fire, which now blazed and crackled fiercely.

Suddenly the sorcerer opened the medicine-bag which hung from his neck, and putting in his hand, drew from it a folded piece of cloth of a dirty grayish hue. As it fell, soft and voluminous, to the ground, it completely enveloped Medicine Pipestem, who wrapped it, fold after fold, about him; then, with a scornful glance about the assembly, he stepped quickly, though with a shuffling gait, for the cloth was swathed even about his feet, into the blazing fire!

A sort of terrified groan went up from the young braves, and there was a sharp indrawing of painful breath. The drum in the corner thudded hideously now, and the boy with the whistle outdid himself in frenzied efforts. The chiefs gathered about the fire broke into a low, mournful chant, and their awe-struck faces showed ashen in the firelight. Around them Painted Snake threaded his triumphant way, circling in and out between the firelight and the white party and young bucks, and as he pranced with high-lifted foot and bended knee, he chanted the praises of Medicine Pipestem, Man-Returning-with-the-Crane-Warwhoop.

Sargent motioned again to the interpreter.

"Tell us what that young idiot is saying, Riel."

The half-breed's face had lost its amused expression. Fear and credulity showed plainly on it now, and he looked wholly Indian.

"He says that Medicine Pipestem is great medicine-man; that when he was young his mother dipped him in blood of white buffalo, and now he is strong and mighty; and that the god of thunder brought him this robe so that lightning might not harm him nor fire burn him. Painted Snake says that maybe white man will believe now."

Leroy, the Indian agent, touched Campbell respectfully on the arm.

"I 've been hearing about that robe for five years now, Sir Robert,—ever since I 've been here,—and I never saw it before, or guessed what it was. I doubt if a dozen other Indians besides these have ever seen it. The joke of it is, the old fellow 's in dead earnest. I have n't a doubt but that he believes it just as sacred and magical, and all that, as he lets on. That 's where Indians are so queer. They can give a Scotchman points in shrewdness about some things, and then they 'll fall down on something easy like this. If you 'd tell 'em it was asbestos they would n't be a bit wiser, but think it was some magic fandango or other, anyway."

Sir Robert looked thoughtful.

"Asbestos, of course! Probably the amiantus, which is found in large quantities in eastern Canada, in the Pyrenees, Ural Mountains, New South Wales, and Siberia. It 's the best of all asbestos, and of course a piece of cloth woven of it could have easily found its way here. Very interesting."

Miss Campbell was listening to her brother.

"Oh, it 's asbestos, is it? The old fraud! He quite frightened me at first. I really thought we had struck something supernatural at last. How disappointing!" She laughed gaily at Sargent, and then she looked a little wearily about her; for she had driven twenty miles to the medicine-lodge that day, and would have to drive ten more to get to the reservation, where they were to stay for the night, and she felt tired and a little sleepy.

And so when Painted Snake and the frightened chiefs and excited young braves lifted their fascinated gaze from Medicine Pipestem, who still stood calmly in the midst of the flames, only beating them back now and then from his unprotected head, they saw, instead of the fear in the white faces which Painted Snake had predicted, only amusement and indifference and quiet observation.

At the sight Painted Snake leaped forward, as if he had been lashed with a quirt, and strode up and down more fiercely than ever. Little flecks of foam lay on his lips. He perceived that his father's dishonor would redound upon himself, and that if his promises were not kept it would go hard with him in the nation. Suddenly Medicine Pipestem stepped out from the flame, and throwing off the magic robe,—which was quite white and clean now,—stood before his astonished and awe-struck people. Great rivulets of perspiration were running off his steaming body, and his face was white and drawn. With a supreme effort he dragged himself around the fire, and then sank down, panting, upon the ground. He was an old man, and the heat and nervous excitement had told on him.

There was a low, frightened murmur from the chiefs crouched upon the floor of the

tepee, and the young bucks behind them were swaying from side to side in their excitement, with a rhythmic motion and gesticulation, like the chorus in an opera.

Sargent was watching Miss Campbell.

"How do you like it?" he asked.

The young girl smiled politely, showing her white, even teeth, which gleamed in the firelight.

"Oh, very much," she said. "Of course it would have been more thrilling if Mr. Pipestem's robe had really been a magic affair, instead of a piece of asbestos cloth; but one must n't ask too much. And I don't quite like the vociferous, snaky young man. He has made my head ache." She smiled again at Sargent.

As she did so, Medicine Pipestem rose from his place near the fire, and picking up the earthen dish, held it high above his head so that all could see it. A tiny green stem and leaf were nodding above the dark mold.

"Heugh!" cried a chief, whose head-dress of eagles' feathers swept to the ground as he sprang to his feet. The other warriors sat erect and rigid, gazing as if hypnotized at Medicine Pipestem, who towered above them. As they looked, a small bud, like a tip of flame, which had nestled close to the stem, began to unfold. The tiny crimson petals expanded slowly, as if against their will, and seemed to drop wearily and mechanically away from the little cluster of stamens in the center. A shudder ran through the stricken line of young braves, and the boy musician blew blasts upon his mystery whistle that quivered and died away to frightened echoes.

Miss Campbell was leaning forward, gazing at the exotic little flower that had sprouted and grown and blossomed before her eyes. It was very pretty, and she was so intent upon it as to be quite unaware of the stillness and tense emotion of the Indians.

"That 's quite a pretty trick, Bob. Don't you remember, dear, how excited over it I was the first time I saw it done at Nagasaki?" Miss Campbell's voice was soft and clear, with a peculiarly good carrying power. In the quiet of the tepee every word could be heard as distinctly as a pistol-shot. She leaned back and laughed gaily and contentedly at the recollection. "How on earth do you suppose these Indians got hold of any of those Japanese flowers?" She looked at the Indian agent for reply, but he was watching the quivering line of young bucks and the scowling face of Painted Snake. It was Sargent who answered.

"Oh, easy enough, if that 's what it is. The Kootenays, who live over on the coast and do some trafficking with the sailors of the Chinese and Japanese boats touching at Vancouver, are great friends of these Indians. They were visiting here on the reserve only last month. That 's doubtless how he got his magic flowers. But you and Leroy are destroying all my illusions, Miss Campbell," he went on plaintively. "I would have been in an awful and delightful fright by this time if you had n't explained everything so cleverly." Miss Campbell laughed again. "Really, it 's too—well, upon my word, if the beggar has n't got cheek!"

Sargent stared indignantly at Painted Snake, who had stationed himself immediately in front of Miss Campbell, and was literally dancing with rage, and talking and waving his arms wildly. Behind, and towering above him, stood Medicine Pipestem, the earthen dish still in his hands, and a gloomy, evil look on his withered old face. It was the first time he had apparently taken any notice of the visitors, and his attentions were most unpleasant. Painted Snake continued his speech.

"That is the most talkative chap I ever set eyes on," remarked Sargent, meditatively and wearily. "For heaven's sake, what 's he jawing about now, Riel?"

The half-breed's face had turned an ashen hue, and he was twisting his fingers nervously in and out. There was a little quaking note of fear in his voice when he spoke.

"He says that Medicine Pipestem is great medicine-man, and the Manito is angry that the white people don' fear him. He says the Great Spirit sen' him a message of the future, which he goin' to show, and if the napiake and the other white faces don' believe, that the god of thunder—"

"Oh, tell him to go to thunder himself," interrupted Sargent, easily. "And see here, Riel; tell the old chap that if he 's got any special message about the future to hurry up and tell us what it is, for we 've got to get back to the reservation to-night."

Riel turned to the Indians.

"All is well, O great father. The heart of the white man is fearful. He seeks to know what the Great Manito has said, and prays that it may not be evil. He is much afraid, and will pay well."

Sir Robert and the Indian agent were deep in conversation.

"Then, as I understand it," Sir Robert was saying, "this remarkable Indian, Medicine Pipestem, Man-Returning-with-the-Crane-Warwhoop, combines in him the powers both of the *medawin* and the *jesukawin*, the sorcerer and the seer. Schoolcraft has ably commented upon the subject. As, of course, you know, he divides the art of the Indian medicine into three distinct professions, and this—"

"I say, Campbell," interrupted Sargent, "you want to cross your fingers and touch wood. The interpreter says we are going to have something perfectly hair-raising this time. And if anybody knows an easy and quick solution of the thing, I do hope he will keep quiet and let me enjoy one genuine thrill. Hello! what are they doing now?"

The chiefs had broken the circle about the fire, and were moving closer to one another on each side, leaving a clear space between them and the little cluster of white visitors. Medicine Pipestem was seated near the fire, in the center of the cleared space, and beside him stood Painted Snake. At a gesture from the former, the young man went to the entrance of the tepee, returning with an earthen pan of wet clay, which he placed before his father. Then he too seated himself in the close-pressed ranks of young bucks and waited.

The medicine-man seemed to be in no hurry. Slowly he took from the folds of his fur robe, which he had resumed, a long pipe, and filling it with some mixture from his fire-pouch, sat silent, drawing great whiffs from it. Dense curls of smoke eddied up and fluttered away; wreaths of it rose and festooned themselves to the tepee-poles. The air grew cloudy and heavy with a strange, sleepy odor that clung like mist to everything it touched. The old man with the tom-tom sat bowed over, his eyes closed and his hands beating only the feeblest tattoo. Miss Campbell shivered slightly and looked at Sargent. He was staring fixedly at the fire, and had moved far away from her. Her brother, too, must have changed his place. He seemed unaccountably far off, and his face had an absent, queer expression. Then she looked back at Medicine Pipestem, and found his eyes, which glowed like the eyes of a trapped wildcat, fixed upon her with a peculiar, penetrating gaze. His body seemed far away, but the eyes were near and powerful. She felt a lazy sort of indignation that he should dare look at her so, and wondered dully why her brother permitted it. After a little she ceased to think about it.

Medicine Pipestem laid aside his pipe, and picking up the dish of wet clay, began to knead it slowly, still keeping his bright gaze on the young girl. He was fashioning little ponies of the dough. There were three of them, and his cunning fingers made them strangely like horses of flesh and blood. The riders were on them, too—little figures that sat stiff and straight and immovable. Miss Campbell looked again. How big they were growing, and one of the riders was a girl. She could tell that by the riding-skirt, and there was something about the figure that reminded her of herself. She was too far off—how strangely far off she seemed!—to see the face, but she felt sure it was she. And how big the ponies were getting all the time! She reasoned vaguely that there must have been much more clay than she had thought, and really the Indian was very skilful.

He was making trees now—trees that grew and spread out before her eyes in a much more marvelous way than that silly red flower had done. And there were mountains, too, and the river, with the big cottonwoods on its bank. Oh, how stupid she had been! She recognized it all now. It was the North Fork, of course—the North Fork of the Kootenay River. She remembered the spot exactly, and the look of the Rockies just there, and the swift way the river ran around the bend of the shore. She had often ridden there with Sargent. And of course that was Sargent with her. That was just the long, even canter of his pony—for the horses were going fast now—she might have known it long ago. What a glorious ride it was! They were going like the wind. She would have liked to pull up a little, though, the pace was beginning to tire her; but Sargent would not let her. Why, they must be running away from that Indian on the other pony! She could tell it was an Indian, although she could not see him distinctly, they were all so far away, by his red shirt and doeskin shaps and the head-dress of porcupine quills.

Her breath was coming in short, fierce gasps. But Sargent was pitiless, and when her pony flagged he struck it with his own quirt. But the Indian was gaining on them. Oh, it was horrible! Would he never stop racing toward them? Once she turned her head and caught the glint of light on his gun-lock. And how swiftly the water ran! They were nearing it now, and she could see

the rapid flow of the mountain river. She wanted to turn up toward the ford. But Sargent called to her, in a voice she had never heard from him, to swim her pony straight across. Above the swirling water the opposite bank rose and fell waveringly to her troubled sight, and flowed away from her, as unstable as the rushing stream itself. They were at the very shaking edge of the river now! She turned sick with fear at the thought of the fierce current. Suddenly Sargent's arm went around her, and his hand was on her pony's bridle, and as suddenly some ineffable sense of security took possession of her, and she rose dizzily in her saddle and laughed aloud, recklessly, as the horses rocked forward to the plunge.

MISS CAMPBELL opened her eyes wearily. She was out under the stars, with the fresh wind blowing upon her and scattering the clouds of smoke that issued from the tepee, where the young braves were stamping out the fire. There was a confusion of sounds about her, and dim Indian forms surged around and melted away into the darkness, and there was a babel of tongues and the wild beating of the tom-tom as it was borne afar. Mrs. Leroy and Sir Robert were speaking together in a low tone, and the young girl noticed that the Englishwoman was white to the lips. She felt that she must be pale herself—pale and dully tired and stupid. Sargent was standing a little way off, looking at her with strange, troubled eyes.

Leroy materialized out of the night.

"The traps are ready," he said; "perhaps we had better be starting for the reservation. It is very late."

SARGENT was shaving himself by the aid of a mirror he had hung on the wall of his improvised shack, just opposite the window. Shaving, which before Miss Campbell's advent had been a hebdomadal nuisance, had now become a daily duty. He was in something of a hurry, for he was going to take her riding, and there were the ponies yet to corral and saddle. This was the first time she had been willing to go with him since the visit to the Blood Indian reserve, ten days before, and Sargent did not mean to waste any of the afternoon. Perhaps Sir Robert's absence had had something to do with her indisposition to go anywhere. He had gone off with Leroy and two Indian guides to explore the Kootenay Lake, and Mrs. Leroy had come down from the reservation to stay with Miss Campbell. The assistant agent, a young and inexperienced civil servant, was left, with his heart in his mouth, to take care of the Bloods.

Sargent stooped down to sharpen his razor. When he looked again in the mirror another face besides his own was reflected in it. He turned quickly to the window. Just outside of it, curled up tailor-wise on the dry prairie-grass, and smoking calmly, sat Pretty Feathers, the Peigan scout from the police detachment.

"What the devil do you mean, Pretty Feathers, by coming around like—" began Sargent, hotly.

Pretty Feathers smiled soothingly, without removing his pipe. It is almost impossible to disturb an Indian's calm while smoking.

"How!" he said presently, and in an affable voice.

Sargent gave a short laugh.

"How!" he said; "but what the dickens—"

The scout waved aside Sargent's remark, pipe in hand, and sent a small curl of smoke after it. Then he began, while Sargent proceeded with his dressing.

"Medicine Pipestem dead," he remarked impassively.

Sargent wheeled around.

"What! Not the old Blood conjurer?"

Pretty Feathers nodded.

"When did he die?" Sargent was curiously troubled.

"Two—three day after—after magic on reserve."

The Indian's voice sank to an awed whisper.

"Son bad Indian," he went on meditatively, after an instant's pause. "Painted Snake bad man," he reiterated, between puffs of tobacco smoke.

Sargent examined Pretty Feathers's stolid face carefully in the mirror. He knew enough of Indian character to know that beneath that passive exterior there was some force at work. The conversation was not to be in vain.

"What about Painted Snake?" he asked carelessly.

"Maybe Painted Snake on war-path," ventured Pretty Feathers, cautiously. "Maybe bad Blood Indians tell Painted Snake napiake make Pipestem's medicine bad medicine."

"What makes you think Painted Snake is angry against the napiake?" Sargent was shaving himself industriously. He did not wish to appear too interested. The Indian is

as timid and cautious as a hare when not fired by whisky or blood, and Sargent knew that to arouse Pretty Feathers's alarm was to stop his information.

The Indian shifted himself uneasily on the dry, crackling grass. He liked "Misteh Sargent," and he did not wish harm to come of Painted Snake's folly. Also, he was out of tobacco and tea, and had no money to bet on the approaching Indian pony-races. And then he proceeded to tell, in short, disjointed sentences, with numberless reservations and cautious vaguenesses, what he had heard in the ceaseless ebb and flow of gossip between the Indian tribes. It was not to be denied that after Pipestem's death Painted Snake had fasted long and rigorously, and the white man knew whether or not the Indian was to be feared when he fasted. Also, bad Indians, both Blood and Peigan, had heard him vow vengeance against the napiake, who had laughed aloud at his father's magic when all others were stricken dumb with amazement and fear. It was even rumored by certain Indians—but they were liars, and not to be believed on any account—that the Snake had sworn to kill the napiake on sight, and then flee over the line to Montana, where the soldiers were weak-hearted and would not dare take him. Also, they hated to oblige the Canadian government. And it was known that Painted Snake had carefully examined a new gun at the great Hudson's Bay store at Spitze, though, for his part, Pretty Feathers did not think he had bought it. The white man could do as he chose about believing such unlikely tales.

When he had quite finished, Sargent gave him money, and throwing himself into a chair by the window, tried to think collectedly about what he had heard. When he raised his head the Indian was gone. He had disappeared as noiselessly and suddenly as he had come. Sargent's thoughts were far from pleasant. He knew to what extremes an Indian crazed by filial grief—for the Indian is filial beyond everything—would go. He knew how the sting of his father's disgrace would rankle in Painted Snake, and, having himself nothing to lose, that self-interest would set no limits to his revenge. Sargent suddenly discovered that he was afraid—afraid for the girl he loved. He had not known before how much he loved her, but now this terrible fear was a good gage. It tugged at his whole being. Yet while he was afraid, he had never felt more sure of himself or more capable of taking care of her. He was glad of it, for she had no one but him. Sir Robert's absence made him solely responsible, and it never occurred to him that he could be insufficient for any emergency. He finished dressing, and went out to corral the horses.

It was a wild, long ride they had that afternoon. The wind, which always rages during the greater part of the day, died down early, and they rode in peace. Farther and farther across the prairie they went, the ponies going in a long, even canter that was unbroken except when they friskily took a badger- or gopher-hole as if it had been a small hurdle. Then they would settle down again to their natural gait, and go unflaggingly and swiftly ahead.

It was an afternoon to be remembered. Across the land the Rockies loomed up snowy-white, save where the sun, as it sank in a fiery splendor, threw rosy shadows upon the mountain-sides. Far to the left a thin curl of blue smoke marked where a forest fire burned its way through Crow's Nest Pass. From the swift Kootenay River, a long detour of which they made in their ride, sprang up a cool breeze laden with the scent of the wolf-willow and the wild rose. Ahead the prairie stretched out illimitably, still green, and broken only by a ridge of low-lying hills and a line of great cottonwoods, that marked a sharp bend inland of the river. On a prairie trees always mean water.

Miss Campbell reined up her pony and sat motionless, looking at the scene before her.

"Oh," she said softly, "I think this must be the most beautiful view in the world."

She turned her eyes from the gleaming mountains to the prairie, and as her gaze rested on the big cottonwoods and the sweeping turn of the river, a puzzled, frightened look crept into her face.

"Why—" she began, and then stopped. She brushed her hand lightly across her eyes and laughed in a troubled fashion, as she turned to Sargent. He was not listening to her, but was looking intently ahead at the line of low hills. Her look followed his, and she could just make out a speck of color that seemed to be moving cautiously toward them among the rank grasses and high bushes at their base. As it at length flashed out upon the open prairie, Miss Campbell could see distinctly what it was—an Indian rider, whose red shirt was the dot of color. On his head was a gay coronet of porcupine quills, that rippled in the wind as he urged his pony in a mad gallop toward them.

For an instant Sargent looked hard at the

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"HE STEPPED QUICKLY . . . INTO THE BLAZING FIRE."

approaching horseman. Then he wheeled his pony and touched Miss Campbell's lightly on the flank, so that the little pinto wheeled quickly, too.

"It is Painted Snake. I think we had best run for it," he said quietly. "If he gets too close, I shall have to leave you and go for him. Don't be afraid. Your pony will carry you home if you give him his head, but I hope to get you across the river first—it 's full of logs."

To his surprise, the young girl asked no questions, and seemed to know instinctively what to do. There was a strangely calm expression on her face, as though she was neither astonished nor alarmed at what was happening, and she tightened her reins mechanically; but in her eyes there was a curious look. They had several hundred yards' start of the Indian, and Sargent meant to use it to the best advantage. They had made a long detour of the river in coming. It would save many miles of racing—where the Indian would have all the best of it—if they could cross the river at the big bend by the cottonwood-trees. Once across, Sargent felt reasonably sure that Miss Campbell's pony could get her back to the ranch safely, while he took charge of the Indian. There was but one difficulty. The Kootenay River, always sufficiently dangerous with its swift current and deep water, was now doubly so from the number of logs that the lumbermen up in the forests were sending down to the mills. The river was one swirling, fighting mass of them. It was hard enough for one quick pony to thread his way among them with the current to fight. It was almost impossible for two to cross together. But it had to be done. Sargent set his lips hard, and mentally swore that it should be done. But it would use up all their advantage to do it. It would take two much longer to get across than one, and Sargent could tell by the way the Indian's pony was going that it was the best of its kind and would probably wriggle its way through the endless procession of logs as quickly as it could possibly be done.

Their own ponies were going well, though he had grave doubts as to whether Miss Campbell's pinto could keep up the pace and strain very long. The girl's face was pale. She sat very still and let her pony have his head. Both brutes were running evenly and gamely, with the keen wind of their flight singing in their ears. Once Miss Campbell glanced over her shoulder. A ray of sunlight struck the burnished barrel of the Indian's gun. When she turned to Sargent she looked as if she had seen a ghost.

Once, too, Sargent looked back, and he knew that the Indian was gaining steadily on them. The big cottonwoods, which, in that keen, clear air, had looked so near, seemed to recede as they galloped on. A limitless, never-ending prairie stretched out before them, and the ponies began to show signs of the strain. Once the pinto broke, and Sargent struck him sharply with his quirt. As he did so, Miss Campbell gave a little cry and looked around at Sargent with a scared, white face. And then the horses plunged forward again, on and on toward the river.

They could hear the rapid rush of the water now and the grinding of the logs, as they shoved and pushed their way down the current. As they neared the bank, Sargent leaned over deftly and slipped the buckle of his pony's girth a couple of inches. He did not dare loosen the pinto's, though, while the horses were still running, for fear the side-saddle would turn. But it had to be done. The horses must have plenty of breath for their long swim, so for an instant they drew rein; but it was an instant too long, for above the roar of the water they could hear the fierce yet mellow war-cry of Painted Snake, as he gained upon them. There was not a moment to lose, and with one bound Sargent was upon his pony again and they were plunging toward the river.

At the edge they reined their horses in, waiting for a moment when the logs would part a little and let them through. It seemed like madness to try it. The great tree-trunks were coming down in countless numbers, and with a velocity that would break a pony's legs as though they were of glass. Suddenly the endless rush of the logs seemed to be partly blocked, and for an instant there was a comparatively clear waterway near the shore and out into the middle of the stream. Toward the other bank they were coming down as fiercely as ever, but the opportunity must be seized to get even half across.

Sargent looked at Miss Campbell's white, strained face.

"Don't be afraid!" he said hurriedly.

"I am not afraid," she said.

Sargent nodded. "That 's right!" he said. "We must try it. Now!"

He slipped his right arm around the girl's waist, catching the bridle of her pony firmly in his hand, and suddenly she felt again that ineffable sense of security she had once be-

"HE KNEW THAT THE INDIAN WAS GAINING STEADILY ON THEM."

fore felt; and as the horses dashed breast-high into the current, she was faintly aware that she had half risen on her stirrup and was laughing recklessly and happily.

For a while it was easy swimming, and the ponies fought gamely against the swift current, but half-way across they had more than the current to contend with. From the mass of blocked timber one huge log detached itself and floated down the stream. It came fiercely and broadsides on. Sargent, who was on the up-stream side, wondered if he and his pony could so break the force of the collision as to allow Miss Campbell to escape. He had no thought for himself, but he turned sick at the idea of her trying to get to the shore alone, should he be killed or knocked unconscious by the blow. The piece of timber was extremely long, and seemed to stretch half-way to the opposite bank. Sargent mentally calculated that if they could get past it they would be almost to the shore. But it was coming with a fearful velocity, and the ponies were beginning to tire. He called to them and urged them on, but the current, which was bringing down the logs, was swifter than they. He looked at the girl beside him. The puzzled expression had gone out of her eyes, and she was smiling at him confidently and happily. He did not have the heart to say anything to disturb her, and looked away up the stream again.

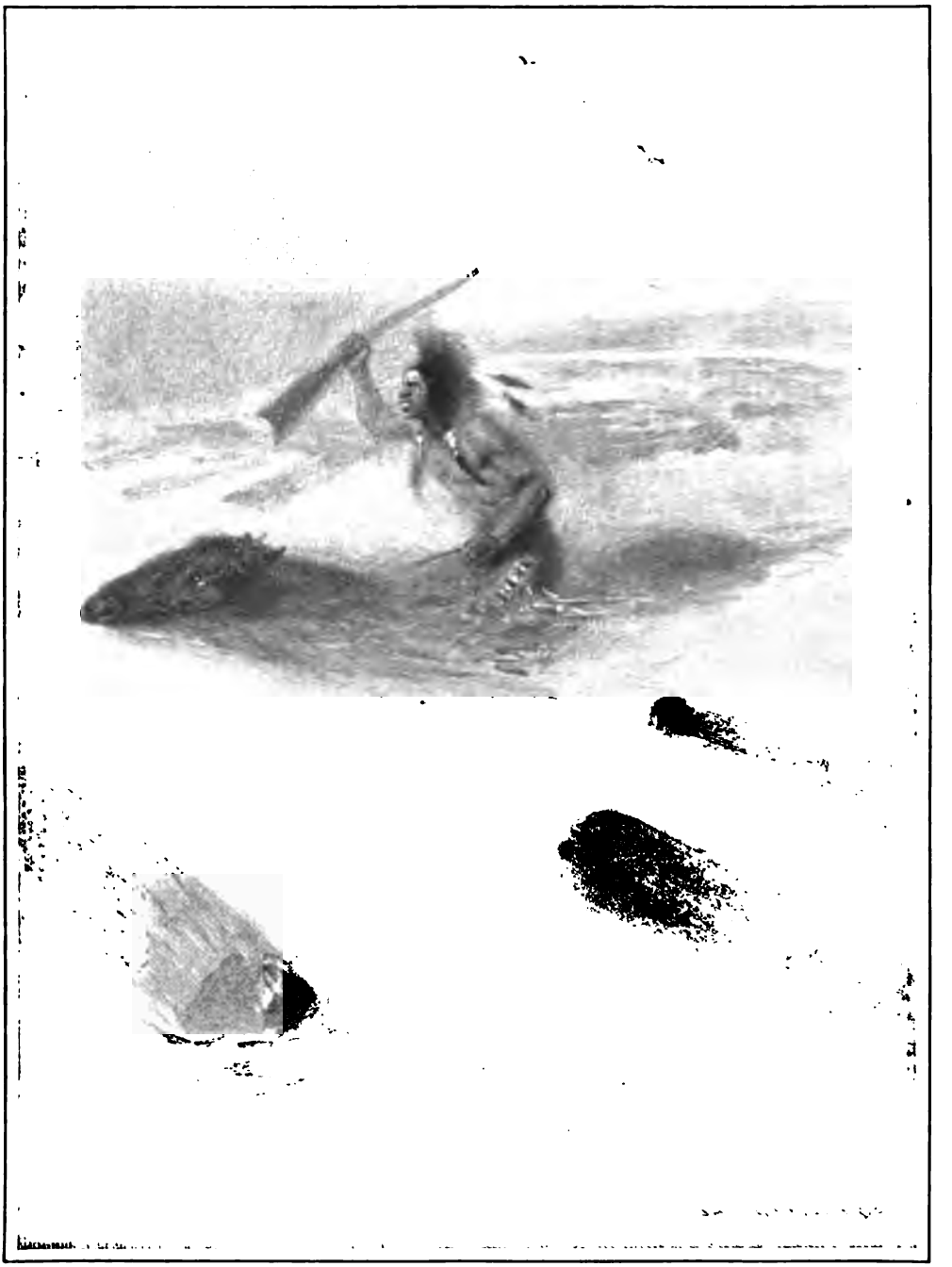
Suddenly, from a raft of timber on the shore side, Sargent saw another large tree-trunk slash its path out, knocking to right and left the smaller logs in its way, and start, end on, swiftly down the river. The current was hurling it straight toward them, and directly in the path of the other piece of timber. In an instant there was a crash, and the great log which had threatened them was spun around and flirted half out of the water on the mid-stream side, while the conqueror floated majestically past them, only just missing the ponies' straining flanks. In a moment more the two brutes were scrambling up the slippery bank, and halted, taking great gasps of breath and shaking their dripping sides.

As they stood thus the fierce yell of the Indian sounded again near and clear. Sargent looked across the stream. On the opposite bank was Painted Snake on his pony, waiting for a chance to swim the river. In an instant it came, and with a wild cry, and brandishing his gun above his head, he plunged into the water. In and out among the crowding logs the lean little Indian pony threaded his way, now swimming out powerfully to get beyond the reach of some swiftly coming timber, now holding back to let some great log float down-stream.

And as the Indian came nearer and nearer, Sargent urged and pleaded with Miss Campbell to set out as swiftly as possible for the ranch. He would stay and try conclusions with Painted Snake, for the horses were utterly used up and incapable of further racing. But the young girl refused to go. She would stay with him, she said. Nothing he could say would make her change her decision. And Sargent, suddenly happier than he had ever been in his life, ceased his persuasions and arguments, and together they watched the pony and his rider come toward them.

The river was almost impassable now, for the great raft of logs which had been blocked in mid-stream had broken loose, and the timber was crowding down endlessly and fiercely. In and out among them swam the pony, the Indian yelling fiercely, and holding aloft his gun that it might not touch the water. He was so close that Sargent could see the pallor and wildness of his face. He looked like some maddened lunatic, with the hideous painted serpent on his forehead, above which nodded the scarlet porcupine quills. Suddenly in mid-stream a log, which had been floating with a whole convoy of others, parted from them, and bore straight down upon the Indian. The pony made one valiant lunge forward, but the log hit him full on the flanks, and being forced upward, sent the gun, which Painted Snake was carrying across his shoulder, spinning into the water. With a wild cry the Indian slid off his sinking horse and dove for the gun. As he rose with it, and lifted his head to shake the water from his eyes and mouth, the log, which had careened around, bore down upon him again, and hit him at the base of the skull. It must have crushed it, and, without a moan, Painted Snake sank as if he had been shot.

For several minutes the two watched with straining eyes the spot where the swarthy head with its scarlet coronet had gone down, and then, as it did not reappear, Miss Campbell, uttering a little cry, reeled forward in her saddle. Again Sargent's arm went protectingly about her, but this time his hand did not grasp the bridle, but clasped hers firmly, and drawing her white face down upon his shoulder, he dared to kiss it tenderly.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

"IN AND OUT AMONG THEM SWAM THE PONY, THE INDIAN YELLING FIERCELY."

THE GREATEST WONDER IN THE CHINESE WORLD.

THE MARVELOUS BORE OF HANG-CHAU.

BY ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE.

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE VARIAN.

LION OF FU IN THE TEMPLE COURT AT HAI-NING.

THERE are three wonders in the history of China—the Demons at Tang-chau, the Thunder at Lung-chau, and the Great Tide at Hang-chau, the last the greatest of all, and a living wonder to this day of "the open door," while its rivals are lost in myth and oblivion.

On the eighteenth night of the second moon, and on the eighteenth night of the eighth and ninth moons of the Chinese year, the greatest flood-tides from the Pacific surge into the funnel mouth of Hang-chau Bay to the bars and flats at the mouth of the swift-flowing Tsien-tang. The river current opposes for a while, until the angry sea rises up and rides on, in a great, white, roaring, bubbling wave, ten, twelve, fifteen, and even twenty feet in height. The Great Bore, the White Thing, charges up the narrowing river at a speed of ten and thirteen miles an hour, with a roar that can be heard for an hour before it arrives, the most sensational, spectacular, fascinating tidal phenomenon—a real wonder of the whole world, worth going far and waiting long to see.

Yet how very few go to see it, when it is visible at Hai-ning, only seventy miles distant by smooth waterways from Shang-hai, where luxurious house-boats and steam-launches may be had by telephone order!

Our two house-boats were lashed side by side as the launch puffed out up the Whangpu River, past the British and French settlements, and the rows upon rows of anchored junks off the gray walls of old Shang-hai. We slowed up at the *likin*, or customs station, above the city long enough for the pilot to flourish the passports against the glass windows of the launch. Every few hours that formality was repeated, but only one gunboat on the Grand Canal detained us to read the documents. There was a superb sunset as we reached the upper end of the broad, lake-like Seven Mile Reach. A marvelous pale, pure, porcelain-blue sky shaded to greenish yellow and pure lemon near the horizon, and was dappled over with tiny white clouds, that took fire as the sun sank and tipped every ripple in the reach with its reflected flame. As the sun's burning face fell, a round white cloud in the opposite east turned rosy pink, and in silvery lines and pearly masses showed all the continent outlines on the full face of the splendid ninth moon, that was to work the wonder for us.

With shrieks and toots infernal, our launch passed under the great springing arch of a bridge, the *laotas* ("old ones," or captains) let slip the lashings, and the two house-boats trailed tandem into the Grand Canal. We threaded watery suburbs and rounded the moat of a walled city "half as old as time," where moonlight and reflecting waters made witchery with crumbling battlements and dragon-eaved towers. All night the screech of the launch waked echoes from city walls along the Grand Canal, towns that Taiping rebels had besieged and Gordon captured, where battle, massacre, and fire have left their marks—ruined bridges, towers, and walls eloquent and untouched to this day.

It was an ideal autumn morning as we trailed down the Grand Canal to Samen. The stone embankment, with its smooth granite curb, once ran continuous for the six hundred odd miles of the Grand Canal between Hang-chau and Peking. It was a great highway, too, and dwelling touched dwelling all the way; but the Taipings' fury spent itself in this last stamping-ground of that rebellion, and only one thirtieth of the population survived. "The Sungs made the roads and bridges, the Tangs the towers, the Mings the pagodas," runs the Chinese saying, and all three dynasties lavished their work along this imperial highway and river. China is preëminently the land of bridges, and this end of the Grand Canal once as-

"A CONFUSED, SEETHING WHITE MASS OF BUBBLES, SPRAY, AND FOAM." (SEE PAGE 857.)

"STOPPED IN A CHOSEN BERTH BY THE SEA-WALL." (SEE PAGE 858.)

sembled such a collection of bridges, such a range of types and models, as no other country of the world could offer. Bridge after bridge bowed over us, humpbacked, horseshoe, spectacle, camel's-back, and needle's-eye bridges, their ovals or arches often springing forty and fifty feet in air, with carved parapets, piers, balustrades, guardian lions, dragon-mouthed waterspouts, and lettered tablets nearly perfect, the mellowing touch of time having worn all angles and edges smooth, and toned the marble to a rich, warm yellow. *Pailows*, those monumental carved gateways erected by imperial permission as memorials to some dutiful son or faithful widow, are in such numbers now along the canal that they must once have stood along favored reaches like continuous rood-screens in a cathedral. They are now battered and neglected, sagging, tottering, toppling into ruins, covered with moss and lichens, that kindly hide the ravages of their lace-work and filigree carvings. One longs to transport just one of these wonderful trophies to some city park in Europe or America, where such a unique piece of sculpture would be an ornament far beyond obelisks or captured cannons.

We were away from the rice and beyond the cotton-fields of the immediate Shang-hai plain, and all along the luxuriant green shores blue-clad figures climbed and worked among the glowing, crimson tallow-trees, gathering the berries for primitive household candle-making. Mile after mile of short, stunted mulberries, pollarded like willows, bespoke the chief industry of the region, and there was interest along every mile of this splendid waterway, where the Sung emperors and the Great Khan traveled in gilded barges, where Marco Polo, Rashuddin, and Ibn Batuta exhausted Italian, Persian, and Arabic in describing the splendors of Cathay, centuries before America was discovered.

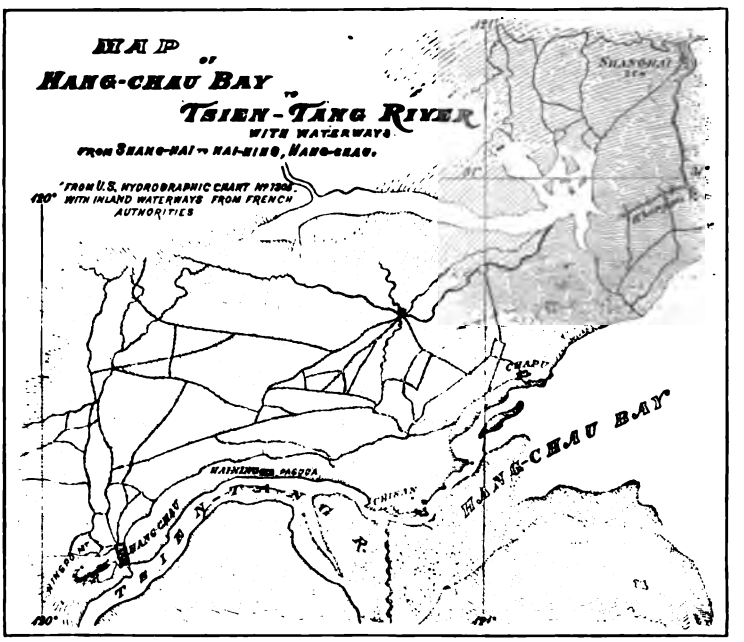
At Samen we turned from the broad, embanked canal and the imperial telegraph lines, and pursued water lanes, narrow gleams between green banks and hedge-rows, where there was barely room for boats to pass. Sa-jow, Sa-men-yu, Ko-ti, and towns of lesser import, huddled by the banks; arching bridges, tea-shops with overhanging windows, and market spaces all crowded with the same unattractive yellow people, who gaped and jeered or hai-yaied as our launch went head on, whistling and screeching like mad, scattering sampans to right and left. The creeks and canals grew narrower, the arches of the bridges lower, until smoke-stack and kitchen stovepipes had to hinge back on the decks to let us squeeze under. Here all the ways are waterways, and land transportation extends only from creek to creek, across a field or two. Crops are carried, markets are supplied and attended, even peddlers and tinkers go by boats, and the people have learned to row with their feet as well as with their hands. These "foot-boats" were the most comical, laughable things we saw—tiny shells of sampans, each with its crew of one, lounging astern, grasping the oar with his long, nimble, ape-like toes, and steering by a short paddle held close under one arm. There was a grotesque air of ease and leisure to these boatmen, who kicked their wiggling way over the water, leaning, and apparently loafing at ease, steering by the armpits, and openly despising those who toiled with their hands.

At noon we shot under a bridge, and emerged in the broad moat at the northwest angle of the walls of Hai-ning. There were the same gray brick battlemented walls as surround all these provincial towns, a green bank of grass and trees sloping along the north side of the moat, that was only a basin, and ended against a high stone embankment, where a noble pagoda overtopped the main city gate.

The basin was crowded with cargo-boats loading and unloading. Coolies with grain-bags and fagots on their shoulders toiled up and disappeared by flagged paths among the trees, and coolies with heavy loads of straw paper and dried fish descended in monotonous strings like so many ants.

The stone slabs were worn smooth and slippery by the bare feet of generations, until it was a feat to turn the angles at the city gates, escaping the lines of grunting coolies, and come out on the broad, high embankment between the city wall and the Tsien-tang River. This great stone-faced sea-wall, with its high embankment of rammed earth and stone and piles, extends along this north bank of the Tsien-tang for more than one hundred and twenty miles, a monument of toil, repeated and repeated, rebuilt and repaired ceaselessly for more than twelve hundred years. The Tsien-tang, a muddy, uninteresting stream, is a mile wide off Hai-ning, and at that hour of high tide flowed within a few feet of the embankment's level. A string of clumsy, flat-bottomed Ningpo junks, gaudily painted, and with protruding eyes at the bows, lay tethered to the bank, exchanging cargoes with

the boats in the basin; for, owing to the furious tides, there is no direct water connection between this end of the Grand Canal and the river. Coolies, idlers, and boatmen gathered about us, gaping with that brainless, aimless, stupid, stolid, maddening stare of the Chinese millions that is the last irritant to foreign nerves and antipathies. They tagged after us into the fine old Bhota



pagoda, built a thousand years ago to secure a favorable *fung-shui* for Hai-ning, and to arrest the ravages of the awful water-dragon. The pagoda, although its lower story is used as a granary, with no altars visible, is in excellent condition, and from each of its six galleries, with the fantastic roofs and dangling wind-bells, there is a better view of the brown river and the low green shore opposite, with the vaporous blue outlines of the Ningpo mountains showing beyond Hang-chau Bay, which opens two miles below.

Farther down the embankment there is a clean, new temple to the water-god, where junkmen put up prayers and offer gifts, and the priests try to appease every high tide with fire-crackers, gongs, incense, and prayers. To all questioning they responded with a strong sense of their responsibility to carry on the business they were engaged in, but they hazarded nothing as to the efficacy of their ways of dealing and arguing with the bore. The priests knew less than any one else about the one bronze cow that lies adrift in the grass by the city wall; for all the bank-side knew that there had once been fifty of these cows on the broad terrace to watch the water-dragon and protect Hai-ning, and that the others had all "walked away" when a more furious bore than usual washed over the embankment. Lightning had struck and dehorned this one remaining guardian, and strange abrasions of the surface suggested the shot and shell of Tai-ping times; but it was "No sabe" as to these strange gougings in the solid metal, and "No sabe" as to what the inscription on its shoulder meant.

Before midnight the rows of junks had disappeared bodily from the sea-wall, had dropped twenty feet with the tide to a broad stone shelf that made out twenty feet toward the shrunken river. This junk platform, or shelter, bordered with double rows of piling and rough stones, extends along the sea-wall for a thousand yards, defended by two great curving buttresses, built out to deflect the bore's fury. The junks sat high and dry, squarely on their flat timbers, seven feet above the low-running Tsien-tang, slipping swiftly with a hoarse, stealthy, treacherous rippling out to sea.

Then distantly, far away, came a soft, long-rolling undertone, a muffled *thumpety-thumpety-thumpety-thumpety*, that continued and continued, grew nearer and louder; was now the tramp of a charging cavalry thundering past at a grand review, then the leaden pounding of surf upon a coral reef; the unmistakable sound of falling water; the booming, dashing reverberation of breaking waves, of waves breaking without cessation or interval, beating slowly the mighty diapason of the sea.

The moon was riding at the very zenith, and it dizzied us to look up to it. Each one stood evenly within the circle of his own clear-cut shadow on the ground, at that moment of the moon's transit, and the bore was due; but it was a calm night, and it was

three quarters of an hour after our unaccustomed ears had caught the first far-distant, muttering undertone before the White Thing was seen, a ghastly line advancing as evenly over the water, and as quickly, as the dark shadow of an eclipse sweeps over a landscape. Nearer and nearer it roared, growing greater and whiter, until we could see the whole cascading, bubbling, frothing front, with spray-drops showering from the crest higher up in moonlight. With the roar of awful waters the dread thing came on, raising its white crest higher and higher as it licked the edges of the piles beyond which the junks lay. There were shouts and yells, and the usual boatmen's pandemonium let loose on the junks as the roaring wave approached. A rocket sizzed, some fire-crackers sputtered and gongs resounded, but all small sounds of earth's creatures were drowned as the fearful White Thing crashed past, and a frightful hissing, a seething, lashing, and swirling of still higher billows succeeded,—the most sinister sound of water ever heard,—all speeding, rushing, whirling madly, irresistibly on.

As the ten-foot wall of foam reached the edge of the piling and the junk platform, it floated the junks loose at the instant. Each junk rode to the flood's fury bow on, and continued to rise, to lift itself bodily up, up, along the sea-wall before one's fascinated gaze. In the fierce after-rush the water went swifter and more swiftly by, until one had a dizzying sense of danger to come, but past fleeing from. Something held one fascinated to the spot, although in the fewest minutes, barely a quarter of an hour, two thirds of the whole body and mass of the flood-tide had flung itself against the wall, and, it seemed, might continue to rise with the same force for hours. A salt, fresh smell of the sea, the breath of the ocean's coolest, deepest under-world, came in with the awful tide. A ghastly mist succeeded. Shreds of vapor scudded over the triumphant moon, and the sea's curtain fell on one of the most sensational, spectacular performances the Pacific Ocean and the moon ever make together.

The next midday, just at noon, our straining ears caught the first far-away long-rolling *thump, thump, thump,* as steady as the beat of a dynamo, and we could see a white line at the farthest distance on the water. We watched it with glasses, and then with the eye, as it came over the broad level, and then wondered why that one long, slow white breaker should have been so frightful and awe-inspiring just by the witchery of midnight and moonlight. But at a distance of a quarter or an eighth mile the wave seemed to gather impetus, to rise, to double, and to foam still higher, and swept past under our feet with the speed and fury of a whirlwind. It shook the earthy filling of the great buttress, beat the ear with a roar that was appalling, and my breathing and my knees were not normal, any more than at midnight. The old writers say: "The surge thereof rises like a hill, and the wave like a house; it roars like thunder, and as it comes on it appears to swallow the heavens and bathe the sun."

The front wall of water, one long line stretched from shore to shore, was a confused, seething white mass of bubbles, spray, and foam over ten feet in height, curving four or five feet higher at mid-stream, while back of this whole front wall the water sloped up still higher in great billows and tossing spray. The abrupt white bank of foam did not seem to oppose and stem the river current squarely, to turn it back, to roll it over upon itself, and back it up-stream, as one might picture it. The swift brown river ran as rapidly as ever toward the sea as the bore advanced, and the great wave seemed to overrun it, to hurl itself upon and break over the brown plane of the river as if it were a solid floor. The great wave is foreshortened and belittled when one looks down upon it from the twenty-five-foot sea-wall, and the lens reduces it contemptibly in photographs; but while one hears or remembers that frightful, incredible, awful roar, he is not wanting in respect for this white terror of the sea.

A long string of junks lay stranded on the platform below the sea-wall, their bows pointed down-stream, and bamboo cables made fast to trees on the embankment. At the first touch of the foaming wave's edge each junk was afloat, and leaping by inches up the face of the sea-wall in unearthly fashion. Each junkman was screeching like mad as he fended his boat off from the stone wall and from his neighbors, but no sound could be heard until the roaring wave had gone by, and the evil hiss and seethe of the after-rush had subsided. The wave raced up the river, and wild waters rushed after, at the rate of thirteen miles an hour. A score of big brown junks, in full sail, hovering in the bay behind the bore, entered the river and came careering up-stream, riding the after-rush as lightly as cockle-shells. The huge lumbering arks dipped and danced, spun around in circles, and, helpless in the

sweep and swirl of that flood-burst, made for every point of the compass, going bow first, stern first, broadside on, rocking and pirouetting with all sails flapping in the maddest fashion. It made one feel dizzy to watch these antics, and one might next expect the pagoda to dance across the sea-wall. At the approach of these bewitched boats every junkman by the bank seized his boat-hook, and ki-yied at the top of his lungs. By some magic a few junks finally swept in lessening circles toward the shore, waltzed around and around as deliberately as so many dancers seeking good seats along a ball-room wall, made a last wheeling turn, let down sails with a clatter, and each dropped exactly in and stopped in a chosen berth by the sea-wall. There was collapse and reaction as this manœuver and our nerve-tension ended, for never have I seen a more thrilling or neater nautical feat. "Wrinkles in Navigation" does not begin to inform the halyard world of what can be done with sheet and rudder with a big bore as auxiliary. Cat-boat sailing in a squall, or ocean cup-racing in half a gale, are tame sports compared with this riding in on the great wild bore's back, and dropping away from its crest at the desired moment as precisely as the tiniest naphtha-launch could do it.

A few of the waiting junks let go, struck out into the stream, and rode with the other junks on the back of the bore up the river toward Hang-chau, the wave usually traveling that twenty-three miles up-stream in two hours. The bore decreases in height as it rolls on up-stream and up-hill, and if ten feet high when passing Hai-ning, is usually but five feet high when abreast of Hang-chau, and dies away in the upper river, the last ripples of the highest bore being observed eighteen miles above the city. All navigation up the swift river is necessarily in the wake of the bore, and within two hours after it passes Hang-chau, junks must start down-stream or seek a shelter on the junk platforms. If a junk cannot reach a platform before the tide leaves the shelf dry, its fate is decided. No vessel could meet that irresistible wall of water and live, and for five hours before the bore comes no junks are seen off Hai-ning. The transport *Kite*, during the opium war (1840), touched on a bank at the north of the river and was instantly overturned by the tide. A little later the *Phlegethon*, reconnoitering the approaches to Hang-chau, broke her cables, and had an alarming drive with the tide.

The literature[1] of the bore is brief, and for the most part technical and scientific.

The city of Hai-ning offered us little of interest, save the one clean and spacious temple to the local genii, whose courts and passages were reached through classic pailows, guarded by lackadaisical lions of Fu grotesquely coquetting with the sacred jewels. There are finely cut, stone-tracery windows, and quaint pavilions with carved shrines, and a fine phenix-paneled ceiling in the sanctuary which shelters the gilded images. The names of Hai-ning's successful candidates at the great literary examinations are immortalized here, but the treasure of interest to the foreigner's eye is a great stone chart, an imperishable map of the bay and river cut in stone and set in the wall. Some thousand of taels had recently been spent in the restoration of this temple, from which emerges the annual procession after the full of the second and eighth moons, as at the similar temple in Hang-chau, when the officials and thousands of people assemble at the bank to appease the spirit of the bore by prayers, offerings of food, sham money, and treasures, accompanied by tens of thousands of fire-crackers. More anciently the crossbowmen were called out and fired their arrows at the advancing flood to drive it back, for the Chinese know perfectly well what, or rather who, the bore is.

It began, their most truthful records say, in the fifth century B. C., when Prince Tsze-sü, of the state or kingdom of Wu, offended the sovereign Fu-ch'a, who sent him a sword. Tsze-sü obediently committed suicide, and his body was thrown into the river, as re-

[1] "Journal of the North China Branch Royal Asiatic Society," January, 1853. A paper by Dr. Macgowan.

"Journal of the North China Branch Royal Asiatic Society," Vol. XXIII, No. 3, 1888. "The Bore of the Tsien Tang Kiang," by Commodore W. Osborne Moore, R. N.

"Report on the Bore of the Tsien Tang Kiang" (1889), "Further Report on the Bore of the Tsien Tang Kiang" (1893), by W. O. Moore, R. N. Publications of the Admiralty Office.

"Journal of the Institute of Civil Engineers," 1893. Paper by Commodore W. O. Moore, R. N.

"Annalen Hydrographie," Berlin, 1896, pp. 466–475. "Die Sprungwelle in der Mundung der Tsien Tang Kiang."

CENTURY MAGAZINE, October, 1898. "Bores," by G. H. Darwin.

Milne's "Life in China," p. 295.

Moule's "New China and Old," pp. 44, 45, 279.

Fortune's "Residence among the Chinese," pp. 309, 316.

Wheeler's (W. H.) "Tidal Rivers," pp. 106–109.

Darwin's (G. H.) "The Tides," pp. 59–75.

Beresford's "Break-up of China," p. 344.

quested. He had promised that at dawn and at dusk he would come on the tide to watch the fall and ruin of Wu, and the classics relate how the great tides then came with "a wrathful sound and the swift rush of thunder and lightning could be heard more than thirty *li* off." Tsze-sü's spirit is the god of the great tide, and in recurrent rage, in revenge and reprisal for the way he was abused in this world, he revisits the scene to wash away banks, flood the low country, and spread ruin around. "Then might be seen in the midst of the tide-head, Tsze-sü sitting in a funeral-car drawn by white horses. Whereupon they built a temple to appease him with sacrifice."[1] Temples have been built in every town, and between towns, along the river, to appease his wrath; prayers and sacrifice have been offered for these two thousand odd years; every dynasty has conferred titles and posthumous honors upon him and his ancestors; imperial epistles have been read and thrown to him: but it is all too late. Tsze-sü is a good hater, and a few thousand years is a short time for a Chinese ghost to cherish a grudge.

The embankments were built in the eighth and tenth centuries, the stone-faced sea-wall in the fourteenth century, and in the last century the Emperor Kien Lung spent the equivalent of some ten million gold dollars on the embankments of the Tsien-tang. A thousand coolies are continually at work repairing, it is said. Even in these poor days of peculation and decay, the public-works expenditures of the district are tempting prizes to expectant tao-tais and magistrates who have passed the literary examinations.

Barring the damage and the restrictions to commerce, and the annual expense for fire-crackers, silk, rice, and "joss-money," what a spectacular, sensational, splendid old custom Tsze-sü maintains unbroken! And if the Chinese had half the wit they are credited with, how easily could the riverside recoup itself for all loss and expenditures! Fancy excursion-trains to Hai-ning; hired windows and balconies at Bore View Hotel; chartered junks for wild rides up the river on the bore's back; and midnight illuminations by red fire when the moon failed!

The Tsien-tang ran low and still, sullenly, stealthily, in its dying ebb to the sea on the great eighteenth night. There was a thin mist on land and river, a half-haze over the moon, and unearthly chill drafts blew to us, as we sat straining our ears for a first sound of our third and final bout with the bore on its last great night of the year. We had heard it the first night at 12:10, and the wave passed us at 12:50; but this second midnight our better-educated ears caught the faint murmur, the swelling undertone of the sea, the *thump, thump, thump* of far-away overfalls at 12:25, at the moment it must have formed in defiant front against the swift river current off Chisan headland, twelve miles away. There was an hour of eager, fascinated listening as the great sea-prelude increased in volume and rose to crescendo in a mighty threnody. At 1:23 "the eager raised its horrid crest," and with the deafening roar of ten thousand pounding ore-stamps raged past in a great burst of foam. Then the hiss of ten thousand serpents, a swish and mighty ripples, and the tide had come in again, and with it the strange, damp smell of the under-sea. We could see it in the strange moonlight arching higher toward the middle of the river, foaming whiter over the platform where the junks lay waiting, and its whole charge past with that unearthly roar was more sensational and awe-inspiring than before. The moon hung directly overhead as the crest of fury passed the pagoda; a rocket and some sputtering crackers told that the priests were doing their duty, and immediately a pall of mist shut down upon us, and ended the high water's great season night of that year off Hai-ning.

A friendly old junkman assured us again that these autumn bores were the best, the greatest of the year; that the eighteenth nights of the eighth and ninth moons were the dates for sensational bores, better even than the eighteenth of the second moon, unless—unless an easterly wind or a long storm were raging outside. "Hai-ya!" said the old fellow. "The greatest sight was three years ago [1893], at big tide of the eighth moon. The wave came over this sea-wall, struck the pagoda, and poured sea-water over into the basin. Many people were killed; many junks broke away and were lost, many were broken against the stone wall."

"That was the year before you went to war with the Japanese. It was a sign of bad luck." The junker grunted disgust. "Now if another big wave comes and kills people and breaks junks, you may know there will be another war, and those Manchus will be driven out of Peking."

"That would be good," said the man of Ningpo, and future visitors may find out whether that random suggestion has crystallized into a good, serviceable legend yet.

[1] Translation by Bishop Moule from the "Hsi-jui-chi."

TALKS WITH NAPOLEON.[1]

HIS LIFE AND CONVERSATION AT ST. HELENA.

THE ORIGINAL RECORD MADE BY NAPOLEON'S PHYSICIAN, DR. B. E. O'MEARA.

THIRD PAPER.

A GIFT-BOOK WITHHELD.

30th [July, 1816]. Brought N. some newspapers, "Statesman," which Sir T. Reade had given to me to lend to him, telling him what Sir T. had desired me to say, viz., that he begged they might not be sent to Bertrand's, as everybody would know of it through madame, and that it might be kept secret, as perhaps the governor would not be pleased at it. N. was very much pleased, and said that nobody but old Las Cases should know of it. He asked me what there was in them. I said that amongst other things there was a great deal of abuse to the Bourbons. "Ah," said he, "so much the better. It is my turn now to hear some abuse of *them*. I have been the subject of it long enough myself, and have seen nothing but abuse of myself in the most of the other papers."

He here spoke to me about the [Hobhouse] book sent out to him, and said there was written on the back, in letters of gold, "To the Great Napoleon," and other things like that. "*Des bêtises*," said he, "and this *minchione* of a governor said he would not let it be sent to me. Ask your friend Reade to try if he can get it, as it were, for himself, and send it here. I would like to see it. I understand that there is a great deal about France in it, and very well written." I told him that I had asked Sir T. yesterday about it, and that he had asked the governor, who had sent for me, and said that "as it was not sent through the Secretary of State's office he would not forward it to him." "What!" said he, "does he know that I know of its being here?" I said, "Yes, because after I heard you speaking of it yesterday, I asked for it in order to get it for you." "*Scioccone*," said he, "because it was not sent through the Secretary of State." He here said something I did not quite hear, but it was that he [Sir Hudson] ought not to allow the shoes made for him in camp to be sent to him, as they did not come through the Secretary of State's office. He then said: "*Boja veramente senza cuore*. [A hangman really without heart.] What treason could there have been in the book? Could a balloon or a boat be inclosed between the leaves of it? No, no; but that *boja* thought that I might derive some pleasure from reading it, which he was resolved to deprive me of." He said something about some other things having been given to him.

Said that he ought not to allow the meat from Balcombe to be sent to Longwood, as it did not come through the Secretary of State's office. "*Cassa ghiáccio* [ice-box]," said he, "all men are not like him. It was the colonel," said he, "the governor of Bourbon, who told me about the book. He saw it and looked into it, and as he has not the heart of a *boja* he told it to me. He, you see, is a little better inclined towards us. He is a little more affectionate, and has something of an Englishman in him." . . .

He spoke to me about the Emperor of Austria (this was introduced through his asking some questions about Mme. Stürmer), and said: "*Io lo conosco bene. Non c'è nel mondo uomo che lo conosca meglio di me. E' un imbecille. Un fa niente, un uomo senza testa e senza cuore; non ha nessun talento.*" ["I know him very well. There is no man in the world who knows him better than I. He is a stupid man. A lazy man, without brains and without heart; he has no talent at all."] That he had no sort of affection, feeling, gratitude; in fact, that he was destitute of every good quality. "*Non ha nessun carattere.*" ["He has no character at all."] He replied, in answer to what I said about the Emperor of Austria being very fond of plants, gardens, etc., that it was very true.

Speaking about [the Austrian commis-

[1] For a general introduction to these papers, and some account of the eighteen volumes comprising Dr. O'Meara's autographic journal of these conversations, the reader is referred to THE CENTURY for February.—EDITOR.

sioner] Stürmer's making a report of everything he saw or heard to Prince Metternich, he observed that envoys, ambassadors, or people accredited in official capacities in foreign states *always* did that; that they had orders *always* to do so.

31st [July]. Gave N. some newspapers from Sir T. Reade. Told him that Sir T. would do all he could to obtain the book [Hobhouse's] for him, and had every prospect of succeeding. This pleased him. . . .

Spoke to Sir H. about the book sent out to N. Sir H. very desirous to know how he became acquainted with its having arrived. Said that Lord Castlereagh was spoken of very ill in it, and that he had no idea of giving General Bonaparte books in which an English minister was abused, or indeed of allowing him, in his situation, to know that such could be published in England.

A SCENE OVER THE NEW FURNITURE FOR LONGWOOD.

1st August, 1816. N. received Captains Festing, Meynel, and Murray [?] in the billiard-room. Was in a very bad humor in consequence of not having any other room to receive them, or to offer them any refreshment. . . .

De Las Cases wanted to establish again the custom of breakfasting together, which had been interrupted in consequence of the fire, and billiard-table having been set up, which they refused under the following circumstances, viz., that De Las Cases used to remain silent the greatest part of the time and listen to their conversation, and afterwards, in the evening, used to repeat it, with the addition of hundreds of lies and misrepresentations, to N. This, they said, they would prevent by having no communication with him. They did not, however, communicate this to himself.

2d [August]. N. took a warm bath and did not go out in the garden. Some blue-silk-bottomed chairs and curtains to match sent up for the drawing-room, which Montholon refused to receive, saying that he had applied to the governor and Colonel Wynyard for more covered with green silk and curtains, which were the best, and destined in England for that purpose, and that both had consented, adding that he would either have those articles which in England were intended to furnish such rooms particularly, or none, and that he had N.'s orders for so doing. . . . He would not allow the chairs even to be put in the billiard-room under cover, out of the rain, which was falling heavily at the time, though both Mr. Darling and Captain Maunsell asked him in my presence. He even shoved out again one of the chairs which had been placed there by some person, and in consequence they were sent down to Bertrand's. Notwithstanding this, in the evening, when asked by N. why he had sent away the furniture, he replied that he wanted to put it in the breakfast-room, but that Mr. Darling *would* not *allow* it! He added also that it was now at hand. . . .

3d [August]. N. in the garden walking for a considerable time. Received Sir G. Bingham and Colonel [Captain] Maunsell, with the former of whom he conversed for a considerable time. . . .

N. ordered that the furniture refused admittance by Montholon, and consequently sent to Bertrand's new house, should be removed from thence and put in the dining-room, to the great mortification of Montholon. . . .

N., speaking about Labaume's "Campaigns in Russia," said that the author appeared to be a most timorous man; that even at the moment of writing it, and even now, he appeared to be frightened to death, and still to imagine the Cossacks at his heels, and himself in the midst of the snow. He allowed, however, that there was a good deal of truth in it.

THE PRINCE REGENT'S BIRTHDAY.

4th [August]. N. walking in the garden. Marshal [Bertrand] and madame dined with him.

5th [August]. N. out in the garden after Sir H. had departed. Took a warm bath. Sir H. came up and asked me if I thought that N. would take it well if he asked him to come to a ball on the Prince Regent's birthday; said that he wished to pay him that compliment. I said that I thought it very likely he might take it as an insult, especially on account of the *day*, as he had once before taken it as an insult that the admiral had asked him to one with the address of General Bonaparte. He said he would avoid that by asking him personally. I said that might answer better, but that I would recommend him to ask Bertrand, as it were, for advice on the subject, which he said he would do. . . . Spoke a good deal about the book which Mr. Hobhouse had sent out to N.; said that he did not conceive how he could send it to him on account of the direction; also that Mr. H. wrote to him if he did not think it advisable to send it to N. to keep it in his own library. Seemed uncertain whether to

let him have it or not. I told him that N. was very desirous to see it—so much so that he had asked me to get it for him. Sir H. then said he would think of some means of letting him have it. . . .

10th [August]. N. in the garden at breakfast. Sir H. came up in order to see and explain to him that there would be a field-day in honor of the Prince Regent's birthday on the 12th, in order that he might not be offended with the troops being drawn out. Did not succeed in seeing him. . . .

12th [August]. Grand field-day in honor of the Prince Regent, with a *feu de joie*. The French officers did not stir out until it was over. Several of the French domestics, however, went to look at it. N. was in a warm bath during it. Saw him in his room afterwards, and explained to him that it was customary always in every English colony to celebrate the Prince Regent's birthday in that manner. He immediately acquiesced, saying, "*Già, già, naturale, certamente.*" That it was very right and necessary to be done; that almost all nations did so. Appeared in good humor instead of being displeased with the celebration of it. Asked me if I was asked to dine with the governor. I replied no, but that I was asked to the ball. He said he supposed that I would sleep all night in town. I replied yes. He asked where? I replied, "At Sir Thomas's." "Ah, Reade, Reade, *un bravo uomo.*"

CONCERNING THE RUSSIAN COMMISSIONER.

14th [August]. N. out riding for the first time for eight weeks, and shooting also afterwards. At breakfast in the garden. Saw him in his room afterwards. He complained of headache, and said that he had taken the ride on purpose to relieve it. "But," said he, "I cannot ride for more than an hour, the limits are so circumscribed, and that is not near sufficient for me. I should ride very hard for three or four hours in order to do me any good." Asked a good many questions about the ball, the commissioners, etc. I said that [Balmain] the Russian commissioner had said that the Emperor Alexander had written with his own hand a command to him in nearly the following terms, viz., "Pay him all the respect due to so great a man on my part, and render him *tous les regards possibles.*" That he had also said that the Emperor Alexander was not his enemy; on the contrary, admired his talents. He appeared very much interested in this, and said: "Ah, I believe it, I believe that he is not my enemy. *È un buon uomo, un bravo e generoso uomo.* [He is a good man, a brave and generous man.]" He got up and walked about for a while, a little agitated; asked several questions about him [Count Balmain]. Said that he ought to go to Bertrand's and present himself, that he would be very happy to receive him as a private character, but as a commissioner he could not. Spoke about Balmain having been with Bernadotte at the battle of Leipsic, and that Balmain was the person who communicated to him that he (Napoleon) had lost the battle through the defection of the Saxons, to which Bernadotte replied, "*Ah, comment il est malheureux,*" in a manner as if he was sorry that he had lost the battle, and also that Balmain had said that the allied powers had twice as many men in the field as he had, "which," he said, "was true," and that they (the French) wanted ammunition also.

He spoke about the governor. "Here comes," said he, "that *sbirro Siciliano, il Calabrese* [that Sicilian spy, that Calabrian]. If I had not been told that he was coming I would have stayed half an hour longer or an hour in the tent, but that *galeriano* comes up to annoy me with his presence. I do not want to see him. He debases his rank the way he comes up here, like an overseer over the workmen. I will never see him with pleasure, neither do any of the generals. . . .

"Truly a greater insult could not have been offered to the Emperor of Russia and the other powers than sending such a man here over me, of whom they profess to be in so much dread. If they wanted a man to put an end to me, he would certainly be the fittest person. Two little pieces of lead would soon do it." . . .

He asked a good many questions about the ball, the commissioners, Mme. Stürmer; who was the handsomest woman in the room. I said Mme. Stürmer, and that next to her I thought Betsy Balcombe. "Aye," said he, "Betsy becomes much handsomer daily. Her face is very well, handsome indeed, but her dress never sets her off to advantage." He said that she had some charm now as the [too illegible to decipher]. He then asked whether Mme. Stürmer was fair; whether she had a handsome hand; what appearance she had—whether that of a woman of quality. I said she was brunette, that she certainly had a handsome face, but that her person was not tall or very graceful. . . .

NAPOLEON'S BIRTHDAY.

Spoke about the Farmer's Daughter, asked several questions about her. I said that she

was to dine with me on the 15th, and that she was very desirous of seeing him. He smiled and was pleased, and I perceived that he would not refuse to give her an opportunity of gratifying her wish.

I told him I had seen General Sarrazin's accounts of the battles in Spain and Portugal, and asked him if he had seen them. He said no. He said that Sarrazin had deserted from him and brought the plans of Brest and a great many other places over to the English, for which they gave him a great deal of money; that he was not satisfied with it. That the English had given him a great deal too much money; that he was a *coquin*, a traitor to every one. That he had been in the Revolution, a terrorist.

15th [August]. [Napoleon's birthday.] N. breakfasted in the tent with all his generals, Mmes. Bertrand and Montholon and children, Piontkowski, etc., but had no change of uniform or additional decoration. Remained there for some hours, and afterwards went out in the carriage. Walked out at 4 P.M., I believe purposely, as he was informed the Farmer's Daughter was arrived. I went down towards the path where he walked, accompanied by her, her father, mother, brother, and sister-in-law. He looked towards us, came up and saluted us very politely, addressed himself to her, asked her several questions. How she liked the island, how long she had been in it, and, laughing, whether it was equal to England, and in turns asked the others several questions.

In the night the second class of domestics, French and English, had a grand supper at the stables, where they sported champagne, and had a statue of Napoleon decorated out with garlands. Repeated libations to his health were offered, and they continued dancing, singing, and drinking until 4 A.M., and afterward retired quietly, to the astonishment of the French, as not a single Englishman was drunk. . . .

A QUARREL WITH THE GOVERNOR.

18th [August]. N. out in the garden walking. Sir H. Lowe, Admiral [Sir P. Malcolm], Sir Thomas Reade, [Major] Gorrequer came up. Sir H. sent to ask an interview, to which N. consented. N., Sir H., and Sir P. walked together in the garden up and down; walked for nearly an hour, the others walking at some little distance behind them. N. appeared to speak a great deal, and with considerable action at times. The admiral spoke a good deal also. Sir H.'s manner appeared hurried. In the end Sir H. abruptly turned about and withdrew, without taking off his hat or paying very much of attention to N. The admiral took off his hat and made a bow. Sir H. appeared considerably agitated, and walked about with me for a few paces; said that N. had spoken with a great deal of passion, and that he had abused him, *Sir H.* He added: "I parted from him rather abruptly, and I told him, '*Vous êtes malhonnête, monsieur*,' and so did the admiral. He also said something about complaining to my government about me." He then mounted his horse and rode off. The admiral also appeared troubled, and apparently lost in reflection. It was evident that the interview had been very unpleasant. . . .

19th [August]. Heard this morning that N. yesterday had told Sir H., when the other said that he had come up two or three times to see him, but that he was in the bath, "Sir, I ordered the bath on purpose that I might not see you, for, to tell you the truth, I have no pleasure in receiving you." . . . N. spoke [to Sir H.] about the intended reduction of the whole of the expense attending upon the house to £8000 per annum. That Sir H. said the present expenditure was £19,000, and that the British government would only pay £8000, and that he must pay the rest *himself*, and that means would be given him to draw money upon Europe. That N. said: "What! me draw £13,000 yearly to live in such an infamous place as this! No; I will not draw a farthing. If I were inclined to spend £13,000 a year, it would be in England, and not in this rock. What! you force me to come here, and then want to force me to pay £13,000 a year for coming here. No, no. If you do not like to give me what is wanting, send nothing up; I ask for nothing; I will go over to the camp and dine with the officers of the Fifty-third. I am sure there is not one of them who would not be glad to see an old soldier at their table. There is not one of them who would not give me a plate. If you prohibit the officers from eating with me, then I will go and eat with the corporals and soldiers. Where there is enough for ten there will be for eleven. I am sure there is not an officer, or even a soldier of the regiment, who has not more generosity than yourself." H. said that he had not sought for or asked for the employment. "No," N. said; "such employments are *not* asked for. They are given by governments to people who have dishonored themselves."

That Sir H. now said that he had orders

to reduce the expense to eight thousand pounds when he left England, but that he did not like to communicate them at first. "How!" said N.; "you have had these orders since April last, and now you come to communicate them. You have served badly both your own government and me also, as you ought to have communicated them directly.

"I told him 'that he had power over my body, but not over my heart. That that heart was as proud, fierce, and determined at this moment, though the body was confined, as it was when it commanded Europe! That it was in his power to order me to be shot, if he could get people like himself to execute it!'" . . .

NAPOLEON'S VERSION TO O'MEARA.

N. sent for me; appeared in good humor; asked for Gourgaud. Said that it was foolish for him to take medicines. He ought to have dieted himself for some days and drank a great deal of water and eat nothing. Medicines are only for old people. A man ought not to begin to take medicine before sixty years old. He laughed a good deal, and cracked some jokes about Gourgaud's calling out for his mother when he was sick before.

He then said: "Here has been that *sciocco*, that *coglione* of a governor yesterday to annoy me. . . . I told him that all the officers hated him in consequence of his unnecessary and vexatious restrictions and suspicious character; that there was not an officer who was not conscious of the impossibility of my escape, and also they all held *him* as an imbecile in consequence of his vexatious restrictions, harassing to them and to the men. That they all had more sense than him; that they all wrote their opinion to England about it; that all his vexatious restrictions were useless, his putting of sentinels and pickets in the mountains. That the real security against my escape consisted in the sea guards and the ships, and that any person possessed of common sense would see it. 'Why do you not direct that I shall be lashed down with ropes to my bed, or give directions to shoot me?' I said, when he said that they were necessary, that he was so much afraid of my escaping. I told him this last would be the only *sure* way; *then* all would be settled.

"He told me that he was always very well with the French. *I* told him that I did not know what sort of Frenchmen *could* be well with him; that they must have been very bad ones. I told him that in the Bill they had said that I was to be treated as a prisoner of war, but that *he* treated me worse than a condemned criminal. 'These last are allowed to have newspapers or any printed works they like, but you deprive me of these.' I told him I could not think how the ministry could think of sending out such a man as him. I said: 'There is not an officer or a soldier of the regiment who does not pity my state, or who would not do anything consistent with duty to ameliorate my condition. They have, though enemies, an esteem for me. But *you*, *you* come up here the first to insult me—*you* who ought to endeavor to render my condition better. There is not an individual of them all who has not more heart than you.'

"I told him never to trouble me with his presence again; that I never would see him, if possible. That he might address himself to Bertrand and Montholon, if he wanted anything."

He then said: "This governor is as little and as mean a character as is possible to imagine; he comes up striving to excuse himself, conscious of his defects, but he makes everything worse. I told him his coming up here to hear what I *must* say to him would only produce bad blood in him. It is not my custom," said he then, "to abuse people, but I cannot keep from expressing my sentiments to him. He has all the vices of the people of the South, without any of their good qualities. A Sicilian, truly a Sicilian or Neapolitan *sbirro*, *un bugiardo*, *bugiardo alla morte*, *un uomo senza amico* [spy, a liar, a liar to the end, a man without a friend]. He brought that *brav' uomo*, the admiral, up here yesterday. What did that answer to expose himself before him to what I said to him? The admiral tried to accommodate matters, but with such as the other it is impossible." He added, "I was not in a passion; I had the command of myself." . . .

NAPOLEON IN A PLAYFUL MOOD.

25th [August]. N. dressing. When I came in he said, "*Oh, sono morto con questo catarro*" ["Oh, I am dead with that catarrh"], giving me a smart slap on the face. "I have coughed a great deal all night and was tormented by it, but now I am better." I advised him to take a composing and diaphoretic potion at night. "What!" said he, "opium?" I said no, I would give him one without opium. "No, no," said he; "none of your drugs." . . . He then asked about the liver, what its use was, where it was, putting his hands nearly

in the region of it; what effect this climate had on it. While rubbing with the flesh-brush, he asked me if it was not very conducive to health to use it. I said it was, certainly. "Then," said he, laughing, "I will give a little more of it to the liver," rubbing a little more than customary over the right hypochondriac region. . . . He asked if there was not a lieutenant of the *Northumberland* here. I said yes, that he had come up yesterday on purpose to take leave of him, but had not yet had that honor. "What!" said he, "is he here still?" I said yes, that he was in my room. "What! slept in your room last night?" I said that he had. "How easily those officers of the navy are contented!" said he; "they make themselves happy anywhere—a blanket or a mattress or the floor or a hammock contents them. This is the way that men ought to be. I will," said he, turning to me, "see him this morning."

26th [August]. N. out since six o'clock in the morning in the path alone for three hours. At 4 P. M. saw him in his dressing-room; said that the sun was so powerful that even at eight o'clock in the morning it made his head ache. Spoke about the allowance made to him by the government, viz., eight thousand pounds per annum, comprising all the expenses of the establishment, my salary, servants' wages, etc. Said that it was intended as a piece of contempt to him, and was all of a piece with the rest of the ministers' conduct towards him. "They give," said he, "to the governor, who is only a general of brigade, twelve thousand pounds per annum and the best house in the island, and they give to me eight thousand pounds and put me into an old barn." Here he said that in case he was sick he had not even a second bed.

NOT INCLINED TO SUICIDE.

" . . . They perhaps think that I will put an end to myself. No; there is greater courage in supporting it. A gamester or a harlot may finish themselves, but it becomes not a man of my character. True, I could do it in an instant beyond your help. They seize upon me with violence, and forcibly transport me here, and want me to pay fourteen or fifteen thousand pounds yearly for living in such a place as this. Do they think I am sufficiently *coglione? Cosa m'importa questa maledetta isola? Che la mandano a buzzarare!* [What do I care for this cursed island? Let it go to the devil!]

"They tell the governor to let me spend as much money as I like of my own. It is true, I believe, I am above want, but I do not know how much money I have, and I do not choose to let them know where it is, as probably they would seize upon it as they did before. I did not settle my affairs after that battle of Waterloo; I had not time, and before it I had other things to do. Besides, I never was a man who occupied himself much with money affairs. I never knew what I had. I thought that I would go either to London or America, and I had bills for *whatever sums I chose to take* upon America. I have probably as much money as I ever shall want, but I do not know exactly where it is." Here he said that he had spent sixteen millions of ready money before the battle of Waterloo which belonged to himself. . . .

"The people of England want to know why I still call myself emperor. I have here explained it. It was my intention to have lived in England as a private person, but since they have sent me here, and wanted to make it appear that I was never emperor or chief magistrate, I still retain the title. The admiral told me that he had heard Lord Liverpool and Castlereagh say that the principal reason they sent me here was that the ministers were afraid that I would be caballing with some of the opposition, and that I would tell the truth of them, and explain some things they would not like. They knew they must let people of rank see me, and were afraid for themselves." Here I said that the ministers were afraid that if they left him in England he would mount again upon the throne of France and wage another war against England. "Bah, bah!" said he, "the times are changed; the time for that is over. I am old, and besides, fifty years must elapse before France will be able to face England again. No, no; I know all that well; I know that that is all gone—vanished."

REGRETS FAILURE TO BRIBE NEWSPAPERS.

He afterwards spoke about the severity with which he was treated with respect to newspapers. "They send me," said he, "a few unconnected series of the 'Times,' the Bourbon paper, which I cannot bear to read, and oblige me to send them back as fast as I read them, every two or three days, just as if I was an Englishman and could read them in a few minutes. For me it requires two or three days to read an English paper; I must read it for an hour or two and then put it by and begin it again. They will not allow me to subscribe for the 'Morning Chronicle' or any other paper but that paid by the Bourbons. When I returned from

Elba I found, among other papers of the Bourbons, an account of six thousand francs paid monthly to the editors of the 'Times,' besides taking a hundred numbers monthly, and I had *an offer from them to write* for me for payment. I had offers from the editors of several English newspapers to write for me, even during the time of war, previous to my going to Elba, and to insert news and everything else I wished, and that money would be taken to send them to France. I did not do it. I was wrong, however; I ought to have accepted their offers, and then my name would not have been held in such odium in England as it was. This they said themselves to me. For in the end these newspapers formed the public opinion, and always will do. I was very wrong; I see it now."

He afterwards spoke about his money, and said that the sixteen thousand pounds mentioned in the papers to have been bought in in Bertrand's name was really Bertrand's and not his, "for," said he, "I think it is too small a sum of money to belong to me. Perhaps my brother, who was in Spain—perhaps, however, he caused it to be invested there for me, thinking that I was in want, for he had always a great regard for me." He here again repeated that he was above want. . . .

NAPOLEON'S OPINION OF WELLINGTON.

I asked him if he thought Lord Wellington merited the reputation he had gained as a general. He said: "Certainly; I think he does. He is a very excellent,[1] good general, and possessed of great firmness and talent, but he has not yet done as much as some others. He has not conquered upon so large a scale." I observed that he had shown great judgment and caution latterly, but that at first he had been too precipitate in advancing into Spain. He said that he had shown a great deal of ability in the campaign of Spain. "It is impossible," said he, "for *man* not to commit some faults. We are all liable to it, and the general who commits the fewest in number is the greatest general, and he has certainly committed as few as any one." I then observed that still he was scarcely to be equaled to himself. "Why, certainly," said he; "he has not done so much as I have done. He has not conquered kingdoms in the manner I have done, but he is an excellent general. His operations have not been upon so great a scale."

I asked him if Marshal Soult was not a good general; that I had heard that he was next to himself in the French army. He replied, "No, no," that he was not the next; that he was an excellent minister of war, a very good planner, but not so good for executing as planning. "No one," said he, "knows better the arrangements of an army, and what is necessary for one, but he does not command himself so well." . . .

He spoke about the English nation at length and about the royal family; observed that there was a great difference between the English Revolution and that of France; that the former was a revolution of religions, which operated powerfully in the hands of fanatics, and confined to a few, but that that of France was a revolution of the entire nation against the reigning family, and their abuses also of manners, customs, etc.; in fact, that France became a new nation. He said that a revolution in England would be a terrible one if it ever took place, even worse than that of France, and that [if] the prince, as things now went on, ever endeavored to make use of the army to oppress the people, he would lose his head like Charles his. . . .

28th [August]. N. walking out in the garden. Spoke about the governor, government, etc., about his restrictions. Said the government had chosen out the means of putting an end to him by depriving him of exercise. . . .

He observed a captain in the navy passing close by him in the walk, and asked me who he was. I told him I believed Captain Shaw. He did not seem pleased at his coming so near to him, and said: "What! does he send up people here to look at me in this manner? I will write to him and tell him that I will see nobody with a pass from him." . . .

4th [September]. N. dressing. Asked as usual the news. I told him that it had been asserted in England that a letter had been detected written by him to some prefect in France and forwarded by Betsy Balcombe for him, and that in consequence orders had been sent out to inquire into it. He seemed surprised, and said that it was false; that he had never given her a letter; that it was some *coglioneria* of the ministers; that it was a pity that she or her family should suffer for what they had not committed. I told him that on inquiry it had been discovered to be false. "*Il ministro e un coglione*" ["The minister is a big fool"], said he, "*e un bugiardo*" ["is a liar"].

I also told him, according to Sir H.'s desire, that Captain Shaw (the officer whom he had seen looking at him in the garden)

[1] Over the word "good" O'Meara wrote the word "excellent."—EDITOR.

had come up to see him with a pass from the admiral, and not from him, and that he was not the captain who had been with Wright. He replied, "*Gourgaud mi ha detto che è un bravissimo signore* [told me that he was a very fine gentleman]." . . .

WORKING FOR ECONOMY.

7th [September]. N. sent early this morning for Cipriani, and had some conversation with him concerning the intended economy of the house. Said that the wine must be diminished, and asked several questions about the number of servants, and what wine they drank, etc. Cipriani informed him that General Montholon had six servants himself, that his house was more like a court than a private person's residence, that it was a magazine of furniture. That Montholon was so desirous of grabbing everything that he went out and laid violent hands upon the wood for fuel when he could get nothing else, and brought it into the house. N. ordered that five servants should be discharged—one from Montholon, two from the stables, one from the kitchen, and one from the silver. He then sent for Montholon, and saw him in his room for three hours arranging matters.

Major Gorrequer came up and had a long conversation with Montholon in my presence. . . .

TRYING TO OVERREACH THE GOVERNOR.

Sir H. Lowe and General Meade came up and rode round Longwood, but did not ask to see N. At 12 P.M. N. sent for me, and complained of a pain in his head. He was sitting in his bedroom with the candle burning, but there was a fire of wood burning in the grate, the flames of which, alternately blazing up and then sinking into a state of nearly total darkness, gave a singular and most melancholy appearance to N.'s countenance as he sat opposite to it with his hands crossed upon his knees, probably ruminating upon his past condition. . . .

He here asked a great many questions about General Meade, and said: "I suppose that *bugiardo* has told him a set of unconscionable lies about me; that I am a brute, that I hate the sight of every Englishman, that I will see nobody. I will write to him and tell him that I will see him, in order to prevent anything of the kind." He then asked me if I thought that the admiral [Malcolm] would call and see him again. I replied I had some doubts about it. "What!" said he; "is he, too, afraid of that other?" I replied no, but that, probably acting up to his own letter, he might not wish to come. He then said the letter was not intended for him, that he would be glad to see him. "Do you think," said he, "that if I was to send for him, and ask him to send to England to the ministers letters complaining of the treatment which I receive, do you think that he as the second in command and second person here would forward them? for I would not like to send to the *other* letters containing what I thought of him. For example, I could not call him, in a letter to himself, '*sbirro Siciliano*' [Sicilian spy]. It would not be decent."

I replied that it was almost certain that the admiral would not do anything of the kind. "Why not?" said he. "In every government, especially in a colony like this, the second in command has a right to transmit complaints of the first if he thinks he has reason. Even a colonel of a regiment has a right to complain of the commander-in-chief if he has a reason. I do not understand your government," said he. "In all others a man aggrieved has a right at least to complain, but it appears that yours prohibits even that." I replied that the governor had promised to forward *himself* any letters of complaint. He replied that he was a *bugiardo*, a hypocrite; "but," said he, "I will put him to the proof soon, I will." He here mentioned something about the protestations he was making, and repeated that he never heard of such unparalleled barbarity as sending a man two thousand leagues off, making him suffer every privation, refusing to allow him the means of providing and paying for *himself* the necessaries they denied him, and then prohibiting him even the satisfaction of complaining. Again said what a disgrace it was to the nation, and mentioned that he could not comprehend it. Said something about the English nation allowing the King of Sardinia so many thousands a year when he was poor and not able to support himself, and contrasted it with their conduct to him in his misfortune.

THE SELLING OF NAPOLEON'S PLATE.

"That major [Gorrequer]," said he, "is a bad man, I believe. He spoke to Montholon in such a manner about my plate, when the other was speaking about the reductions, and about my not having money, as if he thought that my plate ought to be sold to defray any expense over and above what the government allowed." I replied that I was present, and did not hear him say a word about it, and that if he had spoken about the

plate I was certain that he never *could have meant anything* of the kind, or even dreamed of it. "Ah," said he, "perhaps not, but he spoke in such a manner as led the others to believe so. Now I have, perhaps, sixty or seventy thousand francs' worth of plate, but what would that signify? What a disgrace that would be! That would be a finish (*comblement*) to the business." I assured him that no such thing ever was intended. "Montholon tells me," said he, "that this major is very clever at accounts, that he has it all at his fingers' ends; that he is a very bad man; that he makes the governor worse than he would be." I here told him he was trying everything to render him as comfortable as possible, and took a great deal of trouble to do so instead of injuring him. Also that he had known his sisters Caroline and Pauline at Naples. He asked, "When?" He said afterwards that the governor, if he had the power of increasing the allowance to twelve thousand pounds, had just as much power to let it remain as it was until he should receive an answer from England. "He, too," continued he, "had the imbecility, like a *coglione*, to write to Montholon and to state himself that he knows the allowance is not sufficient; that after making all reductions possible it cannot be done for less than eighteen thousand pounds per annum, and yet at the same time he insists upon its being done. There must have been a large sum of money allotted for building a house for me, which is not to be done. Why not apply a part of that sum to my support until an answer is received from England?"

NAPOLEON'S MELANCHOLY PROSPECT.

8th [September]. Saw N. at 10 A. M. in his dressing-room. Said he was better; that he had slept a little towards morning. "But," said he, "I am sure that I am beginning to lose my former health; I feel that I will not remain long here," pointing to the ground. "My frame will not support these troubles much longer." He asked then when the *Cornwallis* would sail. I said, "Either this evening or to-morrow." "I 'll lay my life," said he, "that that animal, the governor, has told a thousand lies to that general [Meade] who is going to England. That he has represented me as a brute, a beast, who hates the sight of an Englishman. I will write to the other (to convince him that it is not the case) that I will see him. I would do so to his wife also, only it would not be decent, as I have not my wife here." He then rang for Montholon. He broke out into several invectives against the governor, who, he said, was a *bugiardo, ipòcrita, cattivo uomo, uomo di cattivo cuore* [liar, hypocrite, bad man, man of bad heart]. A letter was accordingly despatched to General Meade and a verbal invitation for Mrs. Meade, which was given to him on his way to embark, as the ship was under way. He answered that he was very sorry it was not in his power in consequence of that. That he had wished it very much, but that it could not be done without permission from the governor, who, he believed, was not willing to grant it. He also wrote an apology to General Montholon. . . .

WOULD NOT ACCEPT THE FRENCH THRONE AGAIN.

1st October. . . . "If they allow me to go to England I will assume the incognito directly; I will call myself Colonel Murion. I will live as private as I do now. . . . Let them put me under any surveillance they liked. I have made noise enough in the world, and do not want to make any more." I repeated to him that so long as he kept up *majesty* he would be kept in St. Helena. He said that that could be easily got over. "If it was any one else than this *boja* [hangman] of a governor perhaps something might be done. But with him I will do nothing. . . . I will have no correspondence with him. I can have none while he addresses me 'General Bonaparte.' I will receive no letters so addressed." . . . I said that he might easily have a correspondence with him by assuming a private name. He said: "If it was another perhaps I would, but not with him. I would rather he would call me M. Napoleon or plain Napoleon, than General Bonaparte. This you may tell him. But I never can agree with him. This I tell you only, that I would rather be called M. N. Don't tell him," said he, after first telling me I might tell Sir H[udson Lowe]. He then said: "If the admiral [Sir George Cockburn] were the governor it might easily be arranged, but with this *boja* I will do nothing. I never saw a man I have such an antipathy to; I felt a repugnance, a certain abhorrence of him the first day I saw him. I cannot describe the sensations I feel when I see him. . . . I despise him, which I could not do to the admiral. The admiral was a man. He had some heart and talent, and was incapable of a mean action.

"What do you think the admiral's opinion was? Do you think he will do us an injury, if it lies in his power, in England?" I replied: "I do not think that he will render you any service, particularly in consequence of the

manner he was treated when Sir H. came, but he will not tell any falsehoods. He will strictly adhere to the truth, but he will tell what he thinks of you, which is not very favorable towards you." He replied: "I believe that *he* will not tell any falsehoods. I believe he is a man above that. . . . But what can the admiral say? That I will escape from this detestable place; that I want to get again on the throne of France?" I replied it was very probable that he would both think and say so.

He replied: "If I was in England now, and the French nation was to offer me the throne again, I would not accept of it, because if I was to do so I would be obliged to turn *bourreau* [executioner]. I would be obliged to cut off the heads of thousands to keep myself upon it, which would not be pleasing to me. Oceans of blood must be shed to keep me there. No, no; I have made enough of noise already in the world: perhaps more than any other man will make; perhaps too much. I am getting old, and only want retirement. What could I do in France? Alone, to set myself against all the powers of Europe. Madness!"

LEAVES IT TO THE ENGLISH TO JUSTIFY HIM.

"You will see that in a short time the English will not hate me as they have done. So many English have been, and are at present, in France, where they will hear the truth, where they will hear from the nation themselves what I was really, what lies have been told in England about me. But they will produce a change in the opinion of the English people. I will leave it to them to justify me, and I know it will be done in the end."

NO CONFIDENCE IN A FRENCH REPUBLIC.

17th [October]. . . . In the course of the conversation I asked him if he thought that a republic would ever answer in France. He replied that he thought not; that there were too many factions in France; they were too volatile and too much divided amongst themselves to submit to a republic. I then said that I believed a limited monarchy was the best form of government, and asked him his opinion. He replied that he thought it was, and repeated the words "limited monarchy" himself. I afterwards said that I was convinced a monarchy *very much* limited was the best government, to which he directly assented. He mentioned also the United States of America as being an instance of a divided republic.

AMERICAN SEAMEN SUPERIOR TO THE ENGLISH.

O'Meara printed the following extract in his book, but omitted the concluding significant sentence in regard to the Americans.

26th [October]. . . . He spoke a great deal about the superiority of English sailors. He said that the English were as much superior to the French sailors as the French were to the Spaniards, both in manœuvering and otherwise. "Not alone," said he, "since the Revolution, but before it." I told him that I did not think that the French would ever make good sailors; that they were too volatile; that they had not patience or constancy sufficient to blockade ports, to endure all the privations that English sailors did without complaining. He said: "I do not say that they will never be good ones, but I do not think that they will ever be so good as yours. Yours is the sea; your seamen are as much superior to ours as the Dutch were once to yours. The Portuguese and Spaniards," continued he, "*canaglia* [rabble], make as much work of going from one of their ports in the Bay of Marseilles, or some other place in the Mediterranean, as you would of going round the world, and consider it as great an undertaking."

He then observed that he thought that now the American seamen were better than ours, because they were fewer in number. I said that they had an amazing number of real English seamen in their service who passed for Americans; that I was astonished at their preferring the American to our service, as, independent of other circumstances, the American discipline was much more severe than ours; that if, however, the Americans had a large navy to man, they would find it impossible to have so many able seamen in each ship, or to pay them so well. He seemed surprised when I said that the American discipline was more severe than ours. He then said: "The Americans are the only nation you have to fear," and that not for some time. . . .

SIR HUDSON LOWE'S STRANGE SUGGESTION.

Forsyth, in his defense of the English governor, written after O'Meara's death, takes notice of a remarkable passage in O'Meara's book, and not only accuses him of fabricating the passage, but himself suggests a ghastly interpretation of it. Forsyth says (Vol. I, p. 365):

"In his 'Voice from St. Helena,' under date November 5, 1816, O'Meara says: 'Sir Hudson desired me to write him a statement of my opinion of the health of General Bonaparte; cautioning

me that in writing it I must bear in mind that the life of one man was not to be put in competition with the mischief he might cause were he to get loose, and that I must recollect General Bonaparte had been a curse to the world, and had caused the loss of many thousands of lives. That my situation was very peculiar, and one of great political importance.'

"We may entirely disbelieve that Sir Hudson Lowe ever gave any such caution or made any such remarks. No hint or trace of anything that can justify the supposition occurs in O'Meara's private letters, or in any of the papers of Sir Hudson Lowe, and it rests entirely on the unsupported assertion of the former in a work written many years afterwards, when his object was to vilify as much as possible the character of the governor. And, indeed, the statement is on the face of it absurd, for the expression of O'Meara's opinion as to the state of Bonaparte's health could have no connection with the alleged caution, unless, indeed, the writer means to insinuate that Sir Hudson Lowe intended to suggest that Napoleon's death might be insured by medical treatment, and that O'Meara might prepare the world for such an event by representing beforehand that his health was giving way—in other words, that the governor wished his captive to be murdered, but in such a way as to make it appear that he died from natural causes!"

In view of this arraignment it is of historical importance, as a test of the general accuracy of O'Meara's reports, to see what the original journal has to say on the subject. The passage occurs in the sixth volume of the manuscript diary, written while O'Meara was still on good terms with the governor, and in its original form is as follows:

5th November. . . . He [Sir Hudson Lowe] also desired me to write a particular account of B.'s health to him. He observed, however, that in writing it I must bear in mind that the life of one man was not to be put in competition with the mischief which he might cause if he got loose; that I must recollect Gen'l Bonaparte had been already the cause of the loss of thousands of lives, and might be again; that the life of an individual was of very little consequence. That my situation was a peculiar one, and of great political importance.

NAPOLEON AS A MATERIALIST.

8th [November]. . . . He spoke a great deal about religion. Said that Corvisart, Berthollet, Laplace, Monge, Chaptal, and several others whom he mentioned, were all atheists, and believed that when the body died so did the soul. "All my class," continued he, "are atheists and materialists. I used to invite and listen to them frequently. They did not make a boast of it, for no man would put his fingers in the fire; but they were all so."

He then said that the soul was formed by the same fluid which formed the thunder and lightning, the electric fluid; that the brain formed it, and dispersed it over the body by means of the spinal marrow and nerves. That it was the spirit of illumination, the soul! I told him that I thought it was impossible that such a structure as man could be formed by chance, that I could not credit the doctrine of materialism. He replied: "Is not a horse as perfect in his kind as a man? Is he formed by chance? Has he a soul? I asked," continued he, "the Bishop of Nantes, who was all his life studying theology, whether animals had souls, and if so what became of them. He replied: 'There is a place for them, too, a future world for them, contrived for them.'" . . .

I asked him what he thought became of his spirit after death. He replied that no one knows. He here said that he thought the deists' opinions were most agreeable to truth. "There are so many religions," said he, "and modifications of them,—there is Jesus Christ, Mahomet, Confucius, Jupiter, Osiris,—that one does not know which to embrace of them, so much *coglioneria* [nonsense] about them. If *one religion* had existed since the beginning of the world, I would embrace that; I would think *that* the *true one;* but there [are] so many changes and systems, so many contrarieties, that one does not know what to think or believe."

I said that it was incredible that such a beautiful and complex world as this could have been formed by chance, and that this was one of the strongest proofs that a God existed; that it must have been made by one. He replied: "And *who made God?*" . . .

I told him, with a view of getting him to declare himself what religion he was, without directly asking him to do so, that in England latterly they believed him to be a Roman Catholic. "Well," said he, "so I am; at least, I believe enough. I believe all that the church believes—*credo tutto quel che crede la chiesa.*" (Whether he meant the Church, or merely the *walls of it*, and consequently believing *nothing*, or not, I do not know.) "I used to go to mass every Sunday. I do not, to be sure, trouble myself much (*non mi michio*) in these affairs." I said that if he was [a Roman Catholic] he must believe in purgatory, the saints, confession, etc. He looked at me, and said: "I do not trouble myself about all this *coglioneria*," and repeated, "*Io credo quanto crede la chiesa.*"

THE MILMORE MEMORIAL: THE ANGEL OF DEATH STAYING THE HAND OF THE YOUNG SCULPTOR.

THE SCULPTOR FRENCH.

BY WILLIAM A. COFFIN.

WHEN Emerson, at Concord, in 1879, saw his bust, modeled by Daniel Chester French, he remarked approvingly, after looking at it intently, "That is the face that I shave"—not altogether an unconscious tribute to the fidelity of the work, for he recognized that in detail it conformed to nature. Turning to another bust of himself that stood in the room, a portrait quite without character, he said, "This one is as harmless as a parsnip." The philosopher thus, in homely speech, gave a very good art criticism, and one that in general terms may be applied to all of French's work. It is too personal and too spirited to be harmless—not to excite interest at first glance. It is so full of character that it impresses the beholder with a sense of its truthfulness. When to these generalizations I add that it possesses technical merit of a very high order, and that when it is concerned with idealistic subjects it shows great creative ability and imagination, the conclusion comes naturally that Mr. French must be a great artist. That is the right conclusion, and the study of his principal works will confirm its correctness.

Some artists find the way to skilful accomplishment themselves; others have it pointed out to them, with each progressive step carefully indicated. Mr. French belongs to the former category rather than to the latter; for though he has received good instruction, he did not begin early, as other sculptors have done, under an able master, and uninterruptedly pursue his studies under the most favorable conditions for development. It matters little how old a man may be when he produces a fine work, and it makes small difference to us how he learned his art; but it is worth mentioning here that the

PHOTOGRAPH BY ZAIDA BEN-YUSUF.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH.

career of Mr. French as a student was a somewhat haphazard one. Now he worked by himself and brought out a completed work; again, he entered a studio in Paris to draw from the model, and studying, not in a regular course, but from the works of the ancient and modern masters, he took his observations as his vision extended, and applied his new thoughts to his own work in his own way. Showing no special interest in art and no aptitude for modeling until his nineteenth year, he has now, before he is fifty, produced a long list of works which place him in the front rank of American sculptors and entitle him to share with only two or three others the first place in the foremost rank.

Our sculptor was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1850. His father and both of his grandfathers were lawyers eminent in their profession. When he was seventeen years of age his parents moved to Concord, Massachusetts, then the home of Emerson and

Alcott, and there the remainder of his youthful years passed amid associations that were most favorable to ambition and serious thoughts for a life-career. When he was nineteen Miss May Alcott, a gifted pupil of William Hunt, gave him some clay and showed him how to use it in modeling; but wider opportunities for an art education did not exist in his neighborhood, for at that time there were no art schools in Boston. In the spring of 1870 he studied for a short time in the studio of J. Q. A. Ward, and for two or three succeeding years he attended a course of lectures on art and artistic anatomy given by Dr. William Rimmer in Boston. During the winter of 1871–72 he was a special pupil of Dr. Rimmer.

In 1873–74 he modeled his first statue, "The Concord Minute-Man," and in 1874 went abroad for the first time. He pitched his tent at Florence, and studied there two years with the American sculptor Thomas Ball. Returning to America in 1876, he opened a studio in Washington, and later pursued his profession in Concord and Boston. In 1886 he again went abroad, this time settling in Paris, and remaining a year. He drew from the model in the class of M. Léon Glaize, and studied the masters in the public galleries. This sojourn in Paris had a strong influence on his work, and his full maturity as a sculptor may be said to date from that time. When he returned to the United States in 1887 he fixed his residence in New York, and here he is permanently settled. Occasionally he has made trips to Europe, following the custom of many of our artists; but his visits have been in each case of but a few months' duration.

In the first period of Mr. French's work, prior to 1887, belong, besides the excellent and spirited "Concord Minute-Man," the fine, sympathetically studied, and vigorously executed bust of Emerson (1879), one copy of which, in bronze, is in the Town Library of Concord, and another in Memorial Hall, Harvard University; the bust of Bronson Alcott (1882); a frieze representing Greeks carrying offerings, exhibited at the Architectural League, New York, in 1885; and several portraits in the round and in low and high relief. In the second period, the last ten or twelve years, his most important and successful creations have been executed, and it is these works that have brought him his present high reputation. They include the beautiful bust of Miss French, the sculptor's cousin, exhibited in plaster at the Society of American Artists in 1891, with the hair slightly tinted in auburn, the face and neck faintly colored, the gown in green, and a rose in the corsage in pink; the bronze group, "Gallaudet and his First Deaf-Mute Pupil" (1888), at the Columbian Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Washington, D. C.; the bronze statue of Starr King (1890), in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco; the famous allegorical group in bronze, "Death and the Sculptor" (1892), a memorial to Martin Milmore, in the Forest Hills Cemetery, Bos-

CLAY MODEL OF THE STATUE OF "THE REPUBLIC."

FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS & CAMERON. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY D. C. FRENCH.

BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.

ton; the colossal statue, "The Republic" (1892–93), and the figures for the Quadriga (1892–93), both at the World's Fair at Chicago; the bronze allegorical and portrait group, a monument to John Boyle O'Reilly (1896), in the new park, Back Bay Fens, Boston; the bronze statue of Herodotus and the large decorative figure "History," in the rotunda of the new Congressional Library at Washington; the small nude figure of Arethusa, exhibited at the Society of American Artists in 1897; the equestrian statue of General Grant (1897), unveiled in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, on Memorial Day, May 30, 1899; two pairs of bronze doors for the Boston Public Library (1897), with figures in low relief typifying "Knowledge" and "Wisdom," and "Poetry" and "Music"; the bronze statue of Rufus Choate (1898), placed in the grand hall of the court-house, Boston; and the allegorical figure, "Angel of Peace" (1898), placed in the Forest Hills Cemetery.

The sculptor's latest work consists of a third pair of bronze doors for the Boston Public Library, with "Truth" and "Fiction" as the subjects, and several other important creations. One is the bust of Richard Morris Hunt, and two figures symbolizing "Painting and Sculpture" and "Architecture," for the Hunt Memorial, erected by the art societies of New York on a site on the eastern boundary of Central Park, occupying a portion of the park wall on Fifth Avenue opposite the Lenox Library; another is the equestrian statue of General Washington for Paris, which will be placed in the Place d'Iéna, a very fine site near the Trocadéro. This will be the only public monument in Paris executed

by an American artist, except the Lafayette statue by Mr. Paul Wayland Bartlett, which is to be unveiled in the Place du Carrousel on the Fourth of July, 1900, under the auspices of the French and the United States governments. Mr. French has had as his collaborator in this work Mr. Edward C. Potter, who is a pupil of Mr. French and also of the great Frenchmen Mercié and Frémiet, and whose sculpture of animals, particularly horses, is of great excellence. It was Mr. Potter who modeled the horses and two of the figures of the Quadriga at the World's Fair, and the steed for the Grant monument in Fairmount Park and the charger for the Washington are also his. Mr. French and Mr. Potter worked together on the design and execution of the Washington, and it is, as a whole, a joint production. The commission to execute the Hunt Memorial was given to Mr. French by a committee of artists and laymen charged with the accomplishment of the project, and the sculptor chose as his architectural collaborator Mr. Bruce Price, who designed a beautiful Greek structure in the form of a seat, with portico, pedestals, and columns. The memorial was dedicated in 1899. In addition to these great works Mr. French has, within the last eighteen months, finished a bust in marble of Phillips Brooks for Trinity Church, Boston, which was unveiled on Christmas day, 1899. It meets with the approbation of the critical community of that city, and the friends and admirers of the famous clergyman have expressed their satisfaction with the work in the most eulogistic terms. The sculptor is now at work on a statue of ex-Governor Pillsbury, to be placed in the grounds of the University of Minnesota, at Minneapolis, and is finishing six ideal figures for the façade of the State Capitol at St. Paul. They personify Wisdom, Truth, Courage, Prudence, Bounty, and Equity.

RUFUS CHOATE.

Washington, in Mr. French's statue, is represented as taking command of the army at Cambridge, dedicating his sword to the service of his country, and appealing to Heaven for the justice of the cause. With the head thrown slightly backward, the figure holds with the left hand and arm the military hat and the bridle reins, and, the other arm being extended perpendicularly, the right hand holds the sword exactly upright. The pose is heroic and dramatic. The spirit of the motive is admirably expressed in the action of the figure, and the head is noble and commanding in aspect. The horse, with arched neck, and showing splendid lines of construction and action, is imposing, and holds its proper place in the work, which is,

as a whole, superlatively excellent in style. The pedestal was designed by Mr. Charles F. McKim. The total height from the ground to the head of the figure is about thirty feet.

The figure of General Grant is in complete repose. The body is firmly erect, and the head, facing directly forward, is fixed and steady. The hands are resting, one upon the other, on the pommel of the saddle, and an army cloak, hanging from the shoulders, falls on the hips and the back of the horse. The face looks out from under the brim of the stiff-crowned hat with meditative, calm expression, beneath which quiet exterior one feels there is concealed a vast amount of determination and force. When looked at closely the eyes are seen to be turned a little to one side. The figure expresses immobility and watchfulness. Captain and horse seem to be one in this uncompromising attitude, and the horse is so unobtrusive as a part of the group, and yet so thoroughly in character with his rider, that a special meed of praise is due to Mr. Potter for understanding so well the needs of the subject, and expressing them so finely in his part of the work. This brief description of the two statues is sufficient to show that Mr. French is endowed with a faculty of the greatest importance in the arts of sculpture and painting—that of expressing, not only by fidelity of detail, but also by the composition of a work as a whole, the character of the subject, and of causing the beholder to receive in a general view an impression corresponding to the artist's conception. He decides that his Washington shall be heroic and striking and dramatic (but of course not theatrical), and he produces just this impression on the spectator by the large style of his means, while his detail, when the time comes to take note of it, is seen to be in harmony with the trend of his great lines and masses. He conceives his Grant as a great captain who showed the least emotion under the mightiest strain, the greatest exterior calm in the most acute and trying situations, and consistently develops a figure whose posture may not be inaptly likened to that of a sentinel in a shower of rain which causes the passers-by to hurry to shelter, but leaves him standing unmoved in the steady drenching. There is no sensi-

DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

VIEW OUTSIDE MR. FRENCH'S STUDIO AT GLENDALE, MASSACHUSETTS.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WASHINGTON, BY D. C. FRENCH AND EDWARD C. POTTER, A GIFT TO FRANCE FROM THE WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES, TO BE ERECTED IN PARIS AND UNVEILED JULY 3, 1900.

tiveness to merely annoying conditions, but an alert readiness to judge quickly what to do if the occasion comes for action. The feet are stuck into the stirrups, the body is straight and at rest, the head is as steady as a sign-post; but one feels that this head might turn in an instant and the body swing round while an order was briefly given, and that the figure might then resume its position, every line in it expressing quiet deliberation and coolness in the face of danger.

In the statue of Rufus Choate, the famous barrister is shown with a packet of papers in his left hand, while the right grasps the lapel of his ample body-coat. The action of the figure is easy and natural, but intensely individual. The fine head, with its heavy, crisp hair, and short whiskers on the cheeks near the ears, is modeled with great firmness in the construction and nervous force in the surface texture. The large standing collar, the low-cut wide waistcoat, and the generous neck-cloth, portrait features to be sure, are treated in a way that lends dignity to the personage, and that invests the figure with a delightful sense of bonhomie and kindness Here the artist, as in the statues of Starr King and Gallaudet, is both literal and imaginative. He does not lose the personality of his subject in conventionality of pose, and he does not go so far from naturalness as to make his figure an actor in a part. The work is sculpturesque, and it is at the same time true to the manner and dress which figure always in the limitations of the portrait.

"WISDOM." FIGURE FOR THE STATE CAPITOL AT ST. PAUL.

As for work of a purely idealistic quality, Mr. French has given evidence of possessing the finest sort of creative talent in the noble figure of the angel of death in the allegorical group, "Death and the Sculptor," which is so justly celebrated. He took this relief to Paris in 1891 to have it cast in bronze, and exhibited it at the Salon of 1892. Though the sculptor was personally unknown to the artistic fraternity of Paris and had never exhibited there before, he received from the jury of award the compliment of a medal. To those who understand the undercurrents of the Parisian art world the significance of such an award under the circumstances is very great, for it shows that the work was thus recognized purely because of its transcendent merit. It has been generally acclaimed in our own country as a production of singular beauty and surpassing impressiveness. In one of the latest of his works, a winged figure entitled "The Angel of Peace," the sculptor has created an image with similar attributes. The type of the figure is one of full physical development, but delightful in its innocence. The face is beautiful, and wears a placid expression betokening spiritual joy. The arms, modeled with a fine sense of amplitude and grace, are brought together before the figure, with the hands laid one over the other, and the simple Greek drapery which clothes the body falls in stately folds to the feet. A mantle hangs from the shoulders behind, increasing the effect of imposing serenity which characterizes the work, and the wings, stretching outward and upward on each side, complete the impression of simple and celestial beauty that is so well suggested in the face. With the greatest sincerity of artistic intention, and with admirable simplicity of execution, this figure forms a perfect ensemble, and attests

in the nobility of its conception the triumph of serious aims and irreproachable technical achievement. Such, indeed, are the honesty of his methods in execution, the loftiness of his artistic purpose, and the grace and purity of his expression, that Mr. French's sculpture not only fulfils the promise of his earlier work, but in its perfection and beauty convinces us that he has arrived at that goal so earnestly striven for by all artists whose aims are as sincere and whose devotion to their work is as single-minded as his—the full realization of his conceptions by straightforward methods, unhampered by weakness in the power to express, unvexed by considerations that have no part in the message he seeks to impart.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MRS. FRANKLAND-RUSSELL-ASTLEY AT CHEQUERS COURT.

MASK OF OLIVER CROMWELL, SAID TO HAVE BEEN TAKEN DURING LIFE.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

SIXTH PAPER.

XIX. THE CRISIS OF 1647.

IF ever there was in the world a revolution with ideas as well as interests, with principle, and not egotism, for its mainspring, it was this. At the same time as England, France was torn by civil war, but the civil war of the Fronde was the conflict of narrow aristocratic interests with the newly consolidated supremacy of the monarch. It was not the forerunner of the French Revolution, with all its hopes and promises of a regenerated time; the Fronde was the expiring struggle of the belated survivors of the feudal age.

The English struggle was very different. Never on either side was a fierce party conflict so free of men who, in Dante's blighting phrase, "were for themselves."

Yet much as there was in the Puritan uprising to inspire and exalt, its ideas, when tested by the pressure of circumstance, showed themselves unsettled and vague; principles were slow to ripen, forces were indecisively distributed, its theology did not help. This was what Cromwell, henceforth the great practical mind of the movement, was now painfully to discover.

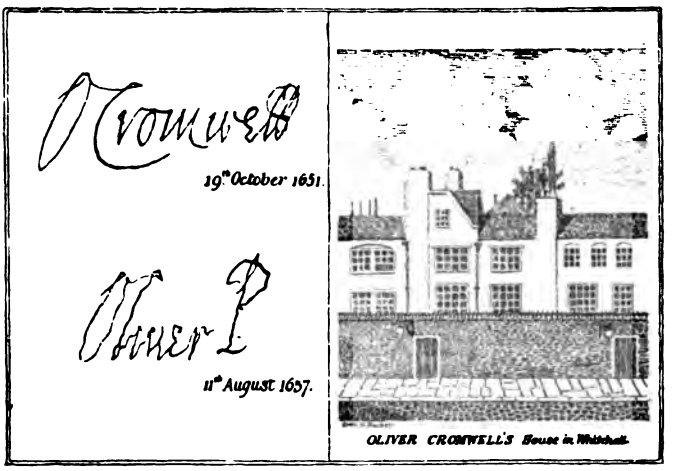
It was not until 1645 that Cromwell had begun to stand out clear in the popular imagination, alike of friends and foes, as a leader of men. He was now the idol of his troops. He prayed and preached among them; he played uncouth practical jokes with them; he was not above a snowball match against them; he was a brisk, energetic, skilful soldier, and he was an invincible commander. In Parliament he made himself felt, as having the art of hitting the right debating-nail upon the head. The Saints had an instinct that he was their man, and that they could trust him to stand by them when the day of trial came. A good commander of horse, say the experts, is as

rare as a good commander-in-chief, he needs so rare a union of prudence with impetuosity.

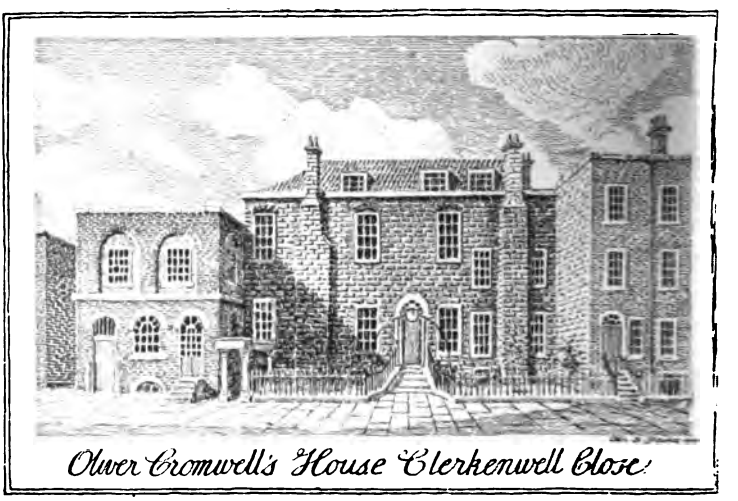
What Cromwell was in the field he was in counsel: bold, but wary; slow to raise his arm, but swift to strike; fiery in the assault, but knowing when to draw bridle—and even the heated and headlong revolutionary is never sorry to find a leader cooler than himself. Above all, and as the mainspring of all, he had heart and conscience. While the Scots are striving to make the king into a Covenanter, and the Parliament to get the Scots out of the country, and the Independents to find means of turning the political scale against the Presbyterians, Cromwell finds time to intercede with a Royalist gentleman on behalf of some honest, poor neighbors who are being molested for their theologies. "Truly nothing moves me to desire this more [the gentleman's favor and influence] than the pity I bear them in respect of their honesties, and the trouble I hear they are likely to suffer for their consciences. And however the world interprets it, I am not ashamed to solicit for such as are anywhere under pressure of this kind, doing even as I would be done by. Sir, this is a quarrelsome age, and the anger seems to me to be the worse where the ground is difference of opinion, which to cure, to hurt men in their names, persons, or estates will not be found an apt remedy" (July, 1646). To the same time belongs that well-known passage where he says to one of his daughters that her sister bewails her vanity and carnal mind, and seeks after what will satisfy: "And thus to be a Seeker is to be of the best sect next to a Finder, and such an one shall every faithful, humble seeker be at the end. Happy seeker, happy finder!"

In no contest in our history has the disposition of the pieces on the political chessboard been more perplexed. What Oliver perceived as he scanned each quarter of the political horizon was a Parliament in which the active leaders were Presbyterians, confronted by an army, at once suspected and suspicious, whose most active leaders were Independent.

The fervor of the preachers had been waxing hotter and still hotter, and the angry trumpet sounding a shriller blast. "There is no dallying with God now; much delay hath been used already—too much. God is angry, and he seems to say this once more, 'Will you strike, will you execute judgment or will you not? Tell me, for if you will not



OLIVER CROMWELL'S House in Whitehall.


Oliver Cromwell's House Clerkenwell Close

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

THE UPPER PICTURE IS FROM A PRINT IN THE AVERY LIBRARY, COLUMBIA COLLEGE; THE LOWER ONE FROM A PRINT IN THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY COPY OF CLARENDON'S "HISTORY."

FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM DOBSON AT HINCHINBROOK HOUSE, BY PERMISSION OF THE EARL OF SANDWICH. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

GENERAL HENRY IRETON.

I will have the enemy's blood and yours, too, if you will not execute vengeance upon delinquents. The day of vengeance is in my heart, and the year of my Redeemer is come'" (1646). "Do justice upon the greatest; Saul's sons are not here spared; no, nor may Agar or Benhadad, though themselves kings. Zimri and Cozbi, though princes of their people, must be pursued into their tents. This is the way to consecrate yourselves to God."

He saw the City of London, which had been the mainstay of the Parliament in the war, now just as strenuous for a good peace. He saw an army in which he knew that his own authority stood high, but where events were soon to show that he did not yet know all the fierce undercurrents and dark and pent-up forces. Finally, he saw a king, beaten in the field, but still unbending in defense of his religion, his crown, and his friends, and boldly confident that nothing could prevent

him from still holding the scale between the two rival bands of his triumphant enemies. "We are full of faction and worse," Cromwell wrote to Fairfax (August 10, 1646), in a sentence of dark omen.

So stood things in England. Outside the kingdom he saw the combative and dogged Scots, who had just been persuaded to return to their own country, still sharply watching English affairs over the border, and still capable of drawing the sword for king or for Parliament, as best might suit the play of their own infuriated factions. Finally, there was Ireland, distracted, dangerous, sullen, and a mainspring of difficulty and confusion, now used by the Parliament in one way against the army, and now by the king in another way against both army and Parliament. The Cause, in short, whether Cromwell yet looked so far in front or not, was face to face with the gloomy alternatives of a perfidious restoration or a new campaign and war at all hazards.

There is no other case in history where the victors in a great civil war were left so entirely without the power of making their own settlement, and the vanquished so plainly umpires in their own quarrel. The beaten king was to have another chance, his best and his last. Even now if we could read old history like a tale of which we do not know the end, whether it should be that sentiment has drawn the reader's sympathies to the side of the king, or right reason drawn them to the side of the king's adversaries, it might quicken the pulse when he comes to the exciting and intricate events of 1647, and sees his favorite cause, whichever it chances to be, trembling in the scale.

Clarendon says that though the Presbyterians were just as malicious and as wicked as the Independents, there was this great difference between them, that the Independents always did what made for the end they had in view, while the Presbyterians always did what was most sure to cross their own design and hinder their own aim. For this singularly conclusive difference he gives two reasons. First, the Presbyterian party was led by men who did not agree in humor, character, inclination, or purpose, whereas the Independents followed implicitly two or three men, who advanced when they thought advance reasonable, and, on the other hand, stood still or went back, or even forsook the path they liked best, when they found their progress making difficulties or awakening jealousies among their friends. Second, the Presbyterian leaders were always wondering how other people would think, whereas Cromwell, and the few with whom he took counsel, first determined what was absolutely necessary, and then to that they made everything else, right or wrong, subservient. In short, says Clarendon, the one resolved only to do what they believed the people would like; the other that the people should like whatever they resolved. We can recognize the reality of the description. These are differences that in all ages mark the distinction between any strong political party and a weak one; between powerful leaders who get things done, and impotent leaders who are always waiting for something that never happens.

The pressure of the armed struggle with the king being withdrawn, party spirit in Parliament revived in full vigor. The houses were face to face with the dangerous task of disbanding the powerful force that had fought their battle and established their authority, and were fully conscious of the magnitude of their work. To undertake disbandment in England was indispensable; the nation was groaning under the burden of intolerable taxation, and the necessity of finding troops for service in Ireland was urgent. The City clamored for disbandment, and that a good peace should be made with his Majesty. The party interest of the Presbyterian majority, moreover, pointed in the same way; to break up the New Model, and dispose of as many of the soldiers as could be induced to reënlist for the distant wilds of Ireland, would be to destroy the fortress of their Independent rivals.

To say, as so many writers have said, that Cromwell was a man of rapid and instantaneous decisions, without doubts or hesitation, is the precise opposite of the truth. All through the intricacies of 1647 he seems rather to drift from current to current than in any sense to be controlling the turbid flood. Nobody has ever more clearly perceived the difference between the methods of statesman and soldier, and it was as statesman that he was now seriously to be tested. For many months after battles and sieges had come to an end, we have hardly a trace of him either in act or in influence. The Parliament settled confiscated lands upon him to the value of twenty-five hundred pounds a year. He quitted Ely, and he and his family lived henceforth in London, in the close neighborhood of the House of Commons.

There is no evidence that Cromwell took

DRAWN BY BERNARD ROSENMEYER.

THE FIRST MEETING OF CROMWELL AND CHARLES I.

CORNET GEORGE JOYCE.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PORTRAIT AT CHEQUERS COURT, BY PERMISSION OF MRS. FRANKLAND-RUSSELL-ASTLEY.

any part in the various disbanding votes as they passed through the House of Commons in the early months of 1647, and he seems to have been slack in his attendance. No operation was ever conducted with worse judgment. The claims of the soldiers were mainly two. They asked for an act of indemnity which should be a good defense against such suits as were now beginning to threaten them for acts done in the course of the war. Next they prayed for their arrears of pay. Instead of meeting the men frankly, Parliament, chaffered, framed their act of indemnity too loosely, offered only eight weeks of pay, though between fifty and sixty weeks were overdue, and then when the soldiers addressed them, suppressed their petitions or burned them by the hangman, and passed angry resolutions against their authors as enemies of the state and disturbers of the public peace. This is the party of order all over. It is a curious circumstance that a proposal should actually have been made in Parliament to arrest Cromwell for complicity in these proceedings of the army at the moment when some of the soldiers, on the other hand, blamed him for stopping and undermining their petitions, and began to think they had been in too great a hurry to give him their affections.

The army in their quarters at Saffron Walden grew more and more restive. They chose agents, entered into correspondence for concerted action, and framed new petitions. Three troopers, who brought a letter with these communications, addressed to Cromwell and two of the other generals in Parliament, were summoned to the bar, and their stoutness so impressed or scared the House that Cromwell and Ireton, Fleetwood and the sturdy Skippon, were despatched to the army to feel the ground. They held a meeting in the church at Saffron Walden, with a couple of hundred officers and a number of private soldiers, and listened to their reports from

the various regiments. Nothing was said either about religion or politics; arrears were the sore point, and if there were no better offer on that head, then no disbandment. The whole scene and its tone vividly recall the proceedings of a modern trade-union in the reasonable stages of a strike. In temper, habit of mind, plain sense, and even in words and form of speech, the English soldier of the New Model, two centuries and a half ago, must have been very much like the sober and respectable miner, plowman, or carter of to-day. But the violence of war had hardened their fiber, had made them rough under contradiction, and prepared them both for bold thoughts and bolder acts.

Meanwhile a thing of dark omen happened. At the beginning of May, while Cromwell was still at Saffron Walden, it was rumored that certain foot-soldiers about Cambridgeshire had given out that they would go to Holmby to fetch the king. The story caused much offense and scandal, but it very soon came true. One summer evening small parties of horse were observed in the neighborhood of Holmby. The commander of the little garrison suspected some hostile design, and fled away in the middle of the night. At daybreak Cornet Joyce made his way within the gates at the head of five hundred mounted troopers, their comrades within instantly fraternized, Joyce posted his new guards, and by noon all was as quiet as usual. Later in the day a report got abroad that the fugitive Parliamentary officer would return in force to carry the king to London and the Parliament. Joyce and his party promptly made up their minds. At ten at night the cornet awoke the king from slumber, and respectfully requested him to move to other quarters next day. The king hesitated. At six in the morning the conversation was resumed. The king asked Joyce whether he was acting by the general's commission. Joyce said that he was not, and pointed as his authority to the five hundred men on their horses in the courtyard. "As well written a commission, and with as fine a frontispiece, as I have ever seen in my life," pleasantly said Charles. The king had good reason for his cheerfulness. He was persuaded, as he told them later, that the cornet could not attempt such a thing as to bring him away, but that he had the counsel of greater persons. If he had the counsel of greater persons, this could only mean that the military leaders were resolved on a breach with the Parliament, and from such a quarrel Charles might well believe that to him nothing but good could come.

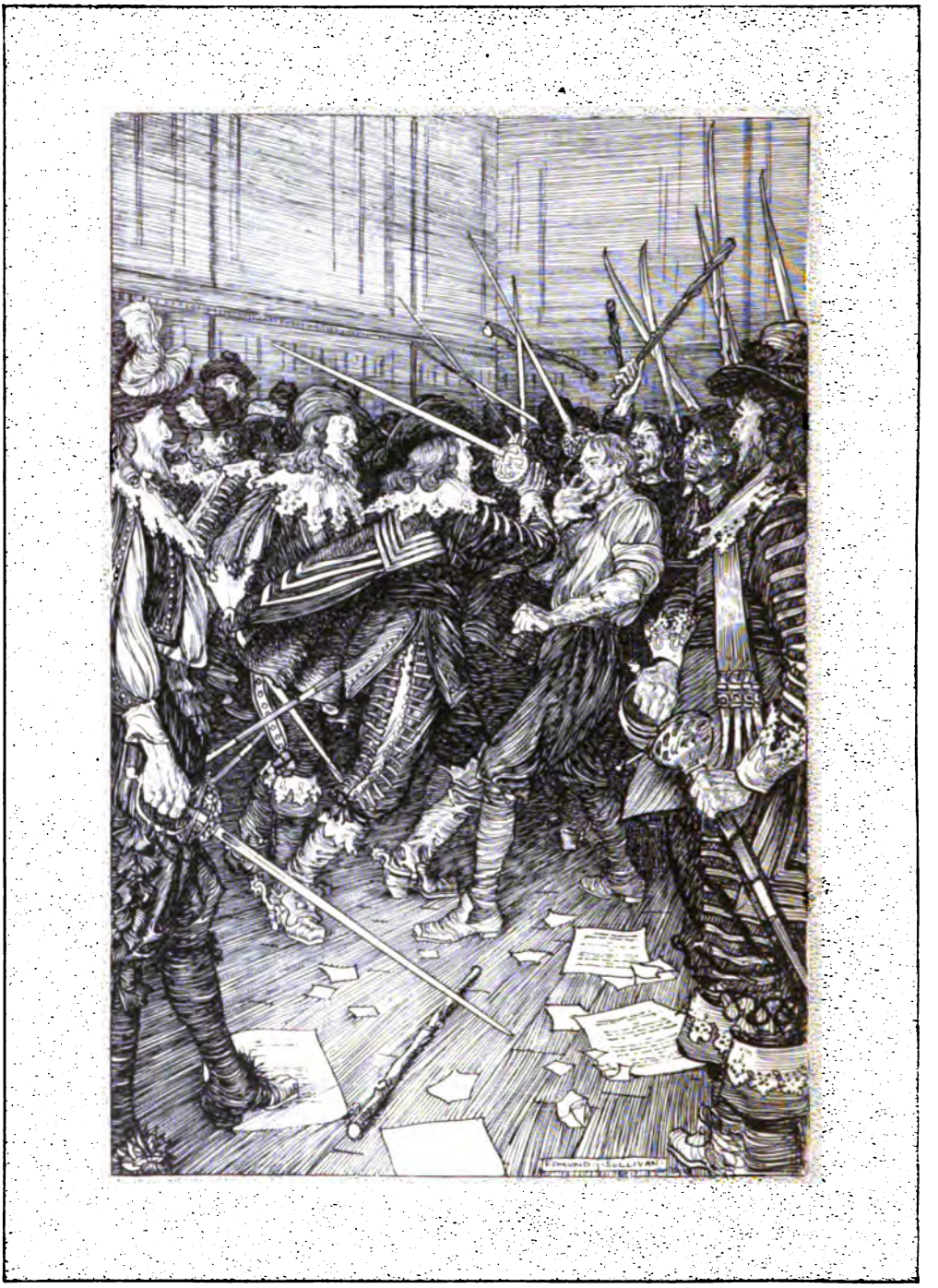
Two days later, on his way to Newmarket, whither he had bidden Joyce to escort him, the king stayed a night in a gentleman's house near Cambridge. The two Parliamentary commissioners attended him. Here Fairfax, Cromwell, Ireton, and some other officers were received by him with his usual civility. It was the first time that the two leading actors in the drama, so heavy with fate for both of them, stood face to face. Fairfax had wished Charles to return to Holmby, and had, when the news first surprised him, even sent a force to meet the king and carry him back. The general and the other officers now more than once assured the king that he had been removed from Holmby without any privity, knowledge, or consent of theirs.[1] "Saith the king, this is a perfect denial," and forward he was taken to his house at Newmarket, henceforth in the custody of the army.

Whether Cromwell was concerned in the king's removal, or in any other stage of this obscure transaction, remains an open question.[2] What is not improbable is that Cromwell may have told Joyce to secure the king's person at Holmby against the suspected designs of the Parliament, and that the actual removal was prompted on the spot by a supposed emergency. On the other hand, the hypothesis is hardly any more improbable that the whole design sprang from the agitators, and that Cromwell had no part in it. It was noticed later as a significant coincidence that on the very evening on which Joyce forced his way into the king's bedchamber, Cromwell, suspecting that the leaders of the Presbyterian majority were about to arrest him, mounted his horse and rode off to join the army. His share in Joyce's seizure and removal of the king afterward is less important than his approval of it as a strong and necessary lesson to the majority in the Parliament. It is remarkable that his position in regard to Joyce's exploit is identical with his position in the still more critical exploit of Pride many months later. In each case he disclaimed all privity, and in each case he approved.

So opened a more startling phase of revo-

[1] Clarke, i, pp. 124, 125.

[2] Dr. Gardiner says firmly (iii, p. 86) that Cromwell instructed Joyce to secure the king, not to remove him. Mr. Firth, after examining the evidence with his usual closeness (Clarke, i, Preface, pp. xxvi–xxxi), leans to the same view, but not, I think, decisively departing from his opinion of three years before ("Dict. Nat. Biog.," xiii, p. 164) that the question is doubtful.



DRAWN BY EDMUND J. SULLIVAN.

MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT FORCING THE MOB OUT OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

lutionary transformation. For Joyce's exploit at Holmby begins the descent down those fated steeps in which each successive violence adds new momentum to the violence that is to follow, and pays retribution for the violence that has gone before. Purges, proscriptions, camp courts, executions, major-generals, dictatorship, restoration—this was the toilsome, baffling path on to which, in spite of hopeful auguries and prognostications, both sides were now irrevocably drawn.

XX. CROMWELL AND THE ARMY.

PARLIAMENT was at length really awake to the power of the soldiers, and their determination to use it. The City, with firmer nerve, but still with lively alarm, watched headquarters rapidly changed to St. Albans, to Berkhampstead, to Uxbridge, to Wycombe —now drawing off, then hovering closer, launching to-day a declaration, to-morrow a remonstrance, next day a vindication, like dangerous flashes out of a sullen cloud.

For the first time "purge" took its place in the political vocabulary of the day. Just as the king had attacked the five members, so now the army attacked eleven, and demanded the ejection of the whole group of Presbyterian leaders from the House of Commons, with Denzil Holles at the head of them (June 16–26). Unluckily for their fame in history, the Presbyterian party did not possess a man comparable in renown with Oliver. Yet among the Eleven were men as pure and as patriotic as the immortal Five, and when we think that the end of these heroic twenty years was the Restoration, it is not easy to see why we should denounce the pedantry of the Parliament, whose ideas for good or ill at last prevailed, and should reserve all our glorification for the army, who proved to have no ideas that either would work or that the country would accept. For a short time the House stood firm, and took courage to demand proof and particulars of guilt. The officers retorted with the Parliament's own precedent of 1640, when they had demanded the sequestration of Strafford, Laud, and Finch, without offering either particulars or proof. Meanwhile the demand for the expulsion of the Eleven was the first step in the path which was to end in Cromwell's removal of the Bauble in 1653.

Incensed by these demands, and by what they took to be the weakness of their confederates in the Commons, the City addressed one strong petition after another, and petitions were speedily followed by actual revolt. The seamen and the watermen on the riverside, the young men and apprentices from Aldersgate and Cheapside, entered into one of the many solemn engagements of these distracted years, and when their engagement was declared by the bewildered Commons to be dangerous, insolent, and treasonable, excited mobs trooped down to Westminster, made short work of the nine gentlemen who that day composed the House of Lords, forcing them to cross the obnoxious declaration off their journals, and tumultuously besieged the House of Commons, some of them even rudely making their way, as Charles had done six years before, within the sacred doors and on to the inviolable floor, until members drew their swords and forced the intruders out. When the Speaker would have left the House, the mob returned to the charge, drove him back to his chair, and compelled him to put the question that the king be invited to come to London forthwith with honor, freedom, and safety. So readily, as usual, did reaction borrow the turbulent ways of revolution.

The intimidation of Parliament was not new. The City mob had descended on Westminster in old days to clamor for justice upon Strafford. In the second year of the war women with white ribbons in their hats had come down in a tumultuous host into Palace Yard, with fierce cries for peace and imprecations on King Pym, filled Westminster Hall with a dense crowd, clamoring for their pay, and shouted to Sir Henry Vane that they would have his life. Earlier in this summer the disbanded troops of the old army had written up angry verses on the door of the House, and invited demonstrations in the churchyard of St. Margaret's. These twenty revolutionary years are one long sermon on the text about sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind.

In disgust at this violent outrage, the speakers of the two houses (July 30), along with a considerable body of members, betook themselves, maces and all, to the army. They were received with the respectful ceremony due to the representatives of the Parliament of England, and when they accompanied Fairfax and his officers on horseback in a review on Hounslow Heath, the troopers greeted them with mighty acclamations of "Lords and Commons and a free Parliament!" The effect of the manœuvers of the reactionists in the City was thus to place the army in the very position they were eager to take, of being protectors of what they chose to consider the true Parliament, to make a movement upon London not only defensible, but inevitable, to force the hand of Cromwell, and to inflame still higher the ardor of the advocates of the revolutionary Thorough. Of the three great acts of military force against the Parliament now happened the first (August, 1647). The doors were not roughly closed as Oliver closed them on the historic day in April, 1653, and there was no sweeping purge like that of Pride in December, 1648. Fairfax afterward sought credit for having now resisted the

demand to put military violence upon the House, but Cromwell, with his assent, took a course which came to the same thing. He stationed cavalry in Hyde Park, and then marched down to his place in the House, accompanied by soldiers, who, after he had gone in, hung about the various approaches with a significance that nobody mistook. The soldiers had definitely turned politicians, and even without the experience that Europe has passed through since, it ought not to have been very hard to foresee what their politics would be.

England throughout showed herself the least revolutionary of the three kingdoms, hardly revolutionary at all. Here was little of the rugged, dour, and unyielding persistency of the northern Covenanters, little of the savage aboriginal frenzy of the Irish. Broadly speaking, it was the other two kingdoms that made the revolution.

Cromwell was an Englishman all over, and it is easy to conceive the dismay with which, in the first half of 1647, he slowly realized the existence of a fierce insurgent leaven in the army. The worst misfortune of a civil war, said Cromwell's contemporary, De Retz, is that one becomes answerable even for the mischief that one has not done. "All the fools turn madmen, and even the wisest have no chance of either acting or speaking as if they were in their right wits." In spite of the fine things that have been said of heroes, and the might of their will, a statesman in such a case as Cromwell's soon finds how little he can do to create marked situations, and how the main part of his business is in slowly parrying, turning, managing circumstances for which he is not any more responsible than he is for his own existence, and yet which are his masters, and of which he can only make the best or the worst. Whether we call this by the name of fate, or force of things, or, as Cromwell and Charles, Presbyterians, Independents, and Catholics all called it, the will of God, it plants patience and fortitude, along with energy and foresight, among the sovereign gifts.

Cromwell never showed a more sagacious insight into the hard necessities of the situation than when he endeavored to form an alliance between the army and the king. All the failures and disasters that harassed him from this until the day of his death arose from the breakdown of the negotiations now undertaken. The restoration of the king by Cromwell would have been a very different thing from the restoration of Charles II by Monk. In the midsummer of 1647 Cromwell declared that he desired no alteration of the civil government, and no meddling with the Presbyterian settlement, and no opening of a way for "licentious liberty under pretense of obtaining ease for tender consciences." "Only we could wish that every good citizen, and every man who walks peaceably in a blameless conversation and is beneficent to the Commonwealth, might have liberty and encouragement; this being according to the true policy of all states, and even to justice itself."

Unhappily for any prosperous issue, Cromwell and his men were met by a constancy as fervid as their own. Charles followed slippery and crooked paths; but he was as sure as Cromwell that he had God on his side, that he was serving divine purposes and upholding things divinely instituted. He was as unyielding as Cromwell in fidelity to what he accounted the standards of personal duty and national well-being. He was as patient as Cromwell in facing the ceaseless buffets and misadventures that were at last to sweep him down the cataract.

Charles was not without excuse for supposing that by playing off army against Parliament, and Independent against Presbyterian, he would still come into his own again. The jealousy and ill will between the contending parties was at its height, and there was no reason, either in conscience or in policy, why he should not make the most of it. Each side sought to use him, and from his own point of view he had a right to strike the best bargain that he could with either.

Unfortunately, he could not bring himself to strike any bargain at all at this most critical stage, and the chance passed away. Cromwell's efforts only served to weaken his own authority with the army, and he was driven to give up hopes of the king, as he had already been driven to give up hopes of the Parliament. This was in effect to be thrown back, against all his wishes and instincts, upon the army alone, and to find himself, by nature a moderator, with a passion for order in its largest meaning, flung into the midst of military and constitutional anarchy. The politics of the army became the governing element of the situation; it was here that those new forces were being evolved which, when the Long Parliament first met, nobody intended or foresaw, and which gave to the Rebellion a direction that led Cromwell into strange latitudes.

Carlyle is misleading when, in deprecating a comparison between French Jacobins and

English sectaries, he says that, apart from difference in situation, "there is the difference between the believers in Jesus Christ and believers in Jean Jacques, which is still more considerable." It would be nearer the mark to say that the sectaries were beforehand with Jean Jacques, and that half the troubles that confronted Cromwell and his men sprang from the fact that English sectaries were now saying to one another something very like what Frenchmen said in Rousseau's dialect a hundred and forty years later. "No man who knows right," says Milton, "can be so stupid as to deny that *all men were naturally born free.*"

In the famous document drawn up in the army in the autumn of 1647, and known (along with two other documents under the same designation propounded in 1648–49) as the Agreement of the People, the sovereignty of the people through their representatives; the foundation of society in common right, liberty, and safety; the freedom of every man in the faith of his religion; and all the rest of the catalogue of the rights of man, are all set forth as clearly as they ever were by Robespierre or by Jefferson. In truth, the phrase may differ, and the sanctions and the temper, and yet in the thought of liberty, equality, and fraternity, in the dream of natural rights, in the rainbow vision of an inalienable claim to be left free in life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, there is something that has for centuries, from age to age, evoked a spontaneous thrill in the hearts of toiling, suffering, hopeful men—something that they need no philosophic book to teach them.

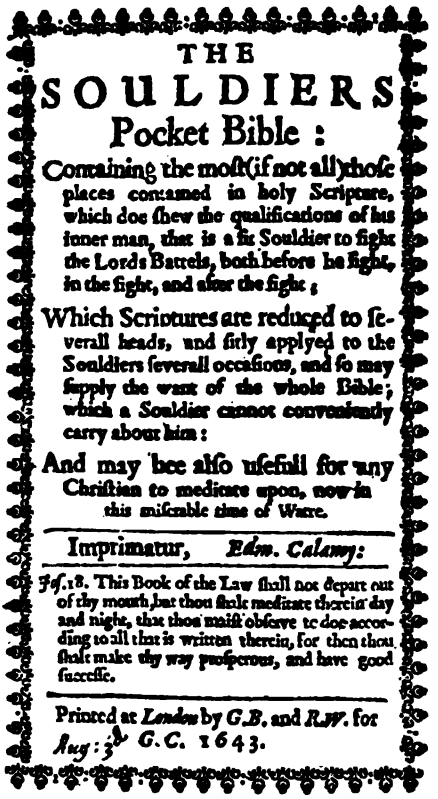
When Baxter came among the soldiers after Naseby, he found them breathing the spirit of conquerors. The whole atmosphere was changed. They now took the king for a tyrant and an enemy, and wondered only whether, if they might fight against him, they might not also kill or crush him—in itself no unwarrantable inference. He heard them crying out, "What were the lords of England but William the Conqueror's colonels, or the barons but his majors, or the knights but his captains?" From this pregnant conclusions followed. Logic had begun its work, and in men of a certain temperament political logic is apt to turn into a strange poison. They will not rest until they have drained first principles to their very dregs, and argued down from the necessities of abstract reasoning until they have ruined all the favoring possibilities of concrete circumstance.

We have at this time to distinguish political councils from military. There was almost from the first a standing council of war, exclusively composed of officers of higher rank. This body was not concerned in politics. The general council of the army, which was first founded during the summer of 1647, was a mixture of officers and the agents of the private soldiers. It contained certain of the generals, and four representatives from each regiment, two of them officers and two of them soldiers chosen by the men. This important assembly, with its two combined branches, did not last in that shape for more than a few months. After the execution of the king, the agitators, or direct representatives of the men, dropped off or were shut out, and what remained was a council of officers. They retained their power until the end; it was with them that Cromwell had to deal. Whether the officers were his masters or he was theirs, is one of the questions of party controversy, which may stand over.

Happy chance has preserved, and the industry of a singularly clear-headed and devoted student has rescued and explored, vivid and invaluable pictures of the half-chaotic scene. At Saffron Walden, in May (1647), Cromwell urged the officers to strengthen the deference of their men for the authority of Parliament, for if once that authority were to fall, confusion must follow. At Reading, in July, the position had shifted, the temperature had risen, Parliament in confederacy with the City had become the enemy, though there was still a strong group at Westminster who were the soldiers' friends. Cromwell could no longer proclaim the authority of Parliament as the paramount object, for he knew this to be a broken reed. But he changed ground as little as he could, still fighting as hard as he could for unity of action in the army, and for steadiness in their aims, for patience in their tactics, and for the settlement of the peace of the kingdom without a new war. The meetings of officers, agitators, and generals show better than anything else the central current of this decisive year. More than this, they mark the dawn of modern democracy, with all its honest impulses, all its defective reasoning, all its blind strife with immovable forces.

Here we first get a clear sight of the temper of Cromwell as a statesman, grappling at the same moment with Presbyterians in Parliament, with extremists in the army, with the king in the closet—a task for a giant. In manner he was always what Clarendon calls rough and brisk. "I don't think,"

he bluntly told one speaker, "what you have said is any great news." Of another he said that he forgot they were rational men, and so brought no reason, but only iteration of earnest words. "If anybody says," he observed roundly, "that we do seek ourselves in this, much good may it do him with his thoughts; it shall not put me out of my way." He declared that he and his colleagues were as



THE
SOULDIERS
Pocket Bible:
Containing the most (if not all) those places contained in holy Scripture, which doe shew the qualifications of his inner man, that is a fit Souldier to fight the Lords Battels, both before he fight, in the fight, and after the fight;
Which Scriptures are reduced to severall heads, and fitly applyed to the Souldiers severall occasions, and so may supply the want of the whole Bible; which a Souldier cannot conveniently carry about him:
And may bee also usefull for any Christian to meditate upon, now in this miserable time of Warre.

Imprimatur, *Edm. Calamy:*

Jos. 1. 8. This Book of the Law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou maist observe to doe according to all that is written therein, for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and have good successe.

Printed at *London* by *G.B.* and *R.W.* for *Aug: 3d G.C.* 1643.

FROM AN ORIGINAL COPY IN THE POSSESSION OF THE REV. T. CROMWELL BUSH.

TITLE-PAGE OF THE SOLDIERS' POCKET-BIBLE, A COPY OF WHICH WAS CARRIED BY EVERY SOLDIER IN CROMWELL'S ARMY.

swift as anybody else in their feelings and desires; nay, more, "Truly I am very often judged as one that goes too fast that way," "and it is the peculiarity of men like me," he says, "to think dangers more imaginary than real," "to be always making haste, and more sometimes perhaps than good speed." This is one of the too few instructive glimpses that we have of the real Oliver. However patient in deliberation, he was counted hasty in act. Unity was first. "Let no man exercise his parts to strain things, and to open up long disputes or needless contradictions, or to sow the seeds of dissatisfaction. They might be in the right or we might be in the right, but if they were to divide, then were they both in the wrong." On the merits of the particular question of the moment, it was idle to tell him that their friends in London would like to see them march up. "'T is the general good of the kingdom that we ought to consult. *That 's the question, what 's for their good, not what pleases them.*" So close at this early stage in English democracy did Cromwell come to the hard problem of all democracy. Yet he did not know how hard it was for the democratic leader to keep his feet while trying to persuade people that what pleases them most may not be best for them. Experience soon taught him its lesson. Even if he came to know the weakness of government by public opinion, the triumph that it sometimes gives to ignorance over knowledge, to temerity over wisdom, to vociferation over reflection, we may be sure that his mind was too vigorous not to perceive that government by a Stuart and a Laud was exposed to all these perils and to many more and worse besides.

Meanwhile he persisted in urging patience toward the Parliament. They might be driven to march on to London, he told them, but an understanding was the most desirable way, and the other a way of necessity, and not to be done but in a way of necessity. What was obtained by an understanding would be firm and durable. "*Things obtained by force, though never so good in themselves, would be both less to their honor, and less likely to last.*" "Really, really, have what you will have; that you have by force I look upon as nothing." True, the Parliament had issued a provocative declaration against them; but were they then ready to quarrel with every dog that barked at them in the street, and to suffer the kingdom to be lost for such a fantastical thing? Let no heat nor eagerness carry them, nor anything of self-assertion, nor anything of that kind, "but that which is truly reason, and that which hath both life and argument in it." "I could wish," he said earlier, "that we might remember this always, that *what we gain in a free way, it is better than twice as much in a forced, and will be more truly ours and our posterity's.*" It is one of the harshest ironies of history that the name of this famous man, who started on the severest stage of his journey with this broad and far-reaching principle, should have become the favorite symbol of the faith that force is the only remedy.

The general council of the army at Putney in October and November (1647) became a constituent assembly. In June Ireton had

drawn up for them a declaration of their wishes as to the "settling of our own and the king's own rights, freedom, peace, and safety." This was the first sign of using military association for political ends. "We are not a mere mercenary army," they said, "but are called forth in defense of our own and the people's just rights and liberties; and we took up arms in judgment and conscience to those ends, against all arbitrary power, violence, and oppression, and against all particular parties or interests whatsoever." These ideas were ripened by Ireton into the memorable Heads of the Proposals of the army, a document that in days to come made its influence felt in the schemes of government during the Commonwealth and the Protectorate.

In these discussions in the autumn of 1647, just as the Levelers anticipate Rousseau, so do Oliver and Ireton recall Burke. After all, these are only the two eternal voices in revolutions, the standing antagonisms through history between the natural man and social order. In October the mutinous section of the army presented to the council a couple of documents, the Case of the Army Stated and an Agreement of the People—a title that was also given, as I have said, to a document of Lilburne's at the end of 1648, and one of Ireton's at the beginning of 1649. Here they set out the military grievances of the army in the first place, and in the second they set out the details of a plan of government resting upon the supreme authority of a House of Commons chosen by universal suffrage, and in spirit and in detail essentially republican. This was the strange and formidable phantom that now rose up before men who had set out on their voyage with Pym and Hampden. If we think that the scaffold at Whitehall is now little more than a year off, what followed is just as startling. Ireton at once declared that he did not seek, and would not act with those who sought, the destruction either of Parliament or king. Cromwell, taking the same line, was more guarded and persuasive. "The pretensions and the expressions in your constitutions," he said, "are very plausible, and if we could jump clean out of one sort of government into another, it is just possible there would not have been much dispute. But is this jump so easy? How do we know that other people may not put together a constitution as plausible as yours? There may be no end to the thing. And if so, what do you think the consequence would be? Would it not be another confusion? Would it not make England like the Switzerland country, one canton of the Swiss against another, and one county against another? And if so, would not that produce an absolute desolation of the nation? Even if this were the only plan proposed, you must consider not only its consequences, but the ways and means of accomplishing it. According to reason and judgment, were the spirits and temper of the people of this nation prepared to receive and to go along with it?" If he could see likelihood of visible popular support he would be satisfied, for, in a sentence that might have come straight out of Burke, Oliver lays down as the foundation of all that, "In the government of nations that which is to be looked after is the affections of the people."

Cromwell speedily remembered that a sensible man who sees difficulties is sure to be reproached as what is called in the language of a later day a pessimist. "I know a man," he says, "may answer all difficulties with faith, and faith will answer all difficulties really where it is. But we are very apt, all of us, to call that faith that perhaps may be no more than carnal imagination and carnal reasoning." He asked leave to say that there were great mountains in the way of their plan, and that it was not enough to propose things that might be good in themselves, without also considering the way. Then, exactly like a skilful member of Parliament of to-day managing a difficult committee up-stairs, or steering a difficult bill through the House, he says that he is quite sure that they do not mean to stick peremptorily to every word of their scheme. No doubt they are open to suggestions for amendment. They must all know that there was one common object in view. He was confident that they were all alive to the vital importance of their being united. Such arts of deliberative management belong to all time, from Cleon and Demosthenes downward, perhaps even so far back as Moses and Aaron and Joshua.

Oliver said something about their being bound by certain engagements and obligations to which previous declarations had committed them with the public. "It may be true enough," cried Wildman, one of the ultras, "that God protects men in keeping honest promises, but every promise must be considered afterward, when you are pressed to keep it, whether it was honest or just, or not. If it be not a just engagement, then it is a plain act of honesty for the man who has made it to recede from his former judgment

and to abhor it." This slippery sophistry, so much in the vein of King Charles himself, brought Ireton swiftly to his feet, with a clean and rapid debating point. "You tell us," he said, "that an engagement is only binding so far as you think it honest; yet the pith of your case against the Parliament is that in ten points it has violated engagements." Then he makes a strong defense of the sacredness of obligations, and reproaches Wildman with holding a principle that would destroy the Commonwealth, for in fact it hides the anarchical doctrine that a man would feel himself at liberty to break any law which he did not happen to think a good law.

In a great heat Rainborough, likewise an ultra, followed. "You talk of the danger of divisions, but if things are honest, why should they divide us? You talk of difficulties, but if difficulties be all, how was it that we ever began the war, or dared to look an enemy in the face?"

According to the wont of debate, Rainborough's heat kindled Cromwell. His stroke is not so clean as Ireton's is, but there is in his words a glow of the sort that goes deeper than the sharpest dialectic. "When difficulties are mentioned," says Oliver, "they are not forged to deter from the consideration of the business, but as things fitting for consideration, and the man who wishes the most serious advice to be taken of such a change as this does not speak impertinently. When engagements and obligations are mentioned, nobody said that an unrighteous engagement ought to be kept, for to keep it is only to turn the original making of it into a double sin. But we ought to know where we are and where we stand."

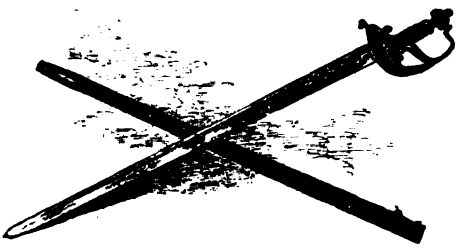
And so, after a rather cumbrous effort to state the general case for opportunism, he closes, after the manner of a famous word of Danton's, with a passionate declaration against divisions: "Rather than I would have this kingdom break in pieces before some company of men be united together to a settlement, I will withdraw myself from the army to-morrow and lay down my commission; I will perish before I hinder it."

A plain "Bedfordshire man," whose name is lost to history, next said that for his part he was very tender of breaking an engagement when it concerns a particular person, but he apprehended, at least he hoped, that nobody had given anything away to the king from the people that was the people's right. Colonel Goffe then proposed that there should be a public prayer-meeting, and it was agreed that the morning of the next day should be given to prayer, and the afternoon to business. The lull, edifying as it was, did not last. No storms are half so hard to allay as those that spring up out of abstract discussions. Wildman returned to the charge with law of nature, and the paramount claim of the people's rights and liberties over all engagements and over all authority. Hereupon Ireton flamed out just as Burke might have flamed out: "There is venom and poison in all this. I know of no other foundation of right and justice but that we should keep covenant with one another. Covenants freely entered into must be kept."

Cromwell's conclusion marked his usual urgency for unity, but he stated it with an uncompromising breadth that is both new and extremely striking. For his part, he was anxious that nobody should suppose that he and his friends were wedded and glued to forms of government. He wished them to understand that he was not committed to any principle of legislative power outside the Commons of the kingdom, or to any other doctrine than that the foundation and supremacy is in the people. Let them not meet as two contrary parties, but as men desirous to satisfy each other. Here is the vain cry so often heard through history from Pericles downward, from the political leader to the roaring winds and waves of party passion. "Perhaps God may unite us," he said, "and carry us both one way, rather than that, by our going one way and you going another way, we be both destroyed. It may be too soon to say, but it is my present apprehension. I had rather we should devolve our strength to you than that the kingdom for our division should suffer loss." This is the clue to Cromwell, and we should mark it well. Only unity could save them from the tremendous forces ranged against them all; division must destroy them. Rather than imperil unity, he would go over with the whole of his strength to the extreme men in his camp, even though he might not think their way the best. The army was the one thing now left standing. The church was shattered. Parliament was paralyzed. Against the king Cromwell had now written in his heart the judgment written of old on the wall against Belshazzar. If the army broke, then once and for all the Cause was lost.

The next day the prayer-meeting had cleared the air. After some civil words between Cromwell and Rainborough, Ireton made them another eloquent speech, where, among many other things, he lays bare the

spiritual basis on which powerful and upright men like Cromwell rested practical policy. Some may now be shocked, as were many at that day, by the assumption that transient events are the true measure of the divine purpose. Others may feel the full force of all the



DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ORIGINAL OWNED BY THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTE.

CROMWELL'S SWORD.

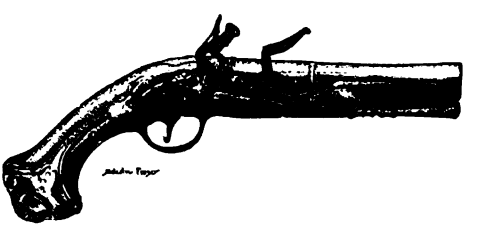
standing arguments ever since Lucretius, that the nature of the higher powers, "Nec bene promeritis capitur, nec tangitur ira," is too far above mortal things to be either pleased or angry with us. History is only fruitful if we place ourselves at the point of view of the actor who makes it. "I do not care," says Ireton, "about the engagements of the army so much for the engagements' sake; but I look upon this army as having carried with it hitherto the name of God, and having carried with it hitherto the interest of the people of God, and the interest which is God's interest, the honor of his name, the good and freedom and safety and happiness of his people. And I think that is the only thing for which God has appeared with us, and led us, and gone before us, and honored us, and taken delight to work by us." Then moving clean away from the position that he had taken up the day before, as if Oliver had wrestled with him in the intervening night, he goes on: "It is not to me so much as the vainest or slightest thing you can imagine, whether there be a king in England or no, or whether there be lords in England or no. For whatever I find the work of God tending to, I should quietly submit to it. If God saw it good to destroy not only kings and lords, but all distinctions of degrees—nay, if it go further, to destroy all property—if I see the hand of God in it, I hope I shall with quietness acquiesce, and submit to it, and not resist it." In other words, do but persuade him that Heaven is with the Levelers, and he turns Leveler himself.

Ireton was an able and whole-hearted man, but we can see how his doctrine offered a decorous mask to the hypocrite and the waiter upon Providence, though in his own hands it was made to heighten the sense of duty and responsibility.

Colonel Goffe told them that he had been kept awake a long while in the night by certain thoughts, and he felt a weight upon his spirit until he had imparted them. They turned much upon Antichrist, and upon the passage in the Book of Revelation which describes how the kings of the earth have given up their powers to the Beast, as, in sooth, the kings of the earth have given up their power to the Pope. Then he turned from the Revelation to the Book of Numbers, and to the place where the murmurers, because they resisted Moses and Caleb and Joshua, and persisted in going up to the hilltop, were smitten and discomfited by Amalekites and Canaanites. Moses and Joshua may stand for Cromwell and Ireton, but the application of the rest is not obvious. Nobody followed Goffe into these high concerns, but they speedily set to work upon the questions, so familiar to ourselves, of electoral franchise and redistribution of seats—and these two, for that matter, have sometimes hidden a mystery of iniquity of their own.

"Is the meaning of your proposal," said Ireton, "that every man is to have an equal voice in the election of representors?" "Yes," replied Rainborough; "the poorest He that is in England hath a life to live as much as the greatest He, and a man is not bound to a government that he has not had a voice to put himself under." Then the lawyer rose up in Ireton. "So you stand," he says, "not on civil right, but on natural right, and, for my part, I think that no right at all. Nobody has a right to a share in disposing the affairs of this kingdom unless he has a permanent fixed interest in the kingdom."

"But I find nothing in the law of God," Rainborough retorts, "that a lord shall choose twenty burgesses, and a gentleman



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ORIGINAL OWNED BY MR. W. T. STEAD.

CROMWELL'S POCKET-PISTOL.

only two, and a poor man none. Why did Almighty God give men reason, if they should not use it in a voting way unless they have an estate of forty shillings a year?" "But then," says Ireton, "if you are on natural right, show me what difference lies between a right to vote and a right to subsistence." "Every man is naturally free," cried one. "How comes it," cried another, "that one free-born Englishman has property and his neighbor has none? Why has not a younger son as much right in the inheritance as the eldest?" So the modern reader finds himself in the thick of controversies that have shaken the world from that far-off day to this.

In such a crisis as that upon which England was now entering, it is not the sounder reasoning that decides; it is passions, interests, outside events, and that something vague, undefined, curious almost to mystery, that in bodies of men is called political instinct. All these things together seemed to sweep Cromwell and Ireton off their feet. The Levelers beat them, as Cromwell would assuredly have foreseen must happen if he had enjoyed modern experiences of the law of revolutionary storms. Manhood suffrage was carried, though Cromwell had been against it, as "tending very much to anarchy," and though Ireton had pressed to the uttermost the necessity of limiting the vote to men with fixed interests. Cromwell now said that he was not glued to any particular form of government. Only a fortnight before he had told the House of Commons that it was matter of urgency to restore the authority of monarchy, and Ireton had told the council of the army that there must be king and lords in any scheme that would do for him. In July Cromwell had called out that the question is what is good for the people, not what pleases them. Now he raises the balancing consideration that if you do not build the fabric of government on consent, it will not stand. Therefore you must think of what pleases people, or else they will not endure what is good for them. "If I could see a visible presence of the people, either by subscription or by numbers, that would satisfy me."

Cromwell now (November) says that if they were free to do as they pleased they would set up neither king nor lords. Further, they would not keep either king or lords, if to do so were a danger to the public interest. Was it a danger? Some thought so, others thought not. For his own part, he concurred with those who believed that there could be no safety with a king and lords, and even concurred with them in thinking that God would probably destroy them; yet "God can do it without necessitating us to a thing which is scandalous, and therefore let those that are of that mind wait upon God for such a way where the thing may be done without sin and without scandal, too."

This was undoubtedly a remarkable change of Oliver's mind, and the balanced, hesitating phrases in which it is expressed hardly seem to fit a conclusion so momentous. A man who, even with profound sincerity, sets out shifting conclusions of policy in the language of unction, must take the consequences, including the chance of being suspected of duplicity by embittered adversaries. These weeks must have been to Oliver the most poignant hours of the whole struggle, and more than ever he must have felt the pressure of his own maxim that "in yielding there is wisdom." Every hour as it passed made the maintenance of discipline and union in the army a more crying need, and the accord of the army with a civil authority more urgent. Cromwell may well have listened almost with sympathy to the ultras, when they cried in their exasperation: "You know not where you are. You are in a wilderness condition. We have gone about to wash a blackamoor white, which he will not. We have gone about to heal Babylon, but she would not be healed."

No exasperation shook his constancy. "I do not think," he says, "that any man here wants courage to do that which becomes an honest man and an Englishman to do. . . . I hope it is still in our hearts that we are not troubled with the consideration of the difficulty, nor with the consideration of anything but this: that if we do difficult things we may see that the things we do have the will of God in them, that they are not only plausible and good things, but seasonable and honest things fit for us to do."

(To be continued.)

FROM THE PAINTING BY O. A. WEINSCHMIDT. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

A PURITAN COERCED INTO DRINKING TO THE KING'S HEALTH.

THE GROVES OF PAN

BY CLARENCE URMY

TAKE my hand, and we will stroll
To the foot of yonder knoll,
Down a valley, through a brake,
By a lily-mantled lake,
O'er a meadow Eden-fair,
(Pegasus is pastured there!)
Up a little wooded slope,
Then a wicket-gate we ope;
In this dew your finger dip,
And unseen we then shall slip
Down this willow-bowered wynd,
Through this coppice, fir-confined.
Now step softly as you can:
We have reached the Groves of Pan!

Oh, the beauty of the breeze
In the leafy laurel-trees,
And the rhymes when down the glade
Branch and bough are zephyr-swayed!
List the rhythmic, quiet call
Of the woodland waterfall,
And the strophe of the streams—
Melody adrift in dreams!
From a covert, cool and dim,
Floats an elfin morning hymn.
Hark! Three nymphs in dalliance met
Trill a tuneful triolet.
Hush! A dryad and a faun
Sing a duo to the dawn.

Now comes Pan, his syrinx set
To a joyous canzonet,
All his court, a jocund train,
Joining in the glad refrain;
Every insect, bee, and bird
In the perfect cadence heard;
Every tree in every grove
Bowing at the name of Jove!
To some sylvan temple bound
Moves the train with choral sound;
On from grove to grove they wend
Till with dusk and dark they blend.

. . . . . .

Let us seek the haunts of man;
Farewell to the Groves of Pan!

OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACES IN EGYPT.

BY R. TALBOT KELLY.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

VISITORS to Egypt who land at Ismailia are usually very favorably impressed by the sparkling beauty and general interest of the railway journey to Cairo. The line first crosses the desert, traversing the Wady-Tilat, or valley of the hills (of which Tel-el-Kebir is one), and presently emerges upon the rich alluvial plain of the Delta.

The usual first impression the tourist receives is that Egypt consists largely of bright, clean desert or rich cultivation, the transition from one to the other being almost immediate, and, bathed in the genial sunlight of such latitudes, each as attractive and picturesque as the other. While agreeing that this somewhat arbitrary summing up of the country is in the main correct, to those who, like myself, have been wanderers in unfrequented paths, there are other phases of Egyptian scenery the sad and weary loneliness of which offers the most complete contrast to the somewhat *couleur-de-rose* impression of the enthusiastic new arrival.

For instance, from Wady-Tilat to ancient Tanis in the north, a zone of utter desolation separates the fertile provinces of Dekkalieh and Sharkiyeh from the Desert of Suez on the east. During the winter rains this low-lying district is an almost impassable morass, the heavy rainfall bringing with it the desert salts from one side, while the drainage from the cultivated land on the other is heavily charged with decayed vegetable matter and rotten alkalis. As the spring advances the process of evaporation leaves behind it a black and salt-incrusted mud, treacherous to walk upon, and exhaling the powerful odors of putrefying chemical matter, the few stagnant pools remaining giving off their poisons in myriads of mosquitos and stinging insects, of which they are prolific nurseries.

Here little grows but giant bulrushes and

OUR CAMP AT EL-AKEWA.

an occasional thorn-bush. Fish are unknown in its brackish waters, and wild birds shun the inhospitable waste. In the light of day its hideousness glares at you like a bleaching skeleton, while night enshrouds it in a mournful silence, which even grasshoppers and bullfrogs fail to break. When I first rode through this wilderness under a hot June sun its very weirdness fascinated me. The rushes towering ten feet above our heads, bleached and salt-incrusted, glittered in the sunlight, while their quivering leaves and stems, rustling in the breeze, seemed to breathe a sigh for their desolate condition. No sound of life was to be heard save the plunging of our horses through the tangled mass, or the sough of a tired hoof heavily withdrawn from the clinging mud. The splashing water, crystallizing into salt as it fell, blistered hands and face, and the lips, parched and salt-dried, felt no inclination for speech with the companions who, unseen, were close at hand.

RIDING THROUGH THE SALT-MARSH NORTH OF WADY-TILAT.

There is, however, a certain pleasure in discomfort the termination of which is foreseen. After such a ride as this, how grateful were the relative comforts of our camp at El-Akewa and the epicurean delights of tinned provisions and bottled mineral water!

El-Akewa, though still in the marsh-land, rises above the low level, and we were able to pitch our tents upon a pleasant knoll surrounded by palm-trees. Here we rested two days before proceeding north—two days of hard painting for me, the subjects being quaint and the color wonderful, though the conditions were far from comfortable.

Wishing to make a study of a portion of the swamp, I set up my easel on the edge of a pool where the ground seemed a little firmer than the rest. Quickly becoming engrossed in my work, I did not notice that I was slowly sinking, until I found that my sketching-stool had nearly disappeared, and my legs were embedded in the mud almost up to my knees. With the breaking of the

SANETA.

surface crust the black slime gave out most horrible odors, and small stinging flies, liberated from the earth, quickly covered me, crawling up my legs and arms, while the mosquitos, combining in the attack, eventually drove me from my half-finished work. Though really quite clear, the water was so alive with mosquito grubs as to appear almost opaque. By thousands every moment the grubs would come to the surface, either crawling up the rushes or floating, and the outer shells soon cracking in the sun, left the little insects at liberty; a few seconds sufficed to dry their wings and give them life and strength, and then with hum and buzz they joined their brothers in the air, hovering in thousands like a cloud of black smoke over the stagnant pond from which they sprang. Then *I* was discovered,—a rare *bonne bouche* for those parts,—and a rapid retreat became imperative.

Though at the present moment this district is phenomenally waste, I believe that in a very few years the rapid march of reclamation will, as in the case of the Wady-Tilat, transform this wilderness into a garden peopled by thriving fellah farmers.

THE SCORPION-KILLER AT SUFFIEH.

About half a day's ride to the northwest is the picturesque village of Corain. Originally a desert settlement, groves of palms quickly surrounded the village, and, with the advent of means of irrigation, green fields soon covered the arid expanse of sand. Though naturally situated in peculiarly healthy surroundings, the usual ignorance of the people has rendered it a fever-den. Digging up the subsoil mud for building-material, the people have built their village

SAN-EL-HAGA.

on the edge of the *birkeh* so left, which, quickly filling by infiltration, surrounds it by a pool of particularly filthy water, stagnant and stinking, and a ready receptacle for all the offal from the village. The result may be imagined. From the door of the house I occupied I had to wade ankle-deep to get away in any direction, while the inevitable accompaniment of flies, mosquitos, rats, etc., made life here so unpleasant that I was glad to cut my stay short and hasten away. One peculiarity of Corain distinguishes it from all the Delta villages I have seen. Departing from the usual custom of employing no hedges or other dividing-marks, each little holding is here surrounded by high mud walls, within which the palm-gardens and live stock are inclosed. The origin of this custom I could not ascertain, the village being no more subject to human and animal marauders than other villages on the outskirts of Egypt.

McCULLOUGH BEY.

The neighboring village of Saneta, on the other hand, offers the greatest possible contrast to Corain, and is one of the very few I have seen where natural sanitary advantages have been utilized. Possessing rich arable lands, the villagers, possibly from notions of economy, have settled upon a neighboring *gizereh*,[1] or island of sand, and have erected their dwellings there. The mud of which the houses are composed having been brought from a distance, no malarial birkeh exists, and the ordinary drainage from the village is quickly absorbed by the surrounding sand. Consequently healthier than most of the villages of Egypt, its inhabitants are in like proportion active and manly, and more like the Bedouin in character than one would have supposed possible.

Horse-breeding is an industry, and on the high and extensive gizereh equestrian exercises are common. Breezy, healthful, and

[1] *Gizereh* is the Arabic for "island."

delightful, I look back upon my various visits to Saneta with exceeding pleasure and regret.

As usual, the greatest kindness was shown me by the sheik, to whom, on leaving, I wished to make some present. Declining any gift, however, the sheik said that he and the villagers would be gratified by my painting his portrait, which I did, surrounded by all the inhabitants within reach.

As I roughed in the earlier stages of the likeness, my audience could not help giving vent to various comments, saying to one another in undertones: "What is the bey doing? *That* is not like the sheik," etc. So, turning to them, I said:

"When the sheik was a boy he looked very different from the old man he is to-day, did he not?"

"Oh, yes, *maaloom.*"[1]

"And I suppose that any one who knew him then would fail to recognize him now?"

"Without doubt, effendim."

"Then," I said, "you must remember that this picture is young and must have time to grow. You cannot expect a picture half an hour old to look like a man of sixty."

Laughter and acquiescent signs followed this rejoinder, and after two hours' work, amid growing interest as features began to develop and the likeness to grow, they crowded closer and closer about me to watch each touch as it was laid on. Finally cries of "Tamam, tamam!"[2] decided me that I had finished, and handing it over to my host, the sketch was, after minute examination by all present, carried off in triumphant procession, and hung up in the village mosque—an honor which I doubt if any other artist in Egypt has ever had accorded to one of his productions.

This episode reminds me of another experience while painting in Cairo, hardly so complimentary. I was painting a somewhat dilapidated mosque door, when a native of high class, with whom I was acquainted, passed and saluted me.

"What are you doing, effendim?" he said.

"Painting, as you see."

"But why paint so poor a mosque as that?"

"Because I find the color beautiful."

"But the color is only dirt."

"Yes," said I; "but dirt in Cairo is always picturesque."

"And *smells*," said he. Then, after a pause, "What will you do with it when finished?"

"Oh, I suppose I shall sell it."

"*Salaamat!* But who would buy that?"

"Plenty people in England," said I.

"Wonderful! Then, effendim, may I ask how much you will get for it?"

"Probably thirty pounds."

"Whew!" he whistled. "Why, I would not give you thirty pence!" adding in an undertone, as he departed, "But there, I suppose I know nothing about it."

I found in the district a good number of Greek Syrian and Turkish squatters, who, more intelligent and possibly more industrious than their fellah neighbors, often become prosperous. The Turks, poor souls, cleanly and respectable, but retiring, were often the victims of grievous aggression on the part of the natives, and pitifully presented petitions to me for the redress of their grievances. The Syrians, on the other hand, were more usually the aggressors, and gradually amassing wealth, became eventually the usurers of the neighborhood. The rates of interest charged I would be afraid to state, but sixty per cent. I found to be quite a reasonable and legitimate tax. No doubt this habit of sharp dealing has originated in the Delta the proverb: "Iza kan t' Shoof Tarban wa Shami, say-eb el Tarban wa moot esh Shami." ("Should you meet a Syrian and a snake, leave the snake alone, but kill the Syrian.") And another, which seems to me to imply an envy of their superior ability in matters financial: "Shami shoomi, masri kharami," which may be roughly translated as, "The Syrian is a scoundrel, the Egyptian only a thief." Still, in spite of the bad odor in which these aliens are sometimes held, native hospitality is apparently infectious, and I have experienced many kindnesses at the hands of both Greeks and Turks. I remember that, the last time I was at Saneta, a local Greek landowner, living some miles away, sent his servant every day on horseback with a large basket of fresh fruit, vegetables, and baked lamb, in case the food provided by the village should not be palatable. As a matter of fact, our food here was very good indeed, but after several days of semi-starvation an extra meal or two is never amiss, and the good man's basket was duly appreciated.

I have always found it a good rule, while traveling in Egypt, to model my habits as far as possible on those of the camel, and take whatever I can get in the way of food when offered. The next meal is never a certainty, and our superabundance here was quickly compensated for in the subsequent privation. Our journey from Saneta

[1] *Maaloom* means "certainly." [2] Exact.

was through a district sparsely inhabited and poverty-stricken, where the poor inhabitants had to wrestle hard with nature for a living; and, due partly to an accident, our only meal for the next twenty-four hours was a piece of sour bread and the drainings of a particularly dirty bowl of milk among three of us.

In riding farther north, the rich picturesqueness of the country about Saneta gave place to almost complete monotony. Palm-groves disappeared, and in place of the luxuriant cultivation of the southern portion of the province we found only scanty wheat crops, interspersed among wastes of rotten earth. Here and there a little *esbeh*,[1] beautified by clinging vines and creepers, gave shelter to some poor family, whose great patience and toil were rewarded by the scantiest of poor livings, and who eagerly accepted the small bounty dispensed by us en route, and the unwasted luxury of a cigarette. Very pathetic, too, was the legend I saw written over the door of one of these poor hovels:

Ya moufetah el abouab,
Ifta linna khare el bab!

which may be translated thus:

O key-keeper [God], the guardian of the doors,
Open to us the prosperity the doors inclose!

or, in other words, "O God, give us a chance!"

Most portals in this part of Egypt are inscribed with some such proverb, the most usual being, "Allah Akbar; ma'sh'allah!" ("God is great; may he keep evil from us!") While over the doorway of a prosperous sheik I noticed the simple word "Mahhubbeh!" ("Welcome!")

One is accustomed to repeat the pat phrase, "None are so generous as the poor," but nowhere in my experience is this religion of hospitality and generosity so completely exemplified as among the poor fellaheen of the Delta.

The big canals, Bahr Fakous and Bahr Moese, which run through this district, are here so polluted by the salts drained from the richer lands higher up that they have no further fertilizing power. It is a desert of decay, without feature and without interest. Crossing the Bahr Fakous on a pontoon ferry, we eventually reached the bank of the Bahr Moese, to find that it was too deep to ford, and no ferry of any kind to be found.

Fortunately, after half an hour's ride we came upon a fishing-boat from Lake Menzaleh, engaged in netting the river. Hailing the men, we asked to be ferried across, and without question they at once hauled in their nets and came alongside the bank to take us on board. The bank was precipitous, and very soon becoming slippery by the splashing of water, it was no easy matter to embark several camels, horses, and donkeys, as well as our camp baggage, and three journeys were necessary before we all were landed on the other side, thus losing some two hours of daylight for the fishermen. On offering payment for their services, they replied, "By no means, O pasha! Allah has allowed us to befriend the wayfarer, and he will reward us"; and a few minutes later they were once more busily engaged with their nets, to the accompaniment of the usual monotonous chant. These Menzaleh fisherfolk, by the way, are among the poorest of the Egyptians, relatively more taxed and restricted than other classes, and, far from being benefited by recent public improvements, have been direct sufferers from the barrage and other irrigation works.

We were soon amid cultivation again, and my companion, McCullough Bey, having work to attend to some distance off our track, I decided to go on alone to Suffieh, the village for which we were making, and leaving the animals to be reloaded, I walked across the fields for the few miles intervening.

I found Suffieh a most curious village, being surrounded on all sides by a deep canal, and to which neither bridge nor ferry afforded means of approach. As it happened to be a Friday, and I arrived at the hour of midday prayer, all the men were at the mosque, engaged in their devotions. Nothing was to be done until they had finished, so I sat down on the bank with my sketch-book to pass the time until some one should appear to carry me over.

I found myself opposite a place where the women of the village came to draw water, and presently two buxom young women appeared and began the washing of clothes and cooking-pots, which seems always to precede the drawing of their drinking-supply. I was busy sketching their ever-beautiful draperies and graceful movements when I was observed, and at once drawing their *mandils* over their faces, they prepared to go.

"Naharkom Said," I called across the water.

"Said embarak," they replied.

"Don't go away," I said; "I want a drink of water."

[1] Farm.

"There is plenty of water at your feet. Drink as you will."

"But I have no cup," I said. The only reply was a little snigger.

Presently one of them asked if I wished to go into the village, and on my reply that I did, but did not see how it was to be managed, a consultation took place between them. Finally, a decision having been arrived at, they suddenly hitched their clothing over their shoulders, and plunging into the canal, waded across, and said that they would carry me over. Truly an undignified and embarrassing position, for the water was nearly breast-high and the bottom slippery, and I was not at all sure that these young ladies might not be sufficiently mischievous to drop me in the canal.

However, as they put their arms around each other and insisted, I pocketed my pride and misgivings, and, seated on their shoulders, was quickly ferried across and deposited on terra firma, when my guides, having done what they considered to be their duty, quietly went on with their occupation.

Presently McCullough appeared, and was greatly surprised to find me on the other side—a surprise shared by the men, who now, returning from the mosque, carried him over in the same way, and conducted us both to the village guest-house.

The inside view of Suffieh was as curious as its approach. Strictly limited in area by the surrounding water, ordinary expansion was out of the question, and its gradual increase of population had to be accommodated by means of all kinds of odd additions to the original houses, giving it a higgledy-piggledy appearance quite beyond the ordinary of fellah hamlets. As several of these additions had been built into and quite closed many of the narrow lanes, we found it impossible to find our way about unguided.

The guest-room was poor to a degree, our only sleeping-accommodation being a single blanket spread upon the mud floor. The food was as bad as the housing, and I find in my memorandum-book a note that for the thirty hours I stayed in Suffieh the only food we could eat was a basin of gamoose-milk, in which we sopped the not over-clean flat loaves provided us. The omdeh also, though no doubt a worthy man, was the most ill-visaged, loud-tongued fellah I had seen, and would persist in disturbing us every few minutes to say that "our visit brought a blessing on his house." Finally, losing patience, McCullough threw a riding-boot at him, and told him not to appear again till sent for. Profusely thanking him in the matter of the boot, he withdrew just in time to dodge the second, and we were left in peace.

In peace, did I say? Far from it, for we were nearly eaten alive. Sitting at our doorstep in the cool of the evening, we noticed curious dark patches rising from the ground, and spreading upward over the walls of the houses. Presently there appeared a man carrying a lantern on his head, who engaged in a vigorous onslaught upon each patch with a curious rapier-like weapon which he had in his hand. Getting up to investigate, we discovered that the patches were swarms of small black scorpions, which the gaffer was skilfully impaling on his skewer. Each one transfixed pushed the preceding one higher up the blade, until it was full to the hilt, when, drawing it through his fingers, the dead insects were dropped into a large bag slung under his arm, and eventually deposited by bagfuls into the canal. In this primitive way did the village wage war upon its peculiar plague, which, unchecked, would soon have rendered it uninhabitable.

To McCullough Bey, with whom I was traveling on this occasion, I owe a greater debt of gratitude than I can ever repay. Having been for over thirty years a servant of the government, his knowledge of Egypt and its people is profound, and my various rides through the country with him have proved a most valuable and delightful education. Himself strongly imbued with the instincts of an Arab, and being a fine horseman, he was not only always a welcome guest, but inspired such faith and regard in all with whom he had to do that many facilities for studying the native "at home," otherwise impossible to the stranger, were freely offered me.

The beauty of his Arabic also was a treat to hear. Elegant in diction, in idiom and pronunciation unequaled, I always look upon him as a perfect master of the language, and greedily endeavor to acquire a little of his own preëminent facility. Few natives enjoy so great an acquaintance with their own tongue, and I remember once hearing him recite to a wondering and admiring group of Bedouin sheiks a chapter of Jeremiah, which, delivered in a manner quite beyond the powers of any among his audience, excited their admiring exclamations of, "How wonderful the bey knows the Koran! What a pity he is not a Moslem!"

It must not be supposed, from the various unpleasantnesses I have from time to time

described, that life among the fellaheen is altogether disagreeable. Given health, the balance is decidedly on the side of enjoyment, and I have become sufficiently acclimatized, fortunately, to escape most of the ailments common to such a life.

Only once can I remember being really unwell. This was at San-el-Haga, several years ago. San is a fishing-village, built at the junction of the Bahr Moese and the Bahr Fakous, from which place the sluggish stream slowly wends its way to Menzaleh. Any fishing-village in Egypt is "fragrant," but San-el-Haga is more. The water, slightly brackish, is laden with drainage matter, and the mud banks, upon which fish offal is plentiful, exhale horrid odors under a hot sun. Agriculture is scarcely practised here, and the absence of animals means absence of fuel; consequently fish-bones are the only substitute available.

Now, if you add to the ordinary smells of such a place the odor of burning fish-bones, upon which all food is cooked, and of which everything tastes, it may be readily understood that residence there is trying. For the first and only time I fell sick; it was simply nausea, caused by the foul air and tainted food, but for three days I could not leave my room.

Fortunately, here I was really well off, for I was the guest of Yusef Effendi, the tax-collector of the port, a half-breed Turk, whose house internally was cleanliness itself. My bed, after what I had been lately accustomed to, was delightful. It consisted of some eight or ten thin cushions or mattresses, covered with gay-colored silk, and at the head as many pillows. When going to bed we crawled between the cushions, leaving as many above us as the temperature demanded, and lying upon the rest. Everything was delightfully clean and cool, and the down-stuffed mattresses were soft and comfortable.

While staying here I experienced a unique honor, for after a few days Yusef asked my permission for his wife and little girl to join us at meals, and for the first time I witnessed the real domestic life of a Moslem. Amina, his wife, was a pleasant-faced, rather refined woman, and his little daughter charmingly pretty in her many-colored robes.

As is usual among even the poorest Turks, cleanliness and refinement characterized all their habits; the food, though daintily served, suffered from the universal flavor of the place, but all the utensils were clean, and the coffee-cups of really fine china.

Yusef Effendi, I regret to say, has been removed to another post, and with him and his charming family has gone my only interest in San-el-Haga; for though I have frequently to pass through it, I have never yet discovered anything at all paintable there, and its sole claim to notice lies in the tumbled ruins of Tanis, about a mile away.

HARDSHIPS OF A REPTILER;

OR, THE CRUISE OF THE "KATYDID" AFTER CALIPASH AND CALIPEE.

BY BENJAMIN WOOD.

WITH PICTURES BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE.

ABOUT the first of the year 1895, after knocking about the country for some time, I came to the conclusion that I would return to New York, settle down, and resist my craving for adventure. With this resolution I went into the real-estate business, but after a very little while I discovered that at least half the people of New York were in the same calling. But I stuck to it, and even went so far as to have some "To Let" and "For Sale" cards printed, in the hope that I should soon have the pleasure and pride of seeing them on innumerable houses and stores. Alas! I have those signs yet, and they are not in the least weather-beaten. I soon found that, in spite of my heroic determination to stick to it, the real-estate business without me would not become obsolete, so I decided that what I needed was a more exciting occupation. I therefore inserted in a newspaper a cleverly worded advertisement that I thought would attract any one who

might have some novel scheme or business enterprise to exploit. Boiled down, the "ad." would read like this: "A young man looking for trouble won't be happy till he gets it." Well, the trouble came at first in gentle zephyrs; it did not develop the force of a hurricane until I was too far in it to get out.

I received hundreds of replies, of course, but there was only one that attracted me. The very novelty of it impelled me to request my correspondent to call. He did so the next day, and although the mere outline of his scheme had interested me, the remarkable appearance of my caller and the air of daredeviltry about him attracted me still more, and I was consumed with curiosity to know more of his scheme.

He was a tall, straight man, carelessly dressed in a dark suit and wearing at a rakish angle a black, wide-brimmed slouch-hat, and was, I should say, at least sixty years old, although his healthy, bronzed face and erect carriage indicated that he was still in his prime. There was something peculiar about his eyes which I could not fathom at first, but I soon discovered that, while he was apparently looking straight at me with one eye, the other was looking away at an angle of about forty-five degrees. After I had become better acquainted with him I heard him speak once of a man, although not referring to himself, who had a "left-handed eye," and it struck me that this definition was particularly apt. He had a strange way of sometimes giving sharp, crisp, businesslike replies to my queries, and the next moment lapsing into a slow Yankee drawl. He announced himself as Captain Nat Wiggins, master out of the port of New York.

Wiggins was born of Yankee parentage, in Missouri, I think, and went to sea when very young. Being of an adventurous disposition, he joined an expedition which was fitting out at Mobile to go to the aid of Walker, the filibuster, who was then trying to regain control of Nicaragua. Before reaching the Mosquito Coast the vessel was captured by an English war-ship, and the crew were sent back to the States, under promise not to take up arms against Nicaragua again. When the war broke out, Wiggins distinguished himself by successively fighting for both sides. How he managed it I do not know. He claims to have enlisted in the cause of the South at first, but at the end he found himself a gunner's mate on the old United States frigate *Santee*.

The captain began to unfold his scheme by saying that, some years before, he had been captain of a vessel engaged in carrying negroes from Jamaica to the Central American coast and the Isthmus, where there was a big demand for labor on the canal, and on the railroads then being built. He was struck by the abundance of green turtles on the coast, which constituted the chief article of food of the natives; but it did not occur to him until years afterward that there must be a better way of getting the turtles to the Northern markets, where the demand was rapidly increasing, than by bringing them up alive on the decks of vessels. The great objection to this way was that on the eight-day voyage the turtles became so sickly and emaciated that when they finally arrived in New York they were virtually good for nothing, and in quality and weight mere specters of the large and delicious turtles freshly caught in Southern waters. A turtle weighing two hundred and fifty pounds when netted or harpooned would, upon arriving in New York, tip the scales at not more than one hundred and fifty pounds, and, as a matter of fact, a one-hundred-and-fifty-pound turtle is to-day rarely seen in New York. The carrying of live turtles is also expensive and troublesome, since they must be cared for, and have their mouths swabbed out every day with salt water; besides, as they cannot be piled on top of one another, they take up considerable room. Under the most favorable conditions a large percentage of them die on the voyage, and are a total loss, as a dead turtle, not canned, has absolutely no market value either for soups or steaks, except to a very few unscrupulous hotel-keepers. In fact, the majority of live green turtles arriving in New York at the present time are fit subjects for the Board of Health or for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Upon arriving in New York several months before I met him, Wiggins had ascertained that not only had the demand for green turtles greatly increased, but that absolutely no progress had been made in improving the facilities for supplying the demand. It is true that one or two canneries had been started in Texas and Florida for canning freshly killed turtles, but they did not long survive, for the very good reason that the turtles caught on our coast are small, and could not be caught in sufficient quantities to keep the canneries in operation, even during the few months that the turtles "run."

Still another drawback to the success of

these primitive establishments was the great difficulty of preserving the turtle meat in the tins so that it would keep an indefinite period; for a long and tedious operation is necessary to can it successfully, during which the cans must be submitted to an intense heat.

Now, Wiggins, knowing that certain parts of the coast of the Central American countries abounded in turtles during the "cooting" and "crawling," or "running," season, immediately hit upon the idea of establishing a canning factory down there. There were, however, many objections to this plan, the main one being that such an establishment would have to be located on the beach, where the turtles crawled in the greatest number, as the facilities for transportation on that desolate, fever-stricken coast could not be depended upon. Then, again, the turtles (which are as migratory as birds) might select some other coast for the next season, and leave the captain's plant with nothing to can but alligators and snakes. Most important of all, Wiggins knew that he could not hire white men to live in such a spot, with the likelihood of the fever taking them off at any minute, and some white men he must have, and intelligent men at that, as tinsmiths and cooks.

As it would not do to locate a plant on shore, the captain finally conceived the novel idea of fitting out a vessel as a floating cannery. The more he thought of the idea the more practicable it seemed: the turtles could not escape him, for he could follow them; he could act as his own transportation company; and, better yet, he could regularly enlist his tinsmith and cook, and keep them on board ship, subject to rigid discipline, and thereby successfully keep off the fever.

Here was a scheme which, for originality and the likelihood of adventure, was worthy of a man who had fought both North and South. I was so forcibly struck with it that I agreed on the spot to take time to investigate its feasibility, with a view to the organization of a company to exploit it. We started out at once to interview everybody in New York who knew the difference between "calipash" and "calipee."

For about two weeks I did nothing but call on chefs, hotel men, packers, and one or two concerns that made a business of importing the live turtles, all of whom told me that there was a large demand for a good article of properly canned green turtle.

Becoming convinced that the demand was great and would not decrease, I next began investigating the captain's tale of a sea dotted with turtles' heads as far as the eye reached. In 1892 I had been all along the Pacific coast as far as the Isthmus, and although I saw turtles, they were not numerous enough to impede the progress of the ship. It was, however, on the east coast of Costa Rica and Nicaragua that the captain proposed to operate, so I called on the official representatives of these republics for information.

"Turtles!" said my Costa Rican. "On our coast there is nothing but turtles." (I afterward found this statement to be true, for I never saw anything else there, except three or four million sharks.) I was glad to hear this, and when he assured me that the turtles could easily be caught in large quantities, I was still more pleased. Thanking him, without telling him of our plans, I happened to ask him whether turtles were also numerous on the Nicaragua coast. He did not seem to be aware of the existence of such a place as Nicaragua, but informed me that Costa Rica was the only place for turtles. Official Nicaragua had heard of Costa Rica, but insisted that all the turtles came to the coast of his country and were very careful not to cross into Costa Rican waters.

This slight difference of opinion was immaterial, however, since the two countries adjoin, and after satisfying myself that Captain Wiggins's scheme was practicable, I decided to go into it.

Having come to this decision, I suddenly realized that the buying and fitting out of a vessel and the necessary plant, and the cost of carrying on operations for several months, required considerably more capital than I could command. After much vain effort to interest others, I hit upon an old college chum, who was practising law in New York, and who had several clients with money seeking investment. He became enthusiastic over the scheme and personally invested in it, and for the next few weeks his office was headquarters for turtle conferences; but so far as our cruise is concerned his clients' capital is still uninvested.

But the necessary money having been obtained, Captain Nat and I set about getting a suitable vessel and buying and installing the plant.

After dickering with several ship-owners, the captain, who could not be fooled when it came to a question of anything relating to a vessel, finally selected as trim a little two-masted vessel as could be found, which we bought outright. She had been origi-

nally a Nova Scotia fisherman, and was called the *Katydid*. She was rigged as a schooner, of about one hundred and five tons. For a working vessel her lines were very fine, and she looked, what she afterward proved herself to be, a splendid boat in a heavy sea, and a very fast sailer either on or before the wind.

After scraping down her masts, calking her decks, and giving her a good coat of paint, she was ready for business. We then bought the plant, which consisted of a medium-sized upright boiler, a large and heavy steam-tight "process-kettle," a steam-pump, two large one-hundred-gallon copper block-tin-lined open kettles or caldrons, and a large square wooden vent-tank about two feet deep, and containing a steam-coil. A brick and cement foundation was built for the boiler, which was permanently made fast at the bottom of the main-hatch. We then rigged up a support for the process-kettle beside the boiler, but only about half-way down the hatch, so that when the kettle was in position it projected several feet above the deck of the vessel, immediately forward of the galley. We located the caldrons on the starboard side, near the rail, about amidships, and placed the vent-tank a little forward of them on the same side. Our object in placing them all on one side of the vessel was to leave the port side clear for the hauling in of the turtles, and for the shipping and unshipping of water-casks. Next steam-fitters came aboard, and made all the connections with flexible steam-hose. We could not use connections of pipe, owing to its rigidity and the almost certain likelihood of starting leaks when the vessel strained and pitched.

When all the connections were made, we got up steam and thoroughly tested all the apparatus. Everything was then taken apart, and, including the process-kettle, stowed in the hold, until we were ready to begin operations on the breeding-grounds of the green turtle.

The supply of water for the boiler and for cooking was a most important consideration, and one that gave us no little concern. In addition to the regular ship's tank, and four large casks made fast on deck, we bought another large tank and placed it in the hold just abaft the mainmast. We counted upon catching consjderable rain-water, as we were going South during the rainy season, and for this purpose we had large awnings made to cover nearly the entire deck from the foremast aft, which were so made that they could readily be "bellied" when it rained, and the water run off into the deck-casks by means of canvas pipes. However, we did not care to depend on the rainfall, and therefore carried all the water with us that we could.

As may readily be imagined, during the days that the plant was being rigged up and tested, the *Katydid* was the center of attraction along South street, where she lay, and there was always a crowd of wondering longshoremen hanging about, trying to find out what possible use a schooner could have for a boiler and steam-kettles. Many different and absurd stories were started, and I am afraid that the captain, who was nothing if not a wag, was responsible for most of them. I heard him tell one inquisitive newspaper reporter that we were fitting up to go to Cuba to do the cooking for the whole Cuban army, and another that we were going "reptiling."

While I was busy buying cans, canning-irons, solder, and acid, and at the same time trying to learn something about the operation of hermetically preserving, the captain selected his crew, which consisted of two seamen before the mast, and a mate.

The mate, who knew little of navigation, was a Pennsylvania Dutchman, happily named Gladd. I am taking a liberty, from a sailor's standpoint, in not prefixing the "mister" to his name, as aboard ship the mate is always the "mister," just as the captain is invariably referred to as the "old man." One of the seamen was a Norwegian, or, according to the captain, a "Sou'wegian," named Tony, and a big husky fellow he was, and as strong as an ox. The other was a Russian Finn, answering to the name of Charlie. I never knew the surname of either, but Charlie was a very good sailor, and it was not long before I discovered that the captain placed more reliance on him than he did on the mister.

All that now remained to be done was to secure the services of a hotel cook who was familiar with the proper way of butchering and cooking turtles, and a tinsmith to cap and vent the cans when filled. This task was most difficult, as there are very few good hotel cooks willing to join a cruise of this kind, and, in addition to their other work, cook for a grumbling crew of half-starved sailors. Even if willing, there is not one in a hundred who can do it, for cooking in a hotel and in a stuffy little hole of a galley on board ship in a rough sea, and carrying the food aft to the captain's table, are two entirely different accomplishments.

In the matter of securing a cook, fortune

favored us, for we got one who afterward proved himself of inestimable value, and could always be depended upon to do his duty, however trying the circumstances. This man was a young German, but a cook of the French school, named Fritz Stein. Unfortunately, Fritz had a wooden leg, and on this account the captain hesitated about signing him; but finally he did so, and never had cause to regret it. He proved himself to be about the most reliable man on board, and the way he could get about with that wooden leg was remarkable. Fritz was the personification of good nature, and although he went through some very rough experiences, I never saw him without a happy smile.

The one thing that remained was to secure a tinsmith, or a man who could properly handle a soldering-iron. The uncertain nature of the *Katydid's* cruise did not appeal to workmen in this line, and three men who signed the shipping articles all backed out at the last minute. One of them did arrive at the vessel ready to go, but so drunk that he fell off the wharf, and succeeded in filling what remaining liquid capacity he had with river-water, and then concluded that he had already had all the cruise he wanted.

Finally we induced an Irishman named Mike Flynn to sign, and when we got him on board he was turned over to Fritz to be entertained, so that he would not reconsider his determination until we were well down the bay.

Everything now being ready, I took leave of my legal partners, who, by the way, had their time pretty well occupied, in the two days after our departure, in filing affidavits as to the peaceful nature of our cruise with the Spanish consul, who, owing to the articles published by one blatant morning journal, strongly suspected the *Katydid* of being a Cuban filibuster.

On a beautiful April morning, the 10th of the month, the *Katydid* swung out in the river, and under jib, foresail, and mainsail sailed down the bay, as proud and pretty as any yacht afloat, on her long and eventful cruise in Southern seas.

Our intention was to make Port Royal, Jamaica, our first port. We thought we could gain a great deal of information in Kingston about the process of preserving turtle, having learned that it was canned there for shipment to England.

Nothing eventful occurred on the run down. The crew soon had everything shipshape, and Mike was taught to lend a hand wherever needed. Fritz, after he once got his good leg used to the motion of the vessel, rapidly learned the duties of a ship's cook. He was a great favorite with the captain, who taught him to handle the fore-sheet, which, on a vessel of the size of the *Katydid*, is called the "cook's sheet." It is near to the galley, and the cook is supposed to "let her off" and "trim her down," as the case may be. Fritz took great delight in the performance of this duty, and was continually importuning the captain to go about so that he could get practice. He soon learned to answer, "Aye, aye, sir," to the captain's orders, and took great pleasure in repeating them to the men forward in his broken English, invariably adding some instructions of his own which he might consider necessary, all of which amused the captain, although such a breach of discipline on the part of one of the regular crew would have met with instant reproof. Both of our landsmen speedily became popular with the crew, but poor Mike was the butt for every joke. He was the quietest Irishman I ever saw, good-natured and a hard worker, so I came to the conclusion that we had secured a prize in him.

We were delighted with the sailing qualities of the schooner. She was as fast as a bird, and ten days after leaving New York we were at anchor at Port Royal, making a remarkably fast voyage—indeed, one of the fastest recorded for a sailing-vessel of her size.

Upon coming to anchor we were boarded by the custom-house officers, and as we carried no cargo, an inspector was left on board during our stay in port, to see that we did no smuggling. The captain and I then went ashore, and were shown over the town by the negro pilot who had brought the vessel in. That afternoon we boarded the government launch and sailed up to Kingston, a few miles farther up the harbor. We hunted up the turtle establishment, and were graciously received by the owner, who, unfortunately for himself, did not then know the nature of our cruise. We absorbed all the knowledge we could, and just as we were about to leave, the son of the proprietor rushed in with a copy of a local paper, just issued, containing a long account of the object of the *Katydid's* cruise, report of which had just come from New York by steamer. We did not waste any time in attempting to explain or apologize to the now indignant turtleman, but beat a hasty retreat.

THE CAPTAIN.

Hearing that the season when the female turtle crawls on the beach to lay would soon be at hand, we replenished our water-tanks, and set sail the following day. I now realized that the serious part of our cruise was about to begin, and that there was plenty of good hard work cut out for us ahead. The plan, as decided upon by the captain and me, was to take a roundabout course through the islands and cays in the Caribbean Sea, and try to increase our ship's company by the addition of two or three native turtle-hunters provided with a canoe, and to pick up what information we could about the best place to secure turtles in quantities. Then when the season had begun we intended to select a point somewhere on the coast of Nicaragua or Costa Rica, as a base from which to carry on operations.

Therefore, after crossing the bar and dropping our pilot, we shaped a course south-southwest until we sighted Roncador Reef, where the United States steamer *Kearsarge* was lost a year or so before. Getting by this dangerous reef, we steered west-southwest, passing within gunshot of Old Providence, the rendezvous of Morgan, that celebrated bucaneer of early days, whom the British pardoned after vain efforts to capture him, knighted, and made governor of Jamaica.

"SHE WAS AS FAST AS A BIRD."

On noon of the third day out, Tony, who was on the lookout in the fore-rigging, called out, "Land ahead, sir, off the port bow." After taking a long look through a glass I made out the loom of the land, which Captain Nat informed me ought to be Great Corn Island. The *Katydid* rapidly overhauled the land, and at four o'clock in the afternoon we had picked our way through some dangerous reefs and dropped anchor in Brig Bay, the little harbor of the island, within a stone's throw of the beach, which was thronged with wondering islanders, the visit of a schooner of our size being of rare occurrence. Leaving the mate in charge, the captain and I pulled ashore in the gig. As the gig plowed her nose in the sand, we were met by the governor, or the "governodor," as Captain Nat called him, and politely informed that it would be necessary for the vessel to go to Bluefields, and clear there for Corn Island, before we could hold any communication with the shore, or land any cargo. This was unpleasant news, as such a course would greatly delay us, and so we tried to argue the point with the governor, by assuring him that all we wanted was to offer employment to some of his expert turtlemen. But we might as well have saved our breath; for crossing the palm of

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"I DID NOTHING BUT CALL ON CHEFS."

an official with the Peruvian sol is the only effective argument with officials of this region, as I afterward discovered. However, we did not consider the object worth it in this case, and therefore rowed back to the ship.

After supper I stretched myself out in a steamer-chair on deck for a smoke, and witnessed the most beautiful sunset I have ever seen. The sands of the beach stretched along for miles on each side of us as white as the driven snow, while the limpid water was so clear, as the setting sun shone on it, that the beautiful white and pink coral reefs beneath its surface were plainly visible, and the picture was set off by the dense grove of dark-green cocoanut-palms that fringed the beach.

About ten o'clock in the evening I thought I heard a commotion on the beach. I listened, and heard a great many voices raised to an excited pitch, although I was too far away to make out anything that was said, even if I could have understood that very peculiar mixture of Jamaica English and Spanish which is spoken on these islands. I called the captain, and we then saw many lanterns on the beach, and could indistinctly make out human forms congregating at the governor's house, immediately in front of where we lay. Finally the lights disappeared and quiet reigned again, and we slept.

Bright and early the next morning we were up, determined to make one last appeal to the governor; so after breakfast we went ashore again. It had occurred to the captain that probably the governor had not been sufficiently impressed with our importance the night before, so this time we went in state. Tony and Charlie were at the oars, while our poor old dilapidated Stars and Stripes, the only national flag we possessed, was put in the boat.

This time the governor was more gracious, and not only allowed us to set foot on his precious little island, but invited us to his house. We explained more fully the object of our cruise, but he was still suspicious. Finally he said that if we would allow him to search the vessel for contraband goods, he would permit us to land if he found nothing. This proposition we gladly accepted, and at once loaded down the gig with his deputies, and went aboard the ship.

The search was most interesting to the Corn Islanders. They did not find what they were looking for, but the boiler and kettles greatly excited their curiosity. Coming up out of the hold, where I had accompanied the inspector-in-chief of the Corn Island custom-house, I found the captain roaring with laughter. As soon as he saw me he beckoned me aft, and disclosed to me the cause of the commotion that we had heard

the night before. It seemed that a report had been started soon after our arrival that we were an expedition fitted out by Colombia to capture Corn Island. Both Nicaragua and Colombia claimed the island, and while Nicaragua held possession, it was rumored that Colombia intended to try to capture it. The substance of the report was that the *Katydid* had three or four hundred men between her decks, who would land during the night and seize the island. A general alarm was sounded, and in a short time all the men, and the women too, were congregated on the beach, armed to the teeth. At the governor's house there was an old muzzle-loading cannon, which the natives loaded with everything they could find, and trained on the vessel. If it had ever gone off with the charge they had in it, Corn Island would have been somewhat depopulated. We went ashore with the deputies, and I took occasion to congratulate the governor upon the excellent state of defense of his island, and upon the remarkably short time in which his army could be mobilized at a given point.

We were told that all the professional turtle-hunters of the island were over among the Pearl Cays, off the Mosquito Coast, where they were engaged in harpooning and netting turtles, the crawling season not having yet begun. We determined to run over there and take a look about, notwithstanding the fact that navigating a vessel of our draft among these little cays was very ticklish business.

The Pearl Cays being only a few miles from Corn Island, we were soon sailing among them, keeping a sharp lookout for reefs and turtle-hunters. Within a short time we made out a canoe near Seal Cay, and were soon at anchor there, and signaling to the canoemen to come alongside. They proved to be Corn Islanders, and had just harpooned a couple of green turtles and a hawkbill. The latter is the tortoise-shell turtle of commerce, although not nearly so large as the green turtle, and of the "snapper" variety and carnivorous, while the green turtle is vegetarian and lives entirely on sea-grasses. The valuable tortoise-shell is formed on the back of the hawkbill in thirteen plates,

"THE 'KATYDID' WAS THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION ALONG SOUTH STREET."

"MANY DIFFERENT AND ABSURD STORIES WERE STARTED."

varying in size and shape. In harpooning them the natives must be careful to strike the head, and not the shell. The Corn Islanders are very clever at harpooning, although not so expert as the Carib Indians of the coast, one of whom I have seen strike a turtle in the head nearly thirty feet away. The weapon used is a long, light stick, with an ordinary tenpenny nail, which has been barbed, fastened at one end.

Although we tried very hard to engage these natives and their canoe for the cruise, promising to return them to Corn Island, we were unable to come to terms. I think they did not particularly fancy the captain's appearance, and were afraid of being keel-hauled. As we were about to part company with them, it occurred to me that this would be a good opportunity to can a turtle and make some preliminary experiments. So we bought the two green turtles, after haggling for some time about the price, and were soon under way for Water Cay, where we could find a lee and comparatively smooth water.

Nearing Water Cay, we came suddenly upon a reef, and Fritz, forgetting for a moment that the foresheet was the "cook's sheet," neglected the captain's order to trim it in. We were almost on the reef when he finally remembered his duty, and he had the sheet flattened down in a jiffy. I had heard the captain swear, but never as he swore now. He cursed in seven languages at the crestfallen cook. That night, however, the supper was particularly good.

Upon coming to anchor and going ashore on Water Cay, we were surprised to see a thin ribbon of smoke ascending on the other side of the cay. We had not the slightest idea that this desolate little island was inhabited, but upon investigation we discovered a primitive little shack, the owner of which was as much surprised to see us as we were to see him.

The first thing to be done was to take aboard a supply of water. We had run low, as it was still too early for the rainy season and we had therefore been unable to catch any. There was one little spring on the cay, fortunately on our side, so we dropped the ship's casks overboard, towed them ashore, and rolled them up the beach to the spring. The process of filling them was painfully tedious, as the spring held only a couple

MIKE. FRITZ.

CHARLIE.

of bucketfuls and took a long time to fill up again. Fritz, who had not been ashore since leaving Jamaica, wished to stretch his good leg, so he set to work filling the casks, singing away a song of his own composing, which went something like this:

> Oh, come, bubble up, little spring,
> Bubbly, bubbly high;
> The captain wants you all on board,
> For the *Katydid* is dry.

Fritz pronounced "bubbly" like "boobly," and the effect was very funny.

The entire next day was spent in rigging up the plant and spreading awnings; for the heat was intense, and Charlie, who was appointed chief engineer, was overcome while making a fire in the boiler. Mike got out his soldering-irons, while Tony and the mate were busy on the awnings and arranging a "cutting-up" table. In the afternoon I accepted an invitation from the owner of the shack to make a visit to his turtle-nets. We paddled out in his canoe, in the handling of which he was very expert. The first net we pulled had a big ragged hole in it, and no turtle. "Sharks," said Thompson, sententiously. "Those pesky sharks keep me busy mending nets."

We met with but little success, getting only one small turtle, weighing perhaps one hundred and fifty pounds, which we hauled into the canoe with the damaged net, and returned to the ship. This was my first turtle-hunt, and I considered it pretty good sport at the time, although it was very tame in comparison with the exciting hunts that were to come.

It is essential that the butchered turtle shall drain thoroughly before being cooked, and for this reason we always killed the night before we intended to can, and hung the turtles up to drain. There is an odd superstition among the natives that if the moon shines on freshly killed meat the meat will turn green. The captain believed this, and was careful that our turtles should be kept covered on moonlight nights.

Before daybreak the next morning I was awakened by a tremendous pounding, and going on deck half asleep, I thought for the moment that I was on board a floating slaughter-house. There was Fritz, busily engaged in removing the shell and in quartering the turtles with his cleaver, all the while talking away to them in German. Charlie had steam up, and the water was beginning to boil in the tanks and kettles.

The most highly prized meat of the green

THE MISTER.

TONY.

"HE CURSED IN SEVEN LANGUAGES."

turtle is what is called the calipash and the calipee. The calipash is a dark-green gelatinous substance, about an inch or two thick, that lies directly beneath the shell of the back. In fact, it is the shell itself, for, except this, there is only a very thin outside scale. The calipee is similar to the calipash, except that it lies near the lower shell, and is lighter in color and somewhat thinner. The rest of the turtle, with the exception of the white meat, from which is cut "green-turtle steak," is tough and stringy. I have come near forgetting that a very choice morsel is the flipper. What we intended to put up was the calipash and the calipee, with a small proportion of the choicest white meat.

After a hard day's work we succeeded in getting about twenty quart-cans filled, which we thought would be enough to put to the test of several days' exposure in the hot sun. I left them on the deck, which was so hot that the pitch boiled and bubbled up out of the seams, and no one could go barefooted, as was the usual custom of the sailors. Then we made the cans fast to a line and dropped them overboard, so that they were suddenly cooled. The result was most gratifying, for we had only one or two cans spoil, and upon opening a good can we could readily tell just what changes to make in the process to improve it. I had anticipated great trouble with the canning of the turtle, and was consequently highly elated at the good result.

In the evening we laid out our future course, as we were anxious to secure a cargo of canned turtles as soon as possible. It was finally agreed that we should run down the coast to Port Limon, Costa Rica, and make that place our headquarters. Our intention was to build there a large turtle "crawl," or pen, on the beach, and to take occasional trips up to Turtle Boag for a deck-load of turtles, which would be turned loose in the crawl until we had enough to begin canning.

Turtle Boag is a hill on the coast between Greytown and Limon, and a very prominent landmark—in fact, the only one between these points until you get down to the Matina Mountains, which, however, are some little distance inland. The Indians claim that on the top of the Boag there is an immense rock formed exactly like a turtle. I never investigated this story, but it is a fact that the turtles come there in great numbers every year, during the months of May, June, and July, to lay their eggs in the sand, and that they are more numerous here than anywhere else.

On the 8th of May we got under way for Limon, and arrived there in the afternoon of the third day, after having stopped at Bluefields and Greytown in a useless attempt to get the men we wanted.

Limon may be described in a very few words. It is the only eastern port of Costa Rica, and connects with San José, the capital, by a wonderful little railroad. From this port were shipped, at that time, about fifty thousand bunches

"HE HAD THE SHEET FLATTENED DOWN IN A JIFFY."

of bananas every week to New Orleans and New York. In fact, the banana and coffee are about the only articles of export. The town itself is like any other of these coast towns, except that it is a shade better. It is very hot and dirty, and although Costa Ricans will tell you that it is healthy, it is worth one's life to live there, as I soon found out. There is a bank in Limon, a hotel, if you please, and a general store, or "commissary." There are also railroad machine-shops, which employ a number of white men. Every white man who lives there constantly for a few years becomes absolutely good for nothing. The food they eat is awful. You can probably find more tropical fruit in Iceland than you can in Limon, and after taking a few meals in the hotel I was well content to return to salt-horse and lobscouse on the *Katydid*.

The average Limonite consumes from seventy-five to one hundred grains of quinine a day as a steady diet, but in case of fever the dose is doubled. If you miss an acquaintance in Limon, you only show your ignorance by inquiring for him. There is only one way to die there—fever; and only one thing prescribed for it by the only doctor in the place—quinine. There are only three or four white women, all the others being Jamaica women of various shades, the result being that many of the white men have colored wives. Another odd thing is that there are very few pure-blooded Costa Ricans there, the population consisting of white trash, Jamaica blacks, and coast Indians, with the customary sprinkling of Chinese and Hebrew traders.

We had been in Limon only a day or so before I became well acquainted with the government officials; but, notwithstanding the good offices of the American consular agent, Mr. Unckles, I had a very hard time of it. With an interpreter I called on the governor, and explained to him that I wished to spend a lot of money in Costa Rica for turtles, in return for which I asked him for several privileges, such as permission to leave and enter the port whenever we chose, without being subjected to custom-house inspection and to the payment of harbor, light, and tonnage dues.

FOUR SOLDIERS OF THE COSTA RICAN ARMY.

In some way they had already heard of the *Katydid* in Limon, and the governor thought we were bound for Cuba to assist the insurgents. This belief was strengthened by the arrival from San José of the Spanish consul, who had been on the lookout for us. Finally I convinced these officials on that point. Then the governor got the idea that I had designs on his own country and was a smuggler, for he could not understand that there were enough lovers of turtle-soup in my country to warrant our visit.

He was polite, but obdurate, and on my return to the schooner, later in the day, I was very much taken aback by the sight of four soldiers of the Costa Rican army calmly eating the supper that poor Fritz, very much to his disgust, had cooked for them.

CALLING ON THE PRESIDENT.

I ascertained that after my interview with the governor he had sent this guard aboard the vessel to see that we did not smuggle anything ashore. Their orders were to remain on board during our stay in port, and, in fact, whenever we left port also, unless we had regularly cleared at the custom-house. With a keen appreciation of the customary hospitality offered to guests aboard ships, the governor took it for granted that we would not only feed his regiment, but might also agree to relieve his government of the necessity of paying their wages. Here was a pretty kettle of fish! Four lazy soldiers added to the ship's company, and likely to remain for some time.

I asked the captain what rank the senior held, as I thought I might flatter him by calling him by a higher title, and thereby get him to inform the governor that his services aboard were unnecessary.

"What rank?" said the captain. "What rank? Why, the one in charge is a general, the next a colonel, then a major, and a captain. There is n't a private in the Costa Rican army."

I thought Captain Nat was joking, but afterward I looked in vain, and never could find a private, although I saw the flower of the army leave San José for the Nicaragua frontier to repel an expected invasion.

"There 's only one thing to do," continued the captain, "and that is to go up to San José and see the president. We can't support this ragged army and the custom-house too."

I thought this good advice, and the next morning at six o'clock I was on my way to San José. The trip up on the little narrow-gage railroad is one continual ascent of one hundred miles, taking all day. The scenery after leaving the coast is very beautiful, and the engineering shown in the construction of the road is admirable. The next morning, after having my coffee, as breakfast was not served until half-past ten, I strolled out, and following the crowd, soon found myself at the market-place and witnessing a most charming and novel sight. Every one goes there early in the morning, and I saw some very pretty señoritas of the pure Spanish type, in beautiful native costumes. They were far different from the women of the coast, and one or two, I remember, were almost perfect blondes. San José is one of the finest little cities I have ever seen. The climate is superb, as it is not too hot during the day, while at night often a blanket is needed. The gardens of the plaza, in which the military band gives two concerts daily, are beautiful.

As I wished to return to Limon on the

"MAÑANA."

next day, I went back to my hotel and inquired the way to the house of the United States minister. Fortunately for me, the minister, who is accredited to Nicaragua and Salvador as well as to Costa Rica, was in San José at the time, and received me very cordially. He was much interested in the object of our cruise, and at once sent a note to President Iglesias, asking him to appoint a time for a call. Word came back in a little while that the president would be very glad to have the minister present his countryman at eight o'clock that evening.

After supper I called for the minister. We were met at the door of the president's house by two armed sentries (they must have been field-marshals at least), and were allowed to pass after Mr. B—— had been recognized. I learned later that an attempt to assassinate the president had been made only a short time before, which accounted for the guard. We were ushered into a spacious chamber, in the middle of which was a beautifully carved desk, on which candles were burning in two handsome silver candelabra, and in a few minutes I was honored with an introduction to the president, who, I felt, might have some influence over the governor of Limon and his generals.

President Iglesias is a most charming and agreeable man, of medium height. He seemed to me not over thirty-five, and spoke English fluently. Realizing that a great deal depended on this interview, I pitched in as soon as Mr. B——, who seemed inclined to go through a lot of diplomatic red tape, gave me the opportunity, and in a few words I told the president all about the *Katydid*, her captain, cook, and crew, what she wanted, and how she, with his kind assistance, could get it in the shortest time.

"Mañana," said the president, who, I could see, was struck with the novelty of my business.

"Mañana" means to-morrow in Spanish, and is the most frequently used word in that language. Everybody says "mañana" when asked to do anything.

But the president did not put me off with his mañana. I had a trump up my sleeve, and I played it.

"Oh, very well, Mr. President," said I. "Mañana, of course, if you say so; but I am going back to Limon mañana, and the mañana after mañana I 'll lift the *Katydid's* mud-hook out of your inhospitable sand, and sail away to Nicaragua, where the turtles are nice and fat, and where I know a president who will welcome us and give us all the reptiles we can take away."

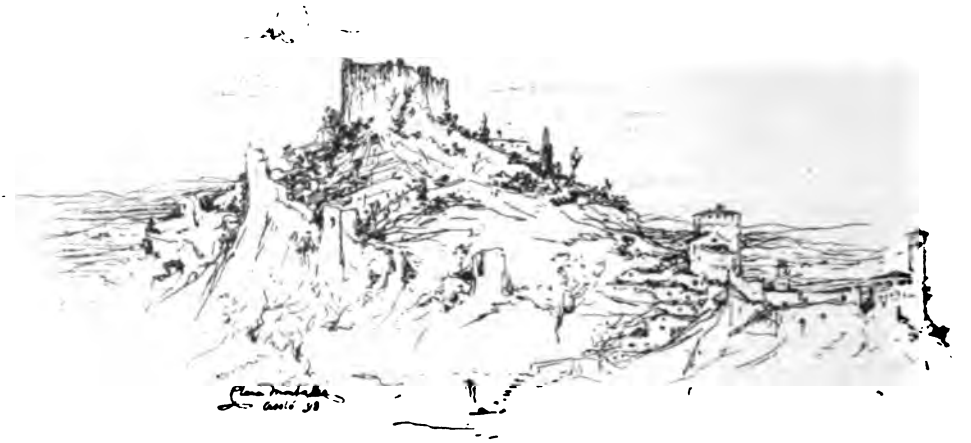
This argument was too much for the president, and he capitulated. If I had threatened to go to Canada he would not have cared, and would probably have been glad of it; but I had only to mention Nicaragua, and I think he would have given me his watch to remain in Costa Rica.

Then he proposed that I put the *Katydid* under the Costa Rican flag and make the business a local enterprise, and offered to do almost anything for me if I would do this; but I told him that such a course would be impossible, since the market for reptiles would still remain in the United States, and that I would have to pay duty on the product, which I would now escape on account of being an American on an American vessel, with a crew shipped in my own country.

Finally it was agreed that the president should call off his army and support it himself, and that I should be given perfect freedom, and relieved from the payment of harbor dues every time the *Katydid* happened to poke her pretty nose into the port of Limon.

He kept his word, and I never paid another dollar to the government of Costa Rica, and the *Katydid* came and went as she pleased. But our troubles were only beginning, and there were many, many occasions afterward (as will appear in the concluding paper) when I heartily wished that I had terminated the cruise by presenting the *Katydid* and everything in her to the Costa Rican government.

(To be concluded.)



LA ROCCA, ASOLO.

BROWNING IN ASOLO.

BY KATHERINE C. BRONSON.

WITH SKETCHES BY CLARA MONTALBA.

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

THE POET'S LOVE OF ASOLO.

TOWARD the end of his life Robert Browning turned with ever greater pleasure to the places which had delighted him in youth. Venice, and, for a change to upland air, Asolo in the Veneto, drew him from his London home and the gaiety of the great city; but especially Asolo, where the scene of "Pippa Passes" was laid, seemed on each visit more delightful, so that when his only son married and settled in Venice, Browning went about with a fine scheme to raise a tower like Pippa's near a certain property in Asolo, where he and Miss Browning might pass at least some months of every year. He did not live to see the tower built.

Neither he nor those who loved him imagined for a moment that a visit he made to Asolo mainly for the purpose of concluding the purchase of this property would be his last. In answer to a letter written in the spring of 1889, from "La Mura,"[1] at Asolo, inquiring what his early impressions of Asolo were, he replied in a letter from London, dated "De Vere Gardens, June 10, 1889":

I will answer your questions in detail. When I first found out Asolo I lodged at the main Hotel in the square, an old, large Inn of the most primitive kind. The ceiling of my bedroom was traversed by a huge crack or rather cleft; "caused by the earthquake last year; the sky was as blue as could be, and we were all praying in the fields, expecting the town to tumble in." On the morning of my arrival I walked up to the Rocca; and, on returning to breakfast, I mentioned it to the landlady, whereon a respectable, middle-aged man sitting by, said, "You have done what I, born here, never thought of doing." . . . I took long walks every day,—and carried away a lively recollection of the general beauty,—but I did not write a word of "Pippa Passes." The idea struck me when walking in an English wood, and I made use of the Italian memories. I used to dream of seeing Asolo in the distance and making vain attempts to reach it, repeatedly dreamed this for many a year, and when I found myself once more in Italy with my sister, I went there straight from Verona. We found the old inn lying in ruins, a new one about to take its place; I suppose that which you see now. We went to a much inferior albergo, the best then existing, and were roughly but pleasantly entertained for a week, as I say. People told me the number of inhabitants had greatly increased, and things seemed generally more ordinary-life-like. I am happy that you like it so much. When I got my impression Italy was new to me.

The oft-recurring dream here referred to is spoken of in a letter written some years before: "the beautiful place I used to dream about so often in the old days, till at last I saw it again and the dreams stopped."

[1] Mrs. Bronson's house, so called from the fact that it is built on the line of the wall of Asolo.—EDITOR.

He remarked one day: "I never heard of any one dreaming even twice on the same subject, yet my Asolo vision came to me many and many a time. Just ask my sister how often I have said to her at breakfast, 'I had my old dream again about Asolo last night.'"

Answering my curiosity as to the points of the dream, he said: "It is simply this. I am traveling with a friend, sometimes with one person, sometimes with another, oftenest with one I do not recognize. Suddenly I see the town I love sparkling in the sun on the hillside. I cry to my companion, 'Look! look! there is Asolo! Oh, do let us go there!' The friend invariably answers, 'Impossible; we cannot stop.' 'Pray, pray let us go there!' I entreat. 'No,' persists the friend, 'we cannot; we must go on and leave Asolo for another day,' and so I am hurried away, and wake to know that I have been dreaming it all, both pleasure and disappointment."

One day Mr. Browning related an incident of a visit to Asolo when Austria was in possession of Venetian territory. He was asked by the chief dignitary of the town, "What have you come here for?" "To see the place." "Do you intend to stay?" "Yes; I hope to remain a few days." "But you have seen the place already; how can you possibly wish to stay longer?" "Because I find it so very beautiful." The Austrian looked at him in puzzled amazement, and then, after a moment's pause, signed the "permit of sojourn" required.

GATEWAY ADJOINING "LA MURA."

So far as I can judge, I believe that Browning's last visit to "Asolo, my very own of all Italian cities," as he calls it in one of his letters, was one of unalloyed pleasure. He seemed to enjoy every hour and every moment. "To think that I should be here again!" he would say reflectively, as though he felt that a mysterious destiny had conducted him hither, independent of his own plans or will.

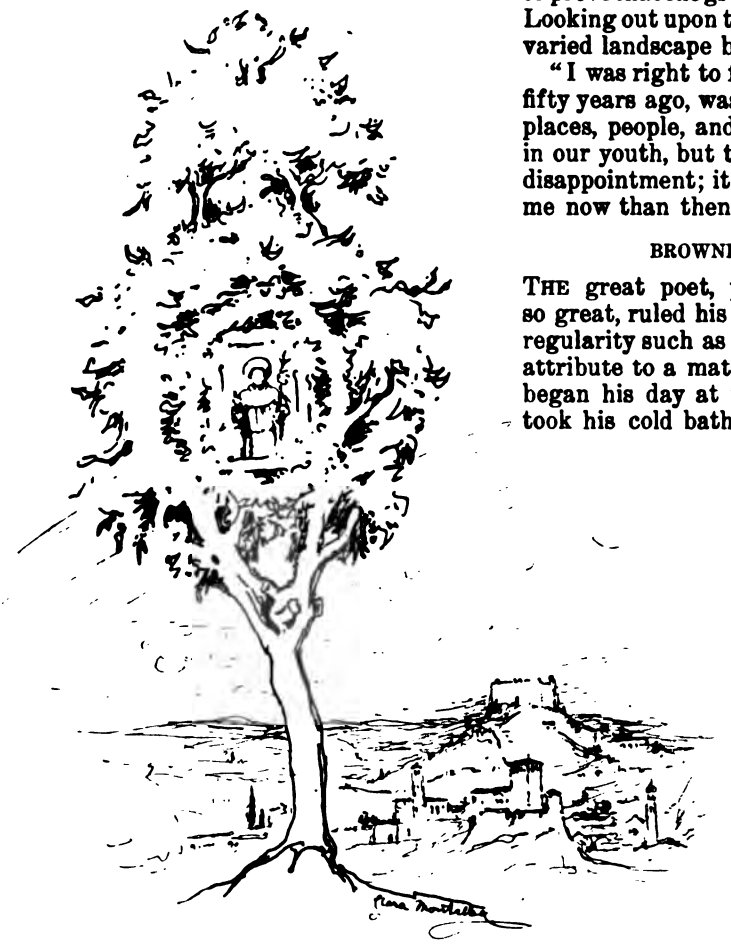
He never wearied of gazing from the loggia of La Mura at the view over the plain, and of pointing out sites he had kept clear in his mind while writing "Sordello" and "Pippa Passes."

"See!" he would say to each newcomer, "there is Romano, cradle of the Eccelini, those cruel twelfth-century tyrants, you know. The tower stands there, to the right of those trees and walls. That is Bassano; it had a wonderful history in the middle ages, and there Napoleon fought; he created one of his generals Duke of Bassano, you remember? On this nearer hill is San Zenone, scene of the most fearful tragedy in all history."

If his listener seemed interested he would relate in a few fiery sentences the story of Alberico, betrayed in his last stronghold; how the Trevisani determined to extirpate the race of Eccelini from the earth, and how, to this end, they destroyed Alberico, his wife, and five children, by tortures too terrible to describe. At another time the poet would put aside the tragic medieval memories, and looking toward the tower on the opposite side of the ravine, standing bold and high against the western sky, would talk of Queen Caterina Cornaro, and of her graceful, poetic little court, as it was held during twenty years within those yellow-gray, flower-covered walls. Snapdragons, rose and mauve, and white ferns and grasses and stonecrops grow out of every crevice between the stones, and replace with their tender tints the bright frescos that once covered the walls. Of these only a frieze under the slanting roof of the tower, a simple arabesque, remains, with one red base of Grecian form, which has outlived its fellows. Within one of the windows of the tower is

a sun-dial, which once marked the hours of the widowed queen.

Browning said: "People always speak of Caterina with compassion because she lost Cyprus; but surely this is a better place, far more beautiful than the distant island, where she was a stranger. I am sure the happiest years of her life were those when she was queen of Asolo."



A SHRINE TO ST. ANTHONY, ASOLO.

It was her secretary, Cardinal Bembo, who, as Browning tells us in print, suggested the name "Asolando" for his last volume of verse.

At times forgetting all else, Browning rejoiced with keen artistic sense in the beauty of nature in this favored spot, noting the ever-changing cloud-shadows on the plain, the ranges of many-tinted mountains in the west and southwest, and the fairy-like outline of the blue Euganean Hills, which partly form the southern boundary of the vast Campagna. He spoke of the indelible association which these hills bear with the names of Shelley and Byron, as being a grand monument to their memory. His face always lighted with pleasure when he spoke of a poet's undying fame, or heard of honors, even if only in the form of a tablet on a wall, to prove that the great dead are not forgotten. Looking out upon the wondrous beauty of the varied landscape before him, he said:

"I was right to fall in love with this place fifty years ago, was I not? We outlive some places, people, and things that charmed us in our youth, but the loveliness of this is no disappointment; it is even more beautiful to me now than then."

BROWNING'S ROUTINE.

THE great poet, perhaps because he was so great, ruled his days with a precision and regularity such as one would more naturally attribute to a mathematician. At Asolo he began his day at the early hour of seven, took his cold bath, scarcely tempered even in chilly weather, then his simple breakfast, served punctually at eight of the clock, then with his sister—here, as elsewhere, his inseparable companion—he wandered over the hills, seeking and finding such points of view and interest as he had known in his first youth. He recognized a bit of old fresco still left on a house wall, a Gothic window here, a doorway there, the palace where Napoleon slept before the battle of Bassano, the graveled bit of square above the market-place, which in his time was the site of a bowling-alley, where from his hotel windows he could see the Asolani playing their favorite game at odd hours of the day. After their long walks the brother and sister returned to the morning readings and writings; the former were alternately English newspapers, the memoirs in Italian of Carlo Gozzi,—a book which he said he continued to read to the end "out of sheer obstinacy," but which he did not find to his taste "in the very least,"—and the reading, entirely to his mind, of various Greek plays. About midday luncheon was served with much the same menu as he was wont to choose in Venice in previous

years, namely, local Italian dishes and native wines. He wrote and read again after this light repast, and at three o'clock appeared on the loggia of La Mura, his favorite place in Asolo.

"Here you can see all this beauty without fatigue, and here we are protected from sun or wind or rain. Blessings on the one who built this!" he said more than once, in his happy, enthusiastic way. Its charm made him break through his abstemious, self-imposed rule of refusing any refreshment in the afternoon. He liked to see and hear the hissing urn on a table in the middle of the loggia, and would accept a cup of tea and a biscuit with the greatest pleasure, as he did so saying, "I think I 'm all the better for this delicious drink, after all."

Soon after three o'clock we went to drive, and explored the country for miles around. He seemed to take the same unfailing delight in the daily drive at Asolo as in the daily row in Venice. Neither carriage nor gondola was ever kept one moment waiting, such was the poet's punctuality, and such the punctuality of those who wished to please him.

Summer was nearly over when he took the long, delightful excursions he so greatly enjoyed. He rebelled at first against the numerous wraps piled up in the carriage, which prudence suggested as a precaution against change of weather or autumnal air. "One would think we were going to Siberia," he said; but he relented as the afternoon grew chill, and accepted the Siberian rugs with words of approbation. He observed everything observable by the way—the thick hedges that border all the roads and fields, the great chestnut-trees and apple-orchards, which give an English character to the landscape, unknown in other parts of Italy already familiar to him. He remarked upon the vivacity of the clear, running brooks between hedges and highroads, the charm of the little river Musone, with its borders of alders and willows and shivering aspens, the perfumed wains of autumn hay, the great *carri* piled high with white or purple grapes, which he said "might serve as models in a procession to Bacchus." He uncovered his head in returning the salutation of a priest, and touched his hat to the meanest peasant, who, after the manner of the country, lifted his own to greet the passing stranger.

"I always salute the church," he said to me in an aside; "I respect it."

Sometimes the people he thus greeted smiled in surprise, but all admired and honored his never-failing courtesy.

At Possagno, the birthplace of Canova, he looked carefully at every object in the museum, where casts of all the works of that sculptor, together with several originals in marble,—tombs, groups, and statues,—are preserved, the whole forming a very large collection. "Pen must see this," he said, for the thought of what would please his son was never far from his mind.

"He would have been a greater man in a greater period," was his verdict on Canova. Such was his interest in art in all its branches that he had patience to examine the uninteresting collection of Canova's drawings in water-color, which present the appearance of very early attempts of a not very promising aspirant to fame.

One day, on returning from a drive to Bassano, the poet was unusually silent; no one spoke. I felt anxious lest he should not feel quite well, but forbore to question him, and consoled myself by thinking, "He is tired; perhaps he is resting his brain." We had nearly reached home when he said:

"I have written a poem since we left Bassano."

"A poem! How? When?"

"Oh, it is all in my head. I shall write it out presently, as soon as I can find a bit of paper."

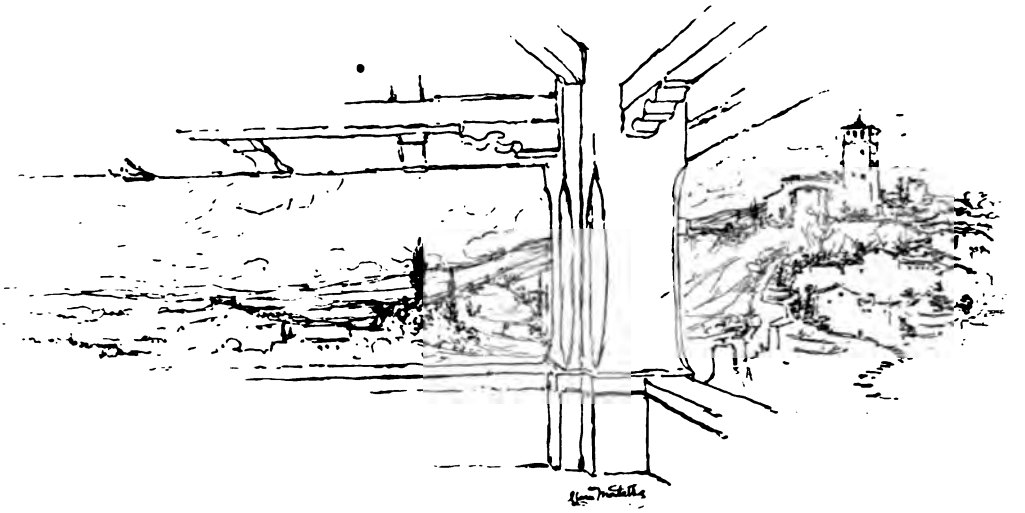
"The subject? Please tell."

"No, not now; you will see it quite soon enough when it is printed."

"Will you not even say what inspired it?"

Then, smiling: "Well, since you are so inquisitive, the birds twittering in the trees have suggested it to me. You know I don't like women to wear those wings in their bonnets." It was "The Lady and the Painter."

This drive to Bassano was, I think, his favorite. We passed, in going and in returning, the tower of Romano, which he never could see too often, and our road came within close sight of tragic San Zenone. We generally started on this expedition in the morning at ten o'clock, reaching Bassano at twelve, and took our luncheon at the little inn of Sant' Antonio. The simple food pleased the poet and his sister. Both were always in the highest delight because it was "Italianissimo." After luncheon we went to an old book-shop, where Browning's quick eye and exceeding erudition discovered such books as properly illustrate the history of the surrounding country. His choice was of great assistance to me in the formation of a collection of works on local subjects. His "Take this," "Not that," was unerring, and sufficient to insure a wise selection. The



VIEW OF ASOLO FROM THE LOGGIA OF "LA MURA." THIS LOGGIA WAS A FAVORITE RESORT OF BROWNING'S.

small Bassano museum, where relics of every kind connected with the ancient place and its story are carefully collected and cared for, interested him exceedingly. A valuable collection of Venetian coins, beautifully arranged in a glass case, met with his keen approval, and he was exceedingly pleased to see me take a list of the missing ones in the hope of being able to fill up the blanks at some later day in Venice. To my great delight, he said: "Quite right! I am glad you think of it; they deserve it: this museum is kept up in the true spirit."

ON THE LOGGIA AT ASOLO.

On one occasion we drove some miles beyond Bassano, thereby adding an hour or more to our return journey. We visited the majolica factory at Nove, an ancient industry modernly renewed. Then another half-hour's drive took us through Marostica, a wonderful little fortified town; its castles and walls of bright-red brick were built by the Scaligers, and retain their ancient outline nearly perfect. Again he repeated, "Pen must see this. Dear Pen!" His whole affectionate nature was bound up in his son—that great nature in which the sister took a second place, perhaps, though in its way an equally intense one.

If we were ever late in returning to Asolo, he would say, "Tell Vittorio to drive quickly; we must not lose the sunset from the loggia." So the horses made their best speed, and we generally arrived in time for the spectacle he so delighted in; if we chanced to be late he was always disappointed. Often, after a storm, the effects of sun breaking through clouds before its setting, combined with the scenery of plain and mountain, were such as to rouse the poet to the greatest enthusiasm. Heedless of cold or damp, forgetting himself completely, though warmly wrapped to please others, he would gaze on the changing aspects of earth and sky until darkness covered everything from his sight.

On this protected loggia he took his walk when bad weather made roads impassable, pacing up and down like an officer on a quarter-deck, but never uttering a word of impatience or complaint, such as less self-controlled people so often do, because the elements had thwarted him in his program for the day. As he walked he measured the distance by consulting his watch and his memory, and would come into the tiny drawing-room rosy and triumphant, saying, "I have walked so many miles, and have seen such a beautiful country!"

THE NEW "PIPPA'S TOWER."

Here, too, he received the syndic and other dignitaries of the town when they came to call upon him, and here held long conversations on the subject of a bit of municipal property, a small piece of ground on which stood an unfurnished building commanding the finest view in Asolo. Many obstacles stood in the way of the purchase, but the poet determined to buy it if possible, and make an Italian *pied-à-terre* for himself and his sister. It is a part of the pleasure-garden of Queen Caterina Cornaro, and separated from the castle at the present time by

a high wall. It is divided from La Mura by a deep ravine with precipitous sides, covered with olive-, fig-, and nut-trees, interspersed with vineyards. At the bottom of the ravine runs a stream of water, the overflow of the fountain in the market-place. With the poet's accustomed impulsive ardor he talked constantly of this new scheme for making a temporary home in the land he loved so dearly. He planned how the house should be altered and built, and how it should have a loggia even larger than that of La Mura, where he could take still longer walks in bad weather.

"It shall have a tower," he said, "whence I can see Venice at every hour of the day, and I shall call it 'Pippa's Tower.' We will have flag-signals," he went on. "When I ask you to dine, the flag shall be blue—it is your favorite color; and remember, if the answer is 'Yes,' you float a blue flag; if 'No,' it must be a red one. We will throw a rustic bridge across the streamlet in the ravine. It will be easier for us than the long walk round by the town and the castle. The telephone is too modern; don't you think so?"

And so on and on, beguiling the time with playful plans to amuse himself and his hearers. Sometimes, turning very grave, he would say:

"It may not be for me to enjoy it long—who can say? But it will always be useful for Pen and his family. They can come here so easily from Venice whenever they need rest or change of air." Then, with his old courage, faith, and fire: "But I am good for ten years yet. I am perfectly well."

And so, indeed, he seemed, apparently quite his old self, so gay, so strong, so wondrously youthful in mind and sentiment. True, on his arrival in Asolo a difficulty in his breathing was very apparent, especially after mounting steep stairs or a hill; but this annoying symptom disappeared after a few weeks, either under the influence of the pure, invigorating air, or the small globules of arsenicum which he took daily to please those who recommended them; perhaps through the effects of the two precious remedies combined.

He was overjoyed when his son came to make him a few days' visit, and wanted to show him everything at once, and especially the site he had chosen for Pippa's Tower. After this project had been well discussed, and, to the poet's delight, greatly approved of by his son, he took him to see the Villa Maset, about six miles distant, a villa built by the Barbaros of Venice, and decorated by Paul Veronese. A rapid tour of inspection was scarcely over when we observed from the windows of the *sala* a storm approaching over the place, and heavy black clouds hung ominously near the castle.

"TEMPESTA."

WE drove away, hoping rather against hope to reach home before the clouds could break or fall. Only a few moments proved that to be impossible, and Vittorio was ordered to find shelter. By great good luck he was able to drive under a covered entrance to a farmyard, a place already half taken up by a huge carro filled with golden grapes. The storm beat wildly around and above us, hail falling on the roof of the portico with a sound like the rattle of musketry. Peasant boys with dark-brown eyes climbed on the high wheels of the carro, and leaning across, offered bunches of sun-kissed grapes to the occupants of the carriage. Cool and delicious they were, and served to make the long half-hour pass less tediously, for the air was hot and heavy in that crowded haven. The size of the hailstones was something extraordinary. Barefooted children brought us specimens as large as walnuts. As we drove back to Asolo, after the storm had abated, we found the road quite white and slippery,

"PIPPA'S TOWER."

while in corners and ditches the hail lay piled some inches high. The poet had never before seen the dire effects of a fierce Venetian *tempesta*, and his kind heart was moved to great pity for the unlucky tillers of the ground.

"How fortunate we were to have found a safe retreat so quickly!" he said. "Horses are so terrified by hail; they think the stings of ice are those of the driver's whip, and often lose their heads from fright and get quite beyond control." So all was well for us, as it ended well, and we were none the worse for the escapade.

THE GRAY FEATHER.

ANOTHER day, a bright and beautiful one, we drove to "El Barco," on the plain, some four miles distant from Asolo. It is a place little known and seldom visited—once a pleasance of Queen Caterina, and now used as a common farm-house, inhabited only by peasants and their families, and many varieties of marketable beasts and birds. The latter are better tended than the former, notably a breed of ducks which would take a prize, or honorable mention at least, at any exhibition of feathered tribes. Browning was much impressed by the strange contrast between the grand building, bright with frescos, and the neglected and untidy barn-yard around it. The wall-paintings are of Giorgione's time; they cover the whole façade, are singularly well preserved, and have certain intrinsic merit. The poet remarked: "How curious to see that great doorway with St. Jerome on one side and Neptune on the other—paganism and Christianity! The artist must have been a *libre-penseur*."

A STREET IN ASOLO.

The whole place is exceedingly interesting and suggestive. The chapel interior has lost its wall-frescos, the combined effects of neglect and damp, but the ovals of the frieze are nearly intact. They represent the apostles and the evangelists. Rushing through the grounds are streams of clear water, which once fed miniature lakes and marble fountains, and paused to freshen the queen's flower-beds. Where care and beauty once reigned supreme, all is now unkempt and squalid. One tried to imagine bygone scenes, for history recounts many an episode of royal pomp and hospitality. A certain princess of Mantua is described as arriving here to visit the queen, "accompanied by her knights," and followed by "a train of no less than two hundred servants." She was surely a somewhat indiscreet guest, even for that extravagant time.

As we left the grounds the poet picked up a gray feather, not more nor less than that of a domestic turkey. Giving it to me, he said, "I don't object to this in a woman's bonnet; surely it is pretty enough," referring, of course, to his horror of the sacrifice of wild song-birds for decorative purposes.

ALBERICO'S TOWER.

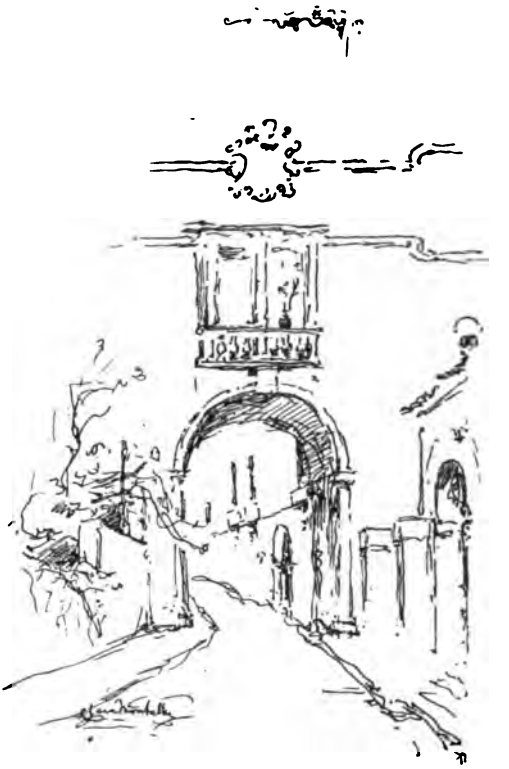
BROWNING having expressed the desire to revisit Alberico's tower, we drove there one sunny day by the highroad to Bassano. A circuitous turn about midway between Asolo and that town brought us to the hamlet of San Zenone. The horses with heavy carriage could only make a partial ascent of the hill, through a road bordered by acacias, whose fallen and falling yellow leaves perfumed the air with the sweet, pungent odor peculiar to that tree in autumn. At a sort of memorial chapel we descended from the carriage, and continued the steep ascent on foot; we passed great rock walls and blocks of stone, foundations of the once impregnable stronghold. It held out long and fell at last by treachery, after which the wretched holders were put to death, and the whole fortress and its dependencies razed to the ground. Nothing now remains but the table-land with ruined walls about it, and a tower built from the debris of the castle to preserve that memory of tyranny and bloodshed. A small modern church and a cemetery cover

a part of the ancient ramparts, and as the author of "Sordello" looked thence upon the wild land at the foot of the eminence, he said: "Just think of Alberico tied to the heels of his horse, dragged to death over those sharp rocks and stones!"

Vainly we tried to persuade him not to climb the insecure wooden staircase within the tower. It seemed a dark and perilous place, I thought. My mind was filled with dreadful memories of the past, so much so as to make me doubt the honest intent of the poor and surely innocent custodian who accompanied us. It was evident that the poet had set his mind upon looking out from the very top of the tower, and entreaties to the contrary were useless. I well remember waiting in terror for the return, and that my excited imagination played me cruel tricks on the occasion. From the top he could scan the whole Venetian plain from north to south in its bright autumn tints under a declining sun. He remained there some time in contemplation; what were his thoughts, who can say? We may be sure they were great and far-reaching ones, passing over six hundred years of time, from the darkness and ferocity of the middle ages to the sunny, peaceful landscape of to-day. He had studied so closely the history of this part of Italy that personages connected with it were to him living people, and he would speak of them as such. I am sure he saw quite clearly all their forms and faces, the fierce knights and lovely ladies, the innocent children massacred before the eyes of their parents; everything, whether fair or terrible, was mirrored on his mind. Truly a great imagination has its joys, but it has also its tortures.

We retraced our steps seriously, if not sadly, from the gruesome place, which might illustrate in its strange position and outline the "dark tower" of Childe Roland. At the carriage door stood a peasant in a picturesque costume, consisting of a pointed hat, tight stockings, short breeches, and a jacket of velveteen, such as has been worn by the rustics of the region for hundreds of years. He held in his hand something wrapped in a bit of crumpled paper. Opening it, he showed the poet some rusty spear-tips he had found in tilling the ground near Alberico's tower.

"They are not rare," he said naïvely; "the whole place is sown with them half a meter below the surface; but the larger ones we must send to the museum at Bassano. Will the signore buy these?"



A STREET IN ASOLO.

Browning took them at once at the man's own price, a trifling sum, and said to me, with a smile, "One's pleasures cost little in this favored land."

He wrapped the relics carefully in their paper, and turning, placed a large piece of silver in the man's hand. The poor fellow's delight was so evident, and the poet's pleasure in the relics so apparent, that the two impressions served to dispel all terrible medieval memories, and we drove cheerily away. He looked and relooked at the lance-tips, and said to me:

"If you will promise not to interfere with me I will tell you what I am going to do with these."

"Do I ever interfere?"

"Yes; if I tell you my idea you will want to save me trouble and have it executed for me. I do not wish it. Have I your promise?"

That given, he proceeded to explain that he would have a small box made for his treasures, with an inscription describing their origin on the cover. Some days later I suggested that a deft young Asolan carpenter whose shop we passed nearly every day could be trusted to make a "treasure-box," but he said:

"No; I want it of fine wood and lined with cloth. I think I can get it better done elsewhere."

THE SEARCH FOR THE ECHO.

THE "Rocca" of Asolo is a ruined fortress of prehistoric foundation which crowns the hill above the town. The poet always enjoyed the steep and slippery walk, or rather climb, which leads to it. The views by the way are very striking, and from the summit the little town may be seen lying at one's feet, the immense stretch of plain before it bounded by the sea. He remembered an echo he had discovered within the fortress walls fifty years before, to which he alludes in "Pippa Passes," and so anxious was he to refind it that he could scarcely be persuaded to wait until the fatigue of his journey from England should be dispelled before seeking to hear it again. More than a week elapsed before a suitable day could be agreed upon for the rough excursion. He specially wished that the horizon should be clear of mist, that he might plainly see the Adriatic and the campanile of St. Mark's. We reached the wretched hut near the top of the hill, where the keys of the one portal of the strange old fortress are kept, and chairs were brought out for us by a peasant woman that we might rest before attempting the sharp finish. A number of small, barefooted children were to be seen idly sprawling on the ground, interspersed among cats and hungry-looking fowls. At one side of the house a rustic, with a heavy hammer in his hand, was engaged in building a wooden partition in what seemed to be a cow-shed. He explained that, as the family grew larger every year, new rooms were required, and that he always built them himself.

Browning's face and voice expressed the tenderest pity at the sight of this discomfort. It moved him to such compassion that I am fain to think that a rest on a rush-bottomed chair was never before paid for so generously.

He asked sympathetically, "Do you find it hard to live up here so far from the town?"

"We get on pretty well in summer, but oh, signore, the winters are long and cold."

"They must be," he said tenderly. "Ci *vuol pazienza.*"

Suddenly the woman addressed him with, "I know who you are."

"Who am I?" he inquired.

IN THE COUNTRY NEAR ASOLO.

"You are a great English poet."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I see your shirt; one of my friends ironed it last week, and no one else has one like it down in Asolo."

This appealed to Browning's sense of humor. The garment in question was of a very simple pattern, white with fine blue lines. He laughed aloud, and said, "Well, upon my word, this is the very first time I was ever recognized by my shirt!" and he told the story to others afterward with great glee.

Once within the Rocca fortress we could find no echo, though small boys were easily persuaded to shout for it. "I should have thought an echo could never fade," he said rather sadly; but she was there, after all, his nymph Echo, only she proved for some reason coy on that occasion.

It is only within the last few years that the commune of Asolo has taken proper care of this unique monument. Until lately any person in the neighborhood who happened to require building-materials was at least

not prevented from carrying them away in requisite quantities. A master builder in the town assured me that in his youth the top of the fortress was crenelated, and that ever since he can remember stones of every size have been rolled down the hill and removed to other sites.

Our view was unobscured by the lightest cloud; the campanile of Venice and the domes of Padua were distinctly visible, the clear air perfumed by wild thyme and other herbs crushed under our feet. Everything was perfect in the poet's eyes. Even the boy guides he thought "such handsome, spirited little fellows," so much so that his generosity must have led them to fancy him a *principe reale* instead of, or as well as, a *sommo poeta*. We descended the hill on the opposite side from the one by which we mounted, with smoother paths, and through the charming gardens of a beautiful private villa, and so out upon the highroad leading to the chief street of the little town.

THE SPINET.

THE evenings at Asolo were spent very quietly, and with no visits to interrupt the agreeable monotony. Immediately after dinner Browning played on the spinet, the same one he had used in Venice in other years. It is a curious instrument, not only for its tone, which is like a mandolin in some notes, in others like a guitar, but also because it bears the maker's name, "Ferdinando Ferrari, Ravenna, 1522," inside the sounding-board. Browning played in a dreamy manner, generally recalling old music he had heard in early youth, English ballads and Russian folk-songs, the airs always melodious, often melancholy; and he would occasionally sing his favorite "Chanson de Roland," and seemed troubled because he could remember only one or two verses.

"I will write them all for you when I get back to London, Edith dear," he said to his young friend, of whom he was fond, and whom he always wished to please, little thinking that the time would never come when he could fulfil his promise or see his beloved England again.

To his sister he said one evening: "I must have a small piano in my study in London. I like to play when no one can hear me," to which she assented, as was her wont when he expressed any desire she knew was for his good. Then he added: "But those London houses! You can hear the pianofortes from one to another. It would annoy me to think that I was disturbing a neighbor. I know by experience how vexing it is."

I suddenly remembered having read of a new invention in Boston of soft-pedal pianos, which cannot be heard even in an adjoining room. I told him of this, and he seemed much interested.

"Delightful!" he said. "Why was it never thought of before?"

I was happy to hear him say this, and ventured to ask timidly,—for he did not like to have gifts thrust upon him,—"Would you accept one from me? I can so easily send for it."

He looked at me gravely for one moment, and then said, "From so dear a friend I would accept anything," and I felt supremely honored and happy. Alas! my project was never fulfilled; it was the last week of his last visit to Asolo.

READING ALOUD.

AFTER playing for some time on the spinet, his fingers, so long out of practice, would get tired, and he would leave the instrument, saying, "Now I will read to you. What would you like?" "Any poem signed 'R. B.'" "No, no; no R. B. to-night." Then, with a smile, "Let us have some real poetry." So saying, he would take Shelley or Keats, Coleridge or Tennyson, from the book-shelves, read aloud some of his favorite poems, and say:

"This is poetry; don't you know it is?"

Once, on his first arrival at La Mura, he said of his own accord, "I will read Shakspere to you to-night."

I was silent, conscience-stricken, and watched him run his eyes quickly along the book-shelves. All his own volumes were there, the works of the poets above mentioned, and many others; but they were not what he sought.

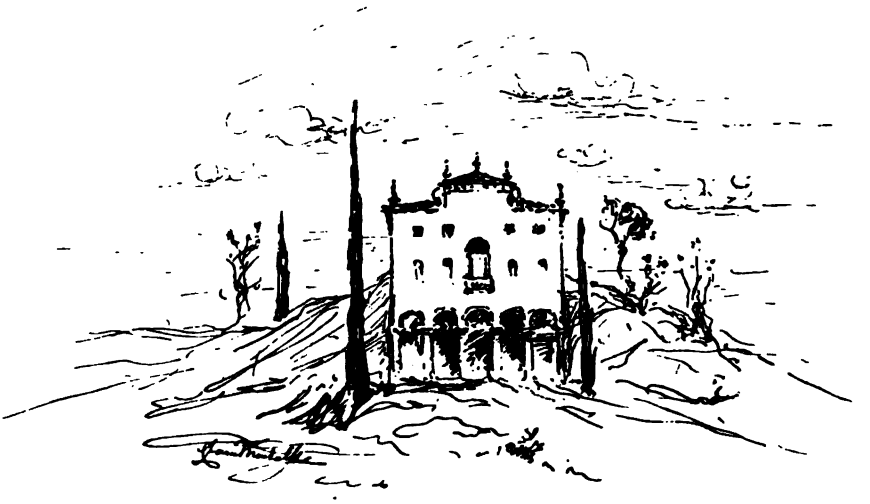
"What! No Shakspere?" he exclaimed. "I would never have believed it! Now, to punish you, I will read one of my toughest poems—at least, so the critics say."

It was far from being the punishment he pretended I deserved, for when he read a difficult poem, giving his own emphasis and punctuation, it seemed to be revealed in a new light, and to become as clear and comprehensible as one could possibly desire.

Though one would have supposed his morning hours to be more than occupied with the preparation of "Asolando" for the press, together with his walks and

his correspondence, yet he always found time for his favorite Greek plays, which he read from a small edition, the fine print of which would have wearied any eyes less remarkable than his own. He said to me one day, speaking of his delight in such reading:

"Shall I whisper to you my ambition and my hope? It is to write a tragedy better than anything I have done yet. I think of it constantly."



A COUNTRY HOUSE NEAR ASOLO.

THE THEATER AT ASOLO.

DURING Browning's last sojourn a good theatrical company arrived at Asolo. There were fifteen representations, if my memory serves me, and he never failed to go to them, except when the night was absolutely stormy. Even then it was with a protest that he was not so decrepit that a little rain could hurt him. "But you will not like to go alone, and we ladies dare not venture in such weather." That was enough.

"True, true, I never thought of that. Well, I am sure we can make ourselves quite happy at home." And the evening was spent as usual, with books and quaint music, and the dear sister busy with her netting in the corner of the little drawing-room.

The theater of Asolo had an interest for the poet apart from the stage and its actors. It is built in the castle, precisely where, in the days long past, stood the banqueting-hall of Queen Caterina Cornaro, while beneath it are the local prisons. When Browning inquired how many malefactors were confined there, he was told that there were never more than three or four at one time, and that their crimes consisted in thefts of grapes or fowls, or the sale of contraband tobacco. He smiled benevolently on hearing this, just as he did when reading a similar account in the Venetian newspapers—as one would say, "If other prisons had no worse tale to tell."

This combination of theater and prison is surely unique, for the criminals can hear the orchestra distinctly from their cells. The entrance is the same as that used in old days by the queen. You pass through the same arched gateway, walk—you cannot drive—over the same steep road, paved with cobblestones, that existed in her day, and if you are inclined to be lazy, you will long for the sedan-chair of past generations. It was a curious experience for the poet, on leaving his house each evening, to pass through the lofty line of dim arcades, with here and there a twinkling light before a madonna's shrine, cross the market-place with its flashing fountain under a great expanse of starry sky, go up the toilsome, dusky street, through the arched gateway and green inclosure, then mount a neat stair, and find himself at last in a brilliantly lighted theater, fitted up in perfect taste, all white and red and gold—in fact, a playhouse of which any populous city might well be proud.

"This is all very extraordinary," he would sometimes say; "something I could never have imagined. And such acting—so good to its smallest detail! They are born actors, these Italians." He seemed really disappointed when the bad weather prevented him

from being present at the last three representations, and pleased to hear that the company was going on to Venice. "We can see them again there," he said; "it is a pleasure deferred."

THE POET'S CONVERSATION AND CHARACTER.

If I try to recall Robert Browning's words it is as though I had talked to a being apart from other men. My feeling may seem exaggerated, but it was only natural when one considers my vivid sense of his moral and intellectual superiority, and connects that with his kindness to me and mine. It has been observed that his conversation so fascinated the listener that if one tried to recall it an hour afterward the very subjects seemed to elude one's memory. Or was this an uncommon experience, more an idiosyncrasy of my own, rarely shared by others? I cannot surely say.

Not that his talk was abstruse and intricate, like some of his writings. Far from it. Perhaps an instinct told him that it was kind to others to bring himself down to the ordinary hearer's level, or he may have needed that repose to the mind which easy talk brings to those who think intensely. As a rule, he seemed purposely to avoid deep and serious topics. If such were broached in his presence he dismissed them with one strong, convincing sentence, and adroitly turned the current of conversation into a shallower channel. This was no loss, for everything he chose to say was well said. A familiar story, grave or gay, when clothed in his words and accentuated by his expressive gestures and the mobility of his countenance, had all the charm of novelty, while a comic anecdote, the very same that from another might seem trite or spiritless, from his lips actually sparkled with wit, born of his own keen sense of humor. I found in him also that most rare instance of a powerful personality united to a nature tenderly sympathetic. When I saw him daily I felt constrained to conceal the very slightest contretemps or a commonplace household annoyance. Such trivial matters as the shortcomings of a servant or the exaggerations of a chef were no despised trifles to him. His knowledge of the importance of detail made him take even minor occurrences quickly and acutely to heart.

During his sojourns in Venice he had his own apartments, whence he was free to come and go as he wished, where no one ever presumed to disturb him, where, with his beloved sister, he could always find peace, privacy, and repose. The thought deeply impressed me that one who had lifted so many souls above the mere necessity for living in a troublesome world deserved from those permitted to approach him their best efforts to brighten his personal life; that each one should be, so to say, a mouthpiece for the world's gratitude. The ephemeral studies for his comfort, the small cares entailed upon me during the brief days and weeks when his precious life was partly intrusted to my care, might seem to count for little in an existence far removed from that of an ordinary man; yet, as a fact, he was glad and grateful for the very smallest attention. He was pleased, thankful, and appreciative of all things. He never regarded the sentiment of gratitude as a burden, as less generous minds are apt to do. His elevated nature accepted frankly any sign of friendly feeling or affection from all who genuinely offered it. He read the human heart as few have read it, nor did he, as the common saying is, "judge others by himself"; yet the result was that he was the most unsuspicious of men. He never attributed evil or interested motives to any one. He seemed to ignore human weaknesses, unless they were absolutely forced upon his notice. We all carry about with us a parcel of the divinity, the so-called "divine spark." In him it appeared as a great flame. An interpreter of the secrets of heaven, one who looked with inspired "second sight" into the life to come, he was at the same time completely in touch with the living present. His was a duality equally powerful in both its phases.

The delight he took in everything connected with Venice is well known. For Italy in general he retained, undimmed by time, the affection expressed so many years ago in his well-known lines:

> Italy, my Italy!
> Queen Mary's saying serves for me—
>
> . . . .
>
> Open my heart and you will see
> Graved inside of it, "Italy."
> Such lovers old are I and she:
> So it always was, so shall ever be!

DR. NORTH AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL,
Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Characteristics," etc.

PART TWO.

AS we wandered to and fro the talk also wandered, until Vincent brought it back to the question of tact. "We were not very brilliant in our comments," he said, "and I let slip the chance of asking if the word 'tact' be, in our sense, an old one."

"No," replied Clayborne; "it is modern, and only of late is to be found in the dictionaries. Who coined it, I do not know, nor who gave it the meaning now accepted. In Massinger a man says:

> They [women] being created
> To be both tractable and tactable.

Here is an adjective which has not our modern meaning. It may have been meant to describe women as tacticians. The context does not clear up the meaning. It would be a good adjective, 'tactable.' As to the noun, I must look further."

"Thank you," said Vincent; "and as I have been fortunate, I repeat the process and return to the other matter we talked over. I had meant to say, as regards what we see in England, that their way appeals to me personally, sentimentally. I like their idea of anchoring a family. I like these ancient homesteads, with their abiding traditions, their cherished graves, their emotional hold on the young who go out to win their way. When I come to reason on it coldly—"

"Oh, don't," cried St. Clair; "I like the English plan; I should have made a very admirable duke."

"The entail would have to be strict," said Clayborne. "As a question in hereditation it is interesting to observe how many American families have kept for over two hundred years the same social place, how many do this with remarkable distinction, and how many without such illustration."

"Of course," said I; "we see and know that. Abroad it is less well understood. The permanence of races, of families, in republican countries, where it is assumed that the leveling influences are effective, is really an interesting illustration of the despotic power of the inborn characteristics of a breed."

"Tell me, Mr. Clayborne," said my wife, "do large or small families produce the people of ability?"

"Shall we exclude genius?" he asked.

"Why?"

"Because genius is a glad freak of nature in a good humor. It has in a sense neither grandfather nor grandchild. Leave it out, and I answer that great talent, ability, or capacity is more apt to be found in children of large families."

"I am not sure," said Vincent. "There are some possible fallacies, numerical fallacies. But given a hundred thousand people, select the successful. Will these have come out of large family groups or small ones?"

"That states the problem fairly. I still think that I am correct; and there are good reasons why the children of a numerous family should excel an equal number of the children of small families. The inter-discipline of large sets of children is valuable. It is fine training for a larger world. The advantages are obvious. But all children should be brought up in the country. One sees the value of this in the success of country-bred lads, who bring to a city the sturdy vigor of a youth hardened by farm life. The three B's, as the English say, are needed to make a lord chancellor, or for any lifelong contest."

"The three B's," said my wife—"what are they?"

I laughed. "I am like a certain American journal. It once modestly declined to use these three B's as the title of a paper on boys, or to put them in fuller form. I am equally modest."

"And provoking," said Alice. "I do believe you are laughing at me."

It was rare that Clayborne desired to leave any question until it was completely dealt with. His inclination to lecture was like that of the people in Sir Arthur Helps's books, who are supposed to be merely talking, but who really converse in essays. We had a tacit agreement to prevent these intermin-

ble discussions. Now, to my surprise, Clayborne said: "This is indoor talk. Let us leave it, and take it up again some night by the fireside." We had been strolling about or pausing as we chatted.

St. Clair cast a mischievous glance at Mrs. Vincent, and said: "Dr. Johnson remarked that irreverence for continuity in conversation is apt to be associated with undeveloped intellectual capacity to connect the past with the future!"

"What, what!" said Clayborne.

"How is it about conversational football?" laughed the poet.

"A talk must end sometime," said Clayborne. "No; on reflection I am wrong—a talk never ends. It is only adjourned. Come, you bad boy!"

"Indeed, you are right, Clayborne. But I want to discuss this charming novelty. Your garden is most beautiful. It has distinction. Everything in it seems fitting. But here at this middle space, where you have this fine Corinthian capital, there is wanting—well, some larger object. I shall make for you Keats's vase—the whole poem in marble. I have long wished to do it."

"Make it," said Clayborne. "Probably I shall like it better than that absurd poem. If Sibyl likes it I will put it here on this capital. Will it be very costly, Victor?" and he laughed.

"Yes, you old sinner. If I make it you are not to scold me for a year and a day."

"It will be costly," I remarked.

"Ah, here is the servant to call us to dinner. I have persuaded Miss Maywood to dine with us," said our host. "She is very shy. She is, as I told you—or did I?—the last of a long line of Puritan saints, with a fair dilution of sinners. You will, I know, remember that this young woman has suddenly to appear among people who are unlike those she has seen or known."

He was evidently a trifle uneasy as to his experiment. As we walked toward the house my wife and Mrs. Vincent fell behind with me.

"Is not that like him?" said the elder woman. "As if—dear old friend!—surely excess of tact is not his failing."

My wife had and has certain fading beliefs as to classes, and the impropriety of bringing together people who do not fit comfortably into places to which they are not accustomed. She said to Mrs. Vincent: "Our old friend may well be in doubt. It is pure folly, Anne. Of course the girl won't like it, and it will quite spoil our dinners."

"It will hardly be as bad as that. Let us make her like it, Alice. Now, you must not freeze her, poor thing!"

"As if—" said Mrs. North. "You are simply horrid, Anne Vincent."

I moved on, wisely silent, quite sure as to what each woman would do.

As we passed through the hall the new guest met us. "Miss Maywood," said Clayborne, formally presenting her in turn to each of us.

The secretary was in a white gown. She was of middle stature and slightly deformed, one shoulder being higher than the other. As she walked her halting gait was plainly to be seen. Her arms appeared to me to be too long for her height, but her hands had what St. Clair described as a look of competence, and all their movements were singularly graceful. When seated, as I observed later, the results of long-extinct disease were no longer visible. Above this crooked frame rose a head of the utmost beauty. It was lighted up by dark-gray eyes, almost too large, but tender with lifelong reproach of the fate which had dealt with her beauty in so malign a fashion. Mrs. Vincent said later that the girl had too much hair. It was deep black, but of such extreme fineness as in the black-haired is rare. The mass of it seemed at first sight so great as to overweight the head, but this was carried well, and no feature lacked beauty.

Clayborne, who at this time had uncertain views as to Miss Maywood's future, had spoken of her to me with freedom. I had, however, said no word of this to my wife, and preferred to give no chance of prejudging a person who must, I felt, be in some ways peculiar. I was quite unprepared by what my friend had told me for this refined face, with eyes made brilliant by the amount of light their unusual size reflected. This young woman may have been somewhat embarrassed, but she was among people of tact, who had every desire to set at ease a person who, as some of them thought, had been needlessly put in a false position.

My wife professed, as I have said, certain social theories which she defended with zeal, but on which she never acted. I was not surprised, therefore, to see that she was most gracious to Miss Maywood. As we went in to dinner the two elder women said all manner of appreciative things about the garden, our host having gaily presented the secretary as his landscape-gardener. We were still chatting as we sat down. Miss Maywood sat between me and Mrs. Vincent; St. Clair was opposite. I am very sensitive

to voices, and when Miss Maywood spoke I knew at once that I was hearing one of those speaking instruments which are more rare than any voice of song, whatever its compass or its sympathetic qualities. While she was talking to Mrs. Vincent, or being talked to, I sat reflecting upon the irony of fate which should have forever denied to this voice the privilege of saying to a man, "Yes, I love you." Our host was talking of Greek cemeteries to my wife. Vincent, on his left, was silent, a quiet listener. Mrs. Vincent was sedulously engaged in making talk which might interest a young person situated as was Miss Maywood. At first she had scant replies, but soon the "tender art of head and heart" had its usual triumph. As Miss Maywood, encouraged, began to make little ventures, I was so caught by the charm of her voice that I became aware, as often chanced thereafter, that I was only half conscious of what thought this changeful music carried. I have known only two other women who possessed this gift. One had it by right of inheritance. One was an Irish lady, a nursing Sister of Charity.

St. Clair, who sat opposite, was tranquilly studying the very remarkable face of the young woman beside me. Once or twice she seemed aware of the too steady attention of which she was the object. It did not appear to me that the indecorous steadfastness of St. Clair's gaze actually embarrassed her. As she looked and turned away she was apparently only curious and gently amused.

I began by and by to attend more closely to the chat of my neighbors, and was not long in understanding that Miss Maywood was to become one of those sudden attractions in which Mrs. Vincent delighted. These were apt to be what St. Clair called "friendly flirtations," and to end with more or less abruptness. If the person concerned proved permanently attractive, these early and somewhat deceptive attentions might result in a friendship the value of which I had long learned to know. But this relation involved for Anne Vincent's friends such charity as knew how to condone the faults of a noble but masterfully impulsive nature. In her efforts to set right the world she sometimes hurt when she would have helped, and was sure in the end to suffer far more than the wounded friend. It was at times as hard to be her friend as not to be. I was thinking of her peculiarities when, as I said, the substance of the talk beside me began to capture my attention. The shy cripple with the beautiful face was speaking at last with animated freedom. Mrs. Vincent related the offer of St. Clair as to the vase.

"I read it last week," said Miss Maywood—"I mean the poem; I never read it before."

"Indeed? Then you are to be envied. There ought to be a way of blotting out of memory all remembrance of a great poem or novel, so that many times one could have the joy a first reading gives. I envy you—"

"Ah, no, no," cried Miss Maywood; "I never want to let anything go, never!"

"And have you what I so lack—a memory?"

"Yes; I can often repeat a poem after once hearing it. I got my real education late, and that is why I am so ignorant, and there was, there is, so much to learn. I try to be careful how I talk about books, because the great ones I am only just learning to know. I am like a prince coming into his kingdom out of exile. Books seem to me like people."

"I do not think, my dear, that I know people who are like books, except that some people are unreadable, and some appear to have no table of contents."

Miss Maywood laughed. "Oh, but I meant that books are like people, not people like books."

"Is not that rather confusing?" said Mrs. Vincent.

"I mean that books, the great books, are to me distinct and personal. Perhaps I am not clear."

"Yes; now I think I see."

"Mr. Clayborne says it is because I did not know the great books when I was too young. Children, he said, do sometimes come into the inheritance of high thought before they know how to value or understand it. Then, he says, familiarity breeds indifference. Is he not interesting?"

"Always, usually," said Mrs. Vincent.

"Do you think, Mrs. Vincent, that Shakspere's children understood how great he was? I don't mean that; I mean—oh, would it have been terrible, or delightful, to have lived in the house with him?"

"Good gracious, child!" said Mrs. Vincent; "he was not *Macbeth* or *Mercutio*."

"Oh, no; he was everybody. Mr. Clayborne says that sooner or later every great writer puts himself, his real self, on paper, and who could he have been among the seven hundred characters? I really counted them."

At this moment Mrs. Vincent's face was worth seeing for one who knew her. I said: "I have been a happy listener, Miss May-

wood. Usually the man who writes much, either drama or novel, does somewhere unconsciously portray himself, but it is apt to be in fragments. I have, as others have had, a feeling that there is in *Hamlet* more of the person Shakspere than in any other of his many characters."

"I never have read 'Hamlet,'" said Miss Maywood. "Mr. Clayborne says books should be labeled to be read at this age or that. He says at thirty I may read 'Hamlet.'"

"I hardly agree with him," said I; "I am for letting young people loose in a library. The reader is born, not made; you cannot help the others." Mrs. Vincent shook her head in dissent. "I am sure," I added, "that Mr. Clayborne never advised you to read Keats. He has no real taste for verse. He likes dramas of action, and no others. He has, as St. Clair says in his absurd way, every ology except imaginology, and that it is because of his want of imagination that he fails in the drawing of great historic characters."

Miss Maywood flushed slightly, hesitated, and then, to my amusement, said, "And yet does he not understand all of you?"

"Not fully," said Mrs. Vincent, smiling, "and never will; enough to love us, that suffices. What does he give you as a literary diet?"

"He advises me to learn Greek, and to read Euripides. He says Keats's poem about the vase is pure nonsense."

"Then," said St. Clair, overhearing us, "you read it first only a week ago?"

"Yes," she said, of a sudden shy; "only a week ago."

"And where did you read it?"

This was so like the speaker that Mrs. Vincent and I smiled at each other unspoken comment of amusement.

"In the woods one day," she answered, with no sign of the amazement I felt at his question.

"Did you cry?" he said, with strange insight, and with his amazing unconcealment of thought.

"I did," she said quietly, "a little."

"What nonsense, Victor!" I said. "Why should it make any one cry?"

Not heeding me, he went on: "What made you cry?"

"I know," said my wife, overhearing this singular talk, and realizing its unfitness.

To my surprise, Miss Maywood did not accept her amiable interruption, but replied: "Why did I cry? Oh, there are two lines—"

"I know them," cried St. Clair:

"That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue."

"Yes," she said, without any appearance of surprise; "you are right. But I do not know why they disturbed me."

"Oh," he cried, "they do not belong in that poem. They strike a false note. I have inked them out in my Keats. But the rest! Ah, the rest is golden, precious, as nearly perfect as verse can be, except—"

"Please not to criticize," she pleaded.

"I will not. You are right." He flushed with strong emotion as he spoke. "Such things as that are like lilies, not good to eat, cast before a mean world of swine. What shall it do with them? I am sorry he wrote it."

"No, no," she said, forgetful of her shyness. "It gives a new joy to those who may have few." At this she too flushed confession, aware of having yielded to a reflection on her own limitations.

These were two children of nature. He was really a noble thing to see, as he paused thinking. He had walked out from town, in snow-white flannel, a bit of red tie around his neck, and above it the delicately featured face with its crown of curls. He turned abruptly and began to speak to Mrs. North.

"Mr. Clayborne told me," said Miss Maywood, "that Mr. St. Clair was a bundle of surprises. He *can* surprise one, can he not, Dr. North?"

"Indeed, he is rich in that capacity," I returned. "You have had as yet but a mild experience. I am sure that Clayborne described us all. He told me he had prepared you for the extraordinary people you were to meet."

"He did—he did," she said, laughing. "Oh, he did!"

She was queerly simple, and had as yet no defensive conversational stratagems at command.

"And what did he say of us?" asked I.

"Come! That is hardly fair," said Mrs. Vincent.

"Quite true," said I. "I could easily complete his account of St. Clair. He probably said he was so good to-day that you wondered that he could ever be bad, and so bad to-morrow that you wondered how he ever could be good."

She looked comically conscious, but said only, "He did say he was a poet—a kind of poet, he said."

"That, at least, is true," remarked Mrs. Vincent; "he is a poet."

"Are poets ever ugly?" said Miss Maywood.

"Certainly he is not," said I.

"No," she said, with honest simplicity; "he is beautiful."

Now, when this artless child said "beautiful" it acquired a fresh value, like worn gold reissued from a royal mint. Even Mrs. Vincent was a trifle disconcerted. She hastened to say, "Oh, he is well enough; men are never beautiful, my dear."

"Then I may say you are," said this wonderful voice.

"Indeed!" laughed the elder woman; "I have been told that in my day, but usually by men who soon or late expected a pleasant return."

"But I don't expect anything."

"Then you shall have a little love, child." She touched with caressing gentleness the hand next to her.

At this moment Clayborne asked Mrs. Vincent a question, and I had leisure to reflect upon this intellectual ingénue. Would she keep her bewildering simplicity? How would the hard world deal with her? Then there was more chat, and merry, around the table, for, luckily, this day we had champagne. Miss Maywood listened, smiling at times, but naturally enough saying almost nothing after the talk became general. Had Clayborne been wise in giving her to eat of the fruit of knowledge, and in transplanting this wild rose with its broken stalk?

We soon went into the library, and after wandering in groups, fell into the usual circle, standing about the fire.

"I have been thinking over your story of the calif," said I, aside, to St. Clair. "I am sure you made it up yourself; but if it left an Orientalist like Clayborne in doubt, it was good enough."

"I had a better in my mind yesterday, but when I came to look for it to-day it was gone. Some one, something, had opened the cage, and the bird had flown."

"Will it ever return?"

"Probably not; no use to call it. Leave the cage door open and go away. I have lost many thoughts in this way. You think you have them safe in the bank of memory, and to-morrow your draft comes back protested. And yet a thought is a thing that, once it is alive, does not die. Where is it? Not gone, because to-morrow or a month hence I may find it, or it me."

"Associative relation does, of course, help one," said I, "but it is where it fails that the puzzle comes in, and tells us how little we know of the mechanics of the mind."

"What! What!" exclaimed Clayborne, turning toward us. "Is St. Clair talking psychology?"

"Yes; we were restating the commonplace that the laws of association usually fail to explain the sudden revival of long-lost ideas, and that not to search, as we all know, is the sure way to find."

"Like Bo-Peep's sheep," said my wife, overhearing us. "Let them alone and they 'll come home, and bring their tales behind them."

"My compliments, Mme. North," cried St. Clair. "As an illustrative quotation that is faultless."

"What?" cried Clayborne. "I do not see it. What amuses you all?"

"T-a-i-l-s," spelled my wife; "t-a-l-e-s, please."

"What nonsense!" said the scholar.

When our laughter ceased, I said: "I was about to tell St. Clair a fact in regard to memorial association of ideas, and more than mere ideas. Dr. M—— told me that this chanced to him. He has studied the venom of serpents, as you know, but for years, many years, had given it no serious thought. Neither had he nor any one known or conceived of this poison as other than a single noxious form of albumin. One day, in ascending the steps of a house in which he had at one time resided, he found himself, by habit, with a latch-key in his hand. He was clearly in an absent mood. As he recognized the fact, he happened to glance at the door-mat. It was made of rope. One side was loose and lay in a coil, like the familiar coil of a serpent. Instantly there was present in his consciousness the belief that the venom of serpents is not one, but two or more distinct poisons. He stood surprised, seeing at once how much this might explain. He was so secure of this conclusion that he set to work, aided by a friend, and after five months of laboratory research succeeded in confirming his thought—I mean, in discovering that all serpent venom contains two or more poisons, a fact which proved the key to many problems in animal toxicology."

"And is that," said Vincent, "really and simply all of the known fact? I mean as to how the idea was born into the recognition of the conscious mind."

"Yes; all that he or any one knows."

"Was it a subconscious mechanism," said St. Clair, "which long before evolved

this conclusion, and waited the developmental process of a chance association to bring it into the region of consciousness?"

Clayborne glanced at the poet with amused curiosity. The reflection was unlike St. Clair; but then, as Vincent once said, St. Clair was continually falling below or rising above what was expected of him.

Our host said, "Did you ever have such a thing happen to you, Victor?"

"I? No, indeed," laughed St. Clair; "not I. I do not think; I dream. I lose, and never find; you find, and never lose. Sometimes I am a month in hot chase after a single word I require, or a strong rhyme I want, and know is to be found. At last I find it, or it finds me."

As we talked, the girl with the beautiful face listened with rapt attention. I observed that her eyelashes were—it is hard to say—almost too long. Their veil-like overshadowing of the eyes gave her a look of dreamy tenderness, of reverie, which passed away when she addressed any one. Then her face became expressively earnest, and despite her shyness, she studied with untrained intensity of gaze the person to whom she was speaking.

"What are you thinking about, Miss Maywood?" said my wife. "These great folks get me sadly befogged at times."

"My thought is not of much value. I was thinking how glad Mr. St. Clair must be when he finds the very word he wants; like—" and she paused, coloring slightly.

"Well, Sibyl?" said Clayborne, gently.

"Oh, it is as if a wild bird of the woods were to alight on his window-sill and say: 'I will sing for you. This is the song you want.'"

"Yes; it is always at morning," said St. Clair.

I saw, as he regarded this ethereal face, a look of pity, plain to read for one who knew him. I saw, too, by the soft lift of Anne Vincent's brow, how astonished she was at this childlike revelation of imaginative thought. Clayborne did not like it. I hardly know why. Any exercise of imagination in every-day talk displeased him.

"If," he said, "St. Clair had been decently educated he would not need the birds to fetch his vocabulary."

"Oh, mauler of men and tangler of history!" cried the poet. "You would write better if you felt now and then the pangs of word-hunger. Ah, if one could be allowed to invent words—"

"Only childhood has that privilege," said my wife.

"Or the childhood of nations," said Clayborne. "Then, too, the nation, like the child, loses much of its invented vocabulary. I wish some one would collect the vocabulary of childhood. My mother, up to the age of eight, persistently used certain words which only her family could understand, as 'dibbin' for water, 'walla' for food of all kinds, 'wunk' for a dog."

"How very strange!" said my wife. "How could they have originated?"

"Ah, that is a world-wide puzzle as to all the tongues," said our host.

"I saw," said I, "once, in my clinical service, a child who spoke volubly a language entirely her own. It was understood at last, or acquired, by those about her, but no word of it could I comprehend."

"That is the more singular," said Vincent, "when one considers how imitative is childhood."

"Yes," said St. Clair; "it would seem to be more easy to imitate than to invent. Children are mysterious folk to me, mysteriously near to me, too."

It was true. All children were instantly on easy terms of intimacy with this receptive nature.

"Which are harder to understand,—I mean as to character," said Miss Maywood,—"boys or girls? When I taught a little class I did seem to see through the boys more clearly."

"Oh, girls, girls," said my wife; "even for women."

"Nobody is hard to understand," said Clayborne. "Let us sit by the fire; my ride has made me tired. There are the cigars."

"Girls are always little women," continued my wife; "but boys are boys, not little men."

"They represent more fully the primitive barbarian," said St. Clair.

No one replied to this, but I saw on Mrs. Vincent's face the look of far-away sadness which came now and then when children were the subject of our talk. She was childless, as I have elsewhere said.

For a while we sat smoking, the chat going where chance took it. At last St. Clair asked, "Where is that sermon, Clayborne?"

The big bulk of the scholar stirred uneasily in his chair. "I repent," he said.

"Pity more preachers do not," said St. Clair.

Turning to the scholar, Mrs. Vincent said: "You wrote it. I see it in your face."

"But St. Clair also promised," returned Clayborne.

"I did, but I pre-repented. I am sure Clayborne did not; he always keeps his word."

"Queer little phrase that—to keep your word," said Vincent. "A man who gives his word keeps it. What was the text we gave as our choice for its difficulty of use?"

"The text," said my wife, "was, 'Jesus wrote on the ground.' It came out of a statement of Mr. Clayborne that a sermon could be made on any text."

"Please, Mr. Clayborne," said Sibyl, "we do want to hear."

"I always obey Mrs. Vincent," he returned. As he spoke, he took a portfolio from the table beside him. "Well, if you will have it, here it is."

I saw on Miss Maywood's face an expression of repressed mirth, for which I did not see cause.

"What can he say?" murmured my wife to me.

"Listen. Who knows?"

"Before I begin," said our host, "let me say a word or two. Except as to St. Clair, who has a dozen creeds, we are all, I fancy, with variations, of one mode of thought as to our faith. At least, in the noble old Church of England we find sufficient freedom, and this alone holds me, as it holds many; for, as the years go by, and we come nearer to a world which has no creed, the freedom to use unfettered thought becomes a cherished privilege. My dear Mrs. Vincent thinks me at times unorthodox. So does my Quaker friend Randolph. Indeed, I am variously and affectionately criticized. Let us, each and all, hope that we are right, and remember that many of the forms of religious usage are the children of taste and sentiment, or tradition."

"I cannot stand this," said St. Clair. "Here am I selected as the one wicked boy. I wish to say that no man can live by the words of Christ—none of you."

"Ah, my dear Victor, nothing I have said led up to this. I was claiming the freedom which is a consequence of the mental powers God gave. I was stating the fact, or meant to, that for the mass the form is far more than the creed. Now your wandering wits bring us on to ground I did not mean to tread. The man who does not look broadly at that great biography must land in unhappy incredulity, or, if narrow, fasten on certain texts, or commit himself to some form of absurd effort to live by the bread alone of single texts which, because of some mental perversity in the man, become for him dominant."

"There is no need to illustrate that," said St. Clair. "Go on."

"Give me then a moment more," said Clayborne. "To his disciples, the primal heroes of a new creed, the parents of altruism, to these he gave laws of conduct clearly impossible for the world of men. The application of the commentary of common sense to Christ's life and sayings would have saved much doubt. My Quaker friend will say that Christ forbade all retaliation, all use of force, and hence that to us war should be impossible, and a police force seem wicked. We see Christ condemning certain modes of living, as that of the publican and that of the money-changers in the temple; but he says of the centurion, the man whose trade was war, that he has seen no such faith as his. He does not use his faith and gratitude to turn him from the business of war. I left my friend Randolph to digest this idea. More could be said of it on both sides. And now, dear congregation, this is my first sermon, and will be my last. I assume on your part intelligence, which is what the clergy do not always assume. This assumption enables me to be brief, and rarely to do more than sow seed of thought, for it is to be remembered that Christ preached no long sermons. We use his sermons as texts.

"What Christ wrote on the dust of the temple pavement we do not know. Here alone we learn that he could write. That is interesting. In our study of him, we are confused by our conception of the man who, being God, was yet man, and could pray for release from a cruel fate. Was he really writing, did he write words, or was it that automatic use of the hand which is so common during a time of intense thought?"

"Pardon me!" said Vincent; "I have often seen that. I put a grave question to a man last week. He listened, I suppose; but even after I ceased to speak, he went on drawing triangles on my blotting-pad, and at last answered me decisively."

"Is the congregation allowed the privilege of interpolation?" said I.

"Certainly," said Clayborne.

"It would contribute interest to the ordinary sermon," said St. Clair.

"I vote against interruption," said Mrs. Vincent. "Do go on!"

"I cannot answer my own question," continued our host; "but I feel for myself that whatever brings the Christ into nearness of relation with the ways of men is for me valuable. It cannot destroy our sense of the infinitely larger relation. I dare say there

are times in the lives of the best of us when the sense of nearness to—shall I say oneness with?—the great Maker makes it easier to comprehend the lofty duality of Christ's nature. He wrote, or, seeming to write, at all events was silent. How few of us have the courage of silence! We speak, and hearing no reply, speak again. This silence was to give time for thought to himself, to the hostile questioners, to the woman in her anguish of guilt and fear. If he wrote, what was it? There are strange traditions as to these unread words, lost as the wind blew about the dust on the temple floor. An air of mystery lies about this striking scene, the mystery of a half-revealed life. But no life is wholly revealed to us. The autobiography, least of all, gives us to know the whole of a man. No man is ever perfectly revealed to those who best know him. No man knows himself wholly. The higher the man the less can he be entirely acquainted with that self, the less can the world know him. Genius must be full of self-surprising revelations, and this helps our comprehension of Christ, for, as he thought,—and to the Christ-man came the full sense of the majesty of the thoughts born to his consciousness,—he must have had in supreme measure the feeling of joyful creativeness, which is the reward of genius. A larger mystery envelops this white-robed figure, but it is a mystery shared by all who are great—in a degree by all who live."

"By George, that is fine!" cried St. Clair.

"We don't swear during sermons," said my wife. "Don't interrupt, please."

"But what is mystery?" said Vincent.

"Yes," murmured Sibyl; "I was about to ask that. And what is mysticism?"

"Let us leave that," said Mrs. Vincent. "Please to go on; you men are intolerable."

"If," read Clayborne, "there were left nothing unguessed, unknown, mysterious, about those you love or like, life would lose the charm of curiosity."

"Oh, say of imagination," said the irrepressible St. Clair.

"Well, then, of imagination. The mystery of nature is half its charm. Complete revealment would take out of the life of human relations much of their joy, and even of their power. To be indifferent to the attractiveness of the unrevealed is one of the signs of a low nature.

"Finally, if religion were not founded on the unknowable, it would cease to live in the hearts of men. As of religion, as of Christ, so of all who are worthy of love. As life goes on we secure firmer reasons for love, and the friendship born of love. We seem to know one another. What have the changing fortunes of years left you two to learn? Yes, you know one another. You think so. Comes then into your lives some new joy or some incomprehensible sorrow. You are startled at the revelations it brings, of faith, of fortitude, of generous unselfishness. These growths, developed out of the long-sown seeds of character, may come up again and again in new forms and with tender surprises, because this is the mystery of life, that no one knows another wholly, not even the well-loved companion of a lifetime.

"And what of the to-morrow of death? Will all things become plain to us? Shall we have only to ask and receive answer? Would that be as one could wish? Then would effort cease and character remain a changeless quantity. The Christian attempt to realize the mystery of the world to come has resulted in a materialistic degradation of the obvious meanings of Him who placed us here, and who will surely not leave us motiveless hereafter. Says El-Din-Attar: 'O man, thou art ever a stranger in the tents of life, and in the tents of the hereafter thou shalt be still a stranger.'"

When the resonant voice ceased there was silence for a time. Mrs. Vincent said at last: "Who wrote that? Not you, dear old friend."

"Why not I?"

"Because you are not an imaginative man. Mr. St. Clair wrote it. It was a neat little plot; but for my part I am thankful. I forgive you both."

"And yet," said my wife, "I did want to hear how each of you two would deal with a difficult text. I presume it was Mr. St. Clair who wrote it?"

"Yes, I wrote it. Do you like it?" he added, turning to Miss Maywood.

"I—yes—I should have to read it again to be sure. I wish Mr. Clayborne had also given us his sermon. If I were Mr. St. Clair I should have made it a poem."

I learned later that Miss Maywood had type-written the sermon, and was therefore in the secret.

St. Clair smiled. "I did, I did, but I tore it up."

"Good sense that," growled the scholar, and meanwhile I saw Mrs. Vincent gravely regarding the two younger people.

"I did not know how to deal with it," said Clayborne.

"Lack of imagination," said St. Clair, pleased at the chance.

Miss Maywood flushed a little. An attack on her benefactor surprised and hurt her. "Perhaps—Mr. Clayborne—was afraid."

"I was," said he. "Don't explain, child. They all know what you mean. You are quite correct. I can reason and deal coldly enough with some things, but not with certain others."

St. Clair was hard to silence. "I am not sure I comprehend. It seems to me nothing is too sacred for comment. Was I irreverent?"

"No, no," said I.

"You people, I know, regard me as irreligious, because you think if a man does not go to church and—"

"Don't spoil it all for us," said Mrs. Vincent.

"Oh, I suppose I am like a butterfly over a stormy ocean. I flutter, unaware of the soundless depths below me."

"Please don't!" said Sibyl.

It was an unpleasing turn of talk, for we were all feeling the strength and reverence of his sermon.

Quick to note it, my wife said gaily: "Miss Maywood, when you know Mr. St. Clair better you will believe about one third he says."

"And," cried St. Clair, laughing, "is this the reward of your preacher? And have none of you the courage to wrestle with the thought I gave you, that Christ could not have expected the mass of men to live the life he pointed out as desirable for the first disciples of his faith? I saw the other day at Owen's a life of one Linacre, a doctor, who had the luck to live about 1460 to 1524, when men knew little, and thought they knew all. In his old age he took, for novelty, to reading St. Matthew. The fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters were enough. He threw the book aside, and cried out, 'Either this is not the gospel or we are not Christians!' What else could he say?"

"And is this invention?" said Clayborne.

Then, to our amazement, we learned that our scholar had never heard of the great physician who attended on Erasmus and was the friend of Sir Thomas More. It did not trouble him. As for St. Clair, he said, laughing: "I, Miss Maywood, am the court fool. All my folly is my own, all my wisdom is borrowed."

"If you were a fool," said the young woman, seriously, "you would not know it. That is the worst foolishness of folly."

"Good gracious, my dear!" said Mrs. Vincent.

"That sounds like Mr. Clayborne's wisdom," said my wife.

Sibyl laughed.

"Come, it is late," said Mrs. Vincent. "We must go. And, Sibyl,—I shall call you Sibyl,—you are to be at my house to-morrow at three for the Boston symphony concert. Don't forget."

"Forget! How could I?"

In the carriage,—for we had driven out to dine,—Mrs. Vincent talked to me of the evening we had passed, while Vincent smoked in silence. St. Clair remained at Holmwood for the night.

"What do you think," said I, "of Miss Maywood? Is it a wise thing Clayborne has done?"

"Yes; it was both wise and kind. She will gain enlarged possibilities of enjoyment."

"And will learn new limitations of happiness," said Vincent.

"But anywhere," returned Mrs. Vincent, "life would teach her at last what that crippled body must bring in the way of denials to a heart ready for love. I think there is much in that girl. How simple she is, how acute, how oddly courageous!"

Said Vincent: "Anne, you are going to make a favorite of this young woman. You will dangerously enlarge her opportunities for contrast of her own fate with that of the more happily made. If you leave her to this simple life of helping Clayborne, it will do her no great harm, and may, perhaps, be a good thing. What you will do will be of more than doubtful value. Is it not so, Owen? Am I not right?"

No woman likes her husband to call in another's judgment to sustain his hostility of opinion. Mrs. Vincent was quiet for a minute, and then said: "You may be right, Fred; but I am not sure you are. I will be careful."

This she was not likely to be, but I, being discreet, held my tongue, and, after a little, remarked: "She is the Lady of Shalott, and when she floats out into the world her heart will break."

"Yes; that was what St. Clair meant. He has terrible insight at times."

My wife, all this time silent, said: "Anne, my heart aches for the girl. She was a great surprise to me. I expected to see the ordinary typical New England 'school-marm.' How she must suffer with that face and that crumpled figure! I should have no mirror in my room were I as she is."

"Last week," said I, "as you know, she was in bed a day or two with influenza. I saw her, at Clayborne's request. She has no large mirror in her room."

"Poor child!" said my wife; "but there was a cheval-glass in that room."

Again Mrs. Vincent was silent awhile, and then said, "Fred, did you notice the girl's voice?"

"I? No; what is there to notice?"

"Oh, my dear Fred!"

"It is heavenly sweet," said I; "like Sister Mary's. You remember her, Mrs. Vincent, at Chestnut Hill Hospital, during the war."

"I do. It was wonderful."

"I recollect once, when in a hospital in Washington, asking her to persuade a Confederate captain to submit to the removal of a part of his hand. He had absolutely refused. I stood by as she urged the matter upon him. She talked long and earnestly, stating the case well. When she came to an end I said to him, as she moved away, 'I think you must see the need for an operation.'

"'What operation?'

"'Did you not understand what Sister Mary said?'

"'No, I did n't understand what the deuce she said. I was listening to *Her*. Lord, does n't she warble! Do what you like, doctor.'"

"A rather doubtful accomplishment," said Vincent. "I am glad I have it not."

"Some one else has," said my wife, touching Anne Vincent's hand.

"That must be why Fred Vincent never knows what I say to him. When I say seriously, 'I want five minutes of your attention, Fred,' he says, 'Very good, Anne.' Then after a while he remarks, 'I do not think I am quite clear, my dear, as to what you mean.' Now I shall agreeably interpret his want of apprehension."

"Pure slander," said Vincent; "I cannot defend myself. I hate to talk in a carriage. But what a pretty name Sibyl is!"

(To be continued.)

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION OF THE POWER-TOOL.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

great problem to-day before Europe and America is to supply the millions who want now, or will want soon, everything the American, the Englishman, and the German can turn out of their workshops and factories. The next century will be not so much in the hands of the admirals and generals as in the hands of the master mechanic. The hand that holds the tools holds the future.

If the people of the United States all wore hand-made shoes we should see a most distressing paradox, for half the people would be barefoot. Judging from the acceptability of the American machine-made shoe, it is possible that the United States may yet shoe the world. Here the price of labor is high, and yet the American shoe is the cheapest and best in the market. The eccentric and a few others may prefer a Paris or a London shoe, and yet the American shoe sells in Paris, because it is the best thing of its kind for the sensible man or woman of a thrifty mind. So it comes to this: the power-tool will rule the world's trade. The nation with power will get the business, because it is no longer possible to supply the great wants of the world by hand-labor. We have power and to spare, and the typical American sign, "Power to Let," points to the secret of success in the future competition for the world's business. Our streams and lakes furnish unmeasured water-power. Our gas- and oil-wells and our mines furnish tens of thousands of horse-power every day. We may yet harness the tides, as we have, in a small way, already harnessed the winds of the prairies.

Now, the basis of power is the prime mover—the motor, the engine, or the turbine. There is no need to discuss the position of the steam-engine, turbine, gas-engine, or windmill. The prime mover has been the subject of the highest scientific thought of this century. In a broad and general way we may, for our present purposes, consider the prime mover as practically efficient, because, within the last ten years, and even within the last few months, attention has been turned to a new and most interesting phase of this question of power and power-tools.

This may be called the "conversion of power," or rather the "transportation of power."

Hitherto the power-tool and the engine have been placed side by side, because the tool must, by some mechanical means, such as shafting, gearing, belts, etc., be connected with its motor. In other words, the engine-room must join the shop, and the factory must stand close to the mill-dam that supplies water to its turbine. This has always been recognized as a defect. It was unsafe for the property and for the lives and health of the workmen. It involved the erection of massive and dangerous buildings, and it compelled the working population to dwell in unsafe and unsanitary neighborhoods.

These defects early led to the portable engine. It was seen that in many instances, as in rock-blasting, freight-handling, stone- and marble-quarrying, it would be an advantage to put the boiler and the engine on wheels and transport them to the work, instead of carrying the work to the engine. Shafting and belting now seem to have reached their highest degree of perfection, and in the cable-car system we have the utmost limit of the mechanical transportation of power. Even this system, except for excessive grades, seems destined to disappear before cheaper and better systems. As for the portable engine, it can never be of value beyond the limits of its steam-pipes—at most a few hundred feet, as is plainly demonstrated at any rock-blasting plant. Just here, to prevent confusion of terms, we should recognize that the locomotive does transport power, but the locomotive and its allied automotors are self-contained and self-moving. What is meant by the "transportation of power" is the conveyance of energy from a fixed prime mover to a distant tool, that may not only do work, but also transport itself at the same time, or may do work within a variable range of distance from the prime mover.

Three distinct systems of conveying power are on the market, competing for the world's business. Each has reached a high degree of efficiency, each one is a practical commercial success, and while all three have one common aim, to convey power, each has its special advantages and its peculiar limitations. Their names are apt: the pneumatic, the hydraulic, and the electric.

In the pneumatic system the engine gives its energy to an air-compressor that stores air under pressure in some form of reservoir. From the reservoir the compressed air may be conveyed by pipes or hose to the motor operating the tool. The reservoir may even be placed on a car or other vehicle, and move the car precisely as if the car or wagon were itself a locomotive, as illustrated on two of New York's cross-town streets. Compressed air may be conveyed for several hundred feet through pipes and hose, and, in the case of pneumatic despatch-tubes, may convey its energy a mile or more.

In the hydraulic system the prime mover gives its energy to a pump that stores water in a tank or in an accumulator. From the tank the water under pressure may be conveyed in pipes to a hydraulic press, hydraulic riveter, or other power-tool. Water under compression may be conveyed several hundred feet with advantage. In both of these systems power may be stored to a limited extent.

In the electric system the engine or turbine gives its energy to a dynamo, and its electric energy may be conveyed for a few miles on a rail or wire to operate a motor operating a car or power-tool. In the secondary battery the power may be also stored for use on an electric vehicle.

These three systems have already invaded many of the arts and industries. Pneumatic, hydraulic, and electric tools are now made in a great variety of forms, and almost every month sees new tools, new forms of motors, and new applications of old tools to new work. New trades have been created, and an enormous amount of hard physical labor has been assumed by swift and tireless power-tools. Thousands of unskilled laborers have become skilled workmen with new tools, and skilled labor with hand-tools has found itself called to greater skill, more work, and higher wages. Moreover, a vast capital has been invested in new industrial plants, new industries have been created, and millions of money have been distributed in wages among people who, without these new methods of distributing power, would be unskilled workmen, perhaps without work. Still more remarkable, these three systems seem destined to improve greatly the personal, domestic, social, and municipal life and health of the people, and even change the very appearance of our manufacturing cities and towns.

Hitherto we have been compelled to carry all work to the tool. Now we may carry the tool to the work. To illustrate, we may examine the ancient art of making tombstones. The moss-covered stones of colonial

graveyards were rudely split from the slate-quarry, and roughly shaped and lettered by the stone-mason. Then came the marble era of the cemeteries. The plain marble slab answered still, and a fluted column, a wreath, or other simple carving in the white stone was regarded as extravagant indulgence in monumental grief. All the marble-work was hand-wrought, and, as a result, was costly. The sculptor's chisel was perhaps the most costly hand-tool in the world. In public and private buildings we began to make a free use of our great wealth and variety of marbles, but decorative marble and statuary were rare and exceedingly expensive. We had plenty of marble palaces, but they were, for the most part, exceedingly plain. We had sculptors and highly trained workers in decorative marble, but there was little for them to do on account of the great cost of their work.

The marble-carver can, for a short time, give thirty blows a minute with his wooden mallet on his chisel; his average speed is probably less. With a pneumatic hammer he can strike two hundred, two thousand, three thousand, or six thousand blows in one minute, without the slightest exertion on his part. He can regulate the number of blows in each minute at will. His flying hammer fits any form of chisel used in his art. It will enable him to do any work he can do by hand, and many things that would be impossible without his nervous little hammer. His hand, eye, and mind are now free to give their whole attention and skill to guiding the chisel. All the labor (one half of the total labor) of striking the blow on the chisel is released. Just that amount of mental and physical energy is released to work in the real art, which is the guiding of the tool.

An example of the economy thus afforded is found in the elaborate exterior decorations of the Appellate Court lately erected on Madison Square, New York city. The building is of steel frame with white marble facing. As required by law, a massive timber stage, or platform, was erected over the sidewalks, and on this the stone, bricks, steel beams, and other material were deposited while being prepared for the steam-derrick that lifted each piece into place. The blocks of marble arrived already squared, shaped, and fitted, so that the work of the builder consisted merely in putting them in place in the wall. All the blocks that were to be decorated, capitals, lintels, panels, sides of windows, in fact every block that was to carry any part of the ornamental work, was left rough, and was set in the wall just as it came from the marble-yard. As the walls were erected, a wooden staging was placed before them for the convenience of the marble-workers. On the platform stood a small shed, sheltering a twelve-horse-power gas-engine operating an air-compressor. From the compressor wrought-iron pipes extended all over the staging. At intervals there were little hydrants to which rubber hose could be easily attached. Here we have the distribution of power clearly illustrated. The gas-engine using street gas has a distinct advantage over the steam-engine, as its fuel is brought in a pipe instead of a cart, and it has no ashes to annoy the passer below. In fact, were it not for the barking of its exhaust-pipe one would never imagine that a power-plant was at work overhead. At one time eighteen marble-workers were employed on the building. Each one had beside him a plaster copy of the decoration he was to reproduce in the marble. His light steel hammer with its swiftly flying chisel cut the marble easily, surely, evenly. Rose and leaf, lintel, curving line, flowing tracery, and flowering capital grew as if by magic under his hand. The beautiful forms of the pattern, or model, appeared with incredible speed. The chips flew in a fine shower of white dust under the lightning-like hammer. The long, flexible hose enabled the workman to stand in any position and hold the tool at any angle, and its tireless energy relieved him from everything except the skilled work of guiding the tools. He could stop in an instant and change the tool in less than a minute. The workman is no longer a skilled laborer: he is an artisan, with a new tool that relieves him from all labor.

Another great field for the pneumatic hammer, and the many other tools that have followed it, is found in the shipyard, the bridge-shop, the boiler-shop, and the navy-yard. Pneumatic tools have increased rapidly in number, and new uses seem to be found for them every month in chipping, drilling, reaming, boring, calking, and riveting, and in many other branches of iron-work. A steamship comes to the dock-side or enters the dry-dock for repairs. Along the edge of the dock are laid the compressed-air pipes, with hydrants at intervals. The workmen connect their wire-covered hose to the hydrants and go aboard ship, dragging the hose after them to any part of the hull, be it hold, engine-room, shaft-tunnel, bunkers, or captain's cabin; they may even climb to the top of the military mast of a war-

ship. Wherever the hose can go, there is power on tap to run any form of tool which the work demands. Without such a system, in many cases, the work would have to be done by hand, at enormous cost of time and labor, or the work itself actually taken out of the ship and carried ashore to the machine-shop, which means also immense loss of time and labor. A man may be calking a seam in the ship's plates by driving the rough edges of the plates down flat. With a heavy hammer he can strike ten, perhaps twenty, blows a minute. With his pneumatic calking-tool he strikes thousands of blows every minute, and in one day does the work of from ten to twenty men.

An air-compressing plant may stand in the middle of a ten-acre yard, and its pipes may run underground to carpenter-shop, machine-shop, boiler-shop, or setting-up yard. At every hydrant the workman can attach his hose and draw the power to run his tools. There is no need to run the car into the railroad repair-shop to put in a few bolts. The workman drags his hose out to the car, and his swift boring-tools do the work just as well as if it were fixed to a solid bench in a shop. The car-builder sets up the rough wood in his "sleeper," and then brings the pneumatic sand-papering machine to polish down his shining panels, or he paints his cheaper grades of freight-cars with a pneumatic paint-spreader. The master car-, bridge- or ship-builder, or the naval constructor, can go even further. He may mount a gasolene-engine and compressor on a truck, and with a horse or two carry the whole plant to any part of the yard, or even to another place, lay out his hose-pipes, and supply power to twenty men using power-tools of every kind. He may even invade the farm and sift oats, thresh wheat, run a corn-sheller or a hay- or ensilage-cutter, or do any similar work.

What is true of pneumatic tools is true in a different degree of hydraulic tools. The hydraulic riveter is in every bridge-shop, locomotive-shop, and shipyard. It has, with other tools and machines, made the bridge, the ship, and the tall office building possible by making them cheap.

In electrical transmission of power the motor may be attached directly to the machine or tool. The smallest watchmaker's drill or the most ponderous planer or shaper, cutting giant castings, may each have its motor, may stand anywhere, in any position, may be even moved about in the shop at will. The electric traveling-crane, the most widely useful of all modern tools, the universal carrier of heavy burdens, is invading every shop, stone-yard, furnace, and rolling-mill, and aptly illustrates the conveyance of power. It picks up any work within its power, holds it suspended, moves right or left, forward or backward, along its track, and carries its brains with it. The electric shipyard crane, cargo-loader, conveyor, and hoisting-machine seem, at first sight, almost to think about their stupendous labors. In the mill the electric motor has joined the ancient tool, the loom, to an immense gain in the safety and comfort of the weaver, and in the quality of the fabrics, by keeping the air pure and the goods clean and free from the oily drip of shafting.

The effect of the introduction of these three systems of transmitting power has been greatly to increase the output of all tools and machines, and, as a result, materially to reduce the cost of all manufactured articles. An immense saving is also effected by carrying the tool to the work instead of carrying the work to the tool. The great planers and shapers of the machine-shop will always be used, but for a thousand little jobs the portable tool will supplant the stationary tool. For instance, a ship's frame must be bored with half a dozen holes. To carry the huge, awkward mass of iron to a fixed tool means great labor and much time. If the workman can bring his drill out to the yard where it lies, he has saved all that time and labor. It is evident that this one fact that the tool can go to the work, down in a ship's hold, down in the mine or stone-quarry, go anywhere within the radius of its pipe or wire, must greatly change all our methods of doing work. It is plain that these systems at once save uncounted days of time and labor, and reduce the cost of almost every manufactured article. Moreover, we already see new shops, new mills, new works of every kind, safer, lighter, cheaper, cleaner, housing more effective tools, and operated by more skilful and certainly more comfortable workmen and workwomen. Most important of all, we can pay higher wages, because these things imply higher skill, and the higher the skill the greater the product. Saving labor and time, we reduce cost. Tools run faster and longer, and save interest on the plant. The new shops, being safer in a sanitary sense, being more cheerful and comfortable, will react upon the man. The man behind the tool will be a better man, a better father, and a better citizen. The trolley has already enabled tens of thousands of

families to move from tenements into homes; it has created boulevards and avenues in place of lanes and streets. It separates houses, giving more light and air to each. Moreover, the fact that the factory need not be crowded close to its wretched mill-dam will and must introduce new methods of mill-building, and new and better mill towns. Mill sites need no longer be nests of malaria, and the school-house and home need no longer huddle together by the drain-like river for the sake of being near the mill.

There will be some who see in all this only disaster to the workman. If one man with a pneumatic hammer can do the work of ten, it is said that nine men will be thrown out of work. Exactly the reverse is true. A marble-quarryman introduced channeling-machines into his quarry. The workmen objected, as they thought that the new machines would throw them out of work. They did so operate for a little while, but very soon the reduced cost of the marble so stimulated the demand that more men were needed to supply the increased output. Without the machines the quarry gave work to one hundred men; with the machines it very soon gave work to three hundred.

The rapidly increasing export of American manufactures, which has been set forth in the Export Exposition recently held in Philadelphia, suggests a moment's consideration of the future of power-transmission. The chief prime mover has been the steam-engine. It will, and in many places must, remain the chief of all our sources of power. The turbine suggests not so much a supplanting of the steam-engine as the key to new and almost unexplored sources of power. The mountain-top holds the future. The stream that flows down the mountain-side will be the great future storehouse of power. So clearly is it recognized that the transmission of power makes the mountain stream a source of wealth that the eyes of the whole industrial world are turned toward the hills. Italy, a land with little manufacturing, sees in its mountain-ranges uncounted horse-power to move her trolley roads and her looms and power-tools, and she is fired with the ambition to be a manufacturing country. Every stream on the Pacific coast has suddenly turned into a liquid bonanza. Lake Superior is a mill-pond for creating power at the "Soo." Every river in New England has wealth at every waterfall, real or artificial. The Appalachian Mountains have given us enormous wealth of coal. They may yet give us new wealth of water-power. The waterfall now means power to be transmitted to road, shop, and mill.

It is not and it may never be true that we can transmit the power of Niagara to New York at a commercial advantage. It is one thing to send power for miles through a wire. It is quite another to do so at a profit. Coal may be cheaper at the far end, and the steam-engine cheaper than the dynamo. It is, however, true that the power of Niagara can be, and is, distributed at a commercial advantage to mills and manufacturing plants in the immediate neighborhood of the falls. This is particularly true of the electrochemical industries that have recently been established there.

To illustrate the sanitary and perhaps moral effect of the transmission of power, it is only necessary to contrast an ordinary machine-shop with one of the newer shops where electric motors are attached directly to each individual tool. Such a shop can be seen at Ampere, New Jersey. It is of brick, steel, and glass, and is free from shaftings, and the interior is a fine, light, and most attractive hall. Every machine is clean and bright. Every piece of work, every tool, is in full sunlight. There is no dust, smoke, or bad odor, and the work is done in comfort and peace. The effect upon the man is immediate. A clean, light, sweet place to work in inspires cheerfulness and content, and these ever make for good work and the greatest output.

Turning aside to the distribution of heat in another field of work, we can see a more vivid contrast. In the manufacture of hats it is necessary that each man have a hot iron. These were heated at a furnace in the room where the men worked. Imagine the result: sixty men running every few moments to a red-hot furnace to get a hot iron, jostling and burning one another, and all working in a high temperature. To-day each man may have on his bench an electrically heated iron. The transformation is marvelous, from a terrifying place of labor to a light, cool room, where each man stays at his bench, where flowers may bloom in the sunny windows, and summer airs fill the room with health and comfort.

In brief, electrical, pneumatic, and hydraulic transmission of power will make every natural source of power of increased commercial value. Such transmission will and must profoundly modify for good the industrial, commercial, moral, and political life of the nation, nay, of the entire world.

THE KENTUCKIAN.

BY JOHN GILMER SPEED.

WHEREVER he may appear, the Kentuckian is a marked man. In one way and another he is different from his fellow-men of other parts of the world, and the characteristics which make him so stick to him, no matter how far afield he may go, no matter how long he may stay away from home. This is the case now, and it has been the case for three generations. This is not a declaration that the Kentuckian is better than others, or worse, but only that he is different. The difference to a great degree consists in his enthusiasm, whether optimistic or pessimistic, his freedom of speech, his independence of action, and his superlatively flamboyant conduct on both great and small occasions. He never walks calmly on the dead level; he either pirouettes upon the mountain-tops or curses in picturesque rage in depths too deep to fathom. He is a kind of American Tarasconais, a voluble Tartarin plus courage, plus sincerity of purpose, plus integrity of intention.

The late James Freeman Clarke, who was a Unitarian clergyman in Louisville sixty-five years ago, used to tell this story:

"One morning John Howard Payne, who was traveling through the West and had brought me a letter, came to my room, and said: 'I have seen a great variety of life, but never anything exactly like this society in Louisville. I was last night at a ball at the house of Judge Rowan. In the same cotillion were dancing a son of the judge, Mr. Thomas F. Marshall, and two ladies to whom these gentlemen are said to be respectively engaged. Every one in the room knew that Rowan and Marshall were to fight a duel in the course of a week, which would probably result in the death of one or both; but no one showed any surprise, and all was pleasant on the surface.'"

So we see that even a casual traveler in Kentucky two generations ago recognized that there was then a difference between the men of that State and the men of the other States he had visited. Now, it cannot be that this difference is merely accidental. Indeed, that is not at all the case. It is the result of historical causes, which have contributed in an entirely natural way toward the making of an interesting and a unique people. Every homogeneous people have their distinctive characteristics; even people with very mixed strains of blood come in time to have common likenesses in thinking and action, common methods of speech, and even a certain similarity of appearance. In the colonial days, though the people in Massachusetts and Virginia were both pure English, they were as different from one another as they are to-day—and to-day they seem to me as far different as possible. Their speech, their appearance, their methods of thinking, are all different. The people of New York and New Jersey, though living side by side and having a very similar ancestry, are not at all alike; and the Pennsylvania people are different from either. It is not my purpose to point out in what these differences consist, and I mention them only to show that even though the Kentuckians are marked by peculiar characteristics, their eminence in this way is in degree, and not in kind. The truth is, that we are all pretty good Americans, but our Americanism does not save us from being in various regions vastly different from one another.

The idea generally held of the Kentuckian is that he is a man of war, quick to take affront, and ever ready for a personal test of courage with either gun or knife, or with both. As a son of that State, I am at once proud and regretful that this should be a well-earned reputation. His warlike character has been valiantly proved on every battle-field of the country; he has always been more than willing, yes, anxious, to go where dangers were thickest, even though duty meant also death. The best settlers of Kentucky, when the State was a county of Virginia, were veterans of the Revolutionary War. In the second contest with England it was the Kentucky contingent which saved the West. In the war with Mexico not one in ten who wished to go could be accommodated. In the Civil War the State's full

quota was furnished to the United States army, and a number quite as great to the Confederate forces. In the war with Spain the case was like that of the war with Mexico. In the wars of the republic the Kentuckian has been far from backward, and her people have a right to be proud of this fighting record.

But of that other record, that record of personal encounters and the private avenging of private wrongs, we have every reason to be ashamed, and to deplore the causes which have contributed to the making of a people so lacking in self-restraint. When I lived in Kentucky I was inclined to believe that this reputation was undeserved, for very few things of the kind came under my personal observation. Though my own people have been in Kentucky for four generations, no one of them ever had a personal encounter that was worthy of note; none of them ever went armed except when on duty as a soldier. So also the people with whom we lived on terms of intimacy. They were peace-loving and law-abiding, and their speech, when most enthusiastic and flamboyant, was controlled by a courtesy which prevented it from being offensive, even though sometimes it was boastful and silly. I regret, however, that I have had to concede to myself that I was wrong in the opinion I formerly held. From a distance we can often see more clearly than when near by. From a distance we certainly get a greater breadth of view.

When I take up my morning paper and read in great head-lines, "Duel to the Death," or some other lurid announcement to like effect, I shudder, and say to myself, "Kentucky again." Pretty nearly always—almost seven times in ten—my forebodings are accurate. Then I read of a congressman killing a constituent, a colonel killing a lieutenant, an ex-minister to a foreign court killing an internal-revenue collector, and so on through the whole horrible list. I must say, however, that in most instances these private quarrels which lead to murder are among the mountaineers, who are in no sense the kind of Kentuckians whose characteristics I am discussing. The mountaineers of Kentucky are, to a great extent, the descendants of the convicts who were sold into slavery in colonial Virginia, and escaping from the plantations, fled into the mountains, where they have continued from generation to generation a wild and semi-savage people, at once ignorant and defiant of law. Before railroads penetrated these mountain fastnesses to bring out the iron and coal and timber, we did not often hear of these feuds. When we did we were not disturbed by them. We paid no heed to these people and their quarrels, but, unwisely perhaps, left them to their own devices, upon the theory that the more they killed of one another the better off the world would be. Newspaper extravagance of statement is responsible now for making each of these encounters between mountaineer outlaws appear to be an affair between Kentucky gentlemen. It is not accurate, but insomuch as Kentucky gentlemen do not behave with self-restraint, the result to their reputation is in that degree not undeserved.

Even the gentlemen of the blue-grass region are careless of life, and there is no city, and few villages, in which there does not walk free some man with human blood upon his hands. I will not say that such men enjoy the entire confidence and respect of the whole community in the same measure that those do who have been blameless in their life. But acquittal by a jury does, in the opinion of many, reinstate a man completely, not only in his political rights, but in his social privileges. Only just now we have had as candidate for governor one who had killed his man. It is quite true that very many of his own party revolted at the idea of having for the chief executive of the commonwealth a man who had taken the law into his own hands to the extent of killing a fellow-man. The fact, however, did not appear to make him an entire impossibility, as it no doubt would have done in almost any other State in the Union. I need not go on giving proof of the humiliating fact that in Kentucky, even among those who hold political and social position, there is a singular disregard of the sacredness of human life. It is a result of their peculiar evolution, and the penalty must be paid until that evolution goes a step or so forward, and makes of the Kentuckian something different from what he is to-day.

Kentucky was not settled as any other State has been. The older States on the Atlantic seaboard drew their first population and the accessions directly from Europe. The newer States, as a general thing, got their first population from Eastern States, and from Europe also. But Kentucky got pretty nearly all of hers directly from Virginia, and they came in great numbers in a short space of time. Kentucky, in its eastern part, was explored as early as 1750 by Dr. Thomas Walker of Virginia. This was the first authentic exploration, though there are

more or less hazy records of explorations beyond the mountains in the previous century. From the time of Walker's expedition there were numerous other explorations during twenty years, and in 1770 Washington, in his capacity of land-surveyor, crossed the mountains into eastern Kentucky. It was only a little before this, in 1769, that Daniel Boone made his first visit to Kentucky. He was not the first explorer, though tradition has made him famous as the discoverer of this fertile land. His report on his visit resulted in the first serious effort at colonization. This was to found the "Colony of Transylvania," and the title to a great section of Kentucky rested on a purchase from the Indians by Colonel Henderson of North Carolina. This was in 1775, and the new colony was a part of the realm of his Majesty George III. Harrodsburg was settled, and also Boonesborough, and in May of that year a convention assembled at Boonesborough to pass laws for the colony. There were nine enactments, as follows: (1) an act to establish courts of judicature and regulate the practice therein; (2) an act for regulating the militia; (3) an act for the punishment of criminals; (4) an act to prevent profane swearing and Sabbath-breaking; (5) an act for writs of attachment; (6) an act for ascertaining clerks' and sheriffs' fees; (7) an act to preserve the range, that is, the right of public pasture; (8) an act for preserving the breed of horses; (9) an act for preserving game.

These were very admirable laws, and the eighth act was significant of the taste of the people who, even at that early day, went to the new land. Indeed, that very year the first race-course was laid out in Kentucky, and an early sportsman was shot by an Indian while training his racer on this frontier track. But there was one law missing, as it was also missing in the statute-books of Virginia. That law was the regulation of land-claims. According to the Virginia practice, any settler, or even a prospector or speculator, could lay out land, and on recording the survey with the land-agent he was supposed to complete his title. Here was one of the most fruitful conditions which contributed toward making the early Kentuckians self-asserting. And the greater the number of people the greater the amount of self-assertion. Now, settlements in Kentucky were very rapid, for in 1780 there were 20,000 inhabitants; in 1784 there were 30,000; in 1790 there were 73,000, and in 1800 this total had increased to 220,000.

These early settlers were not incapables who had failed in Virginia and were fleeing from the too fierce competition of a thickly settled region; nor were they adventurers seeking for gold or other quick method of getting rich. On the contrary, the great bulk of them were well-to-do people, but possessed by what might be called the Elizabethan land-hunger, a desire to establish great estates and found families with land-titles as patents of nobility. The careless way in which this land was acquired, and the inadequacy of the Virginia land laws, led to untold trouble, for frequently claims overlapped one another, and sometimes a survey which called for five hundred acres, when accurately measured and mapped, would be found to embrace five thousand acres. Here was confusion, which lasted for several generations, and nearly every landowner became a militant proprietor, with a necessity of defending his titles in courts of law, and his possession by force of arms. This fault in the land laws of Virginia was, in my opinion, one of the great contributing causes in the development of Kentucky characteristics.

The Transylvania Company was not confirmed in its rights to the vast domain it had acquired by purchase, as it was held then—as it is now—that land-grabbing, however permissible to a government, was not legal in an individual. So the dominion of Virginia repudiated the right of Henderson and his associates, and these earliest bona-fide settlers found that, after all their hardships and privations, they were not secure in the ownership of the land they had acquired. Later, however, Virginia righted this wrong by confirming the titles of actual settlers and giving two hundred thousand acres to Henderson & Co., in lieu of the seventeen million acres originally purchased. But the uncertainty as to the future had done its work in making an impression on the early settlers; and in various ways the people in Kentucky continued to be kept in uncertainty both by Virginia and the United States, and this led further to the feeling that each man in this new country must stand up for himself as to his private rights, and that all must stand together as to the public rights. It was the most natural thing in the world, when they chose their coat of arms, for the Kentuckians to adopt the motto, "United we stand, divided we fall."

Within a year or so of the disbanding of the Revolutionary army nine thousand veterans of that great war for liberty moved into Kentucky with land-grants for their

services to their State and country. Old soldiers make admirable citizens, as the discipline of army life teaches them excellent lessons in self-restraint. But when men trained chiefly in war go to an entirely new country, they quickly and properly become self-reliant, and to an extent very masterful. These veterans no doubt had an excellent influence in the new settlements, for in the main they were excellent men; but they did not use any influence to counteract this dangerous independence of personal action. They were men trained in war and accustomed to deeds of violence; so they contributed nothing whatever to the inculcation of a gentler method of righting wrongs, or a more peaceful way of settling differences. They were military, and in the more military countries of the world now, more than a hundred years later, the duel is still reverted to as the best way of settling disputes between gentlemen. These men believed sincerely in the personal combat, and while it has become obsolete in pretty nearly all other parts of the United States, there are many in Kentucky who still practise it, though I am happy to say there are few even there to defend such uncivilized procedures. Here we see that the most influential newcomers in this new land helped to fasten upon the people, and to fix in their very blood, characteristics which are conspicuous to-day.

For many years before the Civil War there were those in Kentucky who declined to fight a formal duel. Notable among these was the brilliant editor, George D. Prentice, who, though not exactly a man of peace, always declined to go on "the field of honor" according to the rules of the code. On one occasion, when challenged, he told his would-be antagonist to go and shoot at a barn door, and if he hit it he would acknowledge that if he had been in the place of the barn door he also would have been hit. But, as a general thing, men likely to be engaged in a duel did not take the matter as gaily as Prentice, for public opinion, though against dueling, also held a man who refused to fight to be not quite beyond reproach. I remember one case when two members of very distinguished families got into a quarrel about a trifle. Their friends tried to stay the conflict, but a challenge had passed and been accepted. There seemed no way out of the difficulty except an exchange of shots, when two learned lawyers intervened, and advanced the theory that as between gentlemen the sending of a challenge and the acceptance of a challenge are contemporaneous, so the withdrawal of the challenge and the withdrawal of the acceptance are contemporaneous. Now, these young men were actually induced to permit their seconds to sign such an absurd document. The Kentuckians are not wanting in the sense of humor, so they laughed long and loud at these ridiculous duelists. This was as hard a blow at formal dueling as any ever struck. But it had no effect on the informal and impromptu street-duel, where the principals blaze away at one another, and not infrequently kill several innocent wayfarers. The formal duel is surely more dignified and less dangerous than these street-brawls.

Here is a more recent example of Kentucky hot-headedness. A young chap, after his sophomore year at Harvard, was spending his summer at Crab Orchard Springs, which used to be a very gay place. He danced too frequently with a young girl to please a man of thirty-five who was also sojourning there. The elder man, who was not always coldly responsible, heaped insults on the Harvard student. This student stood these things as long as his patience held out, and then he gave the older man a very sound thrashing. The next week the student, now being at his father's home, was visited by a man evidently in his cups, with a challenge according to the code from the blackguard who had been whipped at Crab Orchard. The Harvard man ordered the second from the house, and assisted the departure with his foot. Here was a great sensation. A young man of good family had declined to fight. Many thought he was disgraced. Some, however, held that, as he was not twenty-one years old, the stigma on his honor was not irredeemable. The young man's father, a lawyer of national distinction, stood by the son, and when he resented the excuse just given for his boy, as advanced by a judge on the bench, these two elderly gentlemen had a street-fight with canes, and if they had been armed one or the other would surely have been shot.

But, it may be said, dueling and personal combats were common in many parts of the United States in that day, and these customs have passed away without leaving any serious impression upon the people of this generation in those regions. That is perfectly true. If Kentucky had been settled as these other States were, or if it had grown as these other States have, the early customs there would also in all probability have passed away. But Kentucky was differ-

ent in her method of settlement, different in the people that came, and her growth has been different. In the early days the very great majority were directly from Virginia, though after they got to Kentucky they were not in close touch with the mother-country, for a great mountain-range and some three hundred miles intervened. Whole Virginia communities moved at once and settled in the same neighborhood in Kentucky. It was not a dumping-ground, but a land of promise. And there these people have stayed from generation to generation, receiving few accessions from outside, the growth being the natural growth by the ordinary method of procreation. They have begat and been begat, neighbors marrying neighbors, until all the people of the better portions of the State are akin by blood. They may be said to be closely inbred, and this inbreeding, as every one knows who has studied natural history, has the most decided tendency to transmit from parent to offspring the dominant characteristics of the elder. Why, the Kentuckians have had so few accessions of new blood that they are considered by those who have studied them carefully to be the most homogeneous English-speaking people in the world. This homogeneousness is, no doubt, a good thing. With it have been preserved personal courage, personal integrity, physical beauty, and a love of personal liberty which amounts to a passion. Its one awful penalty is the heritage which makes too many of our people careless in observing that great Sixth Commandment, "Thou shalt not kill."

I have said that these early Kentuckians were separated from Virginia by a mountain-range and three hundred miles. Indeed, they were isolated in a wilderness. To the north and south and west they were surrounded by hostile Indians. Their retreat, if they wished to retreat, was over this long three hundred miles. It is true that Kentucky was not the permanent home of any Indian tribes when Boone and his associate pioneers first went there, nor ever again afterward; but it was at once their hunting-ground and their battle-ground. It is not merely a tradition, but a fact, that the Indians called it the "Dark and Bloody Ground." They fought as fiercely to maintain their hunting-ground as they did earlier and later to keep the white people away from their places of residence; and it was more difficult for the white settlers to retaliate. They attacked in forays, assisted before the Revolutionary War by French allies, and during the Revolutionary War by English. These frontier settlers, in their time of need, called on Virginia for help. Virginia was not indifferent, but she was so far away that she seemed indifferent, and when she did send help in any emergency, it always arrived too late to be of any use. So these people were left from the first to shift for themselves. They had to depend on their own exertions or perish. Here was another contributing cause to the characteristics which are so easily observable even to-day in the men of that State. They had to be sufficient unto themselves in the beginning; they are sufficient unto themselves to-day.

During the Revolutionary War these frontier people were dreadfully harassed by the Indians, instigated by the English. But they did their full duty as Americans and Virginians, and under George Rogers Clark they carried the war into the enemies' country, and so established the rights of the United Colonies that, when the treaty of peace was made with England, that country could lay no claim to the territory east of the possessions of France and Spain. These pioneer soldiers of Kentucky, in their expeditions north of the Ohio River, were building better than they knew, for unconsciously they were assisting in the making of a country which should stretch from ocean to ocean. At the time they were satisfied with doing their duty as men and patriots. After doing it they felt that their services were worthy of recognition. They asked to be separated from Virginia, and to be admitted to the Union as a sovereign State.

Virginia was not selfish in her hold on Kentucky, nor was she indifferent; but communication between Richmond and the various Kentucky settlements was very slow. The people in Kentucky were impatient, and it seemed to them that Virginia was both selfish and indifferent. They had commercial problems in Kentucky unknown in Virginia, and the people knew that they were obliged to deal with them themselves. They could not get any considerable amount of their produce to market over the Wilderness Road, which led through the mountains by way of Cumberland Gap back to Virginia; it was tedious and unprofitable to take anything heavy or bulky up the Ohio River and thence to Philadelphia. Their only profitable outlet was down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans. This was the route that they wished to have kept open, and when the United States acceded to the proposition that the water of the Mississippi was not free, but

belonged to Spain, the people of Kentucky felt that they had been trifled with and their interests betrayed by the authorities in Philadelphia. It was a far cry from Philadelphia to Lexington or Louisville in those days, and by the time a little rumor had traveled the long road it became big and portentous. So impatient were the people that there were ideas abroad, that lasted for many a year, even to the time of the Aaron Burr conspiracy, that the Kentuckians were ready for revolt. They were never ready, never willing; but at that time they had, as they continue to have, a picturesque way of talking which seemed to mean much more than it actually meant. And when Virginia decreed, in 1787, that the Kentuckians might set up a commonwealth, there was a reservation to the act of separation, for it became operative only when the State was admitted.

Now followed a long wait of five years. Those in Kentucky utterly failed to appreciate the arduous task of the representatives in Philadelphia, who were constructing the framework of the government, and then putting the new machinery in running order. So when year after year passed and Kentucky was still not admitted to fellowship, this feeling of forced isolation became stronger, and the people were all the while getting more impatient. "Virginia has cast us off, but still holds us with a string," they said, "and the federal government will not have us. Well, we are Kentuckians, and we can stand it if they can. We have looked out for ourselves hitherto, and we can continue to look out for ourselves. We are sufficient unto ourselves." This was mere talk, but there was heartfelt feeling behind it—a feeling that had become natural to such a people, a feeling that has become the heritage of them even after four generations. As a matter of fact, Kentucky was admitted as soon as Congress was prepared to take in any new State.

In 1792, with Vermont, she was admitted to the Union. Even then her troubles did not end, for the vexed question of the free navigation of the Mississippi had not been settled, and in 1793 Citizen Genêt, the French ambassador, sent agents into Kentucky to stir the people into revolution, in the belief that they might secure the free navigation for which they so earnestly longed. These agents persuaded George Rogers Clark, who was then in his decay, to accept a commission as "major-general in the armies of France, and commander-in-chief of the revolutionary legions in the Mississippi." These efforts had little effect, for the vigor of Washington's administration spoiled and rendered abortive the Genêt schemes. But his efforts had so serious an effect on the Kentuckians that when General Wayne that year needed one thousand Kentuckians to make a campaign against the Indians, the quota had to be drafted, and the men went very unwillingly. This was the first and only time in the history of the State that the Kentuckians were ever backward when there was prospect for a fight. The expedition did no fighting. The next year Wayne went again, and the friction being somewhat over, he easily secured sixteen hundred volunteers in Kentucky, and they helped him win the brilliant victory at Fallen Timbers, on the Miami, in August, 1794. These things just mentioned helped to confirm the Kentuckians in their wilful self-assertiveness, and these, combined with the facts as to the breeding, the early isolation, the uncertainty of the land-titles, and the naturally high spirits of a people in a very rich country of excellent climate, have conduced to the making of the people that we find today—a people in most things admirable, but in the one thing, personal self-restraint, lamentably lacking.

Their good qualities they have shown day by day for more than a hundred years, while their political history discloses the fact that they have been singularly independent in their views and almost entirely free from any taint of opportunism. Kentucky has never been afraid to be in the minority, and once she declared a preference for political isolation. Kentucky was a Whig State in the period when the Democrats were generally ascendant, and a Democratic State in the period when the Republicans were ascendant. The six successful presidential candidates for whom Kentucky voted were Harrison, Whig, in 1840; Taylor, Whig, in 1848; Buchanan, Democrat, in 1856; Cleveland twice in recent years; and McKinley in 1896. Kentucky voted for the Whig candidates until the rise of the Republican party in 1856, and then for the Democratic candidates until 1896. These facts are of more than coincidental interest. They tell the story of the intellectual vigor and sturdy independence of the grand old commonwealth. She has followed her convictions regardless of "being left." In 1852 the Whig party had so far gone to pieces that Winfield Scott, its candidate, carried only four States, but Kentucky was one of them. In 1860 the Bell and Everett ticket carried

only three States, and Kentucky again was one. In 1864 McClellan received only twenty-one electoral votes, of which Kentucky contributed eleven; she was then one of three States. In the same courageous way she followed Horace Greeley.

No State in the Union has such a record, and it is creditable to Kentucky that her people should vote in accordance with their convictions, no matter what the neighboring States were doing. And so, when the great Civil War began, Kentucky tried to have her own way, and, to use an expression borrowed from the euchre-table, "go it alone." The great mass of her people were for the Union; her personal friendship and her political sympathy, however, were with the South. "We do not wish to see the Union shattered," the people said, "and we do not wish to assist in the coercion of our friends in the South; so we will be neutral. It is none of our battle. You fight it out among yourselves."

This, however, was not possible. The rage for battle took possession of the people, and pretty nearly every able-bodied man in the whole commonwealth took service in one army or the other. Neighborhoods, communities, and even families, were divided, and in no other State was it brought so closely home to the people that the contest between 1861 and 1865 was a civil war. The State was also a great battle-field, and when the fortunes of war had taken the fighting farther South, guerrillas raided one portion and another, robbing, burning, and killing with a wantonness and savagery unexampled in modern times. These were experiences that did not tend toward the cultivation of the gentler spirit which is to rule the world when the brotherhood of man has become an accomplished fact, and the possibility of war has passed away.

That conditions and happenings before his birth, and therefore beyond his control, have contributed to the development of his one obnoxious characteristic, does not absolve the Kentuckian of to-day from responsibility. He may be judged a little more kindly, but the laws of civilization cannot be abrogated in his behalf: He must reform and submit. When he does, that which is proud in his record will show with renewed brilliance; that which is good in his life will take on added virtue.

POSTSCRIPT.

IN the political crisis that came upon Kentucky while I was writing this article, it seems to me that there is a disposition on the part of the people both to reform and to submit. Though the contesting candidate for governor was assassinated by a mountaineer,—for your real lowland Kentuckian shoots in the open and never from ambush, —though martial law prevailed in the capital city for ten days, and the writ of habeas corpus was virtually suspended, though there was technical civil war, there were no acts of violence worthy of note, and the people, as a whole, acted with admirable self-restraint. There is another one of the peculiarities of the Kentuckians. Individually they take the law into their own hands; collectively they have as great respect for the law as any people in the world. And in the emergency referred to, it seems likely, at this writing, that they are about to agree to a reinstatement of the law, even though that law is so unjust that it provides for a reversal of the verdict of the people as expressed at the polls.

At this dark hour in her history the future for Kentucky never seemed brighter.

THE SUCCESS OF THE GOVERNMENT TELEGRAPH IN GREAT BRITAIN.

BY W. S. HARWOOD.

SINCE the British government, in the year 1870, assumed control of all inland telegrams, the business of that department of the general post-office has grown to enormous proportions. The object of assuming this control was twofold: first, to reduce the exorbitant telegraph tolls of private companies —tolls so high as virtually to be prohibitive for many kinds of business; and, secondly, to safeguard the public against any return to former charges. It matters not what one may think as to the desirability of the introduction of such a system into the United States, the fact is patent that in Great Britain it has proved a signal success. The twofold object was long since attained, and

there is no likelihood that the system will be overthrown.

When the project of taking over the private companies was under discussion, many petitions in favor of it were addressed to the House of Commons. A bill was brought in by the chancellor of the exchequer at the session of 1868, authorizing the government to treat with the companies. The government, through the Post-office Department, which conducted the negotiations, proposed that the basis of the purchase should be the highest price realized on the Stock Exchange prior to the twenty-fifth day of May in the year of purchase. The companies objected, and a compromise was made whereby the companies were to receive twenty years' purchase of their net profits up to June, 1869. The companies placed their profits at £7,035,977; but this sum appearing exorbitant to the government, it was scaled down £1,320,930. The amount finally recommended to be paid included £5,220,109 for the profits to the telegraph companies; £700,000 for the rights of the railway companies having lines in service; £300,000 for extensions and compensation to small companies, and £494,938 for other items, a total cost to the government of £6,750,000, or, in round numbers, $33,750,000. Strenuous objection was made to the bill by the minority, on the ground that this sum was too large. The bill passed, however, during the session of 1869.

To account for the public favor in which the system is held in Great Britain, it is only necessary to say that one may send a telegram of twelve words between any two points in the United Kingdom for fifteen cents, confident that every possible effort will be made to protect its contents and hasten its delivery, and that this is accomplished with no increase in taxation, the business being not only self-supporting, but so far profitable as to insure it against the need of parliamentary appropriations.

Before the year 1870, in England, four private companies controlled the telegraph, as with us in America. The rates charged by these companies were very high. For example, it cost about one dollar—from three to six shillings at different periods—to send a telegram of twenty words from London to Dublin. In addition to this, the systems were incomplete and the service was unsatisfactory; the interests of the public were of minor importance. Upon the transfer of the properties to the general government a radical change was at once instituted. Irrespective of distance, a uniform rate of one shilling—twenty-four cents—for twelve words was introduced. Important improvements, including a large extension of the wire area, were at once begun. Contrary to the opinion of those who thought that this large reduction would result in a heavy loss to the government, the revenues advanced so rapidly and so healthily that reductions from this lower rate were from time to time instituted, until, at the present time, one may send a twelve-word message any distance for sixpence,—twelve cents of our money,—with one halfpenny for each word of the address, and one cent for each additional word after the twelve.

The report of the Post-office Department for 1899 gives the latest available figures. This report shows that the people so far appreciate and utilize the system that they sent in 1899, up to the date of the closing of the report, in ordinary telegrams, which are exclusive of press telegrams, cable messages, government, franked, and reduced-rate despatches, over three million messages more than during 1898. In 1869, the year before government assumption, seven million messages were sent; in 1899, nearly ninety million messages. In 1869 the average charge for telegrams was a little over fifty cents, while the charge for the same message to-day, inclusive of address, is about fifteen cents. In 1869 there were under three hundred employees, while there are at present over three thousand in the London office alone. Last year, after allowing for a deficit of at least a million dollars in the department devoted to the daily newspapers, the system cleared above all cost of maintenance over one hundred and sixty-five thousand pounds; in round numbers, eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

This satisfactory balance would have been far larger but for the newspaper deficit. The newspapers of Great Britain, under the present system, make large use of the telegraph, and the rate for their telegrams is so ridiculously low that the government loses about two hundred thousand pounds sterling every year on this department of the service. Of course the larger the volume of newspaper business the greater the loss. In certain years the government loses one million five hundred thousand dollars on its newspaper service. The newspapers apparently have the government by the throat, and they seem in no haste to loosen their grasp. Effort has from time to time been made to secure parliamentary relief,—for changes in the system are dependent upon national

legislation,—but without avail. For telegrams sent between 6 P.M. and 6 A.M. the newspapers pay one shilling per hundred words. For each additional hundred words after the first they pay twopence. Provision was made at the outset for the transmission of copies of original telegrams at the rate of twopence per hundred words. The intention was that this should apply to metropolitan newspapers, but it was made to apply to papers in any quarter, provincial as well as metropolitan, so that a news association may furnish as many papers as it will with messages, which, after all expenses are deducted, cost the newspapers an extremely low price, and entail a heavy loss to the government. Last year the newspapers of the kingdom —and of course all figures given pertain to transmission in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, not to any British dependency—sent seven hundred and fifty million words, an average of about fourteen million four hundred thousand words per week. This calls for largely increased expenditures, and adds many employees to the staff. But so long as the expenses of the department are more than met, the average Englishman probably does not bother his head about the newspaper deficit, the sending of his own telegrams at the twelve-cent rate doing much, no doubt, to reconcile one who might otherwise be critical.

It requires an immense establishment and a small army of employees to carry on this vast business. Branch telegraph offices are established in all parts of the kingdom, virtually all of them connected with the local town or city post-office. The system is steadily advancing, so that a map of the British Isles showing the network of government telegraph lines looks like the webs of two industrious spiders, the one superimposed upon the other. In London, where the business centers, great buildings have been erected alongside the general post-office buildings in St. Martin's le Grand, a few moments' walk from St. Paul's. To accommodate the vast telegraphic traffic there is an extensive pneumatic-tube system in the main or central portions of the city, connecting with the central buildings. A message filed at any one of the many offices in this area is at once transmitted by exhaust power to the central office. By an ingenious leverage device the exhaust is at will turned into a direct force, so that upon the receipt and registry of the message it is at once sent on to the department to which it belongs.

Should you visit the building at a busy hour, say at four o'clock in the afternoon, you would find, as you go from floor to floor, three thousand two hundred and fifty telegraph operators at work. Of these eleven hundred are young women. It may be assumed that every one of these operators is an expert. They must pass a preliminary civil-service examination, competitive to the last degree, and after examinations are over must be able to maintain a high degree of efficiency in actual work. The appointments are for life, or during good behavior. When the operator is proficient he may expect to earn one hundred and sixty pounds per year; in round numbers, eight hundred dollars. Certain operators, however, rise as high as one hundred and ninety pounds,—nine hundred and fifty dollars,—while superintendents of departments receive two hundred and ten pounds—ten hundred and fifty dollars—per year. The rate of payment, it will be seen, is considerably lower than the rate for similar service in the United States, though there is to many, no doubt, a compensating attraction in the security of tenure. The government also provides medical attendance for all free of charge, thus adding, in a negative way, to the net income of the operators. When the operator is too old for service he may retire on a pension, varying according to the length of time he has been employed, but large enough, in any case, to keep the wolf from the door to the end.

It is remarkable and interesting to note that in fifteen years only seven men and one woman have been discharged from this service for cause. Should a woman marry while in service, she receives from the government a wedding-portion amounting to fifty pounds. The men are not similarly remembered, though comparatively few of them are single men. Very few of them, however, own their homes. Some, by working overtime, particularly during the busy season, are enabled to earn more than the wage above noted, though the overtime system has come to be looked upon rather as a curse than as a blessing. It is quite likely to lead to loose ways of thinking on the subject of living, the men forming the habit of spending their money foolishly because they know that more than the regular revenue may at any time be expected. Most workmen would consider the additional amount earned a boon, giving them a chance to save something for a rainy day, but with the telegraph operators of Great Britain this does not seem to be the case.

The influence of American invention is seen throughout the building. For example, the Hughes system of synchronous telegraphy is of great value in the cable service. The operator in London cabling to France, for instance, presses a key bearing a certain letter of the alphabet. Attached to the device is a rotating apparatus, which, in connection with a similar one in the French office, opens and closes the current in exact simultaneous movement, allowing the instrument in France to print each time the letter touched by the operator in London. The system of sending a number of messages from both ends of the wire at the same time is another American invention, aiding markedly in the transmission of the vast volume of business. A working speed of six hundred words per minute has been attained, some of the lines carrying three hundred words per minute each way.

The scenes in the long rooms of the main building suggest intense mental activity. During the busy season the operators send out about two hundred and forty thousand messages per day. These messages run from the twelve-word telegram of the shopman, telling his wife he will be late to dinner, to a twenty-thousand-word newspaper despatch on some subject of national or international importance.

Entering the great operating-room toward five o'clock in the afternoon, one may see far in the distance a buxom waitress bearing a huge can of coffee and a supply of bread and butter. At the right hand of the swift-working operator she places a cup and a plate, and supplies him from her store. The government pays for the food, on the theory that it is less valuable than the time necessary for the operators to go out of the building for luncheon, and the men are willing to give up the time in return for the meal. This service is for those who come on duty before nine o'clock in the morning and those staying after five o'clock in the evening. Half an hour's time is allowed in the middle of the day for the regular luncheon, to be paid for by the operator, who must patronize the restaurant in the building. He may not leave the building while on duty.

One room is devoted to sending telegrams pertaining to sport. Several hundred men are employed in this work, for your Englishman must have sporting news in his paper if he has nothing else, and sometimes he has nothing else. On the occasion of a recent exciting foot-ball match three thousand five hundred and nine messages were sent in one day, comprising a total of forty-two thousand words concerning the event.

In another department, not open to the general public, are the regular press operators. During exciting parliamentary debates the number of words sent by these men is very great, frequently reaching one million words between dusk and dawn. The newspapers make extensive use of the service for the sending of news from any part of the city having a branch telegraph office to the main newspaper office. The reporter takes his manuscript to the station. He need not wait, for by the pneumatic tube the copy is sent to the central telegraph office without counting the words. The article is at once telegraphed to the newspaper office; all clerical work, including the counting of words, is done later. The reporter is known at the station where he files his message, and is required to make a certain deposit to cover the expense, which is of course refunded to him by his editor.

Another room is devoted to the cable service, though the government does not control the general foreign cable service. It maintains, however, an elaborate short-service cable system, most of the messages going to near-by points. The number of cablegrams sent by the government service in 1899 was larger than ever before, and a new cable has just been completed between North Wales and Ireland. There is communication between coast-guard and life-saving stations also, so that information of wrecks may speedily be had, and signals of coming storms may be sent to all dangerous coast points.

An indication of the extent of the service may be had from the fact that nearly thirteen thousand miles of wire were added during the year 1899, while three hundred and thirty-three new offices were opened, making a total of ten thousand eight hundred and sixteen. An underground line is in course of construction from London to Birmingham, and six thousand miles of wire in it are already prepared for service. A clock in a small glass-cased room on one floor is connected by wire with the national observatory at Greenwich. At exactly two minutes to ten o'clock on every working day of the year a bell rings, every operator in every important telegraph office in Great Britain drops his work, the commercial heart of the nation ceases beating, and the observatory timepiece in Greenwich, by synchronous attachment to the clock in the central telegraph office, and from that to the entire telegraphic system, gives England the time of day.

I take the following figures as to the ex-

tent of the business done by this great national telegraph system from the latest report furnished me in London, the forty-fifth report of the Postmaster-General. In compact form this table shows much information:

CLASS OF TELEGRAM.	NUMBER.			RECEIPTS.		
	1898-99.	1897-98.	Incr. (+) or Decr. (–).	1898-99.	1897-98.	Incr. (+) or Decr. (–).
				£	£	£
Ordinary inland	72,073,868	68,810,786	+ 3,263,082	2,216,681	2,130,973	+ 85,708
Press (inland)	6,240,394	6,015,901	+ 224,493	134,231	133,009	+ 1,222
Foreign	6,974,896	6,482,806	+ 492,090	328,507	316,718	+ 11,789
Railway, free	1,388,434	1,381,965	+ 6,469	. . .	. . .	. . .
Railway, reduced rate*	29,095	29,795	— 700	572	589	— 17
Government, free	336,965	308,746	+ 28,219	. . .	. . .	. . .
Totals	87,043,652	83,029,999	+ 4,013,653	2,679,991	2,581,289	+ 98,702

It is not easy to forecast the changed condition of affairs in the United States should a movement providing government control of the telegraph end successfully. The expenditure for the honest and fair purchase of lines now in operation, or for the establishment of an independent government system if, for any reason, lines now in operation could not be purchased, would be enormous, much larger, naturally, than the expenditure for the purchase of the English lines more than a quarter of a century ago. But if the purchase could be effected at a figure fair to all concerned, or, failing this, an independent government line could be established, resulting in either case in a reduction in toll such as has been effected in Great Britain, the net results accruing to the people would be beyond estimate. Though the initial expenditure must be great, the system probably would ultimately more than pay for its maintenance.

A TENNYSON LETTER.

THE letter of Tennyson printed below comes to THE CENTURY through Mr. Paul W. Mavity, who writes to the editor concerning it: "In the second volume of the 'Memoir' of Alfred (Lord) Tennyson by his son, pages 163 and 164, is 'a letter from a bricklayer in America, the son of an old Somersby bricklayer, which delighted him [Tennyson], and which obtained a line or two of cordial thanks.' But it seems that Tennyson was generous enough to reply by more than 'a line or two of cordial thanks,' and the reply has been well preserved by Messrs. George H. and Ed. Atkinson, sons of H. K. Atkinson (the original recipient, now deceased), by whose kind permission the reply, together with the letter that prompted it, is now published. In giving Atkinson's letter I take the liberty of correcting three trivial errors that appear in its publication in the 'Memoir.' Its date there given is 1874, whereas it should be 1873, or earlier, since the reply is plainly dated November, 1873; Atkinson's middle initial is given in the 'Memoir' as H., whereas it should be K.; and finally, where in the 'Memoir' it speaks of 'the handsome *cock* who was burned to death,' it should read 'the handsome *cook*,' since Mr. Ed. Atkinson remembers having heard his father tell the story of a cook who was burned to death in a fire at the Somersby home."

Following is the letter from America:

TRENTON, MISSOURI, 1873.

MR. TENNYSON.

SIR: I don't know whether this will gain me a response; I know it ought. I have long wished I could get a line from you, since your poetry is in almost every house considered respectable, and your name a household word even out here in the far West. I will relate one anecdote in proof. A good little sewing-girl had gained my esteem. I wished to make her a present, and she said, "If I had Tennyson's poems!"

I am H. K. Atkinson, son of Thomas Atkinson, bricklayer, Hagg, near Somersby, and am a bricklayer myself. You will scarcely remember my father building the doctor's dining-room; you were

very young then, about my age. My reminiscences of the Tennyson family run away back. My mother was a Tealby woman, and was in her young days dressmaker for the old squire's lady; and my father thought so much of the doctor, who was always the doctor *par excellence*. The public papers here describe you as a stout, broad-shouldered man, and I remember the doctor so well that if you resemble him I think I should know you. Ah me! it only seems like yesterday when the doctor came down to scold the old coachman for ordering my father to build the new carriage-house on too large a plan (coachee would say to the doctor what no one else dare); said he, "By G—d, sir, you have a twopenny coachman; I have a twopenny master." I can just now see the good doctor smile and walk away, and the coach-house was built. I can just now see the apple-trees, that bore such fine yellow apples, running up from the stables to the house; the broad lawn where some boys, whom I wot of, used to astonish me by coming out with those wondrous gauze helmets and long foils, and I was afraid mischief would be done. You were not very broad-shouldered then, I remember. Do you remember the Siberian crab-tree down the garden, the old Scotch firs at the house end, where the rooks used to build, and those tiny bantams that made their home over the oven, and the handsome cook who was burned to death? I remember one Good Friday we were working for the doctor. I see him coming, and hear him saying, "Atkinson, you must leave work and go to church," and I remember he preached from "As Moses lifted up the serpent," the first time I had ever heard it as a text, and that is nearly fifty years ago. Ah, sir! perhaps no man in America knows as well as I where you first heard the wrens twitter, the blackbirds, thrushes, the robins sing. Many a speckled trout and silver eel have I caught in the brook running through the meadow below.

And now I am here, about fifteen hundred miles west of New York, asking for an autograph all the way from the Isle of Wight.

If you can spare me a line, I would like to know how many children you have, also if Mr. Fred is living, Mr. Charles (Turner now), also Miss Emily, whom everybody loved, also Mr. Arthur.

I was burned out in Chicago, and have lost a fine boy since then from consumption, my only boy. I live in a house and garden of my own here, between two groves. We can grow fine peaches here, also all kinds of melons, etc., etc., without extra care.

Have I tired you? Well, my heart grows soft and young again in looking over the long past, though I have sailed the seas over, I 've crossed the wide ocean.

If this goes into your waste-basket, please excuse the scrawl, and believe me, sir,

Yours truly,
H. K. ATKINSON.

Tennyson's reply is here printed by permission of his son and literary executor, the present Lord Tennyson:

"NOVEMBER, 1873.

"DEAR MR. ATKINSON: Seeing the American post-label on your letter and thinking that it only enclosed a request for an autograph, I had flung it aside, but my wife, opening it, read and said, 'Here is a letter which is delightful.' Then I read also and found her saying true; for delightful to me it was to hear a voice so far away from me in space and time calling to me 'over a vast,' as Shakespear says, and speaking of the old things: the brook; the golden apples; the old coachman who always seemed to me half-mad, though I fancy he was generally half-drunk; the brook, by which at the end of the great fields I used to build cities and castles of sand till the current undermined them and the towers fell, and down which I made sail little bits of wood freighted with imaginary wares for China and India till an eddy overwhelmed them. And as for the golden apples—summer apples, we used to call them—I have never seen their like but once long years after at Coniston in the old courts; they are now probably extinct. I believe the broad lawn is now, I am sorry to say, altered by the new-comers and goes down in a slope from the house. So you remember us fencing there, but what you call marvelous gauze helmets were masks with wirework to protect the eyes from sudden thrusts.

"As to my family: my eldest brother, Frederick, is married to an Italian and lives in Italy; has three daughters and two sons, one in India, and one (my namesake) in Canada; my brother Charles is also married and vicar of Grasby, Co. Lincoln; my sister, Emily, has been long ago married to a Captain Jesse and has two grown-up sons; my eldest sister, Mary, is now Mrs. Ker and has one son who is now at Trinity College, Cambridge, as likewise are my own two sons, Hallam and Lionel; Arthur is married, but has no family. There is but one of us dead —Septimus—whom probably you do not remember as you do not ask after him. I think I have answered all your questions, have I not?

"I remember the Siberian crab-tree very well, and the Scotch fir with the rooks, but the bantams that roosted over the oven have flown out of my memory; and I remember the burning of the handsome cook, but I was then where my boys are now, at Trinity College, Cambridge.

"That you may long flourish among your peaches and between your groves is the wish of your countryman, and contemporary, and friend, A. TENNYSON."

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Wit, Humor, and Women.

IT is Emerson who, in writing about Scott, exclaims: "What an ornament and safeguard is humor! Far better than wit for a poet and writer. It is a genius itself, and so defends from the insanities."

It is better than wit, not only for a poet and writer, but for anybody, as Emerson would probably have been willing to acknowledge; a very desirable possession both in the artist and in the ordinary human being to whom the artist appeals.

There are some interesting points to be considered about the sense of humor. Undoubtedly it defends from the insanities; but it does not defend from other things against which it might be considered a useful defender. For instance, it did not keep Scott himself, that great master of humor, that Shaksperian-minded man, from so constructing his valiant romances that the keen-eyed Thackeray could find therein full scope for his peculiar and satirical humor, as witness the excruciating "Rebecca and Rowena." One is pretty sure that the somewhat savage satirist realized that, with all its patent faults, there was a life in "Ivanhoe" that no satire could get its knife into, while one wonders that Scott's own sense of humor did not avail to prevent the protest of his "friend and printer" against the premature demise of the battailous Athelstane in "Ivanhoe" from being so seriously taken as to bring about the actual resuscitation of a warrior once thoroughly disposed of.

A sense of humor does not always, then, prevent the humorist from the danger of absurdity. Neither does it prevent the humorist from being sentimental; otherwise Dickens, the chief humorist of modern England, would have been saved from his incontinent sentimentality. And again, neither does a genuine sense of humor—a humor full of moisture, of sweetness, of humanity—prevent the same humorist from being a wit, and a wit dry and acid.

The wit of much of George Meredith surely is dry and acid. But it is he who says such super-excellent things about humor in "Richard Feverel." Sir Austin was cognizant of the total absence of the humorous in himself—"the want," says the author, "that most shut him out from his fellows." The "faculty of laughter" was unhappily denied him. "A good wind of laughter" would have relieved him of much of the "blight of self-deception, and oddness and extravagance; had given a healthier view of our atmosphere of life." It is not only that Meredith says good things about humor, but that he, with all that bites in his wit, can create such a purely, sanely delightful, and altogether admirably humorous character as Mrs. Berry. Meredith is an example of an artist doubly fortunate in possessing an equipment of both wit and humor.

A battle has lately been raging in the renewed debate as to whether women have humor at all, apropos of which the supporters of the negative should refer to page 157, American edition, of this same "Ordeal of Richard Feverel," letter of Lady Blandish to Sir Austin. "I suppose we women do not really care for humor. You are right in saying we have none ourselves, and 'cackle instead of laugh.' It is true (of me, at least) that 'Falstaff is only to us an incorrigible fat man.' I want to know what he illustrates. And Don Quixote—what end can be served by making a noble mind ridiculous? I hear you say—practical! So it is. We are very narrow, I know. But we like wit—practical again!"

It is our private opinion, however, that no matter how many women prefer wit to humor, no matter how many women may have little or no sense of humor at all, nevertheless there are many women who have humor, and that the number seems to be rapidly on the increase. We speak now especially of writers. There are the well-known stories, for instance, of Mrs. ——. If they are not humorous, what stories are humorous? Their humor is none of your light, unsubstantial, "feminine" texture; it is diaphragmatic humor; it hits below the belt; you laugh till you ache. And there is the celebrated sketch of Mrs. ——, known of platform readers these many years; it is witty, it is comical, it is thoroughly, richly humorous. There, too, are Miss ——'s stories, all about a certain singular Western community; they are of the very essence of humor. There are the pleasingly humorous Dutch stories of Mrs. ——. And there is the humor that crops out in the genial verse of Miss ——; and in the —but why continue the catalogue? Why not, indeed, the gentle reader may say; and why not, the gentle reader may further say, print out boldly the names of the humorous "women writers" so tantalizingly referred to?

These are the reasons for vagueness: first, a certain editorial modesty prevents, for these special examples, all and several, as well as many others in mind, have been printed, every one of them, in the pages of this magazine; and, second, our editorial experience is that there is no question on which mortals more painfully differ than this very question of humor. It is our editorial experience that a large number of apparently intelligent minds are cut off from seeing any humor whatever in productions which a large number of other intelligent minds find perennially amusing;

and when one of these non-appreciators catches sight even of the name of the alleged humorous writer in a table of contents, he is often and again afflicted with a kind of vindictive fury. Far be it from us, therefore, here and now, to commit ourselves to individual and actually named instances. For names, for instances galore, new and old, see the columns of the Saturday supplement of the daily journal where the controversy has been so gaily raging. There names by the score are clearly printed, challenging without fear a somewhat puzzled universe.

What is Good Citizenship?

THE great size of modern democratic communities has added immeasurably to the complications of their civic problems. None of the students of democracy, from the time of Plato to the fathers of the American republic, contemplated its workings in a nation of seventy millions and in cities ranging from a quarter of a million to three and a half millions. Many of them held, in fact, that a democratic form of government could succeed only in a small community. This was the view of Montesquieu, who, writing about twenty centuries after Plato and Aristotle, declared that it "is natural for a republic to have only a small territory, otherwise it cannot long subsist." Among the reasons which he gave for taking this view, it is interesting to note the following: "In an extensive republic there are men of large fortunes, and, consequently, of less moderation. The public good is sacrificed to a thousand private views; it is subordinate to exception, and depends on accidents." The theory of all writers, ancient and modern, is the same, namely, that in a large community the vital contact of citizens is impossible, and hence unity of action, brought about through the existence of a public spirit, becomes extremely difficult, if not virtually unattainable.

Is this theory sound? So far as actual results are concerned, it must be admitted that they go far to sustain it. By common consent, popular government in the great cities of this country is not a success. The degree of failure varies in different cities and from year to year, but it is generally admitted that the almost invariable outcome is failure, so far as it does not supply wise, honest, and beneficent rule. The same admission is made, in a modified degree, about our State and national legislatures.

When we come to consider the cause of this failure, we find it invariably the same. The control of politics, and hence the conduct of public affairs, has passed, through the indifference and indolence of our most intelligent and virtuous citizens, into the hands of political machines and bosses, who use their power for personal and private ends rather than for the public welfare. This is the explanation given by all outside observers whose opinions are of any value, including Mr. Bryce and Mr. Lecky, and it is unquestionably the true one. It carries with it the assumption, which is sustained by an unbroken record of election statistics, that the intelligent and virtuous elements of the population, standing together in solid mass without regard to partizan political considerations, are in a majority in all communities, including the largest cities.

Can these elements be thus brought together? This is the task before advocates of good government in America, and it is not a light one. There is only one basis upon which the union can be formed, and that is good citizenship. This brings us to the question of what good citizenship is. Aristotle devotes much space to a discussion of whether or not the virtue of a good man and of a good citizen are one and the same thing, and concludes that they must of necessity be the same, since both have the same objects in view, namely, the highest welfare and happiness of the community in which they live. "The state which is best and acts best," he says, "will be happy, for no one can fare well who acts not well, nor can the actions of either man or city be praiseworthy without virtue and wisdom. But valor, justice, and wisdom have in a state the same force and form as in individuals, and it is only as he shares in these virtues that each man is said to be just, wise, and prudent." Can we give a better definition of good citizenship than is to be found in these words? Is it not true that if we could apply to public affairs, through the united action of intelligent and virtuous men, the same standards of character and conduct which these men as individuals apply to private and business life, we should secure a just and wise and prudent government, under which all the people would be happy?

It all comes down to this single, simple question of character. There is nothing else in the problem of government in a democracy, large or small, or in any other form of rule. Apply the test of character as rigorously to public men and public affairs as we apply it to private men and private affairs, and popular government, city, State, and national, ceases to be anywhere in America a failure and a disgrace, and becomes a success, a blessing, and an honor to us as a people. Of course the task of securing this application is not an easy one; on the contrary, it is one of the most stupendous that has ever confronted a great people, for it is nothing less than the creation among the majority of them of a new state of mind. Prejudices that have been handed down from father to son since the very foundation of the government will have to be removed. What has been called the double conscience theory, one standard of morals for private life and another for public life, will be the hardest obstacle to overcome, for it has obtained a well-nigh universal lodgment in the American mind. The great majority of people, virtually all members of the regular political parties, are firmly and fully possessed with it. They do not believe that the same test of character should be applied in public as in private affairs, and the task of convincing them that it should be will be a long and arduous one. It will not be hopeless, however, for during the last few years great progress has been made with it in nearly all quarters of the country.

While it is doubtless true that the enormous

size of our electorate makes the task of good citizenship far more difficult than it would be in a smaller republic, it is also true that the success of good government in every community, large or small, depends finally upon individual effort. The indifferent and negligent citizen is not a modern production. Read what Demosthenes, speaking to the Athenians of their duty as citizens, said more than two thousand years ago:

"If you get rid, all of you, of the spirit of evasion; if each man will show himself ready to act whenever duty calls him and he can possibly render service to the state; if you are willing to depend upon no one but yourselves, and will give up, each of you, hoping that he can remain idle while his neighbor does everything for him, then, I say, you will come to your own; if God will, you will recover once again the position which your past indolence has thrown away."

Is there a community in the United States today, suffering from bad government, to which these words do not apply as well as they did to Athens in the days of Philip? Is there one of them in which a complete reformation might not be achieved by following this simple counsel of Demosthenes? His words constitute so complete an epitome of good citizenship that they should be printed on the title-page of every citizens' manual. Get rid of the spirit of evasion and do your whole duty, without waiting for somebody else to do it for you. That is the beginning and end of the whole matter. Call things by their right names, or, as Matthew Arnold puts it, "see clear and think straight." Insist that honesty and capacity are as important in public as in private life, and do not permit anybody to delude you, by raising a party cry or appealing to a worn-out prejudice, into abandoning your ground. This is the work of education to which all men who desire to see free government maintained upon this continent must bend their energies. They must appeal to the plain common sense of the American people, for in that direction lies our hope of salvation.

On the Reading of Poetry.

APROPOS of the recurrent question whether the appreciation (not to say the production) of poetry in America is on the decline, it has transpired that an American artist who recently exhibited in New York a picture entitled "The Eve of St. Agnes" has been constantly met with inquiries as to the source and the character of the story which his figure was intended to illustrate! That a metropolitan circle, given to the cultivation of beauty in art and music, in personal adornment, and in home-furnishing, should be ignorant of a poem which for the combination of color, form, rhythm, imagination, and feeling is hardly equaled in the English language indicates that if poetry were to depend for its vogue upon the rich or the fashionable, or even the "generally intelligent," it would be likely to fall into swift and sure desuetude. Fortunately, the best in literature survives through "the remnant," who, by an authority out of all proportion to their numbers, pass on to posterity their sifted judgments. Among these the poets of each generation (if they be poets of quality, whatever be their rank) may be depended on to carry forward the fame of those who have gone before. Among the most precious items in our legacy as heirs of all the ages are those

> Olympian bards that sung
> Divine ideas below,
> Which always find us young
> And always keep us so.

It is because, as Matthew Arnold says in his delightful preface to Wordsworth, "the world is forwarded by having its attention fixed on the best things," that it gives one a pang to feel that neglect should fall upon a poet whose work is the very incarnation of youth and beauty.

The fact seems to be that much of the current reading of poetry is undertaken for factitious reasons. The writer's personality, his work in prose, his presentation of certain types, his advocacy of certain doctrines, and other considerations, attract more strongly than a high poetic standard. It is of course better that people should read from an inferior motive than not at all. The world of literature is large, and one cannot read everything, but it seems strange that any American—one of a nation characteristically intent upon "getting the best"—should be content with the perusal of large quantities of contemporary fiction when just within reach are the masterpieces of poetry, with all their music, joy, and inspiration, their power to cheer, to comfort, to take the reader out of the materialism and custom which lie upon him

> with a weight
> Heavy as frost and deep almost as life!

How many a reader would be ashamed to confess that he has not read "the novel of the summer" which "everybody" is reading, who would have no kindred emotion in acknowledging his ignorance of Milton's "L'Allegro" or Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" or Shelley's "Skylark"!

The practical value of good poetry in the formation of character is inestimable. Fancy the advantage to young men and women of making the personal acquaintance of men like Ralph Waldo Emerson or Robert Browning; and yet this is substantially what any person may do. Indeed, the best of a man is often seen in his works, and it may be better to know them than him; and this is true to such an extent that the unthinking are apt to hold the Muse responsible for the foibles of her devotees, instead of being thankful that she has inspired even in men of great faults the saving grace of the ideal—a grace by which both author and reader are saved. One cannot live on such heights without breathing a more wholesome air and feeling his nearness to the divine. It is especially desirable in this country, where the increasing number of new fortunes is giving to life and society a noticeable air of vulgar luxury, that every educational influence should inculcate the beauty of simplicity and the supremacy of the ideal. Among the antiseptics of society and the conservative forces of gov-

ernment, the silent and subtle effect of the world's great poets is too frequently overlooked.

Another use of such reading is that it establishes a standard for judging the poetry of one's own time, and to judge poetry correctly is to encourage it. For the establishment of true literary standards is not alone to be accomplished by the production of new books of high value, but by intelligent literary criticism. So far as poetry is concerned, we need a revival of competent criticism in the press—not the encouragement of mere compliment, but a philosophical exposition of the principles of poetry. What is needed is the daily application to the verse of the day of the high standards set forth in Mr. Stedman's acute and profound treatise on "The Nature and Elements of Poetry," a work which should be in the hands of every literary critic in the country and of every reader who is able to perceive the place of poetry in a great national literature.

OPEN LETTERS

The Coming Conference on Foreign Missions.

DURING the last ten days of April Carnegie Hall and the churches of New York city will be filled with the representatives of over two hundred missionary societies, gathered in conference on the subject of foreign missions. It will be an assembly well worth the observation of all interested in the world's progress. Among the two thousand or more delegates will be men and women of many nations, prominent in every walk of life, identified in the closest way with the movements that are making history so rapidly, not only in this country, but in Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Pacific: teachers who have had a large share in directing the energies of Japan, and been instrumental in the development of India; women who with true womanly tact and heroism are lifting their sisters of Asia and Africa out of their misery; physicians who have carried new life with healing to nations bound by the worst of superstitions; preachers who have penetrated where even explorers have hesitated to go, and have transformed savages into civilized beings.

The gathering is styled ecumenical, not in the ecclesiastical, but in the historic sense, embracing the entire inhabited globe. Distinctively evangelical, and not including the Roman Catholic and Greek Churches, it will still represent every country of the six continents, and every race and language. A conference, not a council, it will assert no authority, lay down no laws, but simply discuss the varied phases of the great work of missions. In these days of exact business methods, foreign missions stand in the forefront in executive ability. The Presbyterian Board spends only four and one half per cent. on administration, and the other boards are ably conducted. All, however, seek still more effective management. Missionaries, while warm-hearted, are, as a rule, notwithstanding the popular belief to the contrary, hard-headed. They have few illusions, recognize facts, know what can be done and what cannot be done, and are ever seeking the maximum of result at the minimum of cost. Hence one great purpose of the conference will be to discuss the best methods. There will be a review of the marvelous growth of the last century, and a survey of the present, with its fifteen thousand missionaries, one million three hundred thousand communicants, three million five hundred thousand adherents, twenty thousand schools, and one million scholars; but the chief topic will be still greater advance for the future.

Among the subjects thus to be discussed will be comity, education, self-development of the native churches, medical work, relation to governments and non-Christian religions, Bible translation, Christian literature, etc. Comity is a much-abused and often misunderstood, yet very important term. It signifies the courtesy that should obtain between persons working together to the same end. It forbids interference with work already established, and directs new workers into new fields rather than into those already occupied. It is a good word, already somewhat popular, but needing emphasis, and even interpretation. Education needs discussion. To use the conventional illustration, Is it right to use money given for evangelizing the heathen to teach algebra and science? That depends upon whether evangelization means merely conversion, or the building up of Christian men into Christian citizens, fully equipped for all that is needed in the development of Christian nations. It is a large question and a vital one. Closely allied with it is that of the self-development of native churches, including self-support and self-direction. Is the Christian Church of Japan or China or Egypt to be dependent upon America and England, or to be permanent and independent, make its own mistakes, have its own life? To what extent is mission work philanthropic, and how far should medical aid be subordinate to evangelistic purpose? To those who will take part in the discussion of these and other similar questions they are of mighty import, and the contribution to their solution cannot fail to be of great interest to all students of human development.

One great characteristic of the conference, as already evident, will be its indication of the increasing desire, even longing, for a closer fellow-

ship of Christian workers. Men and women of every race and language, of diverse training and customs, are looking forward to it with eagerness for the opportunity it will give of coming into intimate relations with one another. Underlying the various phases of truth which form the basis of the different Christian bodies all are coming to realize a substantial unity. Especially is this true of the workers in the foreign field. There the minor divisions so prominent here lose their value as lines of separation, and become but the distinctive mark of different sections of the great army, dominated by the same loyalty, and bound together for one great purpose. The workers at home need more of the same conception, and the Conference on Foreign Missions, it is believed, will become a mighty influence to weld the entire Church together in the spirit of the unity for which its Master prayed.

Edwin Munsell Bliss.

The "Century's" American Artists Series.

HENRY O. TANNER.

HENRY O. TANNER, whose painting "The Annunciation" is reproduced on page 815, is a native of Pittsburg, where he was born January 21, 1859. He studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia, mainly under the late Thomas Hovenden. Subsequently he went to Paris and continued his art studies, principally under the guidance of Benjamin Constant. During his earlier Paris days, on more than one occasion, he won the competitive prize offered to his class. His Salon picture of 1896, "Daniel in the Den of Lions," received honorable mention; his "Raising of Lazarus," in 1897, was purchased by the French government and received a gold medal; his "Annunciation," 1898, is in the Wilstach collection in the Pennsylvania Museum, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

Mr. Tanner's work shows the leading of a studious and devout spirit. His father is a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the instincts of the son have been turned to religious subjects, to study which he has spent much time in the Holy Land. As a draftsman he is sure and sincere, and as a painter he shows originality in color and treatment. His compositions are simple and dignified, and are impressive alike to artist and layman.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Pap Briggs's Phenomenal Hen-Food.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REFORMATION OF UNCLE BILLY."

WITH DRAWINGS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

WHEN Pap Briggs became too old to farm any longer, he sold his place to Jed Slocum, and put the money in the Kilo Bank at four per cent., and moved into a small house in Kilo to end his days peacefully. His sole companion was his daughter Sally, who did his housework, and had an ambition to own a real silk dress. But Pap said alpaça was "plenty good," so Sally swallowed her ambition at one gulp, and contented herself with the alpaca.

As for Pap Briggs, his wants were simple. An egg for breakfast, and enough tobacco to burn all day, were his chief earthly desires. It was Sally who made him buy a set of "store" teeth, and he wore them for her sake, and to his own great discomfort, for they were a plain, unmistakable misfit, and felt, as he said, "like I got my mouth full o' tenpenny nails." When out of Sally's sight he avoided this feeling by carrying them in his hand, hidden in his red bandana handkerchief. At the store he used to show them with a great deal of pride, and openly boasted of their cost and beauty. On Sunday he wore them all day, and felt as prim as a Pilgrim Father.

When Miss Sally moved to town she said there was one thing her father *should n't* do, after liv-

"'LIKE I GOT MY MOUTH FULL O' TENPENNY NAILS.'"

"THAT NIGHT PAP PUT FOUR EGGS IN THE NESTS."

ing all his life on a farm, and that was, have store eggs for his breakfast.

"Hens is enough trouble, Lord knows," said Miss Sally, "an' dirty, if they can't be kep' in their place; but there 's some comfort in their cluckin' round, an' I guess I 'll have plenty time, an' to spare, to tend to 'em; so, Pap, you won't have to eat no stale eggs fer breakfast ef I kin help it. They ain't nothin' I hate to think on like eatin' boughten eggs. Nobody knows how old, or who 's been a-handlin' them; an' thet you sha'n't do, sure 's my name 's Briggs!"

So she brought half a dozen hens and a gallant rooster to town with her, and supervised the erection of a cozy coop and hen-yard, and Pap had the comfort of knowing his eggs were fresh. But fresh or not, it made no difference to him so long as he had one each morning and it was fairly edible.

"These teeth o' mine," he told Rogers, the grocer, "cost twelve dollars down to Franklin, by the best dentist there; but, law sakes! a feller can't eat hard stuff with any comfort with 'em for fear of breakin' 'em every minute. They ain't nothin' but chiny, an' you know chiny 's the breakiest thing man ever made. Thet 's why I say, 'Give me eggs fer breakfast, Sally,' an' eggs I will have."

The six hens did their duty nobly during the summer and autumn and a part of the winter, and Pap had his egg unfailingly; but in December the long, cold spell came, and the six hens struck. It was the longest and coldest spell ever known in Kilo, and it hung on and hung on until the entire hen population of eastern Iowa became disgusted and went on a strike. Eggs went up in price until even packed eggs of the previous summer sold for twenty-seven and thirty cents a dozen, and angel-cake became an impossible dainty.

The second morning that Pap ate his eggless breakfast he suggested that perhaps Sally might buy a few eggs at the grocery.

"Pap Briggs," she exclaimed reproachfully, "the idee of you sayin' sich a thing! As ef I would cook packed eggs! No; we 'll wait, an' mebby the hens 'll begin layin' again in a day or two."

But they did not, and the days became a week,

and two weeks, and still no eggs rewarded her daily search. Pap knew better than to repeat his suggestion of buying eggs, for Sally Briggs said a thing only when she meant it, and to mention it again would exasperate her.

"Our hens don't lay a blame egg," he told Rogers, complainingly, "an' Sally won't buy eggs, an' I can't eat nothin' but eggs fer breakfast, so I reckon I 'll jist starve to death naturally."

"Why don't you try some of our hen-food?" asked Rogers, taking up a package and reading from the label. "'Guaranteed to make hens lay in all kinds of weather, the coldest as well as the warmest.' Thet 's jist what you want, Pap."

"Well," he said, "I been a-keepin' hens off an' on fer nigh forty year, an' *I* ain't never seen none o' the stuff thet was ary good; but I got to hev eggs or bust, so I 'll take a can o' the stuff. But I ain't no hopes of it, Rogers; I ain't no hopes."

His pessimism was well founded. The cold spell was too much for even the best hen-food to conquer. No eggs rewarded him.

One evening he was sitting in Rogers's, smoking his pipe and thinking. He had been thinking for some time, and at length a sparkle came into his eyes, and he knocked the ashes from his pipe, and arose.

"Rogers," he said, "mix me up about a nickel's wuth o' corn-meal, an' a nickel's wuth o' flour, an'" —he hesitated a moment and then chuckled—"an' a nickel's wuth o' wash-blue."

"'YOU 'VE FORGOT THE EGGS, SALLY.'"

"Fer heaven's sake, Pap," said Rogers, "hev you gone plumb crazy?"

"No, I ain't," said Pap. "I ain't gone plumb crazy, ner I ain't lost all my brains yit, neither. Thet 's a hen-food I invented."

"Hen-food!" exclaimed Rogers. "You don't 'low thet 'll make hens lay, do you?"

"I ain't advisin' no one to use it as don't want to," said Pap; "but I 'm a-goin' to feed thet to my hens"; and he chuckled again.

"You 're up to some devilment, sure," said Rogers, laughing. "What is it, Pap?"

"You jist keep your hand on your watch till you find out," answered Pap, and he took the package and went home.

"Sally," he said, as he entered the house, "I got some hen-food now thet 's bound to make them hens lay, sure."

She took the package and opened it.

"For the law's sake, Pap," she said, "what kind o' hen-food is this? It 's blue!"

"Yes," said Pap; "it is blue, ain't it? It 's a mixture of my own. It don't look like much, but I bet you a silk dress it 'll make them hens lay. I ain't been raisin' hens off an' on fer forty year fer nothin'. You got to study the hen, Sally, an' think about her. Why don't a hen lay in cold weather? 'Cause the weather makes the hen cold. This 'll make her warm. You jist try it. Give them a spoonful apiece, an' I reckon they 'll lay."

"I don't believe it," she snapped, "an' I 'll hold you to thet silk dress, sure 's my name 's Briggs." But the next day she gave them the allotted portion.

That evening when Pap Briggs knocked the ashes from his pipe and rose from his seat in Rogers's store, he said, "Rogers, hev you got some mainly fresh eggs—eggs you kin recommend?"

"Yes, I hev," said Rogers, with a grin. "So yer hen-food don't work, Pap?"

Pap chuckled.

"It 's a-workin'," he said, "an' you can give me a dozen o' them eggs. An', say, you need n't tell Sally."

Rogers laughed. "I 'm on," he said.

Pap put the bag of eggs back of the cracker-box, and put three of them in his pocket.

When he reached home he quietly slipped around the house and deposited the three eggs in three nests. Then he went in.

The next morning Sally greeted him with a smile. "Eggs this mornin', Pap," she said. "Thet hen-food did work like a charm. I got three eggs."

Pap ate his without comment until he had finished the second.

"It does seem good to hev eggs again," he said.

That evening and the next evening he deposited three eggs as before.

On the third morning Sally said: "It 's queer about them hens, Pap; they lay, but they don't cluck like a hen generally does when she lays an egg."

Pap hesitated a moment.

"It 's sich cold weather," he said, "I reckon thet 's why."

About a week later Sally said: "I do declare to gracious, Pap, them hens do puzzle me. Here they are a-layin' as reg'lar as summer-time, an' never cluckin' or lettin' on a bit, an' the queerest thing is they jist lay three eggs every day. It don't seem natural."

That night Pap put four eggs in the nests. The next he put in five, then three, and the danger into which his wiles had fallen was averted.

One morning Sally startled him by saying: "Pap, I can't make them hens out. Here they are a-layin' right along, an' all at once they quit layin' decent-sized eggs like they ought, an' begin layin' little, mean things no bigger 'n banty eggs."

Pap scratched his head.

"You mus' allow, Sally," he said, "thet it 's quite a strain on a hen to keep a-layin' right along through sich weather as this, an' I 'm only thankful they lay any. Mebby ef you give 'em a leetle more o' thet hen-food they 'll do better."

"I believe it," said Sally. "Why, it 's wonderful, Pap. I should n't be a bit surprised to find 'em layin' duck eggs ef I jist gave 'em enough o' thet stuff."

Pap looked closely at her face, but it was innocent. She suspected nothing.

The next day the eggs were of the proper size.

"It 's a real blessin' to hev hens a-layin'," she said one day. "I took half a dozen over to the minister's wife this mornin', an' she was so pleased! She said it was sich a blessin' to hev fresh eggs again. She was gittin' so sick o' them she 's been a-buyin' at Rogers's. She was downright thankful."

About a week later she said:

"Them hens of ourn do beat all creation. I run out o' thet hen-food a week ago, an' hain't give 'em a mite since, an' they keep on a-layin' jist the same. I can't make head nor tail of 'em, Pap."

Pap squirmed in his chair.

"Pshaw now, Sally," he said, "you ought n't do thet. Feed 'em plenty of it. They deserve it. Ef you stop feedin' 'em they 'll stop layin' pretty quick. The effect of thet stuff don't last more 'n two weeks. No," he said thoughtfully; "ten days is the longest I ever knowed it to last on 'em."

If Pap Briggs enjoyed his eggs for breakfast, he enjoyed as fully the many laughs he had with Rogers over his scheme, and Rogers found it hard to keep his promised secrecy. It would be such a good story to tell. But Pap exhorted him daily, and he did not let the secret out.

One Sunday morning Pap came down to his breakfast and took his seat. Sally brought his coffee and his bacon. Then she brought a plate of moistened toast.

"You 've forgot the eggs, Sally," said Pap, admonishingly.

"They ain't none this mornin'," said Sally, briefly.

Pap looked up and saw that her mouth was set very firmly.

"No eggs?" he asked tremulously.

"No," she said decidedly; "no eggs! I kin believe thet hens lay eggs an' don't cluck, an' I kin believe thet hens lay eggs all winter, an' I kin believe thet Plymouth Rock hens lay Leghorn eggs an' Shanghai eggs an' banty eggs, Pap, but when hens begin layin' spoiled eggs I ain't no more faith in hens."

Pap Briggs laid down his knife and fork.

"Spoiled eggs!" he ejaculated.

"Yes, spoiled eggs," she said. "You an' Rogers ought to be more careful."

Pap turned his piece of bacon over and eyed it critically.

"Had I better git thet silk dress in Franklin or hev Rogers order it?" Sally asked.

Pap ran his fingers through his hair, felt his beard, and then grinned sheepishly.

"Blame ef I care where you git it," he said.

Ellis Parker Butler.

Fanny Pettigrew.

PRETTY Fanny Pettigrew!
  Her imagination
Colored life so fresh and new
  It was desolation
From her side away to be
While you 'd reckon *One, two, three!*

Such a merry step she had,
  Such a ringing laughter,
But to hear her made you glad,
  Drew your own step after.
Fifty laddies still were bent
Just the way Miss Fanny went.

All among the fifty goes
  This lad to the shrine;
Laughs to see in kneeling rows
  Rivals forty-nine.
"Goddess, mercy!" while they pray,
"Kiss me, honey!" wins the day.

Arthur Gill.

Motifs.

AMONG the ruins of her life a woman wept. "Here," she said, "I built my happiness, and for that which made it gave the jewels of my soul. A joy worth so much I thought must last; but here I mourn, for it lies fallen in the dust, shattered by the weight of what it cost."

ON the walls of an old temple was found this picture: a king forging from his crown a chain, and near by a slave making of his chain a crown. And underneath was written: "Life is what man makes of it, no matter of what it is made."

THEY sought a place to bury their hatchet, and chose the heart of the friend who stopped the fight.

SURROUNDED by the pleasures of a pampered life, a woman sighed. "I have all the gifts the world can give," she said, "and would give them all for the wish to keep them."

E. Scott O'Connor.

Teki-Teki-No.

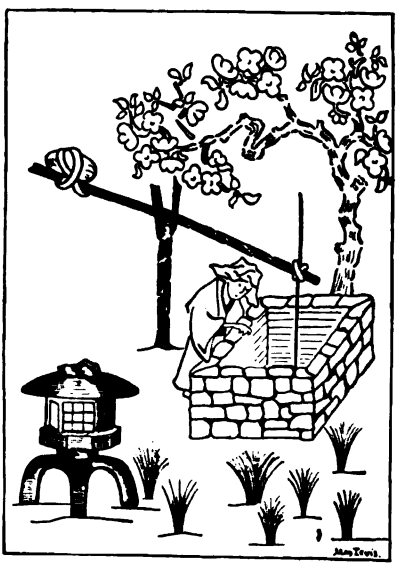
A LITTLE JAP TRAGEDY

Oh, get your tears all ready, little people, and I 'll tell
The saddest little tragedy that ever there befell.
It happened to a little boy, far off in old Japan—
The story makes me shudder, but I 'll tell it if I can.

He was a lively youngster, and was up to lots of tricks;
They paid a nurse to watch him, though he 'd reached the age of six.
And everybody prophesied he 'd some day break his neck.
(But still he *might* have grown up had they called him, briefly, *Tek.*)

(*In a conversational tone*)
But instead they always called him
Teki-teki-no-
Teki-suri-ombo-
So-take-nudo-
Harima-no-betto-
Cha-wan-chaus'no-
Fushimi-no-Esuke.

One day the boy was fooling in the garden near the well,
When O-Yuki (so the nurse was called) was startled by a yell.
She turned around, supposing he had fallen from some tree,
And bruised his hands, or stubbed his toe, or hurt his little knee.



But ah! no sight of him at all fell on her startled gaze.
"It 's just some little joke," she said—"the kind he always plays."
Just then she heard from down the well a muffled cry—a splash;
And to the edge, quite horrified, she made a lightning dash.

And leaning over, she cried, "What! is that you, little
Teki-teki-no-
Teki-suri-ombo-
So-take-nudo-
Harima-no-betto-
Cha-wan-chaus'no-
Fushimi-no-Esuke?"

The boy managed to keep his mouth out of water barely long enough to say, "Yes! Oh, help your little
Teki-teki-no-
Teki-suri-ombo-
So-take-nudo-
Harima-no-betto-
Cha-wan-chaus'no-
Fushimi-no-Esuke!"

O-Yuki then quite helplessly went screaming round about;
The boy's papa came running fast in answer to her shout.
"Come, come, O-Yuki! Why this noise? What 's all this fuss and stir?"
"He 's drowning—help!" Said pa, confused, "To whom do you refer?"

And breathlessly she answered:
"*Teki-teki-no-*
Teki-suri-ombo-
So-take-nudo-
Harima-no-betto-
Cha-wan-chaus'no-
Fushimi-no-Esuke!"

The father sped with all his might to fetch a hempen rope,
Not knowing after all this time there was no room for hope.
The boy was drowned, and that 's the end; there 's nothing more to say
Except to point the moral—this: that lengthy names don't pay.

Such, for example, as
Teki-teki-no-
Teki-suri-ombo-
So-take-nudo-
Harima-no-betto-
Cha-wan-chaus'no-
Fushimi-no-Esuke.

Jerome D. Greene.

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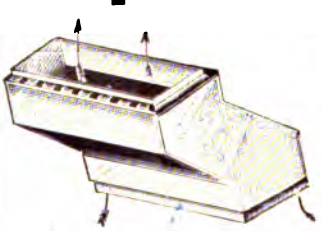

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